The Cresset (archived issues)

3-1959

The Cresset (Vol. XXII, No. 5)

Valparaiso University

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THE CRESSET is published monthly September through June by the Valparaiso University Press. Entered as second class matter September 1, 1953, at the post office at Valparaiso, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: One year—$2.00; two years—$3.75; three years—$5.50. Single copy 20 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1959 by the Valparaiso University Press.
The Scourges and Tools of God

In a pamphlet entitled “Letter to a Pastor in the German Democratic Republic,” issued last November by a publishing house in Basle, Switzerland, the noted theologian, Karl Barth, warned German Protestants that the “fleshpots” and “complacency” of the West, which he equated with the “American way of life,” represent a greater danger to the Christian soul than does Communism. Professor Barth described the oppression and persecution of the Communist government as “useful scourges” and “tools of God” with which He hammers out salvation and concluded that these blows must be endured. “The message from Christ,” Professor Barth asserted, “is as repulsive and painful to the West as to the East. Who knows, perhaps it is more painful and repulsive to the West than to the East.”

Remarks such as these, coming from one of the most respected theologians of our day, ought not to be taken lightly. It has been the universal experience of Christian people that “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” But it is equally true that our supplications and prayers for kings and for others in authority have, as their legitimate purpose, the freedom to live quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty.

It is very hard to be a Christian in any culture, under any form of government. Ultimately it is only the Spirit that quickens, and the Spirit operates as He will, working in or through or despite cultures and forms of government to call and enlighten and sanctify those whom He has chosen. There is a world of difference between the submissiveness of the Christian and the masochism of the flagellant. An evil and anti-Christian government is an evil in the absolute sense, despite the fact that God has power to bring good out of evil. A government which, however imperfectly and faltering, seeks to give the widest possible scope to the individual conscience, is a blessing for which the Christian ought to be profoundly grateful, even though it imposes upon him the potentially disastrous necessity of avoiding complacency and eschewing fleshpots. Submission under an evil which one can not change is a Christian virtue. Preference for an evil because somehow good may come out of it is sheer masochism.

Professor Barth need not worry that God can find no scourges in the fleshpots of the West. There are whips that sting more sharply than an evil government, and if he wants to know what they are any parish pastor in the “complacent” West can tell him.

Cuba Libre

Chet Huntley said it, and we agree: no man has the right to criticize the crude justice which Fidel Castro and his men have been dishing out unless he had raised his voice against the viciousness of the Batista dictatorship. We did not raise our voice against Batista, and therefore we shall not presume to pass judgment on Castro.

Two comments, though, on the Cuban situation.

The first comment: we did not realize, and we do not think that any large number of reasonably well informed Americans realized, what a regime of terror was operating in Cuba under Batista. We knew the Batista crowd was plundering the treasury, but every Cuban president except the first one has done that, and it’s nothing to get excited about. We did not know, because we were not told, that murder, torture, rape, and kidnapping were being employed routinely to keep the unhappy citizens of Cuba in line. In retrospect, it would seem to us that the great press services of our country might have diverted some of their resources and personnel from covering the Liz-Debbie-Eddie story to a bit of depth reporting from Havana and the provinces of Cuba.

The second comment: even in “normal” times, the legal procedures of Cuba and other Latin countries are not those of the English Common Law. In the abnormal times through which Cuba is now passing it is
perhaps as much as we can ask that, whatever procedures may be followed by courts set up to punish the most notorious criminals of the Batista regime, these procedures result in decisions which commend themselves to the sense of justice of informed and high-minded Cubans. Castro's revolution was not one of those palace coups that happen every now and then in Latin-American republics and mean little more than a shuffling around of government jobs. All of the evidence suggests that Castro's revolution is a species of social revolution, directed as much against the in-built rottenness of Cuba's political tradition as against a particular regime. Revolutions so thoroughgoing in their nature can not be expected to run their course with the leisurely grace of a Westchester garden party.

And finally a prediction: the most disillusioned, and for that reason the most ineffectual man in Cuba a year from now will be Fidel Castro. There is no more tragic figure in the world than the successful revolutionary, the guerrilla turned administrator. For it takes more than courage to govern well, and so often the revolutionary has nothing but courage.

**A Man and Two Dogs**

It was one of those dreary January days, the kind of day when you can feel your hair turning grey. We were staring out the window, our attention vaguely focused on two dirty, wild-eyed dogs that were trying to nudge the cover off the garbage pail behind the restaurant across the street. And as we sat staring, our thoughts drifted to the question that has bothered us more and more as we have moved beyond the years of youthful omnicompetence and into the years of modest craftsmanship. It has been twenty years now since we first sat in an editor's chair and tasted the heady wine of editorial infallibility. It has been ten years since we first sat in this chair. So many words, so many verbal arrows shot into the air, and what, after all, is there to show for it all except a few sets of bound volumes gathering dust in a couple of libraries and perhaps half a dozen offices? What more permanent mark, if any, does a hack journalist leave on the world than do a couple of dogs devoting their energies to the uncovering of a garbage pail?

We have known a lot of journalists in our time, and they have all had one thing in common. They all intend, someday, to do something substantial, something that will last beyond tomorrow's or next month's edition. They never do, of course, and the fact that so many of them realize fairly early in the game that they are never going to may help to account for the abnormally high incidence of alcoholism and ulcers in the trade. Scholars who gestate great, thick books work twice as hard as the average journalist, but sleep like children at night and come to the table with a hearty appetite. Business men who carry responsibility for thousands of workers and millions of dollars of investments wolf down whole-lobsters at lunch and rise, pink-cheeked, to merge two or three more corporations. But when the journalist sits down to his typewriter after his lunch of cottage cheese and Amphotel, he knows that he is "creating" nothing more than the wrappings for the community's garbage. He knows it in his mind and he knows it in his stomach. And lest he be written off as an immature cry-baby, it should be said that there really is something a little sad about seeing beet juice seep through the words that were so long and hard in coming yesterday. (That stuff about "inspiration" originated with maiden ladies who write poems about the beauties of death for religious magazines.)

But then you recall the parable of the talents if, in addition to being a journalist, you happen to be a Christian. And you get to thinking about the imagery which our Lord chose to employ in that parable. A talent is a coin, isn't it? And a coin has two sides. And neither side gives the coin its value. What counts, finally, is what is in the coin and who stands behind it. There are things that you can do with a dime that you can't do with a C-note, provided the dime is a good one and not a phony. And it doesn't matter which face of the dime you turn up at the drugstore when you go to buy a cigar.

Maybe that is the way it is in this best of all possible worlds of ours. Maybe the opportunities and the frustrations, the accomplishments and the failures, the hits and misses of life are opposite faces of the same coin, the same talent. Maybe the patient bearing of a frustration is as good as the seizing of an opportunity. Maybe the Christian gamble is always a case of heads I win, tails you lose. After all, the same Master who commended the profitable steward for his successful investments told another of His stewards that His strength is made perfect in weakness.

This is either an insight or a rationalization. Only the very young and the very old are wise enough to distinguish between the two. But it comforted us as we stared out our window on a dreary January day while the clock ticked off the minutes for a man and two dogs.

**Welcome to the Family**

We are happy to welcome to the family circle of non-official magazines published within Lutheranism our newest little sister, *The Waterloo Review*, a semi-annual review edited by a committee of the faculty of Waterloo College in Waterloo, Ontario. We have seen the first two issues and we congratulate the editors on the very high standards which they have apparently set for themselves. The $1.50 annual subscription price seems modest in view of the excellence of thought and writing that has marked these first two issues.
Homes Away from Home

By Alfred R. Looman

For centuries the center of all social activity was the home. Every evening the family gathered around the fireplace or stove to spend the evening enjoying each other's company in the few hours before bedtime. The men read the newspaper, the women sewed, and the children played on the floor.

The family was a well-knit unit and the members found a great deal of enjoyment in an evening devoted to conversation, group singing, or reading a good book. This quiet pattern was broken only when the family visited another family of relatives or friends.

For many years the Church, though the center of importance and interest in every town, offered little or nothing in the line of social activity. Its mid-week services did bring the families together and helped to solidify the community. When the Church became interested in the social life of its members, many clubs were formed, many meetings scheduled, and various organizations took over the social time formerly occupied in the home.

In small communities, the Church was the only center of outside activity. The big events of the year were the G.L. Wind play, given annually by the Walther League, and the commencement exercises of the parochial school. In the cities, the Church started an active social program and the home became less and less a social center.

But in the past few decades, a new center has developed which is far stronger. It is the local high school. While its evening activities have had an increasing magnetic effect on the teenagers who attend there in the daytime, only in recent years has the school broadened its program so that it now appeals to persons of all ages. The student who does not belong to the drama group, the band, the glee club, one of the varsity teams, or several of the clubs is a rarity. And with these organizations are clubs for parents which have been developed to encourage and furnish supervision for the student activities. Adult classes bring in those who have no students of school age. One of the strongest of the organizations is the Parent-Teachers Association. Their program is broad, and most of their aims, widely interpreted on the local level, are good. But, like the other activities, they are consuming time formerly spent in the home.

While these activities and organizations have drawn people together, the real unifying force in the small community is a group of five tall, physically talented teen-agers known as the basketball team. From Fall to Spring these men and their fortunes on the hardwood are the subject of conversation for old and young. When they play in town, everyone is out to watch them. When they play out of town, a high percentage of the faithful locals follows after them. The successful coach now is awarded the esteem formerly given only to the pastor and, sometimes, the mayor. The local hero is not the boy with the straight "A" average, but the boy with the best shooting eye.

During tournament season, the only light in town shines from the windows of the gymnasium, and before the team is knocked out in the semi-finals, the town will have reached a point of enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. This enthusiasm for sports can be good psychological therapy, but not when the emphasis is solely on winning rather than on sport and fair play. It's the lack of moderation here that can be dangerous. I doubt the day will come when a basketball game is postponed because the Latin club is meeting on that night, though the reverse has been true for many years.

No, I find nothing wrong with being a loyal fan of the home town team. Nor do I see anything dangerous in the evening activities of the high school or its many organizations. It is only when any of these is over-emphasized that a good thing becomes an evil one. I do not believe the high school broke up the family unit as the center of social life. It merely filled the demand made by the members of the family after they were no longer a unit.

Whether the home will ever again regain its position as the social center is doubtful. In the early days of television, some thought it would unite the family, for everyone stayed home and spent the evening in darkness staring at the blue eye. But television was no unifier. Conversation did not flourish, indeed, it was not even permitted, and reading became impossible. This era, too, is over and the family members are now back to watching only favorite programs alone. It is more apparent the family social center is a thing of the past, when you realize that a national magazine, pumping for something with the strange name of "togetherness," can make the family social unit sound as if it were completely new in history.
To the woman student approaching Italy for the first time, armed with a supply of “good little suits” and a fiery resolve to enter immediately upon the sacred precincts of scholarly research, the following advice is applicable. Exchange the suits as soon as you can in favor of garments more comprehensible to the Mediterranean mind. As for the fiery resolve, exchange it for a superhuman patience, knowing assuredly that all doors open finally — literally upon the last day — to those who exhibit the least ambition.

Provided with too much ambition and the wrong kind of attire, my arrival in Italy in the summer of 1956 for a year of study under an A.A.U.W. Fellowship and Fulbright grant was not one of the most auspicious that could be imagined. Things began to go wrong from the moment I decided to leave the boat, for an hour, at Naples. Upon my return, I discovered that a representative from the American Consulate had been sent to welcome me, and to send me on my way to Rome. As I was to have been met at Genoa, and to have been sent on my way to Bologna, the possibility of doing a Columbus in reverse began to seem a little-likely. As we sailed to Genoa, the cryptic nature of the “Best Regards,” left for me by the stranger, added to the conviction that I had better add a few words to my Italian vocabulary before disembarking the next morning.

Landing at Genoa, as feared, without the train ticket and hotel reservation which were to have been provided, I discovered in addition that my trunk was lost. Realizing the need for fresh air and a change to a more comprehensible atmosphere, I resolved to change my attire almost immediately. Realizing the the masta (enough) and pasta (any form of spaghetti) which had seemed sufficient for at least the early emergencies, would not apply to this one, I could only say, “Well, Clio, this is it; you got me into this predicament, now get me out!” The cab driver who appeared at that moment was not a very satisfactory response to this invocation of the muse, but at least he offered a way to escape from the waterfront. Even this effort seemed misdirected when the cab bull-dozed its way out of the traffic on the wharf and threw itself zestfully into the struggle in the main thoroughfare. Upon arrival at the address of the “recommended” hotel, the fee which the vicar demanded nearly returned me to the supine position I had involuntarily assumed at the beginning of the heroic struggle.

A night in Genoa, immured in a room of pigmy proportions and looking down upon a courtyard in which the variety of odors and intermingling of tongues suggested a pentecostal feast, made me more than ready to take the five A.M. rapido (flier) for Bologna.

**Bologna il Grasso**

However, no reassuring muse accompanied me on the journey, nor appeared to pick me up when I fell ignominiously over the threshold of the pensione “Fiorita” in Bologna the next afternoon. Fiorita indeed! With no gleams of sunlight penetrating the blinds which the landlord continuously inspected to be sure they were not opened, this place could no more have blossomed into a little flower than its landlady could have pretended to be Gina Lollobriglia. An interesting feature, which I was to recognize as common to a certain class of pensione, was the capacity of the family bath tub to hold at least a week’s laundry in a semi soaking state. When, after seven daily protests had elicited only a series of cheerful gestures suggesting that I balance on top of the clothes and use the shower, it seemed less strenuous to look for a different room. The aural satisfaction which I derived from the trickle of cold water in this new cell was quickly deadened by the malevolent tones of Laurence Olivier’s “Richard III,” arising from an open air theater upon which my window opened. But ignoring Olivier, I could see the chimney pots of the university from this hotel, and I began to feel that I was getting somewhere.

