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THE

MARCH 1948

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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- Troubles Trilogy
 - Notes on a Journey
 - The Holy Week
 - Education for Our Time
-

VOL. XI NO. 5

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Crystal Anniversary

FIFTEEN years is a long way for memory to travel when the way is as crowded with change and crises as the past fifteen years have been. It seems a long time ago since the first inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as president on March 4, 1933. Those were unprecedented days and the new president tackled their problems in unprecedented ways. With amazing speed, Congress passed the requested legislation to meet the problems of agriculture, banking, relief and many other national interests. When Congress adjourned on June 16, 1933, there was no doubt that the nation "had been placed squarely upon a new path" and that morale had been restored. Whether this path was in the long run good or bad, however hopefully it was wel-

comed in 1933 and however overwhelmingly it was supported by the people in November, 1936, is still a question of vigorous debate after fifteen years. The message of President Truman to Congress on "the State of the Nation" this January reveals his readiness to stake his continuance in the White House upon the judgment of the people that the path upon which President Roosevelt led us in 1933 is good. This is election year and we are certain to be reminded often that it is also the fifteenth anniversary of Franklin D. Roosevelt's first inauguration. Whether for good or for ill, the sentiment of the people toward the late president will be a significant factor in the election results this November. All three parties will see to it that his memory is kept alive.

Displaced

You have no home. Beginning with today you are stripped of your possessions and you are told to go back to the place from which your father came. You have possessed both house and land illegally these many years. No one should ever have sold a bit of sacred soil to an alien. It was all a mistake. It makes no difference how decent or of what length your record is. You must go. No, we have no regrets about dealing with you in this way. After all, if you were conqueror you would deal with us in the same manner, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. We live that way.

This is not ancient Philistia making war on Israel or the Hittites spilling over on enemy lands or the Egyptians stealing from their North African neighbors. This is a story of lands where Christianity is much more than a thousand years old, where great cathedrals rise above the humble dwellings of the poor but where the words "no room" are just as heart-breaking as they were once long ago in Bethlehem.

"Displaced"—the word itself is perhaps the largest challenge that has ever confronted the Christianity of modern times. It is still possible to be uprooted, to have property rights despised and personal liberties denied and the dignity of man made a mockery.

We do not know what visions were before the eyes of the practical men who with Stratton wrote his bill to help at least a few of those who languish homeless in great camps across the face of Europe. We hope it was not mere expediency but just a little more. Perhaps because we have done so little, we may be able to claim his voice as ours and say, "We hope you fight the bill through successfully" and when they come we shall be ready to take them in. They shall be neighbors to us on the great wide plains of the Dakotas and Montana. They shall be working over newly re-claimed lands bought back from desolation by our great dams. But come they must, and we must give them room or we have failed somehow to understand why we were permitted to come to a land like this.



Our Monthly Project

IT WASN'T so many years ago that the Chinese and American governments were involved in an exceedingly unpleasant affair known as the Boxer Uprising. After all the smoke had cleared away, the United States accepted a huge indemnity for the damage inflicted on American nationals and property. In a gallant gesture on our part, that money was used to set

up educational funds of various kinds so that Chinese youth might come to America to study at our schools. Thus was built up in the passage of little more than four decades a huge reservoir of good will for the Americans. In turn Americans learned to know and love the Chinese.

What we're getting at is this: every year on December 5 at the stroke of midnight or thereabouts, Finland makes its annual interest payment on a debt contracted with us after World War I. As far as we know Finland has never missed a payment. Today Finland is laboring to pay vast indemnities to Soviet Russia. Still Finland continues to pay her debt to us. We suggest, here and now, that Congress take Finland's money and set up an educational fund which would enable deserving Finnish youth to come to America to study at our colleges and universities. The sum is large enough to enable some two hundred or more Finnish young people to come to America for one year at a time to do either undergraduate or graduate work.

Won't someone whisper to a Congressman, who might be looking for an issue, to get going on this business? Somehow we have the feeling the establishment of this fund would create all kinds of good feeling on the part of the giver and recipient.

Who Are They?

A SMALL group of men are seriously discussing some of the major social and economic problems of today. All remains calm and quite objective until someone mentions the rapid expansion of the cooperative movement and suggests that there is a great promise in this endeavor to substitute cooperation for competition in our economic and social life. Immediately and not without emotion one of the group charges that "they are Communists." Whom did he mean? The nearly 2,500,000 families in the United States who are now a part of the cooperative movement? The 85,000,000 families from twenty-two nations who are associated with the International Cooperative Alliance? No, he wouldn't say that. Did "they" refer to the principles and ideals of cooperation which the cooperatives are striving to realize? No, he wasn't sure of that either. "But they are tax-exempt." They are, if they fulfill the conditions for tax-exemption set up in the Internal Revenue Code. They must be "cooperative associations" as defined in detail by the law and those cooperatives which do not qualify pay taxes. It is no secret that the National Association of Manufacturers together with such organizations as the National Tax Equality Association are waging a vigorous cam-

paigned against tax-exemption for any cooperatives. They claim that such exemption is inequitable and unjust to competing business ventures. But this raises a question that has nothing to do with communism. Name-calling and "libel by label" only confuse the issue between the cooperatives and their opponents and make impossible a fair and adequate discussion of the problems involved. We are not arguing that all cooperatives must be tax-exempt or that some revision of the present code is out of the question. And we are not supporting the arguments of the NAM. We are here only pleading for a full and sane presentation of the real issue and objecting to the rash hurling of "communism" at any economic or social change we personally do not like for either good or bad reasons.



Loyalty Hearings Begin

BY THE time this issue appears, the Loyalty Hearings will have begun throughout the nation. Designed to filter out government employees who may have strong tendencies to undermine the government, the Loyalty Hearings are bound to create considerable discussion and dissent in the coming year. Fortunately, the Loyalty Review Board, Seth W.

Richardson, chairman, has promised that the program will not degenerate into a witch hunt. Nor will all the two million Federal workers be whitewashed. Congress did not appropriate \$11,000,000 to discover, after the tumult and shouting, that there were no disloyal employees in Federal service.

Sharpest criticism over the "Loyalty Board" procedure deals with the provision that FBI evidence and reports cannot be revealed to the accused. The FBI insists that informers and sources of information be kept secret. Nor can the accused cross-examine their accusers. On the other hand, the Constitution guarantees such a right to criminals when they are on trial.

Chairman Richardson insists that the Government has the right, like the private employer, to fire any employee for reasons of its own. Being fired from a job in a private industry is by no means the same as being fired from a Civil Service job. Definitely, a person's livelihood is at stake.

Government officials have predicted that the 150 to 200 agency loyalty boards would quickly eliminate 80 per cent of the cases brought before them. The minority which reaches the Loyalty Review Board is promised a fair hearing.

We are still extremely dubious about the success of these loyalty

hearings. We feel that any foreign agent determined to undermine the Constitution will not be so clumsy as to be caught. These hearings are part of the present national hysteria, engendered in part by Soviet Russia's antics and by the scare-headlines of an unscrupulous segment of America's newspapers. We will be greatly surprised if a single atom spy is uncovered.



Mass Vendetta

ONE of the sorriest spectacles in a sorry world these days is the mass vendetta going on in Palestine. Zionists and Arabs are killing each other on the slightest provocation. Americans have suddenly become objects of hatred. Arabs feel they have been betrayed by the United Nations. At every opportunity Arabs shoot down Zionists and, of course, Zionists take the usual potshots at the Arabs. This is still not civil war on the grand scale but it is certainly murder on a pretty broad basis. And all because the United Nations voted to partition Palestine.

It would take hardihood of an extremely high order to be able to offer a final solution to the Palestine problem. We are sympathetic to the Zionist efforts to establish a national home. At the

same time we cannot overlook the Arabian contention that Palestine has been "home" for many centuries. Possibly the best solution, as long as there will never be a complete peace between the Arabs and Zionists, is the placing of Palestine under international control with supervision by the United Nations. Here would be an opportunity for the United Nations to set up an international police force on a small scale. True, this would be a terrifically difficult assignment since one would never be certain what the final attitude of the three Jewish groups—Haganah, Irgun, and Stern—would be. Likewise the Arab Higher Committee which is sponsoring a "National Guard" may never agree to international policing.

But it would be worth trying. One trouble spot on the world's map can spread faster than spilled ink on a wax floor. This trouble spot must be wiped out before the ultimate damage is done.



A New Republic

EARLY in January independence came to Burma, a section of Asia wedged in between India and China. The new republic covers territory a little larger than Texas and has a population of 15 million.

Burma was under British rule since 1885. As a British colony it prospered. In 1942 the Japanese established a foothold and the British withdrew; but the latter returned as welcomed liberators the following year.

The independence of the Burmese was secured with the cooperation of the British. It was gratifying to note that in this instance political freedom was secured without bloodshed. This is a striking example of intelligent procedure in determining a people's form of government. It is the democratic way of which the opponents of democracy should take note. Our State Department has extended its formal welcome to the new republic of Burma.



U. S. Withdraws From Panama

PANAMA'S refusal to ratify a treaty which would have extended American leases of military bases for five years caused both surprise and indignation in our government circles. The vote of the Panamanian Congress against ratification was 51 to 0. Some of our military leaders wanted to insist that the neighboring republic should be held to an agreement made by President Roosevelt in 1942 that the bases which we then were permitted to occupy might be kept by us until

a year after the final peace treaty settling the recent war.

Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed in Washington. Our State Department yielded and recognized the sovereignty of the sister republic. The evacuation of our forces from the fourteen occupied military bases was ordered.

The cause of Panama's attitude toward us has not as yet been disclosed. It has been hinted that trade discrimination and other objectionable tactics applied against Panamanians by our authorities have caused a general resentment against us in Panama. Be that as it may, the incident has proved to the world that democracy can function internationally. The United States has given evidence that its basic principles are not empty and meaningless verbiage, but convictions which we are ready to translate into practice.



Nice Feller

THE newspaper lies on the desk with the prize picture of the year. A new dog has just arrived at the White House as a gift for President and Mrs. Truman from an admirer in Missouri. He is, by the looks of this picture, a blond cocker spaniel. He is evidently very young. From the picture it is evident that he has not

yet acquired some of the graces of older dogs. He has, however, the instinctive wisdom of all dogs. Have you ever observed them? When a person praises them too much or makes too much of a fuss over them, they will carefully lower the end opposite the head and sit on it, for the wise heart of a dog has learned through centuries of breeding and disappointing contact with human beings that the moments of loudest praise usually precede a good kick in the region of the tail. Feller, with the wisdom of the ages, seems to be taking no chances. His mother has evidently spoken to him about Washington and what has been going on there for the past few years. His big, dark eyes look out at you not exactly with a plea for rescue but only for understanding of the difficult problems which confront even a dog when he lives in the White House. Even his house-breaking problems are no longer the affairs of just a family and a dog with their multiple misunderstandings of time and place, but they have now become a subject for newspaper photographers poking lenses at him as he appears in the cold dawn on the White House lawn.

He will like it at the White House and with the Trumans. Dogs attach themselves to people and take them for granted just as they are. The cocker spaniel's

philosophy of life is especially simple. He only wants to be where you are. Who you are makes no difference to him. Happy days, Feller!



Frank Dobie

THOSE who read Frank Dobie's *Coronado's Children*, *The Longhorns*, *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*, *On the Open Range*, *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*, and *A Texan in England* will be interested in knowing that the great folklorist and story teller was recently dismissed from the University of Texas faculty.

For years, the extremely literate cowhand that he was, Dobie taught English, particularly a course entitled *Southwestern Life and Literature*. Not only Texans but also students from other states came to sit at the feet of this highly unacademic teacher, an American folklorist cut from the same cloth as his two friends—Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay.

Never willing to carry anyone's brand, Dobie was always a maverick. In conflict he could never be neutral; however, the minority usually found in him a champion. As long as he restricted his activities to the preservation of the lore of the Old West, the oilmen, bankers, and cattlemen who formed the membership of the

University of Texas Board of Regents considered him harmless. However, in the Rainey Controversy, when Frank Dobie threw his resources, particularly his colorful vocabulary, on the side of the deposed President Rainey, he became more of a menace and less of a nuisance to the Board of Regents. Finally on the basis of an academic rule which was patently passed to "get Dobie" he was "fired."

Students and readers of American folklore will be happy to know that Dobie's pen will continue to write books and articles in spite of his forced retirement from academic life.



Controlling the Weather

MARK TWAIN's complaint that everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it, may soon become an outmoded observation.

Science is making strong efforts to harness the titanic forces of nature for the benefit of man. The RCA laboratory and Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study are occupied with constructing a fantastic machine to make war on the weather. This machine is to operate as an electronic analyser. From a large number of chain stations reports would be pouring in. The complicated machine

would make possible in a matter of seconds the analysis of many conditions reported.

Immediately upon the analysis a weather-control plane would be dispatched to the area where the disturbance is brewing. The plane would be equipped with devices to change the atmospheric conditions so as to disturb formations of dangerous air currents, or through scattering dry ice change moisture in a cloud to rain or snow.

While such control of natural forces through the application of science is still in its experimental stages, some remarkable results have been achieved by this time. For instance, through the scattering of dry ice into a cloud rainfall has been made possible.

Tampering with the weather has also the possibility of loosening atmospheric forces which may result in a greater catastrophe than the one which is to be prevented. Much research is still needed in the scientists' efforts to control the weather.

Man's attempts to pry into the secrets of nature with a view of harnessing its forces so as to make them serve him is not contrary to the plan of the Creator. When God had created the earth and placed man as His foremost visible creature into the midst of His creation, He directed him to "replenish the earth and *subdue* it."

To what ends will man use his research in that direction? Will it be for the purpose of self-aggrandizement, or will his objective be to serve God and his fellow man? Upon the answer to that question will depend the ultimate evaluation of man's success in controlling weather.



Save the Home

IT is generally admitted that the American home has lost its former stability and is no longer the sustaining fibre in our social fabric. The increasing number of broken homes with the resulting far-reaching social dislocations are alarming.

Perhaps the sharpest symptom of our weakened home is the mounting divorce rate. Regional surveys and nation wide statistics reveal startling conditions. At the beginning of the century we had one divorce to every nine marriages in this country; in 1946 our records showed 1,500,000 marriages and 500,000 divorces in the country, or a ratio of one to three. If this trend continues, it is predicted that by 1950 we may reach the ratio of one divorce to every two marriages.

Broken homes are not caused by divorces, but divorces are caused by broken homes. A divorce is the result of an unsuccessful marriage. Judge Clayton W.

Rose, Court of Domestic Relations, Columbus, Ohio, has very aptly said: "The home is dead before it ever reaches the court. The judge or court merely performs the autopsy on the unsuccessful marriage."

Viewing the plight of the home from this angle, one sees the causes of our weakened homes deeply rooted in our societal structure. Basically there is a lack or disregard of responsibility on the part of the individuals. Inability or unwillingness to shoulder personal responsibility is evident on all age levels and in the various walks of life. This sad situation presents a challenge to all, especially to those responsible for the training of youth—parents and teachers. The attitudes which make or break homes are formed in early childhood. It was not beside the mark when someone observed that the fodder for divorce courts can to a certain extent be picked by visiting a kindergarten and noting the little grandstanders.

The responsibility for securing the moorings of the home, our fundamental social institution, rests with all of us—parents, teachers, the church, and the community. Again quoting an occupant of the bench, "We have spent billions of dollars in taking the atom apart—let us spend some time and effort to keep the home together."

Troubles Trilogy

THE pain and heartbreak of the world manifest themselves in every form of artistic expression. The poet weeps in the desert, the singer strikes a minor chord, the musician plays on jagged nerves and the preacher's voice sounds out with warning.

Sooner or later it had to happen. The dignified and silent lions before the doors of the Art Institute were happy in the midst of their sadness. They were sad because the terror and confusion of the time had finally been delivered by the crate and box route over the loading platform on the north side. They were happy that they were facing west, away from the whole business.

Chicago's Art Institute devoted its fifty-eighth annual exhibition of American art to Abstraction and Surrealism. The Institute's associate curators, Frederick A. Sweet and Katherine Kuh, tell us that they traveled twenty-four thousand miles to select these offerings from every section of the United States. As a result of this mileage, the Institute has presented what is probably the most comprehensive cross section of American abstract and surrealist art ever exhibited.

Abstraction is about fifty years old and surrealism exists for about half that length of time. Both movements still bewilder

most of us and still meet with open hostility from certain "critics." Somewhere along the line the mistaken notion gained some credence that this type of thing was a product of the "Red" monster that was spreading itself out all over the world. That is, of course, ridiculous because this type of work has been repudiated in Soviet Russia as well as in earlier days by Hitler.

Walter Abell, professor of art at Michigan State College, sums up the whole thing when he says, "If there is any distinctively democratic approach to the complex problems of contemporary culture, it lies neither in denunciation nor opposition, official or unofficial. On the contrary, it presupposes a respect for the creative freedom and integrity of all artists, a recognition that changing modes of vision are inevitable in a changing world, and a realization that new movements can be understood only as a result of serious and open-minded consideration over a period of time." The above-named professor has given a very remarkable analysis of the entire abstract and surrealist movement in the January, 1948, issue of the *Magazine of Art*. He believes that all forms of abstract and surrealist art can be related to three terms, all of them significant of the age in which we live. He calls them the "law," the

"maze" and the "monster," therefore the significant title at the top. They have always been troubles trilogy. When men's minds and hearts are in turmoil and confusion, when life is filled with frustrations and the dreams of good men are destroyed by the evident corruption of thinking, morals and everything seemingly godly, then they come over the hill. You must make rigid rules to hold them in line and all that would be related to "the law." It is the same kind of approach that you find in political life when the statist and the fascist begin to talk. It is the same kind of approach which you find in the church when the legalist lays down his sharp definitions and boxes life and thinking and the love of God in with sharp angles.

The "maze" is just as bad. Among the abstractionists and surrealists it is characterized by vagueness and tangled mazes through which no one can find his way. It is significant of the tangled maze and labyrinth of confusion in which men without God find themselves hopelessly enmeshed. Our time gives ample evidence of the fact that they go around in circles and cannot find their way out of even simple situations.

Terror and trouble are most fearfully impressive, however, in the "monster" type of presenta-

tion in these art fields. Curious beasts with horns and stingers projecting from odd places, with eyes in completely ridiculous portions of the anatomy, heads at both ends and mouths gaping out of stomachs are all part of the expression of a fear too deep for words coming up through the fog of man's mind and confessing that he is still afraid and that he still needs something of the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Perhaps it is good that the exhibit has broken up again and has been shipped back in small parcels to hundreds of little places all over the country. It is good to see it sometimes in small parcels because it shows you something of the creative skill and bares the heart and soul of an artist. But seeing so much of it together was just a little bit more than a sensitive soul could stand. There was enough pain in the world on that late November day without seeing so much confusion preserved in so many of these offerings.



I Am Complexed

I AM getting worried. The jargon of psychiatry is becoming too popular for comfort. It is much too easy to put me out of the way and to ignore my most brilliant ideas by lovingly and sympatheti-

cally referring to me as a victim of one of a dozen or more of neuroses and complexes. There is pathetically little I can do about it when I have to confront such formidable terms as schizophrenia, praecox dementia, sadistic, masochistic, paranoia, id, super-ego, Oedipus complex, psychodynamic, psychosomatic, psychoanalytic, etc. Not only am I not sure exactly what they mean and, therefore, unable to defend myself when they are used to explain my indisposition or my brilliance, but the more I protest my freedom from psychic ills, the more I prove to my amateur psychiatrist friends that I am guilty as they charge. Psychiatry is suffering from the popularization of

its terminology, and so am I. It's much too easy to hit me where it hurts with its big words. They who throw them don't even have to know what they are throwing. Just give them the target of someone they don't like or of an idea that is revolutionary, and you are a dead fish psychiatrically hooked. The more you wriggle and squirm, the deeper the hook goes in. You haven't a chance against the arsenal of psychiatric jargon when it is in the hands of amateur practitioners. Maybe I'm worried because I am vulnerable. Maybe I'm normal and it is time to make a plea not for less psychiatry, but for less use of its terms by those who know not what they mean or how much they hurt.



The



PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Notes on a Journey

THE doctor shook his head and looked solemn. . . . "Apparently," he said, "you are not able to live as you have been living. It is time for you to get out . . . go away . . . go as far away as you can. Try a few weeks without any conferences or speeches. There doesn't seem to be much wrong except a general fatigue."

I protested loudly. . . . There were a thousand things to be done and they should be done within the next two weeks. . . . There were important meetings and conferences, there were addresses which had to be delivered. . . . He smiled and shook his head: "That's what they all say. . . . Sooner or later," he said, "we learn that the world gets along very well without us. You'd better get going."

So we started out. . . . It was a bright sunny morning in Indiana. . . . Old and new snow lay glittering on the fields but the roads

were clear and dry. . . . As we headed south I noted again that there is a peculiar charm about Indiana which is unique. . . . The Hoosier seems to have a deeper appreciation of the good earth and an almost mystic love for the land. . . . The little Indiana towns were busy under the winter sun. . . . Surely, I thought, this will be an excellent journey. . . . We should make it even earlier than we had planned. . . .

Strange things however began to happen just as soon as we crossed the Kentucky line. . . . We stopped at a filling station and the manager informed us that they had had the worst sleet and freezing rain in twenty years. . . . The roads, he thought, were now quite clear although one would have to be careful of patches of ice. . . . Slowly we began to make our way across Kentucky. . . . Hills became more frequent. . . . Most of the ice had disappeared. . . . Kentucky, by the way, is not all blue grass

and white fences and gracious plantation houses. . . . Western Kentucky, through which we were passing, is a desolate, hilly section full of coal mines. . . . Some of the towns through which we drove were clearly touched by the blight which seems to hang over the coal industry. . . . Mine entrances dotted the lonely landscape. . . . The sun went down in murky silence and the snow visibly grew deeper.

As darkness came we were heading over into Tennessee. . . . Now snow began to appear on the roads. . . . Apparently the south has very little equipment with which to fight the sporadic bursts of winter which come upon it at least once or twice a year. . . . Slowly we made our way into Nashville. . . . Its lights looked warm and welcome but it was clearly a city bewildered by the sudden onslaught of winter. . . . Snow and slush lay three inches deep on the streets. . . . Every driver who has traveled the roads of America during the winter months knows that one of the signs of danger is the fact that cars coming from the opposite direction are carrying chains. . . . It seemed to me that everyone in Nashville had at least one chain on a wheel . . . and they were all coming from the south. . . .

We crawled through the stricken city and began to look for the tourist camp which some friend

had recommended. . . . Finally it loomed out of the darkness . . . bright neon lights, neat cabins arranged in rows and a very efficient office. . . . One should say something about the remarkable development in American life expressed by these camps dotting the highways of our great land. . . . They are the answer of our technically alert civilization to the machines that roar down our roads. . . . Like everything else that America does with material things they are a complete and magnificently efficient answer. . . . This particular one was as luxurious and comfortable as any hotel room I have ever seen. . . . Courteous attendants directed you to your particular part of the general layout. . . . The cabins themselves were large, warm and comfortably furnished. . . . They were also a good deal cheaper than any hotel room of comparable size. . . . The entire business is an interesting example of the fact that our technological advances in certain fields create problems in other areas of modern life. . . . First comes the amazing increase of automobiles on the road, then the need for more accommodations and—the tourist camp appears on the scene. What all this does to the traditional hotel business is something which must create severe headaches for hotel men all over the land.

Before retiring I stood on the porch for a few moments for a last look around. . . . There were no stars in the sky and I noted that a fine rain was falling on the snow. . . . It froze as it fell. . . . There probably is no more hazardous combination of the elements than this. . . . Across the court a belated traveler was frantically scraping his windshield. . . . The snow glistened in the light from the office. . . . It was a good night to be off the road.

The next morning was something to remember. . . . Rain had fallen the greater part of the night and every tree and bush was a mass of glistening glory . . . nature at its most beautiful . . . but also at its worst for what we were planning to do. . . . Everything was covered with a thin coat of ice. . . . I made my way across the court to the front office. . . . This was certainly America at its best. . . . The office was jammed with stranded travelers from every state of the middle west and northwest. . . . Some of them had been in Nashville since the preceding week. . . . No introductions were necessary. . . . Everybody talked to everybody else. . . . "Where did you come from? Where are you going? Do you think you are going to try to make it today?" As soon as I said I was from Indiana several Hoosiers gathered around to express their sympathy. . . . We

had suddenly become a fraternity of frustration. . . . Opinions and arguments flew thick and fast. . . . Would it be possible to make it with chains? Would it, perhaps, be better to head for Birmingham than for Chattanooga? Would the trucks which seemed to be coming through break the ice up before noon? These questions had suddenly become the most important matters in life. . . . By the way, this was not the first time I had been with Americans in a similar situation. . . . It is a strange thing that all social barriers immediately disappear on occasions like this. . . . There is a deep natural friendliness in the average American which is probably unique in the modern world. . . . As we were standing there an elderly couple reported that they were unable to move their car. . . . They were immediately informed that the men in the room would take care of that promptly. . . . Out into the snow they went and pushed and pulled until the car was safely out of the deep snow.

Suddenly the harassed clerk behind the desk rang a little bell. . . . "In a few minutes," he announced, "there will be an official highway report, and we will know how the roads look south of here." . . . We gathered around the radio, waiting for the impersonal voice which would determine our course of action for the next twenty-four

hours. . . . When it finally came it was like the Delphic oracle. . . . The roads were bad but they were passable. . . . Tennessee schools were closed and would not open until the following week. . . . There was some ice in the mountains and some trucks had been in trouble. . . . On the other hand some were coming through. . . . When the broadcast ended we looked at each other in bewilderment. . . . The problem was still up to us. . . . The babel of voices began again and rose to a higher pitch. . . .

I decided to head across the road to a little restaurant and consult some truck drivers. . . . For several years I have had a very high regard for these experts of the American highway. . . . I can still remember the time when truck drivers were anathema to all drivers of private cars. . . . This, however, has changed mightily in the past few years. . . . Today truck drivers, by and large, are among the most courteous people on the road. . . . Furthermore, they know their business. . . . To drive one of those massive, ponderous behemoths across the hills of Tennessee is no mean achievement. . . . As I entered the restaurant several were sitting at the counter. I ordered a cup of coffee and began my investigation. . . . Their report was unanimous.

. . . "You can get through all right but you'll have to take it easy. If you go real slow the worst that can happen to you is that you would slide into a ditch. The mountain roads are being sanded now and ought to be all right in another hour or two."

That settled it. . . . We pulled the car out and started down the highway, not without some misgivings. . . . The co-efficient of friction between rubber and ice was practically zero. . . . We had scarcely crawled two miles when we saw a man standing in the middle of the road frantically waving a red flag. . . . As we crawled up to him and slid to a stop he came over to the side of the car. . . . A few hundred feet farther down the road there was a collection of cars and people. . . . He told us that a truck had failed to make the curve and had turned over in a ditch. . . . Then with typical American humor he added, "Have you folks had breakfast yet? That truck was loaded with eggs and you could get yourself a nice helping of scrambled eggs if you wanted it." He told us, too, that we could get through the crowd if we proceeded at low speed. . . . We crawled up the hill and passed the scene. . . . One of the most curious things about American life is the incredible speed with which a crowd can collect whenever anything unusu-

al is happening. . . . Here we were out in the country on a desolate winter morning with comparatively little traffic coming either way and yet there were a dozen cars and a score of willing helpers standing around. . . . The truck driver himself, fortunately unhurt, was refreshing himself with a convenient bottle which someone had produced. . . . We crawled around the curve and headed for the open country. . . .

Slowly the road wound up into the mountains of central and southern Tennessee. . . . Here the highway department had strewn sand and progress was a little more definite. . . . It is a little difficult to describe the fantastic beauty of the scene around us. . . . What we were losing in speed we were gaining in scenery. . . . At this higher altitude the rain of the night had been snow and the trees stood white and silent. . . . The only sign of life was an occasional truck proceeding cautiously over the winding road. . . . Even the occasional mountain village seemed to be deserted. . . . Hour after hour drifted by in cold and silence. Then, imperceptibly at first but gradually more and more definitely, the road began to stretch downward. . . . One last long winding hill and we were in the valley twenty miles from Chattanooga. . . . Magically the snow disappeared and there were

touches of green in the field. . . . Water ran noisily and merrily in the ditches beside the road. . . . The sun came out from behind the clouds over the mountains and brightened the land. . . . In a few moments winter had become spring and the earth was laughing with joy. . . .

The rest of the journey was uneventful. . . . A quiet night in Georgia, a beautiful day for driving through upper Florida and we were at our destination. . . . Perhaps a word should be said about the towns and villages in central and southern Georgia. . . . We northerners often hear about the "backward" south. . . . I must confess, however, that I have seldom seen more beautiful, charming towns and villages than one can find along the main highways through Georgia. . . . It is probably true that along the clay roads which wander through the southern pines there is still much illiteracy and poverty. . . . It is also true, however, that some of the towns and villages of Georgia can be compared favorably with anything we have in the north. . . .

So—here I am now in Florida. . . . There are really three Floridas—the Florida of the tourist which is confined to two narrow strips, one on the east coast and one on the west coast; the Florida of industry which is largely concentrated in Jacksonville and

Tampa; the Florida of the swamps and the back country which the tourist sees only as he dashes from one coast to the other. . . . To a very large extent this is still frontier. . . . The railroad came to Florida only sixty-five years ago. . . . There is still the boastfulness of the frontier and the constant emphasis on the future which characterizes new country. . . . For the visitor there are definite advantages in this. . . . He is able to find just about what he wants. . . . I wanted only sun and quiet and air and I have found them. . . . As I write this the roar of the surf comes into my room. . . . Every day I wander out to the edge of the breakers to look out across the unresting sea toward the land from which my fathers came. . . . There is something infinitely quieting about it. . . . Here our great land ends and apparently the world ends too—it is a good time and place for thought and memory. . . . Here one can roll off the weight of time and roll back the years. . . . Somehow I have been haunted by the memory of St. John on the isle of Patmos many years ago. . . . You will recall that his vision of heaven included the words, "There shall be no more sea." . . . This seemingly unending restlessness of the sea becomes the symbol and summary of human life. . . . When it finally ends our world

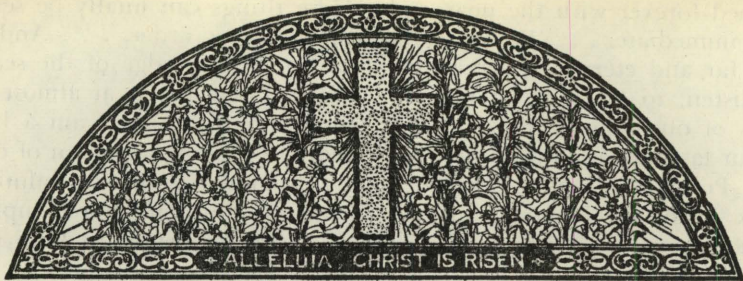
will end. . . . Until then the waves will tell a story that is good to hear . . . the story of time and power . . . of divine hands holding the wind and the tide, of peace and rest and the end of the day. . . . When night comes down here, the horn at the reef beyond the harbor begins to sound at regular intervals. . . . It warns the ships at sea that there are rocks just beneath the innocent water. . . . Somehow it has become, even in these few days, a symbol of the divine care which carries me through every day and every night. . . . With its sound in my ears I fall asleep very quiet and very content.

Of course, the world is never completely absent here. . . . There is a telephone in the coast guard station a quarter mile away and the magazines and journals appear at the door every afternoon . . . but the stories they tell of uneasy peace, crashing markets and unending hate and fear seem suddenly far away, like the sound of the night train going down the coast at midnight. . . . Hours and days like these should be compulsory for all of us. . . . The help and healing they give our bodies is perhaps only secondary. . . . The highest danger of our twentieth century living lies in the realm of the spirit. . . . It is our spirit that is sick, troubled over the little things of life . . . con-

cerned forever with the near and the immediate. . . . To see again the far and eternal, to take time to listen, to learn again the lessons of obedience and faith—this is our last task and our only hope. . . . Perhaps it can be done at a desk with a telephone but for some of us who have not yet learned all our lessons a nearness, however momentary, to God's world seems to be necessary. . . .

Here things can finally be set in their proper order. . . . And so, as I go to the edge of the sea at night, I remember, at almost the same moment, that I am a brief mote in the ongoing plan of creation, but that I am also infinitely great in the plan of redemption . . . very important to Him who holds the stars over the sea . . . but who remembers me by the pain of a Cross. . . .





The Holy Week

Palm Sunday

IT SEEMS so strange to touch your hand again after all these years. The shock was very great when they called me early this morning and said you were here at the hospital. I have been sitting here with you now for several hours and the dawn coming up over the frosty roofs tells me it is almost time to leave and go back to the old grey church for Matins.

You surely do not mind that I can say what I am thinking because where you are you know that it is good to help others find how wonderful it is to have a friend.

You will remember when we met. It was the alley back of the school and your aim had been too good. The window broke and you turned around and ran blindly

away. The tail-board of the truck got in the way and down you went. They called me to help stop the blood. We took you home and mother whacked you soundly for such behavior. You came to confirmation class largely because you felt a sense of obligation rigidly impressed by Mom's pleadings and Pop's strong-armed insistence. You learned some things very well and you were more sensitive than you will ever admit.

I could recall some other things—but do you remember the morning you became white as a sheet when we talked about the agonies of Jesus on the Cross? You and I knew now that you were not as tough as you wanted the others to believe you were.

Where were you for eighteen years? You are too weak to tell me now—but the tears in your eyes when we talked about the Prodi-

gal Son say something. Was the "far country" hard on you? Did you like the husks? Holding your limp hand and looking at it lying in my own tells me a lot. There is a scar across the hand as though it had been burned. Is it related to the discharge button in your coat over on the clothes tree? