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**IN THE APRIL CRESET . . . .**

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Delegates representing the eight constituent bodies of the National Lutheran Council have expressed their "grave concern" over "the dangerous and progressively growing tendency towards permitting the substitution of parochial education for public school education." At the same time, the council expressed its conviction that "in our country public schools constitute the chief instrument of general education for our children." As might be expected, spokesmen for the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod have taken sharp issue with the NLC statement. Dr. A. C. Stellhorn, the Synod's superintendent of schools, termed the NLC's allegation that interest in the parochial school "has led to indifference and even opposition to adequate provision for public school needs of a community" "vicious" and "a slander."

We do not propose to enter into the argument over this alleged "indifference and even opposition" to the public schools because it seems to us to be one of those grand over-generalizations which can neither be defended nor refuted by facts. It has been our experience that where communities have shown a real interest in the welfare of their children they have managed to support good public and parochial school systems and where this interest is weak or lacking both the public and the parochial school have suffered. In such a community it is easy to ascribe the weakness of the public school system to the presence of parochial schools.

We do think, though, that the NLC ought to be set straight on two points. In the first place, the fact that in our country public schools constitute the chief instrument of general education for our children does not necessarily imply that they constitute the best instrument of general education. If it is true, as educators insist, that the best education attempts to cultivate the "whole man," it would seem to follow either that man's religious nature is a trifle which may be safely ignored in the educational process or that it is an essential aspect of his nature which we have agreed to leave uncultivated because we can not agree on the means of cultivating it. To call it a trifle would be, in our minds and we suspect also in the minds of the NLC delegates, a blasphemy. To admit that it is an essential aspect of man's nature which we have agreed, for the sake of convenience, to ignore is to confess that public education not only fails to deal with the "whole man" but even to deal with that which professing Christians would say is of the innermost essence of man. As the best possible make-shift in a religiously pluralistic society, our public educational system deserves the hearty support of every citizen, whether he avails himself of its services or not. But let's not go making virtues of necessities. And let's not give our non-Christian friends still more reason for supposing that religion is some sort of optional extra by involving ourselves in these "released time" programs. If one can get a proper perspective of reading, writing, and arithmetic without the illumination of the Faith he probably has no need for the Faith at all. It is the ancient Christian view that Jesus Christ is either Lord of every aspect of life or He is not Lord at all.

And now the second point. Historically speaking, "the dangerous and potentially growing tendency" has been the substitution of public school education for parochial education. The idea that the state is the proper custodian of education is a very recent idea—almost, one might say, an improvisation necessitated by the abdication, on the part of the family and the Church, of their responsibilities for the education of their children. And the improvisation has at least one positive evil in it, for since all education must of necessity include some form of religious education the public school has been forced to improvise a religion, also—the religion of democracy. Some may say, "Better a false religion than no religion at all." Historically, Christianity has contended that it is better to have no religion at all than to follow a false one.
The NLC has often, in the past, spoken wisely and evangelically on problems which we believe the Church is obligated to deal with. We know from our own experience that when one attempts to speak to a broad enough range of problems he is sooner or later going to come a cropper. As a senior member of the organization, we are happy to welcome the delegates of the NLC to the "Foot-in-the-Mouth Club."

Respect Must be Deserved

Last month we stated our judgment that “right-to-work” laws are a hypocritical device for union-busting. In a day when opinion is no longer considered but merely labeled, the expression of such a judgment tags us as pro-labor and thus, by implication, anti-capital and anti-management. If, this month, we express our conviction that labor has chiefly itself to blame for much of the hostility with which it has had to contend we shall probably be accused of trying to carry water on both shoulders. So be it. When we do sell out to some group one of these days, it will be for a much better price than we have so far been offered.

Meanwhile, it remains a fact, in our judgment, that altogether too many labor leaders have behaved irresponsibly and even criminally and that the top leadership must accept responsibility for having failed to discipline the crooks and racketeers in the labor movement. It should not be necessary for Congressional committees to have to ferret out cases of wrong-doing which only incredible naivete or a collusive permissiveness could have caused the leadership of labor to overlook or condone.

It would be presumptuous for us to attempt to advise labor how to go about cleaning its own house. But we keep encountering at least one patently unhealthy situation every time we come across allegations of wrong-doing in the labor movement. This is the totalitarian structure of certain of the unions, usually the very unions which are most consistently under criticism. Rigged elections, or no elections at all, serve to perpetuate men in office who have more in common with the late Jay Gould than they have with the rank and file of their membership.

Since it is important to the membership of unions that their leaders be truly representative of the membership, and since it is important to all of us that union leaders be authentic spokesmen of their constituencies, it does not seem to us unreasonable to suggest that unions be required to engage the services either of some private organization such as the Honest Ballot Association or of some public agency for the supervision of their elections. Such an arrangement would not ensure good and honest leadership but it would at least ensure representative leadership and would make it possible for us to hold unions as such responsible for the behavior of their leaders.

A New Nation

One of the happier events of this otherwise unsettled year has been the establishment of the new state of Ghana in the territory formerly known as the Gold Coast. How portentous this event is was best indicated by our sending the Vice-President to the ceremonies in Accra and by the Russians' lavishing of gifts upon the new state. For Ghana is more than a new state. It is a symbol of the new order in Africa and a prototype of the new Africa which is a-borning.

This new Africa promises to become a happier and more stable continent than the new Asia which emerged from the ruins of colonialism at the end of the Second World War. The new Asia was, unhappily, the product of the Asian's insistence, in the face of stubborn opposition, upon freedom. The new Africa is being built in a spirit of intelligent cooperation between the African and his European tutor. This is not to say that there have not been some very unhappy incidents. The inter-racial bitterness in the Union of South Africa and the excesses committed on both sides in the recent Mau Mau disturbances in Kenya are dark blots on the overall pattern. But it is the overall pattern that is important, and it is from that pattern that Ghana has emerged and that other states will emerge.

As things seem to be shaping up, this new Africa desires the friendship and respect of the rest of the world, without wishing to tie itself to any of the power groups which contend for world control. We should stand ready to meet friendship with friendship and in order to do this we must demonstrate to the African that we have outgrown the racial provincialism which once made us look upon the Negro as an inferior person. We should stand ready also to respect the right of these new states to steer their own courses, especially when the courses they choose to follow do not coincide with our own preferences in the matter.

The Association of Lutheran College Faculties will meet October 4 and 5 on the campus of Valparaiso University. Theme of the Conference will be: "The Christian Liberal Arts College in a Scientific Culture."

The Cresset
AD LIB.

"In Twenty-five Words or Less . . . "

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

Advertising techniques in the nation's magazines have changed greatly over the last couple of decades. They have gone from the "hard sell" to the "soft sell," from an overabundance of bathing suit shots to pictures of the home-spun type and back again, and from gross dishonesty, in many cases, to something resembling the truth about a product. One type of gimmick in advertising has gone through every trend, however, and still remains unchanged. That is the contest in which the customer may win a prize by writing about a product in 25 words or less.

The rules have changed so little over the years that magazines must keep the entry blank set up in type and change only the name of the company. You, of course, know about these contests. Anyone may enter unless he is an employee or relative of an employee of either the advertising agency or the sponsoring company. All you have to do is send in a label from the product and finish the sentence "I like Such and Such because..." in 25 words or less. An independent company judges the entries submitted.

My first experience with this type of contest came when I was in grade school. It was not, however, a legitimate contest and it was not meant to advertise any one product. I came upon the contest in a magazine which showed a half dozen ponies, any one of which could be mine if I wrote why I would like to have one in 25 words or less. I could have written a thousand words on the subject, but I did keep the total down to 25 and sent my entry to Box O somewhere.

A couple of weeks passed before I received notification from the company to the effect that I was one of the winners, but since a number of tying entries had been received, it would be necessary for me to sell two dozen packages of seed which were being sent to me under separate cover. When the vegetable and flower seeds arrived--of a brand no one had ever heard of--I sold them all in two days, under the assumption that the first contestant to sell all of them would win. Our neighbors and relatives were well supplied with seeds they didn't want and I sent in the money.

Two weeks later I received a congratulatory letter from the company saying I was once again among the winners. However, because of several ties it was necessary to continue the contest with each winner being given an opportunity to sell a dozen magazine subscriptions. I no longer recall the name of the magazine, but it was highly unsaleable and, when even my relatives wouldn't subscribe, I gave up.

I do not mean to imply that the contests advertised today have any qualifications such as these attached. They are perfectly honest and I am sure someone wins every time, even though I have never met one of the winners. Nor do I know what it takes to win or who enters these contests.

Despite my early experience I have entered one or two of the 25 word or less games since that time. I qualify because I have no relatives working in any advertising agency or any possible sponsoring company. It is, however, the most difficult writing chore I've ever encountered. As readers of this column know, I have a great deal of difficulty in saying anything in 25 words or more, let alone less. And the only hint given on what it takes to win is the statement that "entries will be judged on appropriateness and originality."

Many of these contests are sponsored by soap companies. Now what can you say about soap that would be inappropriate? My attempts to think first of what would be inappropriate have cost me several wasted hours. And what can you say about soap that is original? Soap, after all, is a product made from fats, oils, and soda, and is used for washing purposes. This last statement consists of 18 words, but it is probably not what the advertising company had in mind as something original. The final result of my efforts sounds so artificial and forced that I know my entry must hit the waste basket within seconds after its arrival at contest headquarters. Even when I can think of the right thing to say, I have difficulty squeezing the 25 words into the space provided on the entry blank, because I use longer words in the hope of getting the maximum sentiment in the minimum number.

Why this type of contest should be good business for the sponsoring company is one thing I can't understand. Of course, they sell one bar or one package of the product to each person entering, but that is no guarantee one will buy again. And what becomes of the winning entry? It is never published. I had always supposed that the good entries would be used as ideas and new thoughts in advertising, but if that is so, judging from the magazine ads, the other entrants were no more appropriate or original than I was.
Resurrection After Cocktail Time

A One-Act Play

By WALTER SORSELL

For Leo Dankner, the friend

Man lives his own days. But the days of
all are the days of mankind, and the days
of mankind are the days of the world. The
days of the world are God's day, and He,
too, pauses and contemplates, He justifies
His work before Himself and Himself be-
fore His work and creature.

JOHANNES URZIDIL

CHARACTERS:

Martin Masters
Bessie Masters
Peter Hamilton
Evelyn Hamilton
Jean Duclos
Adrienne Duclos
A Boy

The scene takes place in an annex of an
international hotel in a Mediterranean
country. The main building is some walk-
ing distance through a wonderful garden
with swimming pool and palms and all the
paraphernalia belonging with a luxurious
life. The annex apparently consists of
suites and rooms for those hotel guests who
seek a certain amount of quiet and re-
duced rates.

The room is a well furnished sitting room
with a huge bar in the background to sat-
sify any thirst of those connoisseurs who
seek forgetfulness in alcohol. Staircases on
each wing lead to the guest rooms and a
door to the right into the garden. To the
left we find a huge window showing the
volutuousness of southern nature. There
is a small bookshelf and a rack for mag-
azines as well as records with a phonograph
nearby. There are a few comfortable
chairs in the room and a game table.

Adriane Duclos sits at the table with
Evelyn and Peter Hamilton. It seems that
their game of bridge was interrupted by
Jean Duclos who nervously paces the room
between window and door upstage. Bessie
Masters sits in a chair with an American
magazine in her lap. Martin Masters stands
at the left downstage leaning against the
railing of the staircase. He has a glass in
his hand and it seems as if he were used
to milking his drinks. He is in his early
fifties, debonnaire, with almost too much
emphasis on serenity. If he looks at some-
one he has a way of looking through and
beyond him. His movements are slow, and
there is something halting in his speech.
His wife, Bessie, in her early forties, wears
her unhappiness on her face. There must
have been some kind of tragedy in her life,
some failing in the past throwing its
shadow over her.

The Duclos are French, which is un-
mistakable when one hears them speak,
though their accent is slight. They are
the type of Europeans who carry the cross of
their historical past with them at all times.
He seems to be an intellectual, perhaps a
frustrated artist, strongly introverted,
high-strung, apparently all the time on the
verge of escaping from something or some-
one, mostly from himself. Adrienne, his
wife, is much younger than he. He may be
in his forties, she has not yet reached the
middle of her twenties. She is strikingly
attractive, but there is a harshness in her
features which can give her face an un-
pleasant expression. She is egocentric to
the point of being unable to give and share
and make her feelings speak for her.

Peter Hamilton is the picture-book image
of a calm, correct Britisher. He is the old-
est in this group, a bit senile, repeating
himself, forgetting what he is saying while
saying it, living more in the past than in
the present. His wife, Evelyn, is in her late
thirties, also English. She has a good face,
one with which one can live. In other
words, it is a clever face which may not
necessarily be considered good-looking, but
which has personality. She is reserved, and
when she speaks there is determination in
her voice and a dream in her eyes.

It is the time of twilight. When the cur-
tain rises, all six are seen in an almost
petrified-like pose, looking in the direction
of the window, listening. Even Monsieur
Duclos must have stopped his pacing and,
in an arrested movement, stands staring
through the window. We hear some shots of
a smaller calibre and the whizzing and
whining sound of a bomb being dropped
nearly. The moment after the detonation
they all begin to move as if they would fall
back into routine. Throughout the entire
play we hear in the background the sound
of what experts would describe as limited
w a're.

BESSIE

I hope it was the last one they dropped.

JEAN

(who has taken up his pacing) I counted
them. It was the eleventh hit.

BESSIE

And to think that their folders boasted:
"Only three miles from the airfield!" We
all fell for it, didn't we? And for the
luxurious landscape gardening...now we
don't even dare set our foot into it in fear
of snipers. How wonderful it would have
been in Florida. But no, we had to come
here. Florida was not good enough...or
the Virgin Islands! We had to go so far!
(She turns more directly toward Martin)
Life is so short and the world so big. Let
us see a bit of its beauty before it is too
late...that's what I had to hear for days.
And now it looks as if you were right about
how short our life may be. But if I'm going
to die it's you who is to blame. I know you
always wanted to get rid of me...of course,
you never said it in so many words. But a
woman does not have to be told such
things...Heaven be thanked for that!
Thanked? No! Too much intuition can be
a curse. The manner in which a man helps
you into your coat...or asks you how you
have slept, or forgets to ask you gives him
away. But if I'm going to die, Martin, I
have at least one gratification...that you
will go with me.

PETER

No one is going to die, Madam. In a few
hours the whole thing will have blown over.
The political situation is quite clear. It's a
police action...that's all there is to it. The
natives had to be taught a lesson. Not more
than a police action. It's like a storm which
will clear the political situation...that's it,
the political situation...or what have you!

EVELYN

My husband means that what we hear is
like a thunderstorm which will clear the
political atmosphere and tomorrow the sky
will be blue again and we will lie in the
sun or in the shade of the palm trees...

PETER

That's it, darling...that's exactly what I
meant.

MARTIN

I admire the Colonel's optimism.

PETER

Optimism and calmness have helped build
empires, my good man!

ADRIENNE

And the same natives of whom we are
afraid today will serve us and take our
orders tomorrow again? I can't believe it...
oh, it would be so wonderful...

MARTIN

If they do we shall not see how they blush
because their skin is too dark to show it.

PETER

I beg your pardon, I must take exception

THE CRESENT
to what you say. You don't want to in-sinuate that we are in the wrong?!

MARTIN

I leave the judgment to history which has always shown a callous impartiality for the stronger.

PETER

I do not understand you, sir!

MARTIN

The inability to understand, Colonel, has always given men like you the courage to act. One is always at a disadvantage when one understands, because then one begins so easily to doubt oneself.

BESSIE

Don't argue with him, Colonel. He will convince you. My whole life he has convinced me, and look at me now!...

MARTIN

I don't want to convince you, I want to make you see...

JEAN

(rushes to him. There is fear in his voice)

Then make me see, make me understand why I must always be in the thick of things. I want to mind my own business...all I need to exist is to be left alone...to be left in peace. My birth was saluted by the roaring of cannons in 1914...

ADRIENNE

(facetiously) Like the birth of royalty is greeted...

JEAN

Yes...only in my case they were the cannons of the enemy and they did not stop for four long years. And in fact they have never stopped since...and they were always the cannons of the enemy...Tell me why I had to creep along barbed wire of hatred all my life...why when I reached out for freedom all I got was the liberty to deceive myself...why when I yelled for help the police arrested me for disturbing the peace...why? why? Convince me that I'm wrong...make me see that I'm blind...!

ADRIENNE

(gets up, takes a glass from the table and presses it into Jean's hand)

Finish your drink.

JEAN

Why is it that the woman I have loved...loved like...like nothing and no one else in the world...loathes the sight of me? All I want is to feel the pressure of her hand...a symbol telling me: "I'm close to you, don't be afraid, feel my warmth!"...and all I get is the chill...and a glass of whisky in which to drown my dream...Convince me that I'm wrong, make me see that I'm blind!

(He holds the glass in one hand, with the other Martin's lapel)

MARTIN

(frees himself gently) You must stop drinking.

APRIL, 1957

ADRIENNE

(back at the table) If he becomes sober, he will die of fear. He's a coward, he has always been a coward...

JEAN

You hear that? I'm a coward...yes, I'm weak, a weak character...but I'm honest, I admit I'm afraid...Yesterday noon we had our last meal. At five began our cocktail time...and twenty-four hours later we still have cocktails...luckily, there's enough liquor to keep us going another day...But you are not afraid, you cowards? Your fear is so private that you dare not show it...But I saw you, Mrs. Masters, how you took the last box with potato chips up to your room when you thought that nobody watched you last night...

(He rushes to Peter, puts his hand quickly into the Colonel's pocket and comes up with a handful of almonds which he throws upon the table)

And you, Colonel, you prototype of calmness and sincerity, you have been hoarding almonds and have your pockets full of them...But of course no one of you is afraid...no one is a coward...

(He laughs a short, sardonic laugh and takes up his pacing in the background again)

PETER

(There is a short pause which the Colonel interrupts)

Sit down, Monsieur Duclos.

(calmly putting the almonds back into his pocket)

And let us finish our game. It's the first time in hours that I have such a good hand...

JEAN

(sits hesitantly down and takes up his cards. The game continues.)

EVELYN

(To Adrienne) Peter always runs out all his aces in the first leads and leaves his opponent in control of the hand.

PETER

Strategy...old strategy! Now don't try to teach me new tricks.

JEAN

If I play along I like to know whom I have to deal with, Colonel.

PETER

I've always had the impression you were a sensible man...calm and sensible...those are the virtues which have helped build empires, my dear fellow...I meant that have made us win the game.

JEAN

It's all the same, Colonel...

PETER

Very sensible...very sensibly played...

ADRIENNE

How easy all games would be if one could always have a few aces up one's sleeve...

MARTIN

(Speaking as if to himself) I thought I had all the aces up my sleeve. I was young and sure of myself. One is always sure of oneself when one is young. One is always young when one is sure of oneself. It's a strange story...

(The light changes into an unreal blueness where he stands. The four card players are in the dimmed background continuing their game and gibberish without being heard. Martin turns to his wife, pushes a chair opposite hers and they both enact the story he is telling.)

It happened in the compartment of a train, the express which had left Lyon for Paris. She was alone in the compartment. I sat down. Opposite her. I had muttered a polite phrase. She had a magazine in her hand, at first she pretended to read, but then looked out the window. It was one of those moments when you know this is inescapable. And what you say matters less than what you feel and think...

(Both speak with an unreal timbre. Some remote music is heard. And while their inner voices speak, their gestures betray the realities of life. It must be obvious that they are both decided to make love to each other.)

BESSIE

He looks very nice, different...if it could only be different this time...

MARTIN

I've played the game often enough...I can do it again...I can do it instinctively without getting my mind involved. I hardly know it and I have put on that smile, and off we go...I'll do it again to please my body...to feel my vanity...I'll do it and I'm so tired of doing it...All I want is to care for the air...to feel the inexplicable poetry of togetherness...to put my head into her lap and be happy, content, not dreaming of other legs...She looks as if she could hold me there.

BESSIE

Not again the same, please, not again! There must be more to it...the fulfillment of a dream...what dream? That it should not end as it always does...that is all I want...I like his lips, they are soft and full...if he only were as gentle as his eyes make me believe...I can feel how I fall for him...

MARTIN

It worked again...in ten minutes from now I will hold her hands...in the next tunnel I'll kiss her. There's something about her that intrigues me...Well, it will be nice as long as it lasts...

(The music stops. The tone of his voice changes)

It was all so simple: The temptation of an
empty compartment, our inner readiness. There is something beautiful about this feeling, and even if it's only desire dressed up. It gives you a sense of living and, if you're lucky, a sense of belonging. I felt I had no right to reject this opportunity. We both reached out for each other. Yes, reached out... I had placed a bottle with water on the rack. She had mentioned that she was thirsty. I jumped gallantly up (he gets up) to reach out for it and to offer it to her with a gesture of love...as much as to say: "You see, how I think in advance of what you may need? I'll read your secrets between your eyes!" And the very moment I stretched out my arm to get the bottle for her...

(There is a terrific detonation as if a bomb had exploded nearby. The lights go out for a second and return with a flicker. We see Martin standing and Bessie sitting, both involved in a desperate struggle to disentangle themselves from something in which they are seemingly caught. At the card table)

JEAN

(has jumped up, panic-stricken) It's the twelfth bomb they have dropped!
PETER

Twelve is a good round number.
JEAN

What is good about it?
PETER

Twelve is a dozen...The Twelve Peers of France...the twelve prophets...the Twelve Apostles...Twelfth Night...the twelve months...
JEAN

The twelfth bomb...it was quite near...they must have missed the airport...
PETER

Unavoidable mistake, I s'pose. It's getting dark...they might have mistaken the target. Blundering fools!
JEAN

It's us they are aiming at...I know it's us!
ADRIENNE

(jumping up) Stop making a fool of yourself! (She pushes him down on his seat. Then sits down again.)
JEAN

(looks frightened from one to another, his voice trembles)
The doctor said, rest in a dry warm climate will soothe my nerves. Go south, there'll you find your peace of mind. That's all you need, the doctor said. I found my peace of mind, doctor...didn't I? (laughs hysterically)
EVELYN

(covers his hand with hers) We're all afraid, Monsieur Duclos. You must not lose your nerve. You know you must believe to be able to live...no matter in what...simply believe...

JEAN

Mrs. Hamilton...Evelyn, don't withdraw your hand immediately...please, don't...!
PETER

But we've got to go on with the game, my good man!
EVELYN

I begin to wonder...
JEAN

Must we...? Must we truly?
MARTIN

(Meanwhile Martin and Bessie have continued their struggle to liberate themselves from an imaginary confinement)
As I was saying, at the very moment I stretched out my arm to get the bottle for her, a train crash occurred in which more than fifty people lost their lives and about which the papers wrote for many days. Our compartment looked like a little box on which a giant has trampled in passing. Our legs were caught between the seats, we struggled in vain to free ourselves, flames, not far away, added heat to our fear, smoke filled the space, our throats, our lungs. Finally, we realized we could not live if help did not come from outside. We yelled for a time. Our tongues were parched, our throats thirsted for a drop of water, and both our hands groped for the bottle up there on the rack...

(Music is heard again, their voices change into a quality of unreality)

BESSIE

Water...water...it may be hours before they will get me out of here...If I could only move my leg a bit...oh God, my arms are too short...otherwise, I could get to the bottle before he does...why am I so thirsty?
MARTIN

Perhaps if I pushed my full weight against this side, she might at least free her left leg and get hold of the bottle...but I can see in her eyes how she would only hate me for it...and then, after all, it was my idea to bring something to drink, it is my bottle, isn't it? And I'm just as thirsty as she is...who is she anyway? A stranger, a total stranger...true, I might have made love to her...I was about to do it...as a matter of routine...as a kind of reflex...Well, I can see how she hates me now...
BESSIE

I can see he'd rather let me die than share this bottle with me...he hates me for being nearer to the water...oh, if I could only reach it!
MARTIN

I'll have to do something to get out of here...it must not be the end... (The music stops. The light changes again, with the room being lit as before. Martin and Bessie take up their previous positions) That is all there is to this story...Strange, that I should have remembered it now.

BESSIE

You always remember things which no one else cares to hear about...
MARTIN

How did you like the story, Colonel?
PETER

I was completely engrossed in the game. I've never had such a good hand.
MARTIN

And did you win?
PETER

To tell you the truth I'm not a great friend of stories. I don't like to be tricked into listening. Why don't you join our game?
MARTIN

So you lost again, in spite of the good hand you had?!
JEAN

Don't pretend you didn't hear it, Monsieur Masters...It was the twelfth hit today...
MARTIN

(stern) I'm not deaf...no, if you mean that...But I'm afraid, Monsieur Duclos, we'll have to get used to listening to our stories...it'll be the only way to keep us from going mad.
JEAN

But how long can we go without food? They've forgotten us in the hotel. One of us must try to get to the main house...to tell them...If no one else does, I'll go...
ADRIENNE

You will not go, Jean...You are so frightened that you don't know what you're doing.
BESSIE

I'll come with you, Monsieur Duclos. There is no worse death than waiting for it.
EVELYN

(getting up from the table and stepping close to Martin) I listened to your story.
MARTIN

I know you did.
EVELYN

Why did you tell it now? Just now?
MARTIN

Do we always have to have reasons for what we say?
EVELYN

You have...
MARTIN

Thank you for the compliment...Yes, I suppose I wanted to remind myself that love and hatred so often enjoy an illicit affair...and all we do is close our eyes...
EVELYN

What became of the woman in the train?
MARTIN

My wife...
EVELYN

(looks at him and, more unconsciously than not, holds out her hands and then grabs his arms. He touches her lightly.)
BESSIE
Martin, why don't you play the phonograph? (Facetiously) Perhaps all we need is some music.

MARTIN (and Evelyn let go of each other automatically. He puts on a record. She goes back to the table. The music is not too loud. It is dance music. We first hear a slow waltz. Martin pours another drink for himself, then steps downstage and leans against the railing again, with his head thrown back as if in meditation.)

BESSIE
I wouldn't like to read your mind now.

MARTIN
No, I guess you wouldn't...

BESSIE
(in a loud whisper) It's disgusting how you behave! And in front of me!

MARTIN
Maybe you should have read my mind.

BESSIE
You know you can be as free as you like, only I won't give you your freedom. Now that we might die at any moment, your place is next to me. If it is going to happen I want to hold your hand. Oh, I know how meaningless it is if your heart is not in it! But I don't want to die alone...isn't it enough that I had to live alone all my life?

MARTIN
I was always there...

BESSIE
And never with me.

MARTIN
Do not blame me...it was you who blew up the bridge between us...

BESSIE
In despair...and you did not stop me. I wanted a child as much as you did. But not then...I was not ready for it...

MARTIN
Just now I thought of how much it would mean to me.

BESSIE
I didn't know what I wanted...I never knew...I guess I wanted to live and was so afraid...

MARTIN
...that you did everything to lose it?

BESSIE
I swear I didn't know what I was doing. I was so immature, so young, so afraid I would lose you...my figure...time to live...to follow you wherever you went...and when I met this woman I thought it was a sign from heaven...Martin, you're so right...I did everything to lose it...Yes, Martin, I lied...I lied...it was no accident, I never fell down the stairs...I made it all up...this woman and I, we made it all up...But, Martin, I could not know that she would...oh, Martin, I paid so hard for it...with my body, my soul...I want you to forgive me...I only did it because I loved you so much...

MARTIN
(goes to her, kneels down, kisses her hand and holds it while getting up again)

Not because you loved me...because you wanted to possess me as one owns a house, a piece of furniture...Don't you know that to love is to give to the point of forgetting yourself? You can only gain by giving as you take to lose, as you die to live...

BESSIE
Forgive me, Martin...forgive me...

MARTIN
(presses her hand once more shortly)

I don't dare to judge you...who am I to judge? And only if I could weigh your guilt on the two scales of flesh and soul...only then could I perhaps forgive. But if you mean the forgiveness which stills my anger and helps you bear your ill-will against yourself, I have forgiven you long ago.

BESSIE
I know I failed you...I disappointed you...

MARTIN
Why does disappointment make us so cruel?

BESSIE
We're only cruel because we are afraid, Martin...

MARTIN
Because we are afraid to be alone? Alone with ourselves and God? But there is love, love our last line of defense...

BESSIE
I loved you...I love you...

MARTIN
Yes, and then the bottle on the rack...?!

And we are strangers again, enemies caught in the same cage. A minute ago we desired each other...it was like a line of poetry spoken at the dawn of spring, like the velvet touch of your hand on my skin...and a minute later we were alone, freezing in the cold of our fear...

BESSIE
All these years I tried, I tried so hard...what did I try? I only wanted...what did I want?

MARTIN
We do not always know, Bessie...We all grope for some meaning, and if we don't find it, it's because our skin is too close to us, is often in our way...

BESSIE
Martin...? You're not afraid...not a bit afraid now?

MARTIN
I'm not afraid of dying...no...you know that death is only deliverance and transfor-mation...But I'm afraid of not leaving behind any trace of myself...no image of my thoughts...no reflection of my feelings...It's the undone deed, this endless void behind me...which frightens me sometimes...

BESSIE
It's my fault, my fault...and now if we have to die...

MARTIN
We all carry our bag of guilt with us...

BESSIE
And if you had a child...would it be any easier for you?

MARTIN
It's only lately that I must think and think of it...of this unborn child of mine...now that I can't help feeling the years slip away from me and can't help seeing my silent prayers shape the gate to God... (He has taken up his position at the railing again, speaking as if to himself, in a trance)

Forgive me, child, that you must rest unborn... without the smallest minute's memory, without an hour's joy, a day of fear, months of regret, the yearning of a year without the feeling that you too have been an actor and spectator of this so doubtful scene. Be glad, my child, that you can rest unborn. But how...how do I know...? Perhaps you would have liked to see what I have seen. Although I know I never could have stood the thought of seeing you suffer the surprise of grief, of seeing you stand outside and bang locked doors and wonder at the pain of unseen sores, of dreams that crumble into dimming dust. And yet I know how much you missed...the trembling of a leaf, the sunset's silence and the magic must of a first kiss, the pain of joy, the bitter harvest of your life's elation...and finally the sweet philosophy of resignation. (He touches and caresses the air)

Will you forgive me, child?!

(There is a drumming off the light. The scene is dimmed, and a cone of mysterious light engulfs her. She begins to dance, alone, with arms stretched out as if she held her partner. Jean rises and dances with her, but outside the cone of light which she cannot escape, nor he penetrate.)

They told me I always kicked the crip of my little brother...they told me how bad I was as a little girl...and I cried in my dreams and kicked in my waking hours...

JEAN
Let me hold you, Adrienne...let me hold you...

ADRIENNE
I had to have what I wanted...but nothing made me really happy...I wanted so much
to be loved...I wanted so much to love...but there has been a desperate bird in my heart eating away my feelings...

JEAN

Let me hold you in my arms, Adrienne...

ADRIENNE

They always told me how ugly I was...Oh, mother...don't! don't! (She holds up her hand like a mirror and looks at it)

don't say it...I know you want to punish me because you are so unhappy...Don't look at me that way...don't, mother! Yes, you're right...I'm ugly...These many lines, do they tell my story? Can people see how ugly I am? Don't let them see it, mother! I'm so unhappy...oh, I hate myself...! It must be the mirror, it can't be me! (She gestures as if throwing down the mirror and, with the rhythm of the tango, she steps on it as though in a tantrum)

JEAN

Take my hand, Adrienne...my hand, Adrienne...

ADRIENNE

Is no one there? No one to feel the heavy weight of my heart? Let me go...

(While dancing she tries frantically on all sides to get out of the cone of light)

Open the door...the door...oh God, there is no door...

(She gropes along the line of light)

I'm trapped...trapped...oh, let me go...! (She laughs a cold desperate laugh) There is no one to let me go...

JEAN

Adrienne...please...don't you see me? I love you...I want to help you...Adrienne...

ADRIENNE

The music...oh, why is the music always there? I want to live it, not hear it...like in fairy tales, there may be a secret mirror...

There was a knock...

If I'm in the midst of it...this house...a house of loneliness with wistful windows...and blind panes...and everyone has so many wonderful words in which to hide his mind...

JEAN

Let me come close to you, Adrienne...

ADRIENNE

There was a knock...Come in! Oh, I forgot that there is no door...But perhaps like in fairy tales, there may be a secret door somewhere...it will open, and my fairy prince will enter...Quickly, my mirror!

(She stoops down, graps the imaginary mirror and looks into it)

Oh, no! he must not see my face! Not this face cut with knives of solitude, cold and dead... (She sinks to her knees and begins to cry)

JEAN

Adrienne...Adrienne, look how I reach out for you! (He yells) Adrienne!

(He runs frantically around the cone of light which disappears when the tango comes to an end. The room is lit again as before. Adrienne remains on the floor, looks for her handkerchief with which she quickly dries her tears. Jean wants to help her up, but can't. In his effort he kneels down and intends to support her arms. Suddenly she jumps up which causes him to fall on his back.)

ADRIENNE

Must you always make a fool of yourself? Get up! What will people think?

JEAN

(Slowly rising) You cried...Adrienne, you cried...!

ADRIENNE

Nonsense! (She goes back to the table where she sits down. The needle of the phonograph has meanwhile come to the next piece, to the wild rhythm of a Cha Cha)

How about another game, Colonel?

PETER

(listens to the music, his memories seem to be aroused. He gets up, looking straight in front of him)

ADRIENNE

Another game, Colonel!

PETER

(moves about the room like a puppet in uniform, very slowly)

Yes, it's another game...nothing more... General, here is the map...Thank you, General, I will have a cup of tea after all...The situation is quite clear...I'll hold the hotel to the very last man to give you people see how ugly I am? Don't let them see it, mother! I'm so unhappy...oh, I hate myself...! It was no door...But perhaps there is no one to let me go...

JEAN

That was quite near...They must be shooting in the streets...maybe in the garden!

PETER

(back at the table, sits down)

This is nothing, Monsieur Duclos...nothing to worry about...police action...still pretty far away...a soldier's ear knows this better...

EVELYN

It only sounded so near because we are frightened...

JEAN

Something has to be done, we can't go on like this...Another night, another day, and I will go crazy...

ADRIENNE

Take another drink, Jean, and sit down and be quiet.

EVELYN

It is not as simple as all this, Madame Duclos. It may come to you like an echo from your childhood: "Sit down and be quiet!" But we are all grown-ups, Madame...grown-ups who only suddenly have been stripped of the Emperor's clothes which we got used to wearing through the years...we have lost the veneer of pretension. And now we are children again, all of us...you, Jean, Martin, Bessie and Peter. And so am I...we are frightened and want to cry and yell because we were locked in a dark room...all alone...

BESSIE

To be punished for our sins...

MARTIN

What sins, Bessie? The original sin? Are we really evil because our flesh is stronger than our mind? Perhaps if our feelings are false and deceitful, then may be...if our heart is not in it...in whatever we do...if we cannot separate desire from love, greed from need...I can see the roots of our lost innocence in that little spot of our heart that is still pure.

BESSIE

But we do wrong all the time, Martin!
MARTIN
Yes, we do...simply by living, by asserting ourselves. Because nature is cruel, our nature. God could not have punished us more severely than by leaving us half animal, half man...an animal that can think and reason, that can feel guilt and remorse.

EVELYN
Let's not go on crying and yelling because they locked us into a dark room...We're not lost yet...Since my early childhood I had to take care of other people...I always have to cope with difficult situations...It made me strong...And when I married Peter I thought now I found a haven of rest...But one seems to be born with one's fate...it seems to be written all over our faces...

PETER
Evelyn, come to me...

(She steps behind his chair and embraces him from behind.)

I promise you we'll get out of here...its a simple police action...it'll blow over in a couple of hours...the natives had to be taught a lesson...

EVELYN
Yes, Colonel...I know...Oh, Peter...I wish you were right this time at least...but don't be afraid, I won't leave you...

PETER
I need you, Evelyn.

EVELYN
I'll stay with you...I'll take care of you...

(She takes her arms away from him and steps slowly toward center front)

It's another situation to be coped with...

(As if it were mere reflex, dictated by their unconscious, they both stretch out their hands toward each other, but at the same moment let them drop)

BESSIE
Martin, stop telling stories...it makes me sicker than I already am...

MARTIN
Yes, Bessie...I'll stop telling stories...

(He returns to the staircase, leans back and watches Evelyn from where, who, looking at him and then at Peter, turning once or twice in both directions, goes finally back to her seat. There is a moment of pregnant quiet.)

JEAN
Listen...! Listen you all...!

(For a few seconds they all listen)

This deadly silence...it's the calm before the storm...They must know that we are here... (Turning to Adrienne) You remember the waiter who served us the day before...? The man with the fierce expression...? who refused to bring me the spinach I asked for...?

ADRIENNE
He forgot and apologized for it...

JEAN
But the bitterness in his tone...I'm sure he's one of the snipers...he knows we're caught here...at his mercy...!

ADRIENNE
I wish you'd stop making a fool of yourself!

JEAN
(jumping up, pacing the room frantically)

I wish I could stop it...stop everything...the clock, the time, the day, my heart...!

PETER
Ladies and gentlemen, I was just in secret conference with my general. We mapped out a plan that cannot miss. There is no doubt that we must reach the main house before long. Our supplies are almost nil. Our fortress must be abandoned. We must try to reach the main body of our regiment. We can run to the hotel along the big wall. It is the shortest way and protects us at least from one side. We must try this sally, it's our only chance.

JEAN
And be an easy target?

PETER
No, Lieutenant...we shall leave through my bedroom door...I never take a suite which does not have a second exit...it leads south, three or four steps and we are at the wall...

JEAN
But the snipers...?!

PETER
Those who have not yet been silenced by the fury of our fire must be tricked. We must employ what is known as diverting maneuver. One of us must volunteer and step out through this door, right into the garden in front of the house. He must use a flashlight to make sure that he attracts their attention. One who knows the garden well. He must not stand still for a second, he must turn on and off the flashlight like a will-o'-the-wisp. If he knows the trees well...and with the house in the rear...he takes some chance, but not too much of a chance. He returns to see whether we cleared out all right, then follows us along the wall to the hotel...

MARTIN
A perfect plan, Colonel.

JEAN
But who...who volunteers?

MARTIN
I'll do...I've been longer here than all of you...I know the garden inside out...

BESSIE
Martin...no, I won't let you!

PETER
Of course, if no one volunteers the three men must draw lots...

JEAN
But...

MARTIN
There is no need for it...I volunteered.

PETER
Well, then...we have no time to lose. These moments of silence are propitious for our undertakings. Everyone ready?

MARTIN
Where is a flashlight?

JEAN
(he hurries there to look for it)

PETER
(getting up) For lovebirds, I spose, who want to explore the garden at night...

JEAN
Here it is... (he hands it to Martin, somewhat embarrassed about his obvious relief)

MARTIN
Thank you...

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Thank you...
PETER
Everyone follows me. Martin... (He shakes hands with him) much luck!

MARTIN
Luck to all of you... (kisses Bessie on the forehead) I'll be with you in a few minutes...
(He rushes to the garden door, opens it and closes it quickly. We see his flashlight for a moment)

PETER
Quickly! Everyone behind me! (He rushes up the stairs to the right, followed by Jean and Adrienne. They exit.)

BESSIE
(gets up, makes a few steps toward the staircase, but then stops and looks at Evelyn who waits for her at the landing)

EVELYN
After you...

BESSIE
I have not yet made my decision...

EVELYN
I've made mine... If you'll stay and wait for him, I'll go.

BESSIE
He may need you more than he needs me...you are a new dream for him pushed to the edge of reality...

EVELYN
He needs the dream of it, not the reality...

BESSIE
(nods)

EVELYN
(kisses her and, rushing up, says) I've got to take care of Peter...and my remorse... (She follows the others quickly)

BESSIE
(goes to the garden door. We see the flickering of the flashlight again. The garden remains silent. Then)

MARTIN
 RETURNS. He is surprised to find Bessie waiting at the door
They've gone?

BESSIE
They have...

MARTIN
I'm glad I went into the garden...There's no one there...They must have been shooting on the other side of the hotel... On the road to the airport...You remember the little house which looks like a miniature minaret? They used it as a depot, and I saw quite some movement there, cars and armed natives...

BESSIE
Is that what we heard all the time?

MARTIN
I guess so, and the bombing of the airfield...

BESSIE
Shall we go and join the others in the hotel?

MARTIN
There's no hurry...I'm glad I'm alone... alone with you for a few minutes...

BESSIE
Are you really? You don't miss anyone of them?

MARTIN
(looks at her. Smilingly) No, I don't... Well, you know I took a fancy to Evelyn. She is a remarkable woman.

BESSIE
I'm sure, she is.

MARTIN
What a pity that some people waste their lives wilfully.

BESSIE
Perhaps it is their fate...perhaps there is something like fate, Martin.

MARTIN
(looks at her for a moment quizzically)
You feel calmer now?

BESSIE
I feel strangely safe...now that I'm alone with you.

(The sound of a rapidly approaching plane is heard, followed by a terrific detonation which even seems to shake the foundation of the annex. They both had stood there, listening, with their hands clasped. There is a rumbling sound as of a collapsing building. They look at each other with a horrified expression, both thinking the same.)

Martin...!

(She cannot go on speaking, holding her hand against her mouth, aghast)

MARTIN
(goes very slowly to the door, measuring step for step, looks out, comes back and answers her questioning look)
I guess they aimed at the depot... (He quickly pours himself a drink which he gulps down)
The Colonel would have said: (imitating his voice) Those blundering fools! (He looks again through the open door, then rushes out with the cry:) Evelyn!

BESSIE
(follows him with her eyes, then dares to go to the door to have a look herself. We hear the snapping, crackling sound of growing flames. The sky becomes reddened and gives the scene an eerie, glaring quality. Bessie turns away, goes to the bar, wants to pour a drink, but her hands holding glass and bottle shake so much that she puts them down. While looking surprisingly at her trembling hands she goes to the chair which she had previously occupied. She sits down and puts her hands under her thighs, staring into the audience with a blank expression.)

MARTIN
returns after a short while. He has a little native boy in his arms. The boy may be about three years old, clad in tatters, dirty, with wild black hair, gaping mouth, a ghastly frightened expression and big glassy eyes. Martin stands in front of Bessie for a moment, as if he pondered an issue, then he puts the child on her lap.)

I found him in the garden, kneeling by a tree. He stared into the flames and trembled.

BESSIE
(putting her arms around the child) Does he speak?

MARTIN
I don't know. He still seems to be so frightened that he can't make his voice sound.

BESSIE
And...and the others, Martin?

MARTIN
(turns away, goes to the bar, fills his glass, looks at it and throws it down. He watches the broken glass and liquor on the floor, then, leaning against the door post, looks straight into the flames and says)

There are no other survivors.

BESSIE
(turns around for a fleeting moment, then presses the child against her breast. After a short while, she looks down, listens and says with a joyful tone in her voice)

Martin...Martin...he begins to cry...

MARTIN
(comes toward her, looks at her completely changed expression and kneels down in a pose reminiscent of The Adoration) He will need a great deal of love.

BESSIE
(radiant) Yes...he will.

Slowly the curtain falls.

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From Shakespeare to Bert Brecht

By Walter Sorell

Drama Editor

The realization that Shakespeare is more than the notion of something great about which we have learned in school, more than something we have always wanted to do or see in life but never really got around to, is part of the amazing awakening of the American theatre in our days. It is too early to say whether we again stand on the threshold of a renaissance of the theatre as in the early Twenties when O'Neill's star began to twinkle on an otherwise hopelessly dark sky shrouded in triteness. But I always feel that going back to Shakespeare means going back to the very source of life and man, his struggle and drama expressed in most eloquent language. It is the well which dispenses the power of poetry, the inspiration of daring, the love of man.

When we turn to Shakespeare we also turn to a man of insight, a humanitarian whose genius played on the entire register of human thoughts and feelings. He has drawn black and white lines, villains and heroes, but even his villains appear human, since, in his characterization, he knew that even blackness can be explained in human terms, as he so clearly does in "Macbeth." His ability to create man in his human totality stems from his inherent love of man. He extols order and harmony in a chaotic world, never glorifies power for power's sake as Marlowe did; he was never carried away by poetic license or ecstasy in condoning vileness and violence as were many of his predecessors and contemporaries. Even in one of his youthful mistakes in copying the goriness of bloodshed and horror, so dear to the average Elizabethan playgoer, as in his "Titus Andronicus," we find such a line as: "When will this fearful slumber have an end?"

"Titus Andronicus," hardly ever played anywhere, was shown here this season and, if it served no other purpose, it again impressed upon us the fact that even the greatest writers go through trial and error in the beginning. It is a long way from there to "Twelfth Night," the latest wonderful production of the Shakespearean playwrights, in which merriment, music and melancholy prevail in equal measure. In the pursuit of a mate everything becomes credible, even a girl's impersonation of a young man. Bernard Shaw attacked Shakespeare for this ludicrous disguise which, of course, could not be carried off successfully for any length of time. But Shakespeare gave Viola so much womanly warmth and manly intelligence that we enjoy disguise and game with her. After all, the essence of the play lies in its clown's words: "Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere."

There have been more Shakespeare productions on and off-Broadway this season than at any time before. And others are to come this spring. But the center of interest was the Old Vic which had come from London with four plays to the Winter Garden. They began with the greatest love story ever written and presented the star-cross'd lovers in the breathtaking sweep of their heedless passion couched in Shakespeare's rhapsodic verses. It was followed by The Tragedy of Richard II, and John Neville who, the day before, had been a youth, languishing with love and lost to the language of his blood, gave body and spirit to this poetic and histronic king who, in the most tragic situation, seems to find solace in the shadow of a beautiful phrase. And Paul Rogers' saucy and carefree Mercutio turned into a brooding Macbeth when his ambition began to delude him. He played Macbeth with bluntness in his brutality, with craft while the way seemingly going uphill led him down to his self-destruction.

These three performances proved the Old Vic as masters of Shakespearean interpretation. They have served the poetry of his words and the power of his dramas. They have represented his conceits as close to his spirit as can be expected. With its fourth production, however, the Old Vic revolted against all routine as a vigilant custodian of the bard's legacy and put on "Troilus and Cressida" as a tour de force.

It is not one of Shakespeare's best plays, but as caustic comment on the failings of human beings it shows the master in a somber mood divesting the heroes of their heroism, showing true love as a mere label for lechery and the glory of war as self-deceit. No doubt, Tyrone Guthrie's direction wanted to underline all this. But while exaggerating and caricaturing he went overboard and almost made it into a parody on Shakespeare.

He has created an unnecessary analogy to German-English enmity in the days of the First World War by costuming the Trojans like British Guards and by having the Greeks appear as Prussian officers. The stamping of feet, the pompous saluting, Menelaus's monocle, the swagger sticks; Helen as a nightclub entertainer, Thersites as a photographer and war correspondent, Pandarus as a 20th century pimp; war scenes reminiscent of the battle of Verdun, the actors running up and down the aisles and behaving like Englishmen at a horse-race while Ajax has his duel with Hector in the corridor where they sell candies during intermission— all this can only prove two things: either Mr. Guthrie wanted to show that he has far more humor than...
Shakespeare had, or that the play is too poor to be presented as originally conceived. If the Old Vic Company was convinced of the latter, they could have chosen another play; if Mr. Guthrie wanted to prove that any play is like wax in the hands of a director who can turn a bitter comedy into a circus-like romp, he succeeded.

As a matter of fact, I believe that a dramatic work can and may be adapted to the changes of time, though not grotesquely distorted. A point in case was the fascinating production of “The Dream” as presented by the Columbia Theater Associates in cooperation with the Columbia University Department of Music. John Reich and Nicholas Goldschmidt have made an arrangement of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” with music and masque scenes from Henry Purcell’s “The Fairy Queen” whose libretto, though pretty poor, followed the thread of Shakespeare’s play accurately.

This arrangement showed that one can tamper with Shakespeare provided that it is done in the spirit of his letter, not against it. “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” has always been a production problem, for the tenuous texture of the play and its sweet nonsense, which only in Shakespeare’s hands becomes dramatic poetry, mostly eludes the proper translation of its verbal enchantment into physical stage reality. Particularly the dances have always defeated the intention to recreate the airy lightness of the play’s poetry.

Purcell’s music, the insertion of his masque scenes and the imitation of a Baroque production with sliding wings, moving shutters and visible scene changes have helped to enhance the poetic and fairly tale-like quality of the play.

Rattigan’s Double Role

Terence Rattigan has often proved that he is a dramatist of distinction. But when he tried his hand at “an occasional fairy tale,” called “The Sleeping Prince,” he wrote a 19th century opereetta rather than that brilliantly light comedy in the vein of a Molnar. It lacks the effervescent spirit, the ironic touch, the hidden satire. A little American actress gets involved in the family affairs of the amorous Regent of Carpathia and the result is soap bubbles bursting before they have the bigness and lustre we expect. But everyone is entitled to failures who can write such a trenchant piece as “Separate Tables.”

Rattigan probes human beings in trying situations shattered by their own characters. His are timeless problems because they are human. He does not care to present a solution, a thesis. In his dramatic narration he depicts characters for the sake of their own soul and our enlightenment. He intends to reach us through his imagination.

He succeeds brilliantly in “Separate Tables,” set at a second-rate residential hotel on the south coast of England. The first playlet shows two people who have brought ruin to their lives and who, after years of separation, meet again only to realize that they are doomed to destroy each other. They were once impressive figures in public life, but now, burnt and hollowed out, they grope in vain for the helping hand which neither of them can offer the other.

The second playlet is a plea for tolerance and employs very skilfully the same smallminded residents of the hotel as its background. The two principal characters have changed. She is a neurotic spinster, dominated by a self-willed mother; he a retired army officer who, in his frustrations and fears, molestes women in darkened movie houses. How these two people gain courage to face their weaknesses and their environment, how—without knowing it—these two crushed souls help each other defy a hostile uncharitable world is beautifully achieved. Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman are most eloquent in what they say and how they create an atmosphere vibrating with tension. Through its illumination of human nature and its plea for understanding and forgiveness has this play achieved stature.

A Moralist in Satirist’s Clothes

George Bernard Shaw’s theatre of ideas and the Epic theatre of Bert Brecht stand in clashing contrast to Shakespeare and Rattigan.

Shaw has now been most frequently played and has triumphed. He once said, “...it is quite true that my plays are all talk, just as Raphael’s pictures are all paint, Michelangelo’s statues all marble, Beethoven’s symphonies all noise...” Departing from Ibsen who saw “the theatre as a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct,” Shaw comes to the conclusion that “the quality of a play is the quality of its ideas.”

His criticism of Shakespeare is often cited, but mostly distorted. Shaw considered “King Lear” the greatest tragedy and “Hamlet” un-Shakespearean in that it searched for right and wrong, questioned the conscience, is, in a way, a morality play. And he extolled “Troilus and Cressida” as a great piece of writing because of its critical, polemic attitude expressing an incisive idea. He turns against romanticism, the denial of reality, the top-heaviness of feelings instead of ideas.

Therein lies Shaw’s force and weakness. When he most stubbornly evades giving his characters the power of a soul, he leaves us enlightened through his message, but more often than not emotionally dissatisfied. One of his more brilliant plays, “Major Barbara,” which was staged by Charles Laughton with an all star cast, is an intellectual fireworks for two hours in which he discusses the morality, actually immorality, of poverty. But when Shaw has proved his point that corruption is everywhere, that money is tainted, that the very industries which produce evil and unhappiness give the
money for those charitable organizations which try to combat them and when he has come to the final conclusion that, after all, industrial power is the creator of better living—we are left stranded at the end, it is the romanticism of reasoning. If there is any romance at the end, it is the romanticism of reasoning.

A minor Shaw entry was an off-Broadway production of "Arms and the Man," an early work with operatic overtones, but already riding violent attacks against the romance of war and love by unmasking the lies with which man likes to arm himself.

Perhaps also minor in its message and dramaturgy is "The Apple Cart," a political farce which Shaw dashed off in six weeks for the Malvern Festival in 1929 and about which he himself said, "The whole affair is a frightful bag of stage tricks, as old as Sophocles...I blushed when I saw it." Although purely political satires become easily dated, "The Apple Cart," now with Maurice Evans as King Magnus, is at least as pertinently hitting its mark as almost thirty years ago. His jabs and jibes at the failings of democracy, at governing in general and the pettiness of people still are a wonderful jeu d'esprit, enjoyable and enlightening. Now that it seems as if England has become an unruly colony of the United States, this farce takes on a new ironic twist when at the end the American ambassador bears the message that the Declaration of Independence is about to be repealed and Britain merged with the United States under King Magnus's rule.

Shaw is not an iconoclast for the mere sake of being against something. He always has a good deal to say that is thought-provoking and startling, and even if he has little to convey he tosses it in as an aside that makes you listen.

No other dramatist represents our age better than Shaw, because for no other age, it seems, has the dichotomy of realism and idealism in man become such a burning reality as in ours. And the entire Shavian work is a frantic effort to expose the fact that in a realistic world only the idealists whose beliefs are well grounded in solid realism should reign. If he satirizes he does it with the fury of a moralist and his first line of attack is the sham and pseudo in the world and hypocrisy in man. This is why the idealistic Barbara becomes a Realist when she discovers that she fights alcoholism with a brewer's money.

As a moralist Shaw is basically a religious man, since he believes in the realist with a soul or in the idealist who has thrown the humbug of romanticism overboard. He may be against the church where he sees it opiating instead of operating to the good of man. But he believes in what Hotchkiss says in his play "Getting Married": "Religion is a great force: the only real motive force in the world."

The play in which he deals mainly with religion and politics is his "Saint Joan" which was excellently produced at the Phoenix Theatre where Siobhan McKenna as a simple, hot-blooded peasant maid gave a stirring performance. Through the life, character and deed of that inspired country lass Shaw could exemplify his theories of the hypocritic alignment of forces in life against the pure spirit. Moreover, he could prove his dialectic mastery by kicking ideas pro and con like a skillful soccer team to a climactic goal. What he lucidly demonstrated was that faith is all that matters and that the idealist loses out the moment he leaves the ground of reality. Shaw, the clear thinking intellectual, cannot help showing in the trial scene his own great compassion with and understanding for individuals caught and cornered by forces beyond their control, for rebels against conventions and rules whose heartbeat is synchronized with the pulsation of a higher power, as inexplicable to those who judge as to him who is judged.

If one considers that during this season television offered his "Androcles and the Lion" and "Man and Superman"—the latter superbly played, the former in an incredibly bad production—and that at least one more play by him is in the offing, all attempts at branding Shaw as a bad dramatist seem to misfire in the face of the facts. He cannot be easily written off as a brilliant jester, nor as a mere playwright of ideas. He never cared for pathos, for pure emotionalism, for the painting of a mood piece. But when his anger waxed hot, he could inject blood into his wit and passion into his ideas. His words can still add spice to the histrionic food of many a savourless season.

The Strange Case of Bert Brecht

Bertold Brecht's "Mother Courage" was done in a small off-Broadway theatre with limited success some time ago and the Phoenix Theatre invited Eric Bentley, Brecht's translator and champion in this country, to stage "The Good Woman of Setzuan." That it did not come off must be ascribed to many reasons which all point to the difficulty of staging Brecht and his Epic theatre.

On stage every actor seems taller than in real life. So does the character he portrays appear bigger, over-life-size. The actor is out to create an illusion, to hold a mirror up in which we can identify ourselves. But Brecht tries to destroy the illusion, he wants to give us reality in cold, clear speech. He reduces the actor's bigness to mere life-size and asks him to forego "self-expression," to show us an "accurate picture of the world...His purpose is to create images informative of the world rather than of himself." And when Brecht concludes by saying, "The artist must re-fashion his whole method to suit a new purpose," the confusion
begins for the director who must stage a Brecht play with actors of our illusionary theatre technique.

Then, is it a new realistic style bare of all emotions? Not quite. It is an objectivized style. Brecht explains: "I do not like plays to contain pathetic overtones, they must be convincing like court pleas. The main thing is to teach the spectator to reach a verdict." This does not exclude emotions; he only eliminates their embroidery, their exaggeration. To plead his case the dramatist and actor must be "sachlich," matter-of-factish.

Does this Sachlichkeit mean that Brecht negates all poetry in the theatre? On the contrary, Brecht is a dramatic poet, with equal stress on both drama and poetry. I believe the primary difficulty lies in translating him. Of his poetry—and in a certain way of his prose—it can be said that it has melody so full of counterpoints that one hardly hears any melodic line. In other words, his poetry is emotional, but at the same time so precise, analytical, hard-hitting in a colloquial way that it appears strangely cold and unemotional. It has much of a folksy tone going back to the 16th and 17th century. He often purposely breaks the rhythm—as is done in modern music—to heighten the effect of the original theme. In short he writes in a natural and stylized manner, fluid and staccato: it is a mixture. And so is Brecht, the man. It can be said of him that he thinks with his heart and feels with his head.

Brecht himself said once about his verse technique: "It should be remembered that I have chiefly worked for the theatre. I always thought of the spoken language. And I devised a quite special technique for the spoken word, whether prose or verse. I called it 'gesturelike.'" I think this word "gesturelike" is important. Brecht is only interested in how to get his word or message over to his audience, and we know that the gesture carries the spoken word, in fact, it precedes the spoken word.

He also wrote poetry for poetry's sake in the Twenties. Let me single out one which is perhaps his most lyrical poem, "Remembering Marie A." It tells of Brecht lying under a tree with a girl in his arms, kissing her. Well, this is certainly not a Brechtian theme and it would not be a Brechtian poem if it did not make a point. He says there was a certain cloud formation in the sky when he kissed Marie A. and that he only remembers her, because he remembers the cloud. He seems to say, the "bourgeois" writer would be satisfied with depicting the ecstatic feeling of being with Marie A. But this incident exists for Brecht only in relation to a bigger event, to something all-embracing, cosmic, to something that lies beyond the illusion which we are so eager to experience. Therein lies the essence of his dramatic art.

His audience must be kept in a state of objectivity, the spectators must not be able to recline and relax while they are in the theatre. They must not identify themselves with anyone on the stage, because identification is an easy way out of theatrical experiences, it is "bourgeois" in the sense that we like to be moved through pity and terror, to cleanse ourselves through some kind of catharsis and then—when going home or to Schrafft's—to feel smug and self-complacent. Brecht wants us to get up and take a stand, take action—no matter, whether physically or intellectually. He wants to awaken our energies. Theoretically, he undoubtedly intends to alienate his audience instead of creating compassion in their hearts and inducing their minds to an esthetic evaluation of the play.

In a preface to his "Threepenny Opera" Brecht defines his idea of Epic dramaturgy and says: "...Today, when man must be regarded as the totality of social relationships, the epic form is the only one which can comprehend those processes that are the dramatist's material for a comprehensive picture of the world. Man, even physical man, can only be understood through the processes in which and by which he exists. He must be considered as the object of one experiment after another conducted by society. The new drama presents these experiments. To this end it must show connections and relationships on all sides."

"The Good Woman of Setzuan" is a good example of his kind of theatre. It is a Chinese parable in which Brecht says that nobody can really be good, gentle, loving in a world that only knows hypocrisy and greed, lies and hatred. The problem here is one that has come up quite often in the theatre and movies recently, the problem of the civilized person in an uncivilized world or situation.

Bert Brecht, too, is a moralist, a didactic one. There is a moral urgency in "The Good Woman of Setzuan", and it is a pity that it failed under Bentley's direction. Bentley realized that Brecht is not interested in character studies, since his characters only exist, act and talk the way they do because of the circumstances surrounding them which create their problems. Mr. Bentley knew that the individual fates of these characters as such are as unimportant as Marie A. But still he could not cope with the fact that there are actors of flesh and blood on stage who must not be—but only represent characters with problems and ideas, who ought to appear as little subjective as possible while not completely overdoing the objectivity of their characters. Eric Bentley had once worked with Brecht in Munich. Perhaps because he was too conscious of the pitfalls of such a production, he fell into all of them.

(This is the second of two articles on the 1956-1957 theatre season)
From the Chapel

His Resurrection And Ours

By Ad. T. HAENTZSCHEL
Professor of Philosophy
Valparaiso University

Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of God the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. Romans 6:4

A few days ago you heard again the story of the great miracle of the resurrection of Jesus. The man Jesus had died in agony on the cross, but death could not hold him, for he was the Lord of Life. He came forth again from the tomb on Easter morning, thereby proving that he was the Son of God, as He had claimed, and that the great work of winning salvation for mankind, to which He had dedicated His earthly life, had been fully accomplished. In our Lord's resurrection, we therefore have the assurance that our sins are paid for, that if we accept Him and hold to Him in faith as our Redeemer, we can be certain that God will receive us into heaven at our latter end and that on the last day our body will also rise again, glorious and immortal.

All this belongs to the joyful message of Easter. But there is more. Not only is Easter the seal of God on the charter of our salvation, thereby pointing to the great things that were done for us in the past; not only does it flood our endless future with the light of divine promise: but it is also full of meaning for our present life. St. Paul calls to us: "Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Easter morning brought a complete change of life for Jesus. He had put off the limitations of His human nature. No longer was He a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; no longer did He walk the earth in humility, despised and rejected of men; no longer did He look forward to being brought as a lamb to the slaughter, to suffering untold agony before a merciful death would release Him. No, all that lay behind Him forever. He had left it, as it were, with the grave clothes, in the tomb. Though He retained His human form, Jesus had now fully taken back His divine attributes and wielded all power in heaven and on earth. He no longer lived as man, but as God.

Like that great change in the life of Jesus, the apostle tells us, should be the change in our life, if we are really Christians. Our life as Christians should not only differ from our natural life in sin, the life without God, in this and that and a dozen other points, but it should be, as a whole, a new life. It should be new and different in its convictions, its loyalties, its desires, its aims, its hopes, and its expectations.

In the old life, as man lives it by nature, the self is the center about which everything revolves. Selfishness, or at least self-concern, is the key word. In the new life the governing principle is: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." A Christian, a child of God, earnestly tries to put off and bury his old nature and strives so to shape his future life at every point that he does not plan, think, or act as he is inclined to do, but as Jesus would do if He were in his place. Indeed, he not only tries to imitate Jesus but to merge his very life with that of his Lord.

And this he does, not from a mere sense of duty, not as a matter of bare obligation, but because the new life that has been kindled in him is a life of love for his divine Master. When we become alive to the love that Jesus has lavished on us, there grows up in us an answering love which urges us to dedicate our lives to pleasing Him, our best friend, who has done, and is still doing, for us all that makes our lives truly worth living. As is always the case in genuine love, we are happy to do what pleases our Loved One, and it gives us joy to deny ourselves for Him. Our lives are, indeed, not completely new, like the life of our Risen Lord. The old sinful nature is still strong in us and only too often leads us astray. But with our Lord's help we gradually gain ground.

May Jesus strengthen us to walk more and more in newness of life and to bring ever more of the fruits of that life in service to Him and our fellowmen.
Concordia Seminary, Saint Louis, Missouri, is one of the outstanding examples of artistic harmony. Under the steady and strong influence of one of the greatest cultural minds that America has ever known, Dr. Theodore Graebner, the artistic elements of this group of buildings were safe-guarded with tender but powerful care. Years and years of profound study and careful research went into the making and designing of seals and symbols to harmonize with the brilliant architectural work of Mr. Charles Z. Klauder of Philadelphia.

Alongside Dr. Theodore Graebner's fine and sensitive development of the general scheme was the delicate artistic sense of a great Saint Louis artist, Mr. L. Benedict Taenzer. The actual detail of all the symbols, seals, stones, etc., was drawn by this able craftsman.

In the work at the Seminary, some of the finest examples of good glass are found. There is stained glass in the Post Graduate Lecture Room and in the windows of the Lecture Hall Stairway as well as in certain of the Pritzlaff Memorial Library windows. This type of glass is fine in effect but does not compare at all in appearance nor in cost with the painted glass medallions used elsewhere in the Seminary buildings. This work is done on clear glass and the various emblems are painted, enamelled or etched and are then fired so that the colors fuse with the glass.

In presenting this selection, we have drawn on the original plates prepared by Dr. Graebner for his famous descriptive book, "Concordia Seminary," printed at the time of the dedication in 1926 on the presses of Concordia Publishing House. These plates are from the drawings of the glass medallions prepared by Mr. L.W.B. Taenzer.

Seals in Wartburg Hall
No. 126. Seal of Justus Falckner—the first Lutheran Minister ordained in America. He began his service at Saint Matthew Church, New York, in 1703.
No. 153. Seal of the South Wisconsin District.
No. 156. Seal of the Lutheran Laymen's League.
No. 139. Seal of the Oklahoma District (the old Indian Territory).
No. 130. The Southern District.
No. 158. The Ontario District.

Seals in Koburg Hall
No. 77. Seal of Ernest the Confessor, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg. He, and his brother Francis, were signers of the Augsburg Confession.
No. 83. Coat of Arms of the City of Eisenach. This was one of the first twenty-four cities that joined the Lutheran movement after the adoption of the Augsburg Confession. Martin Luther went to school here. It is also the birthplace of Johann Sebastian Bach. Saint George is the patron saint of the city.
No. 96. Coat of Arms of the City of Riga. This city became the center of the Reformation movement in the Provinces on the Baltic Sea.
No. 75. Coat of Arms of the City of Nuernberg. This City was one of the nine original signers of the Augsburg Confession and the home of the great Lutheran artist, Albrecht Duerer.
No. 69. Coat of Arms of the City of Smalcald. One of the official confessions of the Lutheran Church—a Statement of the errors of Romanism—has been named after this city.
No. 73. Philip of Hesse. Philip was one of the leaders of the Smalcalde Union and an original signer of the Augsburg Confession.
No. 70. Coat of Arms of John the Constant, Elector of Saxony, one of the original “Protestants” of Speyer, 1529. In 1532, Luther preached his burial sermon.
No. 85. Coat of Arms of the City of Marburg. This was another one of the first twenty-four cities that joined the Lutheran movement, and the site of the famous conference between Luther and Zwingli in 1529.
No. 107. Coat of Arms of Sweden. The window memorializes the contribution which Sweden made to Lutheran Church life in America.
No. 103. Coat of Arms of the City of Emden, another of the famous twenty-four Lutheran cities and a refuge for Protestants driven out of England and Holland by the Catholic rulers of these countries.
No. 89. Coat of Arms of the City of Lindau, another of the twenty-four Lutheran cities. The Reformation had taken a foothold in this city as early as 1522.
No. 91. Coat of Arms of the City of Frankfurt on the Main. Another of the twenty-four Lutheran cities. As early as 1522, Lutheran preaching was permitted in Frankfurt. It was also a member of the Smalcalde Union.
PAINTED GLASS AT CONCORDIA SEMINARY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
The Music Room

Is Bartok the Greatest Composer of Our Day?

By Walter A. Hansen

A short time ago I received a three-disc album in which Ania Dorfmann plays the fifty-one compositions which Felix Mendelssohn called Songs Without Words (RCA Victor LM-6128). I am sure that students of the piano will derive endless pleasure and a large amount of profit from this recital.

Although Mendelssohn was by no means one of the greatest among the world's great composers, one must concede that he was a master-craftsman and that as a melodist he had few equals. Some of his Songs Without Words are rather sugary in character, but every single one of them is constructed with amazing skill. In this respect the compositions are models. A few of them are genuine masterpieces. Think, for example, of Hunting Song, Consolation, Duet, Spinning Song, and Tarantella. The Spinning Song is a particularly fine bit of descriptive writing.

By the way, Queen Victoria was one of the first to learn to play some of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. In 1842 the composer, who had pleased the "pretty and charming" queen with his artistry, wrote to his mother that Victoria looked "so youthful," was "so shyly friendly and courteous," spoke "such good German," and knew his music "so well...."

Even before I had an opportunity to play a disc devoted to music by Bela Bartok and Igor Stravinsky (Epic LC-3274), the very names of the two composers brought forth a floodtide of thoughts as well as the reinforcement of two convictions.

At the moment I shall not discuss the many thoughts that came to my mind when I read the names of Bartok and Stravinsky on the record sleeve. But I cannot forgo mentioning the two convictions. Here they are: First, I am sure—and I do not claim originality for this belief—that Bartok and Stravinsky are two of the most important composers of recent times; secondly, I am equally sure—and I know that many will attack me for making this statement—that Bartok is a greater master than Stravinsky. I say this in spite of the fact that ordinarily I loathe the common practice of measuring greatness with a yardstick.

I realize that up to the present time Stravinsky's influence on the art of composition has been far more potent than Bartok's. In fact, I have often said that more than one composer of our day actually regurgitates Stravinsky. Bartok, however, does not lend himself to what I like to call regurgitation. He is a completely individualistic master. He is unique. He often antagonizes the listener. But his music has an elemental power which I do not find in the writings of Stravinsky, who, as you know, is a man of many styles.

Both men will go down in the history of music as prophets with much to say. He who ignores them is blind and foolish.

Although I know that it is always hazardous to indulge in predictions, I venture to believe that the achievements of Bartok will loom larger and larger as time goes on. Many are confident that the Hungarian master's music does not have the ingredients that make for widespread popularity. But is it not true that Bartok's compositions are becoming more popular every day?

On the disc I have mentioned the famous Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, plays Bartok's refreshingly unique Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta and Stravinsky's absorbing Song of the Nightingale, which has been aptly described as an opera-ballet-symphonic poem. Eduard van Beinum is the conductor. The first performance of the work by Bartok took place in 1937; the composition by Stravinsky is eighteen years older. I believe that Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta is one of the most fascinating tonal creations of recent times. But I urge you to listen again and again to both compositions and then to come to a conclusion of your own regarding Bartok and Stravinsky.

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

Dear Editor:

Well, Homer is finally going to get his degree this spring. It took him five years because the college switched requirements on him and he had to repeat a couple of courses but if he can pull down a couple of B's this semester he's in.

He hasn’t got a job lined up yet but he is taking all of the interviews and he expects to decide on a job by the time he graduates. He wants to get into advertising but he doesn’t want to travel and he does want to get close to some big city that has a major-league baseball team. He's crazy about baseball.

I sort of wish he would come back and go into the implement business with me but like he says you have to be crazy nowadays to run your own business when you can make more money and get more security with a lot less headaches tying into some big outfit. When you or I were young I guess we would have figured that a guy that talked that way just didn’t have much ambition, but apparently that's the way most of the kids feel nowadays.

And who can blame them? Nothing is like it used to be before Roosevelt was president and now this guy Ike is turning out to be just another FDR. I’m stuck with a business now and I've got to keep it going because it's the only way I know to make a living. But if I had it all to do over I would get me a college degree and then poke my nose right up to my ears in some corporation feed-trough and just spend the rest of my life getting fat.

I was worried, as you know, about what college might do to Homer’s religion. So last time he was home I talked to him about it and I was thankful and relieved to find out that it didn’t do a thing. I have to admit that I got a lump in my throat when Homer told me that every night before he goes to sleep he still prays the same prayer that he used to pray when he was just a toddler, “Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep,” only instead of saying “God bless Mommy and Daddy” he says, “God bless Father and Mother.”

Best regards,

G. G.
Twelve years have passed since Franklin Delano Roosevelt died in the closing months of World War II, years so filled with momentous events that there has been little time to catch our breath or to analyze closely the sweeping changes that have come over American domestic and foreign relations since the 1920's. A few brave historians and political scientists have tried to sketch the broad outlines; some sociologists and economists have given us startling new views of ourselves that are in marked contrasts to the usual stereotypes; and a sterner breed of theologians arouse us occasionally to contemplate the old eternal truths in the light of the new science and the new psychology. Step by step the adjustment process proceeds.

In The Crisis of the Old Order 1919-1933, Professor Schlesinger is introducing the first in a four volume study of our generation to be entitled The Age of Roosevelt. It gives promise of being one of the most comprehensive and provocative works attempted to date. Whether we approve or decry Roosevelt, his policies, and his influence upon American life, it must be admitted that he, more than any other man, symbolizes this time of stress and strain. During his unprecedented tenure in office through the chaos of depression, partial recovery, and experimentation at home, crisis and war abroad, the forces that affect us most deeply today were shaped. Naturally, we seek a clearer look at Roosevelt the man; yet the more we probe, the more complex the problem becomes.

Schlesinger brings to the task a background that leads us to expect certain things as he develops his theme. A Harvard historian, and son of an even more celebrated Harvard historian, he won a Pulitzer prize and the envy of his professor with The Age of Jackson in 1946 when he was but 28 years old. Some complained of his obvious Democratic partisanship, the journalistic style of the writing, and the way in which he outflancked more cautious interpreters with striking insights and comparisons that on closer inspection were at the very least open to debate. It seemed to conservative historians a polemic designed to turn Andrew Jackson into an early New Dealer. Admittedly, anyone who tries to make his work significant by "throwing the light of the past upon the present" runs the risk of such criticism from those who fear original interpretation. In 1949, Schlesinger turned more directly to what now emerges as his principal interest with The Vital Center—a study of the dilemma of the liberal mind in the United States, and the path he feels it must take. So, as we read The Crisis of the Old Order, we should anticipate a decided liberal slant, vigorous writing with exciting generalizations, sharp portraits of the personalities of the day, and sincerity mixed with strong emotional feeling.

The book begins with the familiar scene of Inauguration Day 1933, when a confident FDR rode beside a solemn-faced and fearful Herbert Hoover down Pennsylvania Avenue to take his oath of office, and to proclaim to shivering crowds in that cold March wind that the only thing we had to fear was fear itself. Schlesinger's descriptive powers evoke the images of a nation approaching zero hour: "the well-groomed men, baffled and impotent in their double-breasted suits, ... the confusion and dismay in the business office and the university; the fear in the country club; the angry men marching in the silent street; the scramble for rotting garbage in the dump; the sweet milk trickling down the dust road" as farmers block highways in protest over farm prices and mortgage sales.

Then, using the flashback technique, he swings back and forth through the men and events of the preceding decade, gathering the threads of his story. The method is so carefree and aimless at first that we are but partially aware of the emerging pattern. Then the momentum increases, and the threads join to make a composite picture. We see the enthusiasm of the TR era, the Wilson Progressives, the coming of the War to end all Wars, and the hopes of the bright young men of 1919 dashed by the triumph of the businessmen in the post-war conservative reaction. The tragic Mr. Harding, the puerile Mr. Coolidge, the able but fumbling Mr. Hoover all play their allotted roles. Schlesinger gives ample space to the intellectual and moral problems as well—the age of Lippmann and Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway and Fitzgerald, when it seemed that faith in human destiny, in an omnipotent deity had been lost forever when the test of maturity was man's final, clear realization of "the utter indifference of the universe to his own fate." Communism and fascism became appealing programs a man could live and die for.

It is not an easy task to cover so much material without leaving the reader baffled and exhausted; but with the stock market crash of October, 1929, shortly before the middle point of the book, Schlesinger begins to use a finer brush. The depth of his research into the personal and public papers of the period begins to emerge. Later volumes covering far fewer years than this first one should present an even more detailed account. Roosevelt, who appealed but occasionally before, now comes into focus as governor of New York and active candidate for president from mid-1930 to his nomination two years later. The story is not altogether a new one for those acquainted with the works of Richard Hofstadter and Eric Goldman, of James Burn (The Lion and the Fox, 1956), and the multivolumed biography of FDR by Frank Friedel, now in its third installment. Inevitably, the same items appear, which reduces somewhat the excitement of original discovery. Once more, we are introduced to the brain-trusters Raymond Moley, Sam Rosenman, Berle and Rexford Tugwell, the politicians Farley and Flynn, and the enigmatic Louis Howe who did so much to push Roosevelt toward this goal through the years of illness and despair. The contrasts between Hoover and Roosevelt are perhaps overdrawn, and will not be pleasing to friends of the former; but they are among the parts that remain most strong in the reader's memory.

What kind of person was Franklin Roosevelt? Obviously, Schlesinger is not yet ready to reveal his finished portrait, and cannot summarize his findings until the final volume has been written. But he does give us hints which will make us all look forward to the early publication of the others. And these hints seem to reveal also a greater maturity and keenness of insight not evident in The Age of Jackson. Let there be no mistake, Schlesinger is a friendly student of the New Deal, though not an uncritical one. He admits the confusion of ends and means in FDR's thinking, the shifty policies, the streaks of cruelty beneath the smiling exterior, the apparent lack of fixed conviction about methods. He says, "Underneath there remained the other man—tougher than the public man, harder, more ambitious, more calculating, more
petty, more puckish, more selfish, more malicious, more profound, more complex, more interesting." Noncommitment gave him a sort of freedom that had advantages in crisis, and Schlesinger strongly implies that at heart he was a moral man with old-fashioned standards who believed deeply in man's responsibility for the welfare of his fellows, but whose background in the devious ways of politics and his aristocratic heritage brought tensions that no one could penetrate or properly appreciate.

Hooover correctly concluded his election eve broadcast to the American people with the words: "This election is not a mere shift from the ins to the outs. It means deciding the direction our nation will take over a century to come."

WILLIS BOYD

RELIGION

MODERN SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN BELIEFS

By Arthur F. Smethurst (Abingdon, $4.00)

Canon Smethurst, a Ph. D. in geochemistry and canon residency of Salisbury Cathedral, seems well qualified to speak concerning both science and religion.

In the first part of the book Canon Smethurst makes the interesting point that historical evidence indicates that the fundamental source of scientific inspiration and of the assumptions required (belief in orderliness, belief in principle of causality, belief in reliability of human reason) was the Christian faith of the scientists. The main argument of this part is that the scientific method, which has definite limitations, is one of the methods which religion, which is concerned with the whole of reality, employs for the study of reality.

The second part of the book is concerned with the relation of religion to three specific fields of science: the physical sciences, biological sciences, and psychology.

The relation to biology is emphasized, and the author's conclusion is that "there is no necessity for any conflict between scientists and Christians in regard to the central fact of evolution; but this does not mean that the interpretation of evolution will not raise great moral and philosophical problems which are of the deepest concern to Christian people."

A third part deals with miracles and creeds. Possibly one of the most valuable parts is the appendix in which are summarized and criticized several modern philosophic approaches to the problems being discussed: logical positivism, dialectical materialism, existentialism, and the works of Rudolf Bulstmann and Karl Heim. A valuable feature is that throughout there are numerous up to date references to critical studies of particular topics.

While this reviewer finds it difficult to agree with the author in respect to many details, he finds himself in sympathy with the overall argument that "science and Christianity need never be in hostility or conflict, even though inevitably the advances of science, and even the scientific discipline, method and manner of thought, do raise urgent problems for religion, which must be frequently and fearlessly discussed."

* * *

Association Press, the publishing division of the YMCA, has embarked upon an ambitious and eminently worthwhile project of publishing religious paperback books written for the average churchgoer and college student. The Press proposes to publish twelve such books each year at fifty cents apiece and $5.00 per dozen. The first six volumes were put on the market on Ash Wednesday and six more will be published this Fall. The general title for the series is "Reflection Books."

The Spring list includes one new work, Words to Change Lives, a collection of sermons from leading clergymen, and five reprints, revisions, or condensations: James Nichols' A Short Primer for Protestants; Hazel Davis Clark's anthology, The Life of Christ in Poetry; Georgia Harkness' Religious Living; Roland H. Bainton's What Christianity Says About Sex, Love, and Marriage; and Stanley I. Stuber's collection of Basic Christian Writings.

Each volume runs around 125 pages, 4-1/4 x 6 inches, nicely designed and printed and sturdily bound. As the titles indicate, the books vary considerably in value and in appeal but they should prove useful for young people's societies and for adult discussion groups.

GENERAL

ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION

By Louis M. Hacker (McGraw-Hill, $4.75)

During this year of his Bicentennial Celebration, Alexander Hamilton has again become the subject of controversy as scholars have been engaged in a re-examination of his life. The subject of Hamilton's role in the development of America has always been a subject test in historical objectivity, and all too often the climate of contemporary opinion and the scholar's own liberal or conservative bias have marred the treatments and contributed to a misunderstanding of the life of this brilliant and fearless founding father. This has likewise been the fate of Thomas Jefferson, although, due to the liberal orientation of historical writing in the twentieth century, he has fared much better than Hamilton. But, in turn, within recent years the latter has received a more sympathetic treatment, with less emphasis being placed on Hamilton as the defender of the rich and well-born and more on his contribution to the building of the republic—on Hamilton the wise statesman who read his own times and the future of the country with remarkable insights. This development is a reflection of the contemporary climate of economic prosperity and the historians' great interest in present in problems of statecraft, the sphere in which Hamilton distinguished himself.

Professor Hacker's volume is not only in keeping with this trend in interpretation but is also written expressly for our times. The author feels that Hamilton's realistic emphasis on national interest as the guiding principle in foreign policy as well as his warnings concerning the measure of responsibility to be assumed by the government in the solution of domestic problems contain advice that is as meaningful today as it was at the time of the founding of the nation. This volume is neither a biography nor a systematic historical work, but rather an essay which defends Hamilton as a great administrator and statesman who labored at great personal sacrifice to establish the integrity of the young government, to guarantee the well-being of the people, and to assure the continuance of its republican institutions.

The real Hamilton, according to Professor Hacker, was no authoritarian, distrustful of normal political process, and obsessed with the objective of developing a powerful central state. Likewise he was not a monarchist, bent on robbing the people of both the franchise and offices, and dedicated only to the cause of the moneyed class at the expense of the general community. Instead the author presents the great Secretary of the Treasury as one committed to the representative principle in government, who distrusted democracy only in an egalitarian sense; as one who advocated the strong role for government only when an emergency existed in domestic or foreign affairs; and as the complete libertarian, the faithful disciple of Adam Smith, who was devoted to a system of freedom in which private enterprise could proceed unhindered to achieve the material progress he envisaged for the nation.

This argument the author presents in a lengthy preface and then in the chronological development of Hamilton's public life. As a young participant in the Revolution, Hamilton showed his devotion to personal and property rights, both to be preserved under a system of laws. In the struggle to draft and ratify the Constitution, he was concerned with securing, not destroying, the Revolution, and he worked to found a government strong enough to assure stability and yet not endanger liberty. As Secretary

APRIL, 1957
of the Treasury he emerged as not only a great administrator but also as a great statesman who sensed so clearly the solution to the basic problem confronting the young republic that his epitaph might in all justice read, "The Builder of the American Nation." In the fulfillment of that role he carried through a policy of the discharge of debts and honest fiscal management in order to inspire confidence at home and attract investment from abroad; he saw the value of a diversified economy and proposed the stimulation of manufacturing to attract investment from abroad; he saw the value of a diversified economy and proposed the stimulation of manufacturing in time to supply the needs of the people. The essence of Hamilton's statecraft, in Professor Hacker's opinion, is his recognition of the link between the fiscal policy of the government and the advance of the economic well-being of the country.

The author is argumentative and many of his arguments cannot and will not go unchallenged. The historian, for example, will question his denial of Hamilton's monarchist tendencies as well as the extremely critical analysis he has given of the government under the Articles of Confederation. All critical readers, in turn, will no doubt agree that the volume provokes a great deal of thought, but they will not be satisfied with conclusions based so extensively on the statements of Hamilton alone.

**TRIBUTE TO FREUD**

**By H.D. (Pantheon Books Inc., $2.50)**

This is a poet's account of her two series of psychoanalytic sessions with Doctor Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis. Interwoven is much biographical material and, throughout, H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) expresses her intense admiration for her analyst.

This book should attract a varied audience. To persons interested in psychoanalysis and in Freud, it is an analyses and revealing first hand account of a noted analyst's work. To poets lovers it is effective dramatic prose fantasy and the first extended account of H. D.'s life.

Concerning the author's description of psychoanalytic sessions, one can readily agree with Dr. Merrill Moore, himself a poet and an analyst, when in his foreword to *Tribute to Freud* he writes, "With literary magic H. D. has recreated step by step her experience as an analysand." This she has done "gracefully" and "perceptively." However, many readers may be expected to have difficulty accepting without qualification Doctor Moore's further statement that through H. D.'s account "one more facet of analytic experience in general and Freud in particular has been unwrapped from the sinister and grotesque swaddling clothes in which laymen have dressed it." To the lay reader H. D.'s interpretations of her various "visionary and supernatural" experiences may conceivably seem even more sinister than the usual reports found in psychoanalytic literature. But of many of her other passages it can be said that they have all the simplicity and spontaneity of the reveries of a child—or adult—daydreaming in solitude or "philosophizing" with an empathic friend.

One may disagree with H. D. in her evaluation of Freud. One may discount much of the extravagant praise as poetic license or as evidence of progressive steps in the psychoanalytic process. But, hereafter, whenever a study of Freud is made, his effect on the poet H. D. might well be among the data considered.

**MAHILA W. HAYS**

**THE TRICKSTER: A Study in American Indian Mythology**

By Paul Radin, with Commentaries by C.G. Jung and Karl Kerényi (Philosophical Library, $6.00)

This unusual book has five major parts: The Trickster Myth of the Winnebago Indians, Supplementary Trickster Myths, The Nature and Meaning of the Myth, The Trickster in relation to Greek Mythology (by Karl Kerényi), and On the Psychology of the Trickster Figure (by C.G. Jung). It is a study of a legendary individual who unites in himself certain traits of a human being, an animal, and a god.

Manifestly we are here in the presence of a figure and a theme or themes which have had a special and permanent appeal and an unusual attraction for mankind from the very beginnings of civilization. In what must be regarded as its earliest and most archaic form, as found among the North American Indians, Trickster is at one and the same time creator and destroyer, giver and negator, he who dupes others and who is always duped himself. He wills nothing consciously. Hero or buffoon, this figure in world folklore can be interpreted as the symbol of the unconscious and undifferentiated in man. Thus, as here, Trickster not only shows the exploits of Wadkjunkaga (the Winnebago word for him) in anthropology but also, of more importance, this kind of scientific analysis helps us to evaluate ourselves psychologically.

**HERBERT H. UMBACH**

**HISTORY AS YOU HEARD IT**

By Lowell Thomas (Doubleday, $4.95)

Lowell Thomas may not be the wisest or most perceptive news caster in the business but his daily news broadcast has held a large and faithful audience for 27 years. This reviewer has been one of Mr. Thomas' faithful listeners during practically all of those years expect for the war years when distance and the press of other matters made listening impossible.

From his newscasts over this period of more than a quarter century Lowell Thomas has selected the highlight stories, arranged chronologically day by day. Since the book is not indexed, the reader finds it rather difficult to spot particular stories that he might be interested in reviewing but the cumulative effect of going over, let us say, a month's record chosen at random is to take one back to times almost forgotten by now but once the whole setting of his life. One can hardly fail to be struck by the disparity between what we thought was important at any given time and what actually turned out to be important. In April of 1947, for instance, there are several fairly lengthy comments on the death of Henry Ford and the provisions of his will. There is also a brief, two-line comment that "at Lake Success today the British Government dumped the Zionist baby in the lap of the United Nations." Some baby!

A few more excerpts to make us all realize how old we are:

October 20, 1930—Half the headlines in today's papers concern politics. That's natural for Election Day is only two weeks off.

In Pennsylvania, says the New York Evening World, the dry issue is cutting through both parties.

October 10, 1931—Well, at last the United States Army prefers monoplanes. . . . Uncle Sam for a long time remained faithful to the old biplane type.

March 2, 1932—I am sorry to say tonight that there is no favorable news about the Lindbergh baby.

July 10, 1933—General Johnson, administrator of the NIRA . . . has the President's OK on the code of fair practices formulated by the textile industry.

Was it all that long ago?
and adhering rather closely to certain pet theories, overlooked some important matters. Most striking is his own sense of awe and respect for life, and one cannot read the book without sharing his enthusiasm. He reflects on such questions as: Are the "higher animals" really higher? What is and what is the significance of awareness? Have factors other than natural selection influenced the course of evolution? Many of the problems have been pursued more extensively than he suggests. Nor does Mr. Krutch pretend himself to give any final answers. But all in all one cannot read the book without having some vistas opened and having his thoughts stimulated.

SCHOOLS FOR TOMORROW: AN EDUCATOR'S BLUEPRINT

By Alexander J. Stoddard (The Fund for the Advancement of Education)

Dr. Stoddard was formerly superintendent of schools in Philadelphia and Los Angeles. A year ago he was commissioned to make a survey of the major problems of the American public schools by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, an independent organization established by the Ford Foundation. The present volume is Dr. Stoddard's report.

The report begins with an analysis of the present and probable future condition of the schools. It notes the rapid rise in population (about 4,250,000 children were born in 1956 as compared to 2,500,000 in 1936); the policy enunciated by the American Council on Education that "the opportunity must be given to every American citizen to attain the highest level of education and training of which he is capable"; the shortage of teachers, which may run to approximately a quarter of a million by 1965; the development already of tendencies to meet this shortage by lowering educational standards or by overcrowding classrooms; and the acute shortage of classroom space (Last year there were 900,000 pupils in our country in single-session classes.).

The report notes also some of the attempts which have been made, in Texas, in central Michigan, and elsewhere to cope with the problem. Many of these plans involve the using of teacher's aides to handle much of the routine work of the classroom, leaving the teacher free for the specific teaching job. Dr. Stoddard feels that it is still too early to appraise the value of these plans, but he sees in them the possibility of partially relieving the situation.

Beyond these plans, however, Dr. Stoddard sees great possibilities in the use of television in the classroom, a suggestion neither new or untried but one which has hitherto not been proposed on the scale which Dr. Stoddard envisions. In essence, Dr. Stoddard urges that no elementary, junior or senior high school be built without one or more television studios and closed-circuit apparatus to all parts of the building. Certain subject areas could then be taught by specialists in the field, releasing the classroom teacher for work with smaller groups in the regular subject areas. He estimates that his proposal would reduce the number of needed trained teachers by ten to twenty per cent and that in the process enough money might be saved to raise teachers' salaries to a professional level. He believes that his plan would also revise downward the estimates that have been made of additional classroom space.

Copies of the report are available from the office of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21.

FICTION

COMPANY Q

By Richard O'Connor (Doubleday, $3.95)

It is a little difficult to understand why anyone should add to the enormous stockpile of war fiction, particularly to the phase relating to the War Between the States. The subject matter in its historical and biographical aspects is so fascinating and so replete with detailed incident that fictional expression seems redundant and unnecessary. There may have been some good and compelling reason for Civil War fiction seventy-five or fifty years ago, when the literati could find nothing more exciting or impressive than the conventional histories, or the biographies perpetrated by the "New England school," but the excellent productions of such people as Bruce Catton, W. E. Woodward, and Otto Eisenschiml now afford the discriminating reader a choice of materials that are not only authentic but can also be certified by comparatively simple research. Mr. O'Connor's book, in my opinion, fails in two of the areas that should characterize a good work of fiction: it does not entertain and it does not inspire.

Company Q is the story of a division of the Army of the Cumberland that was composed of a group of ex-officers who had been sentenced to military prisons for errors of omission or commission. Company Q was therefore assigned to duties that no one else would touch—assignments fit only for the disgraced, the traitors, the drunkards, and others of that stripe. The central character, Private Frank Archer, was originally a major in the 8th Wisconsin Cavalry, who realized that only one hope remained to him, to so distinguish himself in his duties that he would eventually be returned to commissioned status.

After a series of "adventures," more or less believable, he succeeds in destroying a railroad bridge leading from Atlanta, Georgia, over which the war material from that beleaguered city was to be withdrawn. Archer's character and personality are not too well depicted; the book does not show him as inspired by either a love for his country or by hate for his oppressors; instead, he is a somewhat colorless individual who is mildly embittered but seems entirely willing to accept the fate that the cross military minds and the war-conscious politicians have inflicted upon him.

There are some good things in the book, of course. There is the statement concerning the Army Surgeon, just before the battle of Kennesaw Mountain: "He had seen so much in war that was vile, and so little that was noble, that all the history books he had read seemed like a compendium of lies." Another phrase that caught my fancy was "you'll know that youth is past, Frank, when a woman can no longer, of and by herself, make you very happy or unhappy." There is the statement regarding Mrs. Moise, the wife of a former West Point instructor, who chose to cast his lot with the Federal Union rather than his native state Georgia: "He felt he could understand the torment that twisted like a knife inside her, bearing the stigma of a husband who chose to fight with the enemy, who meant not only to defeat the South, but destroy its pattern of life."

It is questionable, to use the words of the immortal Tony Weller, "whether's worthwhile goin' through so much, to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet."

HELMAN HESSE

BLUE CAMELLIA

By Frances Parkinson Keyes (Messner, $3.95)

The settling of a portion of southwestern Louisiana, beginning with the auction of 1887, provides a historical setting for this novel. A midwest farmer moves his family down to his new property and becomes interested in the propagation of rice. Daughter Lavinia, in love with a wild, illiterate Cajun youth who runs away to sea, marries his cousin. Years later both cousins die violent deaths. Lavinia becomes superintendent of a rice mill, and assists her father in his experiments. His attempts to breed the perfect strain of rice are successful in the year 1910.

An eight-page prefatory note by the author leads one to expect more emphasis upon horticultural experimentation than is actually given. Some of the situations, most of the characters, and much of the dialogue in the book are unconvincing. Probably the best bit of writing is that describing the
dismaying conditions facing the migrant families upon their arrival at the prospective town site in Louisiana. The situation is quite similar to that experienced by Martin Chuzzlewit during the great Georgia land swindle. Mrs. Keyes is, however, completely lacking in the savagery displayed by Dickens.

The title is symbolic of the supposedly unattainable aspirations held by the father concerning his work.

DORINDA KNOFF

GOOD DEEDS MUST BE PUNISHED

By Irving Shulman (Henry Holt, $3.95)

One of the characteristics of a Schulman novel is that it deals with a subject in itself explosive or which can be developed into explosive material. In Amboy Dukes, Cry Tough, and Children in the Dark, novels on juvenile delinquency, the subject itself was explosive. In Good Deeds Must Be Punished, with its theme of social discrimination, action must be stretched, in this case slightly beyond credibility, to produce an explosion.

The discrimination is against students of Italian descent in a college community. In 1946, when two young veterans, both second generation Italians, enroll in Gresham College, a small school located in a small West Virginia town, they find the citizens of the town against them, and also their fellow students, to the point that the only fraternity open to them is one composed entirely of men of Italian descent. At the fraternity house they are drilled in a long list of "do's" and "don'ts" devised to keep them from being conspicuous and, hence, out of trouble. The two young men break most of the rules as they strike back at discriminatory behavior.

When an anti-Catholic revivalist visits the town for a series of defamatory meetings, the action explodes. An attempt to present a united front composed of the Catholic men of the Italian fraternity and the men of an Irish-Catholic fraternity fails, because even at this level a wall of discrimination separates the two groups. Eventually one of the two young men finds relief in fighting prejudice, while the other escapes through his love for an all-American girl.

Much of what Mr. Schulman has to say makes sense and needed saying, but he has weakened his case by overstatement.

THE LEGION OF THE DAMNED

By Sven Hassel (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.75)

Mr. Hassel, a man of mixed Danish and Austrian descent, served a period in a concentration camp for attempting to escape from Nazi Germany, and having served his term was transferred to one of Hitler's penal regiments. The story is based on the experiences of Mr. Hassel and his friends in the regiment during their participation in the war, the action having been mainly concentrated on the Russian front.

Publicity on the book terms the American edition a "documentary novel," for it was adapted from the European edition, an autobiography. But it is difficult to relegate this work to the realm of fiction. Mr. Hassel's characters, or friends—it is difficult to say which they are—do not develop personality until the last half of the book, and then it is too late. Each is systematically eliminated by some particularly horrible facet of battle. This is admittedly the realism of friendships acquired during the war, but one somehow does not feel sympathetic with the fact that the characters have expired, but is concerned rather with how they have expired. In addition, Mr. Hassel becomes terribly intimate with his reader on too many occasions; a young woman, with a questionable background, who finds redemption in her marriage to the stark realism of the rest of the book that one suspects his extremely delicate handling of this subject is the concession to American readers who must find it there.

Aside from these weaknesses of style, the record of the fighting man and his hell on earth should make the non-participant world shudder twice before advocating this time-honored or dishonored solution to the problems of nations, war. His indictment is devastating, but Mr. Hassel constantly struggles with the certain knowledge that his admonitions to posterity are being written on the wind.

WILLIAM T. KOWITZ

THE UNDEFEATED

By I.A.R. Wylie (Random House, $3.75)

Captain Ulrich von Freytag was the officer commanding the Nazi Occupying forces in the French village of Rocquedur during World War II. After eight years in prison, for shooting hostages, he returns to Rocquedur to recover a small fortune in jewels he had hidden there, and to conduct a little blackmail among his old acquaintances—both friend and foe.

The village had its share of collaborators but it also had Resistance force heroes, and, while the overall record of the villagers was unsavory, most had managed to forget the past. With the arrival of Captain Freytag, the old wounds re-opened. Although the Captain retained a hold over many of the villagers, he meets defeat finally in the almost passive resistance of a former Resistance leader he helped blind.

Miss Wylie introduces a number of memorable characters, including a priest, whose love for the village and its inhabitants makes him a nemesis to Freytag both during and after the war; a confused-appearing old Englishwoman who was clever enough to fool the Occupation forces on numerous occasions; a young Englishwoman, with a questionable background, who finds redemption in her marriage to the blind former Resistance leader; and scores of villagers, both good and bad, but always human. This fascinating and admirably written novel is the fifteenth for Miss Wylie.

The press of other business made it necessary for Mr. Hoffmann to omit his column this month. It will be resumed next month.
"Armies are mighty. Atom bombs are mighty. Ideologies born of blind pride and passion are mighty. But the Truth of God is mightier than all—and it shall prevail. That is what we have tried to tell in The Ten Commandments."

These words, spoken by Cecil B. de Mille at a luncheon in his honor when his magnificent new film opened in New York City, set forth the veteran producer's high purpose in bringing to the screen a second version of the account of how God's Law was given to His prophet Moses on Mt. Sinai.

Mr. de Mille has long been a towering figure in the motion-picture world. Films were in their infancy when he first went to Hollywood. They were still in an early stage of development when Mr. de Mille released the first screen version of The Ten Commandments in 1923. At that time the production of a picture based on a Biblical subject was considered a daring—and foolhardy—innovation. There was much head-shaking, and it was generally conceded that the film—produced at what was then a staggering cost of $1,400,000—was sure to be a failure at the box office. Instead, however, The Ten Commandments broke all existing attendance records wherever it was shown.

A second Biblical picture was even more successful. The King of Kings has been seen by nearly a billion persons and has been shown somewhere in the world every single day since its initial presentation in 1927. Other successful Biblical spectaculars produced and directed by the veteran showman are The Sign of the Cross (1933) and Samson and Delilah (1949). Incidentally, Mr. de Mille's personal profits from The King of Kings and from the new production of The Ten Commandments (Paramount) will go to the Cecil B. de Mille Trust Fund, to be used impartially for educational, religious, and philanthropic projects.

In a recent interview on TV Mr. de Mille was asked why he had devoted so much time and money to the production of films based on the Bible. "Because," he said, "as a child I lived in a home where religion was a part of life. My father—who had studied for the ministry in the Episcopal Church—each night read to his children a chapter from the Old Testament, a chapter from the New Testament, and a chapter of secular history. He made the Bible stories so interesting we did not want him to stop. The people in the Bible weren't just characters in a book to us. They became our boyhood heroes."

A lifelong student of the Bible, Mr. de Mille has a deep and abiding reverence for the Word of God. He is convinced that only in Holy Writ can man find a solution of the complex problems that still beset our troubled world. The Ten Commandments, he believes, "are the principles by which man may live with God and man may live with man."

I suppose that no film based on the Book of Books has ever been wholly satisfactory to everyone. But I am sure that no one will deny that The Ten Commandments is a truly magnificent presentation. Ten years of planning and research; three years of writing; two years of actual work on location in Egypt, Jordan, and Hollywood; and a total cost of almost $14,000,000 have gone into the making of this film. It is, Mr. de Mille tells us, "as authentic as research, dedication, and human labor could make it." The script is derived from an exhaustive study of the Bible, the Koran, the Midrash—a commentary compiled by rabbis from 500 B.C. to A.D. 1100—and from the works of the early historians Philo, Josephus, and Eusebius. Since the early years of Moses are not revealed by Holy Writ, this period in the life of the great man of God is, of course, fictional; but it is wholly in keeping with the way of life depicted by contemporary writers.

The settings are authentic; they let us "walk in the footsteps of Moses." Painstaking care was taken in the faithful re-creation of the costumes, the customs, and the culture of the ancient land of the Pharaohs. The technicolor Vista-Vision photography is arrestingly beautiful, and the scenes portraying the exodus of the Children of Israel are as impressive as any I have seen on the motion-picture screen.

Since space limitations will not permit a detailed evaluation of the fine artistry of the distinguished cast assembled for The Ten Commandments, I must be content to say that each of the principals reaches a new pinnacle of artistic achievement in the role assigned to him or her. Charlton Heston's portrayal of Moses, the prophet "whom the Lord knew face to face," is at once powerful, dramatic, and deeply moving. Yul Brynner is superb as the all-powerful Rameses II. Elmer Bernstein's original musical score is excellent.

Battle Hymn (Universal-International, Douglas Sirk) presents the poignant true-life story of Colonel Dean Hess, the courageous fighter pilot of World War II who became a minister and left his pulpit to serve again as a flyer in the Korean conflict.

Men in War (United Artists) portrays with stark realism another inspiring chapter from the bitter fighting in Korea.
SALVE CAPUT CRUENTATUM

Many years ago I wrote the opening words of St. Bernard's famous hymn for Good Friday at the beginning of an essay on the high-priestly office of our Lord.... I thought then, as I believe now, that no words more poignantly reflect the immense and immeasurable difference between the religion of Calvary and all the tortuous efforts of the merely human spirit to say something about the last mystery of God.... Here it is—all of it—the point at which nature and supernature, earth and heaven, touch and overlap.... in and around a Head of Mourning, covered with blood, and almost ready for the final dust.... This is the burden of the king's song at Bethlehem:

"Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying;
Sealed in a stone-cold tomb."

And yet there is more than gloom and sorrow on Calvary.... St. Bernard holds it, in understanding solution, in that first word: "Salve"...not the simple daily "Ave" with which Romans greeted one another... but "salve"—used for kings and gods...with its overtones of royalty and its undertones of farewell.... "Hail and farewell, O King".... This was not a death-dreading criminal or a well-meaning, frustrated dreamer coming to the end at last of a road that could have no other end.... This was—and now is—the "Salve"—the one Good Shepherd calling in blood for the last, lost sheep....the one High Priest offering the one sacrifice on the altar of the world....the one Eternal King moving in royal stillness from the cruel throne of the Cross to the eternal throne of heaven....

"Salve"....a personal, loyal, loving greeting it must become for us so far down the ways of time.... After all, the sorrow and sadness of Calvary is all our doing, the last rallying of our sins; the power and glory which flashes like lightning through the clouds is all God's doing, the rallying of His royal pity, His present love, His atoning sorrow....

"Salve".... Across the nineteen hundred years I greet Thee, "Head of Bleeding and of Mourning"...this Good Friday I wonder again where are the legions of angels that could have set you free...where on your lonely journey are the lame and the blind, the lonely whom you have healed...where are the mourners to whom you gave back their dead...it is dark and you are young for dying...there must be something that holds you to your dying beyond what I can see with the eyes of history...something that I can only express in the greeting of a faith that you, too, have given... "Salve"....

Is this not the last secret of our Christian faith?... What human mind could have created this mysterious fusion of weakness and power, of royalty and obedience?.... There is this stillness in the womb of our redemption and this speech in seven words that reach to the end of the Universe and beyond the limits of Time.... There is this perfect love of the perfect God; and this complete sorrow of the complete man.... Only God could have thought of bringing all these together, so unexpected and so right, so strangely dark and so eternally good....

And so—"Salve Caput Cruentatum".... It will be dark again on Good Friday night in my life and the life of the world.... It will be very quiet in my heart and in the heart of all believers.... We shall be waiting again, as we waited on Christmas Eve like hushed children.... We know that Holy Saturday will come and the three empty crosses against the dark sky of a forgetful world....a few men and women remembering the body lying cold in a tomb with hands that do not move and eyes that do not see...but not forever...only for a few hours....

And then...and then...we shall see again what uncounted millions have seen these nineteen-hundred years....the dawn in the garden and the lily of the linens and the rose of the dawn.... Mary Magdalene waiting too....and going beyond waiting to look into the tomb and see....in its emptiness the fulness of our redemption...."Thou shalt crush his head"...."Because I live ye shall live also"...."I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine"....And that will be the time, I believe and know, for the last "Salve"...my own small, far greeting to the White Conqueror of Death and my soul: Salve Regem meum et angelorum in saecula saeculorum"....

THE CRESSET

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