An American who appears in Bologna in the fiery furnace of Ferragosto (first day of August), calmly announcing to the incredulous authorities that she is making a study of a fourteenth-century canonist and wishes to begin immediately, is looked upon as worse than insane. To the pleasure-loving Bolognese, wishing only to enjoy the breezes of the Adriatic or the languid comforts of a health resort, guaranteed to make anyone beyond the age of thirty crave a liver complaint, such folly was beyond belief. Someone possessing such a fevered brain must first be soothed with liberal portions of granita di caffè (rock coffee ice cream) or iced glasses of the local sparkling lambrusco (red wine).

During that first month in Bologna, the nearest I came to any library or archive was a vague promise on the part of a professor of physics to speak to his many friends, asking that they obtain permission for me to begin studying. The local United States Information Service benevolently suggested that I defer all thoughts of research until November “when ever-
body returns,” and concentrate upon a series of Italian-English conversations with a young chemistry professor about to leave for the States. Since the professor knew only three words of English, learned from American movies, the resultant conversations proved more hysterical than historical. They might have proved the latter also — and given credence to a cyclical view of history — had I not chosen to forego the suggestion that since “... the Trieste living are very grateful towards the Americans,” a Summertime repeated there “would not be melancholy.”

The language lessons having proved somewhat desultory, I began to fear there might be no way of getting at my coveted manuscripts, short of slipping through the iron grill work of the Archiginnasio (city library). The success of such effort, after only two weeks in Bologna il Grasso (the Fat) was already uncertain. Also, I had no intention of allowing “L’Unita” (Communist daily) the opportunity of publishing the photograph of a middle-aged schoolteacher caught in the arabesques with a headline announcing, “Crazy American Attempts to Gain Secret Information.” Apparently I had to resign myself to another month of learning to know Bologna and the Bolognese.

No Place for Protestants

From what I had studied of Bologna in the Middle Ages, particularly in the fourteenth century, there seemed little that was novel in the incongruities of a communist city being so intensely and aggressively bourgeois. As in the fourteenth century, Bologna appeared to be a very materialistic city, willing to play off one faction against another in order to be able to live well. In the earlier century, it had been the commune versus the church; in the twentieth century it was still the commune versus the church, even to the extent of meticulously dividing the holidays, one half for a civil demonstration and one half for a religious demonstration. The balance was so perfectly maintained that at a writer’s conference which I attended later in the year, the cardinal’s representative shared equal honors in the front row with his genial civic counterpart, the communist mayor. Bolognese Catholics, when questioned as to the success of the communists in the recent election, shrugged their shoulders, and with their characteristically explosive “Ma!” (But) explained, “He makes a good mayor; we eat well.” Rightist and leftist opinions were tolerated, judging from the variety of newspapers posted side by side with “L’Unita” on the bulletin boards along the main thoroughfares.

The only form of censorship which I could detect during the first weeks in the city, and one which became patent later on, was the tacit control exercised by both Catholics and Communists over the single Protestant church. During my first week in the city, I had found the small church facing the palace which had once welcomed His Most Catholic Majesty, Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V. It was a sad and somber little place, with a few dozen parishioners coming in so gradually that the congregation was not fully gathered until the pastor had nearly completed his sermon. During my first Sunday, I could understand little more than the Creed and Lord’s Prayer, but in order to hide my homesickness, I joined in singing “Holy, Holy, Holy” and “The Church’s One Foundation” in extremely loud Italian.

After the service the guest organist, with a sweet bird-like voice, announced quite fittingly, “My name is Phoebe,” and in beautiful British English carried on lyrically until she suddenly discovered that I was an American. This knowledge was too much for her. Dismayed, she said, “But you spoke such nice English,” and in great confusion took flight.

Later on, after I had studied Italian with the pastor’s son, I learned that this Evangelical Church, a branch of the Methodist denomination supported from England, could initiate no open program of missionary work. The congregation was permitted to exist, in fact was respected by both Catholics and Communists because of the intellectual abilities of the pastor, but its Gospel could be preached only within the four walls of the church or on the pastor’s weekly visit to Hungarian refugees in Ravenna.

The physical environs of the city were not generally such as to attract tourists, but for a student of medieval history they were enchanting. The home of the oldest student-controlled university in Europe, with its porticoed streets and russet and golden-hued buildings melted by centuries of weathering, held out a perpetual invitation to explore. A walk through the main square was as satisfying as the perusal of a handsomely illuminated manuscript. Jostled by the crowds — no Bolognese ever goes anywhere quietly or slowly — I could not feel resentful when I was thrown against the bas­tions of a medieval palace. Leaving my narrow street I could stand in front of a draper’s shop, and, looking up at the slender rosetted windows, remember that this had been the proud palace of the fourteenth century notaries. Six steps beyond, I might join the pigeons in their search for sunshine in the portals of San Petronio, begun in the same century. Later, with the citizens, I would use the church itself as a thoroughfare from Piazza Maggiore (the Main Square) to the corner from which one usually began the afternoon passeggiata (promenade).

Walking under the colonnades along the luxuriously appointed shop windows, one came to the doorway of Archiginnasio, the old center of the University. From the Archiginnasio one proceeded to the end of the square, and then along the main thoroughfare to the most popular feature of the city, the Due Torre (Two Towers.) These towers, as the Bolognese love to explain, represent the rivalries of two prominent families.
of early Bolognese history. Originally rising straight and high, they began leaning closer and closer until the son and daughter of the rival families, imprisoned in their towers, were enabled to converse with one another. The conversations having an unhappy termination, the towers continued to lean still further. Crisscrossing one another, they assumed the position in which they still preside over the main stream of traffic.

In the center of Piazza Maggiore stands a thirteenth-century palace, famed for its long imprisonment of King Enzo, the heir to the Hohenstaufen power in Italy. Adjoining it is the palace of the podesta, the head of the commune, built at approximately the same time. These together form a grouping over which rises the Arengha, a castellated tower which had great interest for me. I had heard that it was from this tower that my hero, Giovanni d’Andrea, had read a fateful papal message to his fellow citizens gathered below. Giovanni d’Andrea, canonist and university professor, had tried earnestly to establish the hegemony of Pope John XXII in Bologna in the fourteenth century, only to find the efforts of the ecclesiastical party defeated by an overbearing cardinal and a nascent family dynasty.

Despite repeated requests I was not permitted to climb up to the tower, but the custodian of Enzo’s palace was more than ready to open up the doors to the secret recesses of the prison. Judging from the wistful expression upon his face as he told me, “It was a beautiful imprisonment; Enzo became the father of nine children,” this palace, like Trieste, could not have been so melancholy as it now appeared.

By September I had learned enough Italian to discuss “Emingway” and the author of “Tom Saweyer” with the porter who finally rescued my trunk from the customs, transporting both the trunk and me in a threewheeled Lambretta over the cobbles of Bologna at a velocity which left one too breathless to be concerned with dignity.

**Into the Archiginnasio**

Encouraged by my linguistic progress and fortified with a better wardrobe, I applied to the Institute of International Studies of the Johns Hopkins Center in Bologna. Under their auspices I was able to approach one of the directors of the Archiginnasio. This truly kind person daily permitted me to climb the dark stone stairway to the great Aula (hall) where degrees had been awarded in the medieval university. There was always the problem of getting past the guard in his little cage approaching the great hall, but once that was accomplished with what I always hoped might be an ingratiating smile, a little stuttering, and the magic words, “Il Dottore . . .” I had free access to a beautiful little vaulted room whose walls were lined with priceless folios. In this room I shared a desk with several imposing examples of Bolognese professori and a very modest, very young man, who was editing some hitherto unpublished materials of Leonardo da Vinci.

At almost the same time that I triumphantly walked through the portals of the Archiginnasio, I also found it possible to see more than the chimney pots of the university. It is true, my accomplishment here was effected in somewhat informal — yet in a manner of speaking, diplomatic — style. Through a friend, who had a friend, who was interested in another friend, who was an employee of the library, I was ultimately given a desk in the room reserved for professors. Cultivating my German accent, which I had until now considered a very dubious asset in Bologna, I was able to persuade the custodian of the manuscripts that my credentials were beyond reproach.

The month of October became an interlude between the original advances and the later, steady pace of the routine in the Archivio di Stato (city archives), that continued until spring weather warmed the unheated rooms of the provincial archives. This orientation month for Fulbright students, in Perugia, presented an opportunity to learn Italian not only in a classroom but also in the home of a widowed signora who aggressively adopted me for the four-week period. This adoption became so possessive that it extended even to rearranging my personal belongings, taking me to the hairdresser, and reading the contents of my Italian letters. Dining at the signora’s house was a particular ordeal, for her frenetic conversation — interrupted always with “Am I disturbing you?” — together with the quantities of pasta and vino I was forced to consume, made me too dizzy to do any sightseeing in the afternoons. Evidently this was what my benefactress intended, for as soon as I crept out of the little Etruscan tomb in which I had been concealed the requisite number of hours, she again captured me and I was forced to accompany her on her evening passeggia.

Escape from this overly-avid teacher could be effected only on weekends when the University for Foreigners took its students on excursions into the hill towns of the north. For a person of even the most meager historical sensibilities, to participate in these excursions was to observe a kaleidoscope of history. Etruscan tombs near Orvieto, ghosts of defeated Roman soldiers at Lake Trasimene and of determined Carthaginians at the defile where Hannibal’s army crossed, the medieval world vying with the modern in the concentric, narrow streets of Perugia and Gubbio, the ideals of the mendicants so understandable when viewed from isolated olive groves above the sparse brown hills of Assisi, the quintessence of the Renaissance in the fortress-palace of Urbino; projected against this the more recent shadows of Italian unification with innumerable Via Cavour’s, the ambitions of Il Duce preserved in bombastic architecture and a black dinner set remaining in a favored inn, the rifugio signs still standing.
over the rubble of the last war — only months of quiet study could resolve into some order these impressions which came with such maddening, yet welcome, rapidity.

The State Archives Open Up

By the middle of November, the prophecy of the Bologna USIS was fulfilled, and I finally gained access to the Archivio di Stato. At first the director looked pityingly upon the signorina who expected to read so many of his manuscripts within a year. Solemnly he led me to the stacks and pointed out the overwhelming number of board-bound folios which represented notarial documents, only one of many sources I needed to read. "A lifetime is required," he said, and then with just the trace of a relenting smile, "but a year can make a good beginning."

The beginning had certainly been slow in coming, and there were some weeks when the most determined reading of the folios yielded nothing at all relevant to my subject, yet each succeeding day contributed to a growing sense of privilege. The dust of history, which sometimes quite literally hung in the air, began also figuratively to penetrate one's mind and to be connected into patterns of turbulent civic strife of five centuries ago.

In the evenings as I walked home to Via della Lecca, the way of the mint, with the winter sunshine deepening the glow of the old buildings, it was not hard to imagine the parapiglia (tumult; hurly-burly) in these streets, and to recapture the lusty character of its citizens in the flamboyant displays of hides of beef and pork, and heaps of vegetables and cheeses in the shops. No Flemish painter could have equalled these portrayals of "Fat Fare" and "Feasting before Lent."

During the afternoon hours when the Archivio di Stato was closed, it was now also possible to study in the archives of San Petronio. This privilege had been obtained through the auspices of the Fulbright Commission. A letter to the chancellor of the Arcivescovato (archbishopric) resulted in permission to ring a bell at the rear of the cathedral. Upon the ringing of the bell, mysterious things happened. Hangings on the window above were raised, a stranger peered down and scrutinized me for a time, slowly the door opened, and I climbed a stairway which seemed to lead up to the belfry of the pigeons. At the end of the stairway I was welcomed by two archivists, one so careful of his documents that upon my subsequent visits he employed one of two methods of supervision. Either the young man insisted upon looking over the manuscript from the same angle at which I was attempting to view it — in the dim light of the interior this often resulted in a collision of heads — or else he sat directly in front of me with arms folded, seeming to begrudge every fleck of dust I shook from the manuscripts. Gradually these procedures, so unconvincive to untroubled study, unnerved me, and I was relieved to find that the archives of San Petronio could yield little evidence for the life of Giovanni d'Andrea.

Echoes from Budapest

Lost in the excitement of studying fourteenth century history I was suddenly brought up short by the incongruity of studying so comfortably in a city controlled by the same party which only a short distance away was suppressing the revolt of other students desiring a similar happiness. Late one day in November the streetcar I was riding was halted, together with the other traffic, while busload after busload of Hungarian refugees came through to Ravenna. The citizens of Bologna, Bologna the Fat, stood in a most unusual silence while the Red Cross convoy drove through Piazza Maggiore and past San Petronio with its portals draped in mourning for the martyrs of Hungary. There were sporadic cheers, but the expressionless faces staring at us from the buses and the remembrance of the horrors which had drawn these masks, precluded any demonstration. Here was "Man's Fate" — Malraux' moving picture of some years ago — repeated in the flesh.

Christmas With Muted Trumpets

As Christmas approached with most of the students home for the holidays, the academic year at the University of Bologna was formally inaugurated. The academic procession, accompanied by a good deal of sleepy medieval splendor, was noticeable for the lack of women professors and for the portliness of the majority of its participants. Evidently, the Bolognese professors found it possible to live in keeping with the opulent tradition of the city.

During these weeks before the holidays, the main street leading to the university and the adjacent courtyard of Santa Maria Dei Servi were lined with open air booths selling tree ornaments, nativity scenes, sugar sticks, and crusty almond candies whose steaming fragrance mingled with the spiciness of the Christmas trees also set up in the courtyard. On December 8, a national religious holiday, the church and city government cooperated nobly to put on a festive display a few blocks from my pensione. Many parents and children, together with representatives of parish schools and Boy Scout troops, presented floral offerings, and arranged them in informal patterns to cover the base of a column on which stood the figure of Mary. An insouciant young priest, within a little shelter, described each offering as it was presented, interspersing his descriptions with snatches of canzone (songs). By the time the municipal fire truck and the cardinal arrived, he had worked himself up to a pitch just short of that of the late Clem McCarthy: "Now the brave policeman mounts the ladder; now he is going higher and higher; now he has approached the summit — ah, he has placed the crown of flowers upon the head of the Virgin; the people are applauding; he is descending;
he has safely reached the ground; *Bravo, Bravissimo!*

At Christmas time, when all libraries and archives closed their doors, it was my good fortune to travel northward to Merano, to spend Christmas with a German family. Although Merano had been a famous resort before the war and still retained a degree of its popularity, there was something very somber about the village. To some extent this fact could be ascribed to the age of its inhabitants. Merano was a place to retire to, and to become famous for one's longevity. No more appropriate setting could have been imagined for the German fairy tales my grandmother had once told me than the deep forests surrounding the village. In fact, the stories of the village doctor revealed such depths of superstition among the mountaineers that one felt himself among the peasants of the Middle Ages. Even the doctor, in his conviction that all American women gloried in false teeth and appendectomy scars, made one wonder at the enlightenment of the medical journals he might have read.

The ebullience and warmth of youth were particularly lacking in the Christmas Eve service which I attended in the German Lutheran church. Not one tremor of joy was permitted to break through the ponderous and solemn demeanor of the pastor, and the congregational singing was entirely in keeping with the temper of its spiritual guide. At midnight, when the trumpeters played their "Stille Nacht" from the steeple of the church, there was one American who had difficulty in keeping herself from shouting irreverently but exuberantly, "Blow, man; blow!"

### February in Padua

As some of the snows melted up in the protected valleys, and as the mimosa buds began to open, it seemed possible to move beyond Bologna, to the provincial archives in which I hoped to find some traces of Giovanni d'Andrea. Since for a time he had been accused of defecting to Padua and of taking a group of students with him, I found quarters in the Casa del Pellegrino, looking down upon the cathedral square of San Antonio da Padua. Each morning on my way to study, I stopped to scatter the irreverent pigeons and to salute Donatello's proud statue of the *condottiere*, Gattamelata.

Before becoming established under the six blankets I needed in the damp and freezing Pilgrim House, I had spent one entire day searching through the little university town to find the archives. The policemen didn't know; twelve of the citizens whom I questioned didn't know. Stopping at a bank, I found three men most eager to help, but also equally ignorant. Finally one of their number was commissioned to accompany me, and after we had circled the city market several times and toured the whole center of the city, we found an archive, but not the right one. Embarrassed by his failure, my guide left me with a hand-shake whose heartiness was probably intended to make up for our mutual disappointment.

The February days in Padua were extremely wet and foggy, and I thought longingly of furred cloaks and tippets, and open firesides. During the days the excitement and troubles of my search obscured the need for comfort, but at night I had to sandwich myself between two mattresses, in addition to the blankets, and chew bars of chocolate to keep warm enough to read Moravia's appropriately dismal "*Gli Indifferenti.*"

In keeping with the morbid temper of the weather, I spent some time in looking for a tomb. No one seemed to appreciate my wish to find this tomb of Bettina d'Andrea, the learned daughter of Giovanni, except some little boys who enthusiastically joined in what they thought was a new game. When I did locate the sepulchral slab in the cloister courtyard of San Antonio, my prolonged contemplation of it made the hitherto uninterested monks extremely suspicious.

The remainder of my stay in Padua ended less successfully. The custodian of the cathedral library was still testy over the failure of some American from Ann Arbor to pay him for a microfilm. Suspecting that I too was an unprincipled seeker of his riches, he was reluctant to hand over his sack of keys until I had promised to write immediately to the stranger in Ann Arbor. Then, summoning an assistant, he handed her the large sack, and we progressed through many locks and many doors to a room whose sole occupant should have been Charles Addams. Stacked helter and skelter, in cold and dust and cobwebs, was a fabulous collection of illuminated manuscripts. Of the one I needed most, however, there was not a trace.

To lessen the disappointment I was invited to tea by another pilgrim, from Oxford University, who had already spent nearly two years in Padua studying medieval social history. A well-wrinkled table cloth was hastily pulled from the bottom of a dresser drawer and the landlady coaxed into sending up some jelly with the tea. The tea table was a drawing board ordinarily used by the student's roommate, a Canadian engineer who for reasons plausible at least to himself had decided that Padua was the one most likely place in which to design an hydraulic pump. The fire in the tiny wood stove died out and was replenished three times, and the tea things were completely forgotten while not one prominent Padovan family of the Trecento escaped a fashion showing of its skeletons. In Kenneth Hyde's diverting sketches, the scrounging Scrovegni became still farther removed from the devout citizens who had commissioned Giotto's frescoes a few blocks away.

### Short Rations in Florence

From Padua, I went to Florence where, through the help of an editor friend, I gleefully played the role of an author in whom his publishing house was in-
entered one of the most beautiful libraries in the world. To pass through the portals of San Lorenzo into the tranquil courtyard, ring the bell, find one’s way through a study designed by Michelangelo, and enter the heart of the Laurenziana, surely the most perfect temple ever designed for the worship of a book, was in the nature of a pious pilgrimage. Unfortunately the cost of maintaining myself there indefinitely was hardly within the amount prescribed by the Fulbright Commission, and I was forced to limit myself to a selection of the most important manuscripts which might be microfilmed.

Back to Bologna

After several more months of almost frenzied poring over the town records in the archives in Bologna, there came a brief respite with the invitation to participate in a student celebration, the spring ball of the Economics Faculty. Several students from this faculty had been studying regularly in the Archivio, and for months we had eyed one another curiously. There seemed to be a line drawn between us, perhaps on their part by the fact that they were still working on their degree, while I had achieved mine; on my part certainly by the fact that none of the clothes I possessed could possibly compare with the elegant garments of the Bolognese co-eds. But one day as I left the study hall, a student with more courage than the others — I learned later that he had been at one time a member of the resistance movement — hurried down the stairs beside me, proffered the invitation, and advanced very cogent arguments why I should not refuse this opportunity to view a genuine student festival.

The ball, held in what appeared to have been an old town house, once elegantly appointed, turned out to be an attempt to combine the atmosphere of a sophisticated night club, New Year’s Eve party, and old-fashioned American square dance. There was little dating, as one knows it at American college parties; in fact, by the early morning hours it was difficult to recall who had come with whom, and the few drivers of automobiles found it hard to persuade their original passengers to return with them. For once the professorial dignity broke down, and faculty and students danced together and bombarded one another with ticker tape and brightly colored cotton balls. Champagne and violets were the more refined accompaniment to the party, which ended in what was believed to be an American square dance. The strenuous improvisations required to stretch one’s imagination sufficiently for this exhausted even the lusty Bolognese.

And So to Rome

A few days after this glimpse of university gaiety, from which I was the only survivor in the Archivio the next morning, I was on my way to Rome through a countryside burgeoning into spring: emerald green fields and fruit trees frosted with bloom, colors from palest chalk to deep lavender and pink, willow trees patterns of green lace and poplars of freshly-minted gold. It really did not matter that I had to pay for seeing such loveliness by eating dates for supper and figs for breakfast during my stay in Rome. By the first morning I had the coveted admission to the Vatican Library, and felt that no one could be more fortunate than I, who had to walk along the Tiber where the trees were just coming into leaf, the skies were a soft grey-blue, and the library and its riches were my duty to examine. When I discovered that with my Perugia ID Card I could spend some free moments in the Sistine Chapel, and have soup and Michelangelo too, I knew that Clio hadn’t deserted me after all.

Since the trips away from Bologna were always exploratory trips to determine what materials existed in the libraries and archives, I could only make a brief catalogue of the manuscripts I hoped to see again at the Vatican. Returning to Bologna, I began my final assault upon the library of the Collegio di Spagna, built at the conclusion of the fourteenth century. From the first weeks of my stay in the city I had wished to gain admittance to this residence for Spanish students attending the University of Bologna. There were repeated and repeated promises of help from various friends, but not until my last day in the city of the canonists was I finally permitted to enter the handsome library housing the most important writings of the canonists. That my name was similar to the name of the curator’s mother seemed to have something to do with the graciousness with which I was now received and given permission to microfilm a priceless volume in which the founder of the Collegio, Cardinal Albornoz, had annotated the work of Giovanni d’An-drea. It had taken fully a year to see this manuscript, but when I walked through the gates of the Collegio di Spagna, I felt I was floating as lightly as the nebulae in the sky above. I had accomplished my purpose in coming to Bologna — to begin my studies.
Archibald MacLeish's verse drama “J.B.” has conquered Broadway with the help of a director who gave this play a life on stage for which the book does not fully provide. Only Elia Kazan's masterly craft could make this literary play into a “stagey” play. Certain smaller changes were made by Mr. MacLeish, concessions of the poet to the director who usually knows better how far he can go in forcing poetic images on his suburban customers.

The happenings on stage, more so than the reading of this verse play, bring out the gigantic task the poet has taken upon himself, the greatness of the work as well as its shortcomings. Where it mainly fails in reaching fulfillment is in its basic structure and premise. As Job in the Old Testament is unable to find an answer to his fate, to the injustices he must suffer, so is J.B. who flees into an obsession of guilt:

We have no choice but to be guilty.

God is unthinkable if we are innocent.

Job is just, and his enduring faith is tested. Mr. MacLeish's J.B. is no longer innocent. In modern times, the question of collective guilt can no longer be pushed aside. When we see huddled humanity, deprived and depraved as it is, on stage in contrast to the wealth and happiness J.B. has accumulated, then his trials and tribulations receive another color and connotation than the Biblical punishment of a righteous man.

It is a play within a play, with two circus vendors taking up masks and with it the majesty of God and Satan, respectively, and in playing their parts they evoke the fate of a modern Job of whom the world is full, as Archibald MacLeish feels. The frame action is highly poetic, the scenes about J.B. realistic. It is a seeming realism only. The man never becomes so human that we may tremble or care for him or get emotionally involved in any form. If we are moved, we identify with our own guilt and vicariously accept this punishment as ours as though we were as rich and happy as J.B. But most of us aren't. For my money, J.B. is not the image of the average person we meet in the streets of American cities. He is, at best, the idol of the self-made man, and thus typical. Only Pat Hingle gives him a quality that makes him average. Although he is overwhelming in his suffering, he suffers rather as a type, not as a human being.

The great question: Why? Why does it happen to me? is based on the fact that God judges us. This is the premise of the play which, however, reaches the conclusion that this isn’t quite so. J.B. tells us all the time that he is judged by God and that God is just. But toward the end of the play he comes to the surprising statements that God is, that He does not love, that there is no justice, that all man has left is love. This is not a theological question here, but a literary problem of how to lead a play to its conclusion. “J.B.” is left without answer and solution. And the answer it finds deviates from the question posed.

Schiller’s conception of the theatre as a moral institution has received amplified proof through this play. Above all, its success lies in the magnificent stage realization of this verse drama; in its stage design which creates out of a circus tent heaven and hell (read: earth) and transforms a rope dancer’s platform into a pulpit; in its direction which whips up emotions and frightens you into your own awareness by employing a chiaroscuro style of counterpointing good and evil; and in its acting with two of our great performers, Christopher Plummer and Raymond Massey.

Realizing more and more that we are our brothers' keepers, or at least responsible for them in a certain way, this play may mean more to us than Mr. MacLeish originally had in mind (and may even prove to be one of the more important plays of this decade). Seeing it, we feel castigated, and in our precarious catharsis we ask ourselves why it should be still possible that J.B.’s terrible afflictions — man-made afflictions of our century: death on the highway, juvenile psychopathological murders, wars, bombs, scars from nuclear fallout — are not yet obsolete.

The play sidesteps one of the main questions: “Why do the just suffer and the wicked flourished?” We are asked to believe that J.B. flourished in spite of being just and that his luck suddenly ran out and turned into a merciless, seemingly planless, senseless series of tribulations. The poor dumb masses are, in this production, shown as people who may be wicked or good, only didn’t have what it takes to get as far as J.B. They may suffer as much as J.B., or almost as much; they only have less to lose. No bomb can fall on their bank and wipe out their fortune, but they sleep in misery under bridges. They are the supernumeraries of life who weakened my compassion for J.B. And among those extras of life must have been the mother of that psychopathologic youth who raped and murdered J.B.’s daughter. She, too, carries the burden of Job: Why? why her son?
The Day of the Name

By Martin H. Scharlemann
Director of Graduate Studies
Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri

Jesus said unto them, Verily, Verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am.

John 8:58

Did you ever notice what superior airs an ordinary camel can put on? Look at the picture of one on a package of Camels! Why does it hold its nose so high? And just why, do you suppose, does it seem to look with disdain on the world around it? Our Arab friends on an air base at El Kabrit, Egypt, during the war had an explanation for this strange behavior. "Allah has a hundred names," they said. "We know ninety-nine of them, but the camel knows the hundredth name. It has every right, therefore, to be proud."

In our culture we do not put such a premium on names, not even in the instance of God Himself. In this respect — as in many others — we stand outside the practice of the Middle East, especially in Biblical times. Names meant much to people in those days. Our Lord did not call one of His disciples "Peter" just because none of the other Twelve happened to have this name, but rather because Simon, son of John, had been chosen to be a rock in the foundation of the church. Abraham called his son "Isaac" as a reminder that Abraham had laughed for sheer joy when this son had been promised. Hannah called her son "Samuel" for the best of all reasons: God had heard her prayers for a son.

Within this general view of the significance of names Israel clung to the expectation that in the age of the Messiah God would reveal His hidden name. This hope had its roots in such words as those of Isaiah 52,6: "My people shall know my name; therefore in that day they shall know that it is I who speak."

The conviction that God would reveal His secret name was expressed liturgically at the feast of tabernacles. There the priests circled the altar of burnt-offering linking God's name, "I AM," with Israel's destiny. "I and he" was the combination they kept chanting. This was their way of expressing the belief that God could not be understood apart from the people He had created, and that any revelation of the Name would have to take place within this context and with special reference to Israel.

The moment of unveiling was at hand. The feast of tabernacles had come once more. Jesus had delayed His arrival. The festival was already half over before He suddenly appeared at the temple, in fulfillment of Malachi's words: "And the Lord ... shall suddenly come to His temple" (3,1). In fact, He had come as the true Israel to reveal God's full name.

The lection for the feast was the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah. This reading spoke of living waters and of light. These words were enacted at the service. Water was brought from the pool of Siloam and poured over the altar of burnt-offering to point forward to the age of the Messiah, when living waters were to flow from Jerusalem (Zechariah 14, 8). At night the court of the women was lit up brilliantly to bring to life the words of the prophet, "At evening time there shall be light." (v. 7)

Jesus took note of both liturgical acts to claim their present fulfillment in Himself. "He who believes in me ... out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7, 38). And again: "I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life." (John 8, 12)

This was to be the day of the Name; for Zechariah had said, "In that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one." (v. 9) Jesus proceeded to unveil God's secret Name. "This is the burden of the Scripture lesson which constitutes the Gospel for Judica Sunday. From now on it would no longer be necessary to use the "I and he" of Israel's feast. For Israel, the true one, and the Father were not two but one in purpose and mission. "I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me," Jesus said (8,16). Here the "I and he" of the liturgy were brought together to make God's people aware of the fact that God was disclosing Himself in Jesus of Nazareth, who dared to apply God's ancient name I AM to Himself in person.

By using this name of Himself, Jesus identified Himself with that God who had sent Moses on his mission of liberation with the instructions, "Say this to the people of Israel, I AM has sent me to you." (Ex. 3,14) This was the God of those many promises that had been waiting until now to be fulfilled.

This was the God of Abraham. Tradition based on the statement in Gen. 17, 17, that Abraham had laughed for sheer joy at God's promise, said that this patriarch had been permitted to see the days of the future. In a vision he had witnessed the parting of the Red Sea and the giving of the law. In today's lection he is described as having seen the day of the Messiah and rejoicing in that experience.
But even before Abraham was born Jesus had already existed. Such is His claim. By applying to Himself the name I AM, our Lord raised Himself above the temporal sequence of great men and events. In fact, this very name indicates that He belongs to a different order of being. And yet He is one of us. He came from beyond history to become part of it, to be its very center, in fact. As a particular person in a given age — many centuries after Abraham — He revealed God's hidden name by assuming it Himself.

He is the great I AM. As such He is no less than God — the God of Israel. He combined in Himself the "I and he" of the temple service. As Yahweh had once created His own people so Jesus had already begun to gather the new Israel. Many of the Jews believed on Him, we read. These He urged to continue in His word so that they might remain free from sin and live.

Being liberated they would not taste or even see death, He promised. But how could this be? The prophets had died; and so had Abraham. How dared He say to His disciples that they would not die?

Passion Sunday and the days following it supply the answer to this question. For this fortnight begins with Judica, Passion Sunday, and proceeds by way of Palm Sunday to Good Friday — and to Easter Sunday. In the events of this season our Lord manifests Himself once again as the Great I AM. Not even death dared reduce Him to a "Has-Been." It could not, for He is the very source of all life and being. Death has now been overcome; it has no power over us. He is and we are: this is the secret of His Name.

CROSS and FLOWERS

His cross is gray above those shadowed hills; And lilies of the field are lost in shade That falls upon them slowly, as night fills The background of hewn branches men have made. The crowd that tramples flowers shouts for death, Small puppets eager that the Christ shall die— They listen for a silence after breath, And cringe before the sight of his glazed eye.

That trampled hill will be a barren ground, As hatred sears all living green from earth— I listen for the waiting springtime sound To bless those trampled seeds that want new birth— And men to see the rising morning light Drive back night-shadows from a dark old sight.

MANFRED A. CARTER

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

By G. G.

Dear Editor:

I'm trying to write this letter out on the sun porch while the decorations committee for the Ladies Aid spring banquet is meeting in our living room and if you don't think that's a job try it some time.

For the last fifteen minutes, the business before the committee has been the question of whether Mrs. Zeitgeist does or does not dye her hair. As near as I can tell, the vote stands at about four to three that she does and the discussion seems to be moving in the direction of whether it is right for a minister's wife to dye her hair. I've been tempted to poke my head in and suggest that Minnie Klatsch disqualify herself but maybe wearing a wig is not quite the same thing as dyeing your hair.

Before we got onto the hair-dyeing business, there was a round-table discussion on the general health picture among the women of the town. This being a family magazine, I can't go into any of the details of this discussion but it looks to me like they had better have that banquet pretty soon if they expect to have anybody there. The guy that said that little girls are made out of sugar and spice and everything nice must have been pretty young when he said it. And by the way, I had better make a note to tell the school board that we will need six more desks and chairs in the first grade in 1965.

I really ought to be mad about the way they are yakking away in there. They know that I am out here, and if they would stop to think about it they might know that I can hear everything that they say. If I were twenty years younger they would be horrified to think that a man might be listening in but at my age you're not a man any more, just a beat-up old piece of furniture. I'll bet I could go right in there and sit down without even interrupting their conversation.

Oh-oh! Now they're starting in on their husbands' ailments. I'm going to get out of here.

Hurriedly,
G.G.

THE CRESET
How much do you know about Luigi Cherubini? His full name was Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobio Salvatore Cherubini. He was born in Florence in 1760. When he was twenty-eight years of age, he went to Paris. There he was connected with the famous Conservatoire. For a long time he served as director of this well-known institution. When young Franz Liszt applied for admittance, Cherubini said no. Like many teachers before, at, and since his time, he had mastered the art of being shortsighted, cocksure, and headstrong.

Cherubini was a prolific composer. He wrote with fluency and facility. Numerous operas, much church music, and a large number of compositions of other kinds flowed from his busy pen. Many of his melodies are worth remembering. I have read more than once that Franz Joseph Haydn, Ludwig van Beethoven, and Felix Mendelssohn spoke highly of his creative ability.

For one reason or another much of Cherubini's music has failed to warm the cockles of my heart. But I regard one work from his industrious brainpan as particularly outstanding. It is an opera titled Medea — an opera based on a wonderful classic written by Euripides, one of the great tragedians of ancient Greece, and performed for the first time in Athens in 451 B.C.

Scenes from Cherubini's opera — which, in many respects, is as chilling as it is exciting — are presented in an excellent recording by Eileen Farrell, soprano, Andre Turp, tenor, and Ezio Flagello, bass-baritone, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Arnold Gamson, the young conductor of the American Opera Society (Columbia ML-5525). Miss Farrell appears as Medea, Mr. Turp is Jason, and Mr. Flagello is Creon, the King of Corinth. The performance is brimful of vitality and power.

Medea is the mighty sorceress of Greek mythology. In the tragedy by Euripides she appears as the murderess of her children. The scene is laid before her house in Corinth. She has been the wife of Jason. But her husband has deserted her and is about to marry Glauce, the Corinthian princess. Medea is ordered to go into exile with her children. She begs for mercy and implores Jason to give up Glauce. But her impassioned pleading gains for her only one day of grace, no more. When she is sure that neither Jason nor the King of Corinth will grant what she desires, she slays her two children to complete her vengeance on the man who had been her husband.

In the first part of the tragedy Medea wins the sympathy of the reader and the spectator. At the end, however, pity goes out to Jason; for the sorceress, torn between a mother's love and an overwhelming desire for crushing revenge, commits one of the foulest of all crimes.

Now I shall write briefly about two other recordings of special importance.

Mature scholarship, deepfelt respect, profound understanding, and an unerring sense of what is fitting and proper make Bruno Walter's reading of Beethoven's Eroica Symphony a memorable contribution to recorded music (Columbia ML-5320). The Columbia Symphony Orchestra plays this masterpiece under the great maestro's direction. In my opinion, this is a definitive exposition of the Eroica No better monument could be erected in Walter's honor.

Under Leonard Bernstein — who, to my thinking, must be spoken of as one of the most astute musicians of our time — the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York gives exhilarating performances of three compositions exemplifying the out-and-out sorcery characteristic of Maurice Ravel's consummate mastery of the art of orchestration: Bolero, La Valse, and Rapsodie Espagnole (Columbia ML-5293).

Some Recent Recordings

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. Suites for 'Cello Unaccompanied (No. 1, in G Major; No. 2, in D Minor; No. 3, in C Major; No. 4, in E Flat; No. 5, in C Minor; No. 6, in D Major). These monumental recordings, made about two decades ago, are issued in a series called Great Recordings of the Century. Every student of music should hear and study these masterpieces from the pen of Bach. They are played by Pablo Casals, one of the greatest musicians of all time (Angel). — RICHARD STRAUSS. Capriccio, Op. 85. A conversation piece for music in one act. Libretto by Clemens Krauss, music by Strauss. Here one finds the greatest array of German opera stars ever assembled in one recording. Among them are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hans Hotter, Nicolai Gedda, and Christa Ludwig. Presented with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Wolfgang Sawallisch. The premiere of Capriccio took place in 1942. (Angel).
The Fine Arts

Bread Giving Hands

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

“And He took bread and gave thanks, and break it, and gave unto them, saying, this is My body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me.” Saint Luke XXII:19

What does a man think about in a Siberian prison camp? Is there a hunger beyond the pangs which he feels when there is not enough to eat? Is there something which speaks to heart and mind and soul about the Bread of Life? Can our well-fed age still talk about real hunger for anything?

In 1947, a German prisoner returned from the vast Russian steppes. Before the war, he had been a pupil of Professor Karl Knappe. Heinrich Gick, prisoner of war, remembered. He remembered many things: the days of carefree youth when war was far away, or just a word in the language of some forgotten heroes; the village back home, and the warm kindness of the village people. He never forgot the bread that was baked each Saturday in anticipation of the week ahead. Far away from church and home he remembered his first communion - the wonderful story of the Saviour taking bread and breaking it in the sight of His disciples as a sign of His coming death.

Perhaps he remembered even more - the words about “I will no more eat of this bread or drink of this cup until I eat it new with you in My Father’s Kingdom.”

What does the Kingdom mean to a man when everything else, including his freedom and his self-respect, have been swept away by war and imprisonment? Does he begin to feel that, in the breaking of bread, in the Body given for us, and the Blood which was shed for us, there is hope beyond all the despair of the world? Does he remember a time when body and soul were not driven by the whips of the oppressors but had the chance to choose the good part? It is in simple sculpture of this kind that the best feelings are realized. This could be any man breaking bread. The gentle simple form of the sheltering sleeves says nothing about rich or poor, wise or unwise, the schooled or the unlearned. Even the hands say little about the man. They look like gentle hands, the kind that would caress the cheek of a child. But they are strong hands, too, like those that had learned to handle the tools at the carpenter’s bench in Nazareth, or built a fire on the seashore for the disciples’ breakfast.

Perhaps his thoughts went farther still. These are the hands that give our daily bread to all mankind. These are the hands which, from the beginning of the world, have made the seedtime and harvest grow, so that a man might have some bread to give his family. This may have been the answer to his starving prayer, “Give us this day our daily bread.” He may have seen the vision of these gracious hands in some rough twisted tree or shrub outside his exile door.

What a pity when a man does not know when it is enough! So much that we call art is overdone. We have more than our share of overdone music, overdone buildings, overdone painting, overstressing and overplaying. We have to say to our age what Thoreau said to his, “Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!”

Simple directness ought to be the earmark of the Christian Church as it is the earmark of Scripture. Read once more the simple account in Saint John 19 of the last hours of our Saviour — the whole ghastly story of the crucifixion and the death of our Lord made strong, and glorious, and perfectly clear, for all the ages, by men inspired to be simple, and correct, and clear. It was only the age of muddled theology and maudlin music that gave us the overdressed church, and arty art, and gingerbread carvings going nowhere in unimportant buildings.

Lent ought to be the time of coming back again to the first principles of God’s direct approach to the problems of men — to the simplicity which is the preaching of our Lord — to the dignity and directness which is His teaching in the parables. In that we all need help — perhaps even the help of privation and prison camps in Siberia.

APOLOGY TO ONE ALONE

I cannot plumb the chasm with Thee, Christ,
Nor feel the full forsaken Lenten fear
Thy pleading voiced from Golgotha at dark
Triumphant o’er a blighted sun. I hear
As one who finds the ending out of time,
The clarions of Easter singing clear.

BILLIE M. ANDERSON
from give some kind of objective meaning to the interpret each other at crucial points, and man” pose this real stumbling block to faith, Christianity field before he has really begun to fight. Christianity message even though it is ex­ conclusive, partly because the writers mis­ take their own subjective criteria for the objective. Bultmann’s translation of the physical end of manifestation of the ultimate reality, the reality is testified by the wide appeal of Bultmann’s tail. That the issue is a vital one, however, problem, he says, is that to expect works of the justification is enough to man in general; viz., that man’s justification is myth to its true function; myth is falsified when it is inter­ preted literally. The task, however, is not to demythologize, but to restore: the myth to its true function; “to deepen us morally, enlarge us as human beings, and indirectly to bring us closer to the lofty, imageless transcendence, that idea of God which no myth can fully express, for it surpasses them all.”

What myth does, rational reflection can­ not do; for the universal truths which rea­ son develops are valid only relatively, while myth reveals existential truth which is identified with the thinker in his historical existence. (18) It is a “cipher of transcen­ dence,” and as such it prepares man for the existential possibility of faith.

No one myth is universally valid for all men; yet any mythical language may be valid for some one. (20) Its potential validity rises out of its relation to the process of knowing and the peculiar relation of existence to transcendence in man’s situation. Everything that is real for us, everything that we know and are, is present, says Jaspers, in immediate experience. We cannot grasp or fathom the whole of ex­ perience in any one experience. “It is the site of all actualization, yet it remains un­ knowable as a whole and as an object.” (12) On the other hand, it is a totality, and the totality, the Encompassing, may be encountered within experience. Since it is a totality, in which all things are somehow related, any concept of its content, or abstraction from its content, is in its nature false. What is true of concepts is true of words. The literal word which fixes an idea or a thing may be use­ ful in abstract consciousness, but it is false of the Encompassing. Mythical words, conversely, adumbrate the transcendent, but do not give us creeds and doctrines.

Every activity of the self proceeds from and is related to the totality of experience which is the Encompassing; hence no in­ stance of experience or existence is com­ pletely to itself. No meaning of a term is determined except in a circle of meanings. The complete context is not determinable; because though circles of meaning can be surmounted, the circularity cannot be es­ caped.

Scientific propositions and literal terms, being abstract, can fix meanings; but they do so at the expense of concreteness and possible transcendent reference. The only alternative to these, consequently, is the language of myth. To demythologize a myth can only rob it of its vital meaning and transcendent significance.

Conversely, however, any myth will do, assuming that it is rightly formed in a historical situation so as to have transcen­ dent tendencies. Again, however, its his­ toricity involves so much particularity that there is no guarantee that what it may do for one man it will also do for another.

What can be said of words is also true of actions. As there is no once-and-for-all word, so there is no once-and-for-all ac­ tion. All actions which stem from true moral earnestness will arrive at God through the reality of the moral life implicated by the moral earnestness.

Finally, what is true for words and ac­ tions is true for being and events; and the
language of the godhead is recognizable in all reals.

Thus, since everything is related in the ground of all awareness, man can be in direct relation to the hidden God, and this relation is a higher authority than any creed, text, or church. Revelation, conversely, is continuous in all ages and countries, is through human things, thoughts, acts, and perceptions, and has all the features of myth.

In his claim that Bultmann absolutizes the Christian revelation, Jaspers misses the point, for while Bultmann does say that revelation is absolute and its own guarantee, he does not reify what he calls the revelatory event. In his charge that Bultmann does not carry out his demythologizing consistently, since on his view “God” and “Christ”, too, should be mythological terms, Jaspers is right. Yet, while Bultmann doesn’t meet the philosopher’s demand for consistency, he is aware of the way he uses “God” and of his reasons for retaining it in mythical usage. Bultmann, on the other hand, doesn’t seem to see what in Jaspers’ view is the necessarily mythical character of all thought and language which is not abstract. Nor does he see the cogency of Jaspers’ claim that his demythologizing has philosophical implications. Still Jaspers’ criticism of Bultmann’s view of the character of science in our age is not strictly to the point, for it is not the philosophy of science that the theologian is concerned with, but an aspect of the impact of science on the common man’s thinking.

MARCUS E. RIEDEL

BIGGER THAN LITTLE ROCK

By Robert R. Brown (Scabury Press, $3.50)

Robert R. Brown, Bishop of the Episcopalian diocese of Arkansas, has recorded in these 150 pages the events of Little Rock and the role which the churches of that city played while this tragic history was unfolding. While the book is useful as an attempt to explain how this could happen in such a moderate and respectable city as Little Rock, its primary relevance for this reviewer lies in its convincing demonstration of the near bankruptcy of American churches.

The almost total failure of the churches to arouse the consciences of their people is shown to be in part a result of the divisions among the churches, divisions theological and sociological. But only in part. There is some much deeper malady present when practical politicians regard the endorsement of the Ministerial Alliance as the kiss of death. According to Bishop Brown, Little Rock Superintendent of Schools Virgil Blossom begged the ministers of the city not to endorse the School Board’s plan of desegregation. It would seem that the division between pulpit and pew is at least as great as the division among the various pulpits.

Bishop Brown speaks unequivocally:

At all times and in all places, the Christian Church must — despite secular apathy and indifference — exercise its right to stand in judgment upon whatever is amiss in the society to which it has been sent. No matter how deaf an ear the world may turn to the Gospel or how competitive the voices it may raise to drown that message, the messengers of Christ must still bear witness to justice and point the stern finger of accusation at every form of bias and unrighteousness.

But what does it mean for the church to “stand in judgment”? Who does the standing? The clergy? Not if they are regarded as a bunch of uniformed do-gooders. The laity? They don’t in fact seem inclined to do much standing. God? Of course. But how is His voice heard?

A tragic thesis, one assuredly much “bigger than Little Rock” and much bigger than the integration problem, grows out of the pages of this book. The prophetic “Thus saith the Lord” can hardly be spoken in our times. It is not only because the would-be prophets have been long away from sackcloth and have had no vision. It is also because the people are not looking for prophets. Vox dei is vox populi. Nor do the Fundamentalists and the Biblicists escape. They seem to fare better only because their prejudices and class aspirations have already been incorporated in their theology.

We try the spirit of prophecy, to see whether it touches us. And if it does, it stands condemned as false prophecy. So the voice of the prophet fails in the land, and the Kingdom of God waits once again for John the Baptist.

The Greek word for judgment is krisis.

PAUL T. HEYNE

MAGIC AND RELIGION

By George B. Vetter (Philosophical Library, $6.00)

Take a psychologist or anthropologist who cannot recognize a philosophical or a theological assertion when he makes one; who is in addition un-self-critical enough as to believe he can pronounce all theology (except his own) dead, though he has obviously read little of it and nothing current; let him write on religion and magic — and the result is a mess like Vetter’s book.

It is incredible (to cite but one example) that in 1958 so naive a viewpoint as that presented in Chapter VIII (“Belief and Faith”) should appear in print. One wonders: hasn’t the author understood anything of post-Humean accounts of faith and belief?

ROBERT SCHARLEMM

EUGENE O’NEILL AND THE TRAGIC TENSION

By Doris F. Falk (Rutgers, $4.50)

Miss Falk studied under the late Henry Alonzo Myers at Cornell who, in Tragedy: A View of Life (1956), presented the thesis that joy is gained only through sorrow and there can be no perfect world without evil or sorrow. Professor Myers’ book was inadequate and badly written, to say the least, so that we have an instance of the student improving on the teacher. Miss Falk has a less quarrelsome way of stating her case, and she buttresses it with solid Jungian psychology.

O’Neill’s plays are examined in chronological order and are seen to be in the old literary tradition of the Fall through Pride. O’Neill differs from the Greeks, the Hebrews, and the Elizabethans in that he interprets the idea in the modern language of psychoanalysis. Jung, not Freud, is O’Neill’s teacher. He believes in a personal unconscious mind but also in a “collective unconscious” shared by the entire race. Thus, symbols and patterns of an archetypal nature are to be found in all men’s minds. This belief is highly important in O’Neill’s work, both thematically and dramatically.

The unconscious must be reckoned with; it is the modern equivalent of the gods or fates of Greek tragedy. Man can find self-knowledge only by reconciling the unconscious needs with those of the conscious ego. This is achieved through constant struggle, out of whose tension comes the realization of the whole inner personality. The “fall” is caused by pride and is the result of man’s assumption that his conscious ego can fill all his needs without help from, or acknowledgment of, the unconscious.

O’Neill was influenced by Strindberg, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Lao-tse as well as Jung. The philosophy has been clearly stated by O’Neill himself: “Suffering and death now have the same meaning for human life as they have for nature; they are inevitable components of process and growth.” Strindberg, before O’Neill, fought this battle of personal philosophy until he went temporarily mad. It is a difficult viewpoint to face and to reconcile with other philosophies; but it cannot be tossed lightly aside. It is interesting, however, that both O’Neill and Strindberg abandoned their concern with death and struggle at least once in their work. But they returned to it again, although Strindberg, in a sense, retained a “hope for faith” much longer than O’Neill did.

Miss Falk recognizes the problem of audience-acceptance of drama which is subjectively tied to the dramatist’s unconscious. (Again, this problem is just as acute in Strindberg as it is in O’Neill.) The
Eugene O'Neill and the Tragic Tension

is, finally, a well-written and interesting book on a very difficult dramatist. Although the approach through Jung is not entirely new, it is here pin-pointed and clarified in a way that stirs new excitement in O'Neill and in the more general problem of tragedy. Miss Falk's control and restraint are remarkable, and her conclusion is sound.

John R. Milton

THE MAGIC-MAKER

By Charles Norman (Macmillan, $8.00)

This lively biography passes a rigid test; it can be read and re-read with pleasure and some excitement. Its index is an interesting roster of Big Names, i.e., those associated with New York and Paris in the Twenties and Thirties. The subject is challenging, all about the man whose totem is the elephant; and the author's style is delightful.

Permitted complete access to the Cummings family papers and correspondence (this is the first time, to anyone), Mr. Norman used his opportunity well. Appropriately, like Cummings, he is poet and painter — more than that, a family friend. Here the skill he developed in earlier biographies of Marlowe, Shakespeare, John Wilmot, Samuel Johnson, and Thomas G. Wainewright enables him to interpret understandingly the essence of a major figure who is highly controversial and influential in the literary and artistic life of our time.

Whether or not EEC is the best American poet of the century, this story of his life shows why, in the tradition of romantic individualism, he is interestingly original in technique and the most eccentric and irrepressible in personality. His writings will never be remembered as current topics versified or as political propaganda. Spontaneous self-expression has led him to revolt, not only against conventional structure and content, but against the very process of conveying emotion through the printed word! As many readers will remember, the mere appearance of his poetry (and sometimes of his prose) on the page identifies this author, with comparable idiosyncrasies present in his syntax and diction that remind us of Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. Always, however, this poet-playwright is primarily concerned with the auditory impact of language, and iterates that "poetry is not to be explained, but to be enjoyed." A benevolent hedonist, Cummings attacks those aspects of American life, especially our puritanism and philistinism, which worship mass conformity.

Interpersed are numerous specimens of Cummings' poems and a few of his drawings or subjects for paintings. In their own modern way these show that, like Blake and Rossetti earlier, he possesses the two talents to mutual advantage. For me the most informative chapter presents The Poet as Reader, reluctant but gifted in showmanship. Cummings once expressed the opinion that "one test of the artist was not to be reminded in looking at his work of anyone else" (a typical involution!) Could it someday happen that posterity will rank this man highly for genuine personal achievement above his dramatic oddity? -

Herbert H. Umbach

THE SECRET NAME

By Lin Yutang (Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy, $3.95)

Lin Yutang in his newest book turns to the subject of Communism ("the secret name of the dread antagonist") as practiced in the Soviet Union. He is not interested in the ideology, but only in hard facts. What do the facts show? He asks himself. His answers can be summarized as follows:

"The spirit of the revolution — together with Marxism — has long since been given up and betrayed by the Communist leaders of the Soviet Union. What remains is a flase facade made up of Marxist slogans. The revolutionary pretences are needed because they serve the interests of the Soviet masters. They are used to fool their own people into believing that they have what they were promised: socialism, freedom, and a society of workers with their interests prevailing. The Marxist facade is also used to capture the imagination of the youth of the world, especially of the young people of Asia and Africa who yearn for more human justice and a better life. It serves the Kremlin in its design to conquer the world."

However, according to Lin Yutang, the sheer facts prove that the people of the Soviet Union are living under predatory state capitalism, though their leaders still talk in terms of socialism and keep on promising Communism. He insists that Soviet Communism should be labeled "rightist" instead of being referred to as a "leftist" movement. This, because in its home-land it is exploiting the laboring classes and serving the interests of the few. The Soviet leaders, instead of preparing for the promised "withering away of the state," are doing their very best to build the state into an all powerful instrument of oppression of the masses. The Soviet Union, instead of abolishing social classes, has encouraged the rise of the new class, composed of party leaders and high bureaucrats, the members of which stand and work for the perpetuation of their own power and want to keep on enjoying all the material privileges which stem from their personal control over all state property. At the same time they do not hesitate to talk about the evil of private property. The Soviet masters, furthermore, are engaged in a process of building history's biggest colonial empire and are subjugating one neighboring country after another. Nonetheless, they do not cease to excite the former colonial peoples of Asia and Africa against Western imperialism.

One is tempted to say that these statements of Lin Yutang are becoming more and more platitudes by the sheer force of being repeated so often. Nevertheless, they are not platitudes as far as the average American is concerned, although they should be. They are not, because he does not read serious books and has a natural tendency to regard as propaganda what he learns about Communism through radio, television and the newspapers. As this book is meant for the general reader, it is to be hoped that it will help at least some people to understand the true nature of Soviet Communism better.

As far as the initiated reader is concerned, he will find some faults in Dr. Lin's book. It contains not a few factual mistakes easy to catch, and is naively and quite unnecessarily overdrawn for the "good of the cause." The past record of Soviet Communism is black enough and needs no darkening. Overdrawing the dark side can only hurt the cause for which Lin Yutang seems to stand.

Furthermore one also wonders whether Lin Yutang was right in depending so heavily on materials which go far back to the time when Stalin ruled over the Soviet Union and dealt with its people as his personal chattel. While it is true that the essence of dictatorship remains, it is also true that means of exploitation and the instruments of oppression are perceptively softened now. The author should have made it clear that he is not describing presently prevailing conditions in Russia, but enumerating the past and present crimes of the Soviet dictators.

It is too bad that Lin Yutang could not avoid these mistakes. It is bad because this book, in general, is cleverly and well written. It is a witty resume of Soviet Communism, ably contrasting the pretence of Soviet Russia to being the workers paradise with the compromising background of the betrayed revolution and the tragic
facts of the exploitation of the workers of the country.

In the last two chapters, specifically in the very last one, entitled "A Free World Policy," Lin Yutang draws up a plan for waging the cold war. While he is not the first to advocate the ideas described therein, he has to be given credit for skillfully presenting them. His propositions are fundamentally sound and make sense. His criticism of our cold war strategy and tactics is justified.

Since the survival of our ideals and our physical future depends on how we wage the cold war, it is worthwhile to see what Lin Yutang advises us to do.

According to him, it is all right to prepare for a shooting war because, after all, we might have to fight one. It is also necessary to continue our program to assist the under-developed peoples in raising their living standard in order to make them less tempted to accept the Communist leaders. However, we must understand that the cold war might be decided much before the effect of our help will be felt in better living conditions.

The most important thing, however, is to know that this cold war is a war of confronting ideologies, and it only can be won on the plane of ideas. In order to win an ideological war we have to win the people of the world. We only can win them if we have an ideology for which to win them. We also have to have a plan of how to win them. We must have ideals. We have to convince the people of the world that our ideals are superior to those offered by the Soviet. To do all this, we have to give up the defensive and go onto the offensive. We have to be aggressive and we have to seize the initiative as soon as possible.

The cold war is fought, above all, for the winning of the youth of the world. They are impatient, and full of ardor. They do not listen to defensive explanations about the advantages of capitalism. The defensive attitude has no attraction for them. They are out to storm the defenses of the old world. Their spirit requires action, not war-like explanations. The young people of Asia and Africa desire the thrill of exciting adventures for great, promising goals. They are not interested in how we defend ourselves against the accusations the Soviet Union hurles against us day by day. We have to be the challengers if we want to stop the forward march of Communism in the hearts of the young people of the world. We have to accuse the Soviet leaders of the crimes they have actually committed. We have to unmask them for what they are: betrayers of the revolution, oppressors of the working class, and imperialists who hold in chains the peoples of East Central Europe and Central-Asia.

The world, which soon will have to decide which way it wants to turn, has to be told that the Soviet Union is the No. 1 imperialist nation, that it oppresses the masses. The world must know about the "double-faced" tactics of the Communists. The world must be told that Russian promises are meant to be broken. It must know that the Communist leaders are more dangerous when they are conciliatory than when they are intransigent. The youth of the world must be told that the Soviet rule is reactionary, anti-Marxist, and anti-labor. This is the message of Lin Yutang.

The author attributes the prevailing defensive attitude of the West to the fear of war. He thinks that our defensive compromising stand is bound to have the very opposite effect to what we desire. It will lead to war because the time will come when the West will no longer be able to take defeat and will have to stand up and fight.

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION

By Bernard Berenson (Macmillan, $6.95)

These essays are short bits of conversation such as a teacher might have with a student. They cover various phases of art theory, but they are grounded in specific works of art and so constitute a kind of gallery tour. Each work referred to is illustrated in black and white, and these 117 plates at the back of the book are what make the book expensive.

Berenson is now in his middle nineties. He writes largely about traditional or classic art, as might be expected from a man who has seen many movements and schools of art come and go during his lifetime. He discusses, for example, the reconstruction of Florence, the restoration of Leonardo's "Last Supper," and of illuminated manuscripts. He casually describes and subtly evaluates. The tone is always quiet, even when he allows personal grievance to creep in briefly as he subordinates Matisse to Picasso.

For Berenson, art is an important factor in the humanization of man. It is the element which does most to change man from mere animal to the sensitive and perceptive creature which we call the human being. Berenson does not, in these essays, probe the complex theories which could arise at this point. Instead he follows the traditional role of the humanist and reveals his delight in the human being as subject of art, or even as work of art in itself.

This attitude, of course, keeps him from praising non-objective art. In dealing with Picasso he admits that, "Being what I am, a lover of all the arts of the last seven thousand years, I naturally enjoy Picasso most when he is traditional." And yet Berenson's integrity as a critic allows him to rank Picasso first in the art of the last fifty years.

Perhaps the chief value of these essays, however, is in art history rather than in criticism. Berenson is both sensitive and logical as he examines a work of art to disclose the artist and the times behind it. His leisurely methods are particularly valuable to contemporary art critics who become caught up in a fashion and who lose the necessary perspective to the excitement of the moment. This is not to say that we should not be excited about "new" methods and forms and approaches in art. On such are nourished discovery and progress, both essential. But Berenson reminds us that all things new are built upon tradition. His humanism may not be the ultimate answer, but it is at least an antidote to some phases of our twentieth-century anti-humanism.

JOHN R. MILTON

UNDERSTANDING AND PREVENTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

By Haskell M. Miller (Abingdon Press, $1.25).

This book discusses the causes, treatment, and prevention of juvenile delinquency. Dr. Miller analyzes this problem from a sociological point of view by considering causation in terms of rapid urbanization, technological change, secularization, and increasing complexity of modern life. These social conditions tend to produce confused, disturbed, and disorganized individuals and families. The author does not attempt to explain by any single factor or by any particular set of factors, but accepts a multiple causation theory involving the interaction of personality and environmental factors and variables.

The most valuable contribution of this small, inexpensive book is the concrete suggestions made to parents and churches for their guidance to prevent delinquency. The discussion on the role of parents in relation to their children is worth more than the price of this book. Any thoughtful, conscientious parent can profit by this chapter.

In the last two chapters the author stresses the responsibilities of individual Christians and their churches in coping with the delinquency problem. He outlines positive suggestions for action. He urges that individual Christians and their churches co-operate in every respect with all social agencies and institutions in their concern to meet the needs of all children. They should never strike out on their own to deal with this major social problem.

Dr. Miller indicates the importance of the individual and the need of the outcast or misfit, for the love, understanding, and acceptance that the Christian ethic
embody and which the Christian should give freely to all children.

This book was apparently designed for an adult study or discussion group and is admirably suited to this purpose. Each chapter has stimulating questions for discussion and worthwhile projects that would be of value to lay people concerned with the problem of understanding and preventing delinquency.

Anthony Kuharich

The Jersey Lily

By Pierre Sichel (Prentice-Hall, $4.95).

At several points in this biography of Lillie Langtry, Mr. Sichel says that Lillie was generally unpopular with women, but that she charmed and captivated almost every man who ever knew her. Time has perhaps softened the antagonism of women, but her biographer, at least, is as much under her spell as were any of her contemporaries. Whatever her abilities as an actress or her faults as a human being, her attraction as a woman is a rather obvious influence on the style of the book.

This fact contributes to both the strengths and weaknesses of the book. Certainly Mr. Sichel succeeds in explaining Mrs. Langtry's popularity and her fascination for her own age; she emerges from his story as an intelligent, witty, and gracious woman. To this extent the book may be taken as a kind of balancing of the sensationalism of much of her contemporaries' writing. But the sensationalism is here too. This is honest—no competent biographer would pretend it didn't exist—but here it is rather dwelt upon. The book reads like a novel, and one cannot but suspect at times that Mr. Sichel is writing for an audience that is accustomed to racy fiction.

If The Jersey Lily were no more than a retelling of the adventures, escapades, triumphs, and humiliations of its heroine, it would begin to pall on its readers longer before the end of its 450 pages; the adventures and escapades are too much alike to bear that much repetition. But the book is also a picture of an age which was in many ways as ambitious and as controversial as was Lillie herself—the age of Whistler, Oscar Wilde, Diamond Jim Brady, Sarah Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry, and, as the author never permits us to forget, the age when Edward VII was the playboy Prince of Wales.

The Jersey Lily makes no pretensions to scholarship, but it succeeds in what it does attempt, to recreate something of the charm of a woman who dominated the world she lived in. It is an entertaining and thoroughly readable book.

Nola J. Wegman

Aku-Aku

By Thor Heyerdahl (Rand McNally and Company, $6.95).

To those interested in anthropology or to those who have read Kon-Tiki, Thor- Heyerdahl needs no introduction. Aku-Aku is even more so. Nothing is lacking—beautiful style (frequently poetic), a down-to-earth philosophy, an understanding of people, both primitive and civilized, a sense of humor, the lure of adventure, and scientific knowledge—and, for that extra fillip, excellent color photographs.

Aku-Aku is an account of the adventurous aspects of Heyerdahl's expedition to the loneliest inhabited island in the world, Easter Island, referred to by the natives as "The Navel of the World."

From the very first sentence the reader is held spell-bound—"I had no aku-aku. Nor did I know what an aku-aku was, so I could hardly have used one if I had had it."

"Every sensible person on Easter Island has an aku-aku. I too got one there, but at the moment I was organizing a voyage to that very place, so I did not possess one. Perhaps that was why arranging the journey was so difficult. Getting home again was much easier."

Little was known of Easter Island. There are only a few accounts of early voyages. The many colossi (many of them 30 feet long, the longest 60 feet long) of the island were the only things the expedition knew existed. The voyage proved far more informative than anyone had dreamed. Underground secret caves and native lore revealed rich treasures of ancient cultures. Much of this had to be learned "the hard way." Dangling from a 60-foot rope in total darkness above breakers raging over sharp lava rocks was just one of the necessary adventures.

Superstition was one of the greatest obstacles to the success of the expedition. Heyerdahl writes, "The insane superstition of the intelligent people of Easter Island was hard to understand until I began to draw parallels with our own familiar world. I have heard of twenty-story buildings which have no thirteenth floor... Are there people who believe that an evil spirit watches over the number thirteen—a nameless spirit of disaster? All that is wanted to complete the parallel is that we should call it an evil aku-aku." Before this expedition, no scientist had been able to penetrate the native taboos. But Heyerdahl decided to fight fire with fire. He developed superstitions more powerful than the natives—and learned much!

All comments fall short of the mark. This book has already won acclaim in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Great Britain. Only by reading Aku-Aku can one really understand its appeal.

To borrow from the London Daily Mail, Aku-Aku is... "the most thrilling, exciting and important record of purposeful adventure I have read for many years."

Lois Simon

Our Friend James Joyce

By Mary and Padraic Colum (Double-day, $4.00).

The Colums have pretty fair literary reputations themselves, but here their talents are entirely devoted to James Joyce. They met him in Dublin shortly after 1900 when Joyce was still a very young man but already somewhat of a legend. The Colums knew him personally until his death in 1941. Thus, the opportunities for seeing the person of Joyce in this book are unique.

Joyce is first seen as a young poet, rude to some people, courteous to others. He was more than a little conceited, and he brazenly ridiculed the established writers. Since Dublin was receptive at that time to singing and the reciting of poems, the city seemed to offer much to young Joyce; but it also held impoverishment for him.

An odd mixture of acceptance and exile was to be Joyce's lot for most of his life. He lived in Italy from 1905 to 1909, during which time a son, Giorgio, was born to him and his wife, Nora. When he returned to Dublin he was more mellow and friendly than he had been before. He brought with him from Italy a crew of workmen to install the first movie theater equipment in Dublin. He also anticipated the proofs of his first book, Dubliners. If his publisher had had the proofs ready for him, he might have remained in Dublin; but the book was not ready and Joyce went into exile and wrote his great experimental novels. Who can say whether he would have contributed as much to literature had he stayed in Dublin?

Joyce always had to struggle, and so eventually he developed a persecution complex. He broke with the Catholic Church but remained "scrupulously moral and ethically above reproach," although he sometimes drank a great deal. When he died, he was refused the customary Mass.

Joyce, then, was exiled rather completely. This book reveals from the inside his alienation from his Irish soil, from his church, and from some of his friends. Joyce was a lonely experimenter. Although he could be a devoted father at times, and could seem far removed from his youthful characteristics, his work always interfered with his family life and his social connections.

The book does not attempt to "explain" James Joyce, but it offers us so many side-lights and personal encounters that we learn about Joyce in the process and can form our own explanations. This is not a profound book, nor a literary analysis, but is rather a human and sympathetic document, although quite objective in its reporting.

Approximately half of Our Friend James Joyce is devoted to Joyce's life in Dublin,
and half to his exile in Paris. Of the twenty-nine chapters, Padraic Colum has written twenty, Mary Colum has written three, and they have shared in the remaining six the responsibility of reporting on Joyce's personal life.

**John R. Milton**

**The Philosophy of Atomic Physics**

By Joseph Mudry (Philosophical Library, $3.75).

When in 132 pages we are treated not only to a detailed description of the birth pangs, adolescence, and death throes of the universe together with a supposed explanation for the layman of the modern physical theories on which this cosmogony is based, but also the development of an extensive metaphysical and philosophical system plus side excursions into the religious, ethical, and moral consequences thereof, we may at the very least say that this work is ambitious. If it managed to be both rigorous and understandable at the same time, we would have a valuable connecting link between the world of science and the abstract realm of the spirit. Unfortunately, it is neither of these.

The author demonstrates an imperfect and superficial understanding of an astonishing range of scientific knowledge, but any attempt on his part to communicate this to the reader is submerged within his turgid, prolix, tawdry prose. To read any paragraph in this volume requires the use of a dictionary in one hand and a thesaurus in the other — the procedure with which I suspect the book was also written. This pseudo-erudition could be forgiven if it were used only to assure precision of definition and meaning, but unfortunately too often it appears that the author is merely trying to obscure a deficiency in his argument.

In the course of promulgating his "Dialectical-Atomism" Mudry makes no friends by blasting alike all existing cosmological theories as well as the concepts of an anthropomorphic deity and personal immortality, to name but a few. A small number of fertile ideas raise the work out of the science-fiction class, but his concept of the role of time during the creation process, for instance, is better discussed in some of the modern relativistic cosmogonies which he condemns.

Puzzle fans may find the exposition challenging, but other readers will find better treatments of this subject elsewhere.

**D. L. Shirer**

**Modern Verse in English 1900-1950**

Edited by Lord David Cecil and Allen Tate (Macmillan, $5.00).

*Modern Verse in English,* an anthology which runs to nearly seven hundred pages in its selection of British and American authors, includes, in addition to its poetic text, useful biographical notes and two critical prefaces. The difficulties of such an anthology are apparent, e.g., the arbitrary limits of the period, the problems of proportion in representing major and minor figures. The reader, however, if he accepts the aim of the work, which is to give a comprehensive survey, will trust the taste and discretion of the editors.

Unusual interest attaches itself to the prefatory essays, which are marked by a decided contrast in tone. Lord Cecil's manner suggests that the tradition of English poetry has been uninterrupted; that it has again produced poets of stature in Hopkins, Yeats, and Eliot; and that poetry in this period has found and always will find its proper place in a mature culture. The tradition supplies his essential point, that modern poets are still in the "romantic situation," still uncommitted after the individualism of the Victorians to a new orthodoxy of an eighteenth-century kind. Professor Tate, working with less tractable material, adopts a tone that is, at times, even petulant. He is pleased and displeased by the avid and close criticism of American and Anglo-American poets, particularly by commentators on Eliot "who know more than anybody can know about anything." He is prone to complain, with other American intellectuals, that the common man ought not to find Wallace Stevens' diction "Frenchified." He wishes to repudiate a tradition in American poetry which displays an "aesthetic-historical mode of perception," which is, so far as Professor Tate paraphrases it, the self-consciousness, heightened by contemporary criticism, of a poet who feels his situation in time; a sense of estrangement from a "service" society; a conscious affirmation of a culture transcending the commercialized mass culture of the country at large. The reader will sympathize with what amounts to Professor Tate's lament for the makers but will regret, probably, that as a literary historian, he does not display a greater measure of detachment.

**J. E. Savesson**

**Crow Killer:**

The Saga of Liver-Eating Johnson


Perhaps the most fantastic people in the history of the United States were the Mountain Men of the 19th-century West. There were Jim Bridger, John Colter, Hugh Glass, John Johnston, Del Gue, Anton Sevulveda, Jose Cillardo, Mariano Modeno, Bill Miller, Jack Ireland, John Hatcher, Pete Arnold, Chris Lapp, Bill Williams, Sublette, and more. Their deeds seem impossible to us now, and, indeed, it is often difficult to tell which of their deeds were fact and which are legend. Because of the vagueness surrounding their lives, they have been more easily taken into fiction than into factual accounts.

However, a number of journals from the early West have survived, and a few people (such as Raymond Thorp) have had the foresight to interview old-timers who once knew or had heard of many of the Mountain Men. And so it is possible to piece together a story which, if not completely accurate, is at least true to the spirit and psychology and the culture of the Mountain Man.

John Johnson, later known as Liver-Eating Johnson, is one of the Mountain Men who have been ignored for a long time by the factual writer because of the difficult barrier which legend has placed between the man and the facts. But Raymond Thorp has constructed a pretty fair case from letters, from interviews, from old newspaper files, and from a variety of hearsay which finally yielded certain patterns of at least a plausible nature. Some of the stories came through a chain of men, each of whom knew someone who had known someone, and so on. Mr. Thorp's method is to locate at least two such chains of information for each important event, if possible, and sift out the matching information. The end result is undoubtedly a great deal of truth mixed with a great deal of legend.

Robert Bunker, now an English professor but formerly in the Indian Service, has apparently done most of the actual writing of the book. He and Mr. Thorp make a good team. *Crow Killer* is as dramatic and exciting as a novel, although for obvious reasons the characterizations are not as complete as they would be in a work of fiction. The atmosphere is as accurate as journals and early accounts of the trappers can make it, and it operates forcefully as an arena within which the Mountain Men live and fight and by which they are influenced. Dialogue is colorful and quite authentic.

Liver-Eating Johnson got his name from a rather nasty habit which he formed after the Crow Indians killed his wife (also an Indian) and unborn child while Johnson was taking his furs to the settlement. In fact, if any single motive stood out among the Mountain Men it was that of revenge. Fully more than half of the great deeds were accomplished out of a burning desire to get revenge for one thing or another. The forms which the revenge took were just a little different in each case, but they all involved skillful destruction of human life. John Johnson made it his plan to kill Crow Indians, to scalp them (he was known as a real expert), and to cut out and eat their livers. It has been estimated that he killed some 400 Indians and ate about two dozen livers, raw.

Perhaps the most fantastic thing about Johnson's career was that he lived to be
an old man. He ranged widely through the West, developing the skills necessary for survival, but also finding himself blessed with amazingly good luck. Once captured by Blackfeet, he cut a leg off his guard and escaped, traveling 200 miles on foot, in freezing temperatures, with no clothing on the upper part of his body, chewing on the leg he had taken from his guard for food.

Johnson's story should not be read immediately before or after meals. But it should be read. The Mountain Men were the giants of America, and no history of our country or of the Westward Movement is complete without them.

John R. Milton

NAUTILUS 90 NORTH

The news, last August, that the submarine, Nautilus, had crossed from the Pacific to the Atlantic via the North Pole stirred the hearts and imaginations of men throughout the world, for it was one of the most adventurous feats of the 20th century. Within a few weeks, newspapers and magazines carried full accounts of the voyage, complete with pictures, told by the captain, Commander Anderson, or by one of the members of the crew. Now Commander Anderson tells the full story of the voyage and the preparations over the years which made it possible.

He has added little that is new to the great deal which is already known of this submerged journey under the ice pack, and the retelling of this particular adventure occupies little space in the book. More exciting and less well known were the explorations by the Nautilus, under the ice, in 1957, and the unsuccessful attempt at a crossing in June, 1958, when the submarine was on the verge of being trapped and had to retreat. Of equal interest is the new information on the polar regions obtained by these trips and the exposure of many misconceptions in geography and oceanography on this area of the world.

Commander Anderson was one of Admiral Rickover's select officers and he tells of his years of duty in the Admiral's Washington office. Unfortunately, the Commander adds little to help clarify the personality and character of this brilliant but controversial man.

One of the weaknesses of the book results, probably, from the fact it was written "with Clay Blair, Jr." One suspects Mr. Blair was hired to get the book out faster and to make the book interesting. As a result, anecdotes, based on old jokes, clever sayings of the crew, and their questionable antics on liberty are added to "brighten" the tone. Unfortunately, these additions are obtrusive and succeed only in slowing the action of a story that needs no light touches. When Commander Anderson is reporting the facts, the books is at its best, and, at its best, this is a thrilling story, well told.

THE RISE OF KHRUSHCHEV
By Myron Rush (Public Affairs Press, $3.25).

This well-documented book on Khrushchev's gradual assumption of power in the U.S.S.R. is helpful in telling something of the men around Khrushchev, more than in giving much additional information about Khrushchev himself.

This is particularly true of A. I. Mikoyan, the leader of a broadly based anti-Stalinist group is clarified. Mikoyan, who was the first public critic of Stalin following Stalin's death, received immediate acclaim from party leaders for his anti-Stalinist remarks. The author advances the belief that Khrushchev's anti-Stalin line was originally "to prevent Mikoyan from becoming the leader of a broadly based anti-Stalin movement opposed to Khrushchev."

Rush is not too clear in spelling out the role of the Communist party within the Soviet army and this weakens these few pages of the book.

In general, the book is a well-researched job. It is unfortunately better research than journalism. A number of typographical errors also are a minor irritant.

Paul Simon

FICTION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CARNIVAL OF HUMOR

Robert M. Yoder, ed. (Prentice-Hall, $7.50).

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Get your Carnival of Humor now! Something funny for one and all! Little Willie will giggle, Grandpa will chuckle, Aunt Susie will lament, "How could they possibly have left 'Tish'?" (or any one of several other favorites).

Any anthology has to leave out something. The stories, articles, and cartoons included in this one, gleaned from Post issues of the last fifty years, form, on the whole, an eminently satisfactory volume. An extra dividend of amusement is provided by Mr. Yoder's introduction.

THE KINGBREAKER

By Elizabeth Linton (Doubleday, $4.50).

When Oliver Cromwell lopped off the head of Charles I and knocked the throne from its dais, he left a void in English government which created confusion, stirred unrest, and precipitated unhappiness. The events leading up to the untimely demise of the first Charles and its aftermath are the things of which this novel is made. Ivor ap-Maddo, a Welsh royalist, is asked by his king to enter the service of Cromwell as a secretary, and there to do espionage work for the glory and preservation of the monarchy. This Ivor does — willing at first, then less so after he takes up with Genovefa, the daughter of his father's tenant. In addition to his concern for her safety and that of his "hostages to fortune," this relationship is complicated by the presence of Genovefa's husband who was completely invalided by a wound suffered in the wars. They are noble and tender in caring for him, and salve their consciences by accepting the solution that he is, for all intents and purposes, dead. After the elder Charles is executed, his heir continues the family monopolial aspirations, and of course must also have spies. Ivor's loyalty to the son is as intense as it was to the father, and the cloak and dagger intrigue continues, covering a total period of almost twenty years. Generously intermixed are trips to all parts of the domain to fight with royalist armies, and sojourns in London to do battle with parliament, always at the side of "Ironsides," always in the interest of the Restoration.

This is another of those innocuous novels which, after having been read once, merely helps pretty up the bookshelves with its colorful spine. I suppose reading a book like this is a painless way to absorb a rather small part of English history, something superficially treated. Beyond that there is very little to recommend the effort. The fictional characters are cast in the mould that should be worn out from age and usage. And, although my knowledge of the Charleses I and II and Cromwell is pretty meager, they seem to have been bent to fit the assembly line pattern. The only novelty in the cast is the husband, whose presence I can not for the life of me explain. Whatever obstacle he presents is quickly and easily overcome. Perhaps the author was trying to convey the idea that noble heroes and gentle heroines are also human. Except in one instance in the closing chapter, whatever suspense the author tries to build up collapses like a botched souffle. This is the kind of story that provided the vehicle for the swashbuckling of the celluloid casanovas in the mediocre movies Hollywood produced on such a grand scale a decade or so ago.

THE HARD BLUE SKY

By Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf, $5.00).

This novel could be especially entertaining for one who is familiar with the southern part of Louisiana. The setting is a small, wind-swept island off the coast of Louisiana, inhabited by a small group of inbred, primitive people.

While the plot is not a particularly unusual one, Miss Grau has made the islanders come vividly alive. She has deftly captured the rhythm subletties of their speech,
their easy, casual manner which can suddenly erupt into violence.

The story begins with the arrival of a sailboat from New Orleans, an event which creates much curiosity and not a little envy among the islanders. The pilot lingers on through the hot, empty days, and becomes involved with Annie, one of the young girls of the island.

Tension mounts with the disappearance of an island boy and a vicious attack by the neighboring islanders. On the heels of this attack come several days of drenching rain and oppressive heat.

As the hurricane gathers strength, the men move their vital, ugly little fishing boats away from the island to the sheltering bayous of the mainland. Their only source of income must be protected. The womenfolk remain behind to protect their homes from the storm, as has been the custom for generations past.

One is left to wonder if the Isle Aux Cheins will once more survive, as it has survived so many times before.

Miss Grau appears to have a deep affection for these unique people, and her portrayal has an unmistakable authenticity.

**THE WINTER SERPENT**

By M. G. Davis (McGraw-Hill, $4.50)

During the last years of the 8th century, while Charlemagne was consolidating an Empire on the continent in that portion of Britain north of Hadrian’s Wall, the Scots, originally from Eire, had gained supremacy over the native Picts. Both Scots and Picts were subjected to numerous predatory forays by marauding Viking bands.

*The Winter Serpent* tells the story of a young Scots noblewoman who is forced to become the concubine, later the wife, of a Viking chief. Mrs. Davis gives us a plausible plot, full of violent action. She describes the possessions and customs of the rude society of that time and place. Almost all of the details appear to be authentic; some undoubtedly are, for they can be verified in certain of the Norse sagas.

The author does not minimize the violence prevalent in that period of history, but it does not affect the reader so keenly as does a relation of contemporary cruelties.

She differs from some authorities in depicting the berserk state not simply as wild rage but as a definite fit, the result of a hereditary failing. The victim, regarded with awe and reverence by his companions, lost his human personality during seizures and became bearlike. He later had no remembrance of this time.

**LONG PIG**

By Russell Foreman McGraw-Hill ($4.95)

Don’t read this book if you can’t sit down for an uninterrupted cover-to-cover session. It’s not a heavy psychological or ethical study. There are no radically new techniques or approaches in style or organization. All it’s got is good old-fashioned swashbucklin’ action — maybe not ennobling, but it sure is fun.

*Long Pig* is the South-Sea-shipwrecked-crew-in-cannibal-territory stuff of which movies may be made. Life in this book is too harsh for Hollywood, though. Too many good guys get killed, and there are too many question marks. The author, an Australian, goes out of his way to paint picturesque little scenes of native life before the white man: cannibalism and the cruel side of a smiling people. At times Foreman leans a little too heavily on this. It is shock treatment, but unnecessary; he has a good story — if not exactly a new one — and the ending provides a provocative variant. One is left wondering if the conclusion was planned or if the author chickened out.

For a first novel, this author can pack a close plot with remarkably sustained suspense and with varied technique. There’s just one pace — a headlong plunge forward. The only time things get a little out of hand is the placing of a childbirth scene in the middle of a raging hurricane.

It’s a relief to read a red-blooded story in which every chapter is not an itemized love scene. Now, of course, you don’t have people running around the way they do down in the South Seas without some love interest.

By the way, “long pig” is translated Fijian for roast people. One might say a hot time was had by all.

Well, go on, Mat ey, check the primin’ on yer pistol and rush ‘em.

**NIGHT WATCH**

By Bruce Lancaster (Little, Brown and Company, $4.50)

One wonders at the courage of men subjected to such appalling difficulties as are encountered by the two men who become separated from their leaders in this Civil War epic. Their travels from Richmond, Virginia, to Nashville, Tennessee, are described in great detail, leaving one a little bewildered as to the final outcome of their long trek across country. The scenes in Libby Prison and the lack of facilities for sick and wounded during the imprisonment and battle periods are most vividly depicted.

The romance which weaves through the book leaves one in doubt about the possibility of a young woman remaining so beautiful and well dressed through the many hardships she endured during war skirmishes, especially the forced trip across the mountainous pass by way of a carriage. An element of suspense is gained particularly during the battles along the Harpeth River when General John Hood smashes through Franklin and on to Nashville.

**THE WORK OF ST. FRANCIS**

By MacKinlay Kantor (World, $2.75)

This slim volume contains the story of Blanco Sanz. It begins with his efforts to escape from the reformatory, goes back to tell of his early life and the misfortunes of his family, and finally describes the result of Blanco’s escape. The tale is pathetic, yet it possesses a certain charm. The little Spanish orphan has done wrong; but he is young, very young, and the reader cannot help feeling for him.

Although brief, this latest work by a well-known author should appeal to both young and old.

**NOTE:** The *Sign of the Cross*, a series of sermons by the editor of the *Cresett*, O. P. Kretzmann, has been published by Concordia Publishing House. The first printing was exhausted before publication. A second printing is available at $1.25.
A Minority Report

Is Anybody Taking Education Seriously?

By Victor F. Hoffmann

A heartening trend, many have now said, is developing among Americans: they are beginning to take education seriously.

Many events are usually cited to shore up this proposition. Without a doubt, more money is being spent for educational purposes; for the building of buildings, for increasing teachers’ salaries, for getting more equipment, and for the buying of more books.

And certainly there has been more talking about educational matters. The evidences of this increase in talking about education are found on every college campus, at every meeting of Congress and the General Assemblies of our states, in our local communities, in the public press, and in a lot of coffee-time talk.

It is hard to teach these days without the noises of educational talk and construction to provide traveling music from one lecture to another.

Very few people in this business of education will deny the necessity of this kind of expansion. More buildings, equipment, and books are necessary simply to meet population explosions, to use the current word, and the resulting increased enrollments. Salaries must of necessity go up simply to meet rising costs in a period of inflation. There is no question about this: these material necessities must be met.

What has bothered me is this: most of these developments, said to indicate an increased interest in education, are, by and large, or may only be, surface indications. Countless constituents of the university where your editors teach are inclined to evaluate our school like this: “My, Valparaiso University has come a long way. Just look at those new buildings on the Hill, all that building on the new campus.” It is fashionable in our day to judge our educational institutions by the externalities: winning athletics teams, lively and aggressive national fraternities and sorority houses, beauty contest winners, the number of persons in Who’s Who or What’s What, and the “peacock” auspicious sides of academic parades.

Education is a little more than that. In fact, a lot of dull and mediocre teaching can go on within the esthetic walls of finest construction. As educators, our first job is to teach; to lead people to greater and wider accumulation of facts about the world in which they live; to arrive at deeper understandings and wisdom; and, above all, to guide our students in alertness to themselves in their continuing contemporary environment. Not even a Ph.D. always guarantees these achievements.

What good a 1959 building to house a mediocre educational system? What good to pay more money to poor teachers? What good to buy more books for the improper use of books? What good to buy more equipment for the use of inadequate minds?

Taxpayers and constituents who pay the bills have the right to demand the very best in education. They know that all the buildings in the world and all the public relations in the world will not substitute for poor teaching and inadequate education. But the tragedy: our best judges, at least the people in the best positions to judge, our students, very often like to have poor and easy teaching.

No one else really watches us from day to day. No one else really walks into our classrooms to watch and inspect our teaching. It seems to me that they have a right to this.

As it is, if we produce a poor political science major in our class room we can very easily blame him on somebody else: the English department who taught him poor expression, or the deans who run a poor discipline system, and the like. As a matter of fact, on a college campus it is becoming harder each day to find out what the other person is doing. But that does not stop us from criticizing what the other person is doing.

Most of us, I wager, get off some “pretty poor teaching”; no real preparation for lectures, quick and “sloppy” reading of examinations, frequent committee assignments to dull our consciences, no real long-continued study, and a lot of narrative analysis in the classroom.

Suddenly the contemporary teacher finds himself involved in a multiple list of tasks and somebody ought to do them. The willing and dedicated teachers that man our school systems take the many tasks willingly. They do the jobs given to them but at a price: frustrations and bad consciences.

Maybe this is just another version of “you keep him humble, God, and we’ll keep him poor,” but I think the teacher needs a break and all the opportunities possible to make him a better teacher.
Have you ever wondered what TV is like in the USSR? Mike Wallace's excellent article, "Russian TV: A Hard, Hard Sell," which appeared in a recent issue of the New York Times Magazine, presents a clear and revealing picture of TV techniques and practices in the Soviet Union. In an interview with Dimitri Chesnokov, chairman of the State Committee of Broadcasting and Television, Mr. Wallace asked: "What is the goal of Soviet television? What does your government hope to accomplish with its programming?"

The Russian's reply was direct and unequivocal: "If the purpose and goal of Soviet television is to be explained concisely, I might say that it must promote the building-up of a communist society in the USSR . . . Each television program should improve the human being. Our main purpose is to raise the culture of the people."

Concerning Mr. Chesnokov, who has no counterpart in the United States, Mr. Wallace declares that he is unquestionably "the most powerful television executive in the world." He controls and supervises all the radio and TV programs which go out to 200,000,000 inhabitants of the Soviet Union. At present only 50,000-000 Russians live within range of TV sending stations, and approximately 3,000,000 TV sets are in use. Incidentally, since the cheapest TV set costs between eight and nine hundred rubles, the average monthly wage in the USSR is just about enough to purchase the smallest set available. And every viewer who owns a set must pay a license fee of ten rubles per month.

In his study of TV programs presented in the Soviet Union Mr. Wallace found that Russian TV incessantly sells one product — the Soviet system and ideology. All newscasts, lectures, commentaries, and literary and dramatic presentations must reflect and support the views of Soviet leaders. Mr. Chesnokov had little patience with the American charge that Soviet TV has but a small amount of variety and practically no humor or comedy. "We don't believe in laughter just for the sake of laughter," was his comment. There are commercials on Soviet TV; but they are brief, and all are presented in one five- or ten-minute period in the early evening hours. The government not only arbitrarily decides which commercials are to be used but makes a charge for them as well.

Naturally, in Soviet TV there can be no criticism of the government. Complaints are not only frowned upon but are completely unavailing. Mr. Chesnokov admitted: "O yes, we get some letters. But in the main I think the people are satisfied." And there, as Mr. Wallace observes, "is the rub in Soviet television, as it is in so many areas of Soviet life. Big Brother says: 'I think the people are satisfied.' That is the verdict of the court of last resort."

There is no lack of outspoken criticism of television programs in our land. We feel free to criticize anything and everything. No doubt you yourself know some self-styled intellectual who still smugly declares, "I wouldn't have a TV set in my home." This seems to me to be the worst form of snobbery, since it indicates a closed and uninquiring mind. I would be the last to give a blanket endorsement of TV programming. I deplore the overemphasis on violence and tawdry melodrama. I dislike the programs which are not only inartistic but in poor taste as well, and I am violently opposed to the all-too-frequent distortion of history and of fundamental ethics.

On the other hand, I am always fascinated by the newscasts, which let me see history in the making. I am grateful for the rare — regrettably, all too rare — presentations of great music and fine drama by world-renowned artists, and I thoroughly enjoy the outstanding documentaries which translate many of the marvels of science into language which the layman can understand. And, since I do believe in laughter just for the sake of laughter, I can laugh my head off at some of the good comedy programs.

In spite of overblown publicity blurs the films I saw in recent weeks were disappointing.

Auntie Mame (Warner, Morton Da Costa) must be labeled dull, and this in spite of lavish settings and a cast of Broadway and Hollywood notables. In the role of Auntie Mame, Rosalind Russell not only fails to capture the qualities which made Patrick Denis' famous character loveable and appealing; she sadly overplays the part as well.

James Jones' sensational second best-selling novel Some Came Running has little literary value. The screen play (M-G-M, Vincente Minelli) is equally undistinguished. If this sordid spectacle is truly representative of our society, as Mr. Jones would have us believe, there is indeed cause for concern.

I Want to Live (Figaro, United Artists, Walter Wanger) is one of the most shocking and depressing releases I have seen in years of movie-going. It seems to me that there is no possible justification for this film. Based on the real-life trial and execution of a young California woman found guilty of murder, the picture not only raises doubt as to the guilt of the accused but, in addition, portrays harrowing details in a manner which is morbid and distasteful.
I REMEMBER

It is Wednesday evening. . . . I am walking the streets of my town at an unaccustomed hour. . . . The harshness of the air of January has almost disappeared. . . . The snow which came last night is gone, and water runs audibly beside the sidewalks. . . . There is a new restlessness in the trees waiting for the miracle of Spring. . . . A good time to walk. . . . Lenten services at my church tonight . . . Many people will be there — as many as the church can hold. . . . They will sing the old hymns again. . . . Hymns which were first heard in the churches of Germany and the chapels of England. . . . We shall sing them tonight in will sing the old hymns again . . . Hymns which were still something else — an unbroken unity, a high peace, a common destiny. . . . Our preacher will preach a good sermon, thoughtful, solid, direct. . . . It will be good to be there. . . .

This sort of thing has now been going on for 1900 years, in catacombs and cathedrals, in the jungles and the Arctic among the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the great and the humble. . . . As I walk to church tonight I am in a procession which is longer than any other in the history of men. . . . Ahead of me, almost lost in the distance of time, are people like Adam, Moses, David, Isaiah, Peter, John, Paul, Augustine and Luther. . . . Behind me in the procession are these young men and women who go to school in my town. . . . A host of others, too, whose names I don’t know. . . . The great procession whose beginning and end is a Cross. . . . Walking in such a line I remember some things which need remembering. . . .

I look at the trees and remember. . . . Here in my town the trees are tall and straight. . . . The elms and maples of Indiana. . . . Long ago, in the Garden, they were gnarled and short. . . . The olive trees of Palestine. . . . There is no moon tonight, but long ago through the twisted branches of the olive trees the Paschal moon lighted the twisted hands of Him to Whom we shall sing tonight. . . . Never in all their years of heat and cold had the olive trees seen a stranger thing. . . . He and the eleven who were left after one had gone into the night by another way had come to the hill of olive trees for the last time. . . . Eight rested in one place, and three slept in another place. . . . Only for Him there was no rest. . . . Tortured hands, lips moving in agony, great drops as of blood dripping into the dust from which man had come, and to which one Man had to return so that there might be a higher destiny for all others. . . . The trees He had created and the moon He had set in its course heard His crying in the night. . . . A strange story. . . . The same pen that told us how a great army of angels honored with their carols God made a Child, now tells us how one angel came and strengthened God made a Man, despised and forsaken of all other men . . . . But, because the olive trees saw that in the light of the last Paschal moon, the elms and maples of my town see several hundred of us hurrying through the streets this quiet Spring night. . . . To remember.

I remember other things, too. . . . Only twice in the story which we shall hear again tonight did He utter a meek reproach. . . . Once to Peter: “Simon, sleepest thou? Couldest not thou watch one hour?” . . . Once to the man who had left the Upper Room too early and too late: “Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?” . . . Man in every sin of mind and heart will forever deserve one or the other of these reproaches. . . . To sleep while He does His work in the world, to betray Him with a kiss — these were new sins that night. . . . Since then, however, they have been done a thousand times. . . . Perhaps even in my church tonight there will be some singing of love and speaking of loyalty who are betraying Him in their hearts. . . . The sons and daughters of Peter and Judas. . . .

I remember, too, the mysterious power in the scene before Caiaphas and Pilate. . . . The curious uneasiness of the world when it is face to face with God. . . . Only a poor prisoner from the North — bound, alone, beaten, silent. . . . And yet — the hurriedly summoned council, the parade of witnesses, the frantic shutting back and forth, the high priest himself conducting the examination, the general air of excitement — the case was more important than it seemed. . . . So also today. . . . The world becomes tense and uneasy when it faces the eternal Christ. . . .

And so, I remember. . . . And the quiet street of my town becomes the long road from Gethsemane to Calvary and from Calvary to the land which the Cross brought near. . . . Hard for a while, but sure and straight up. . . .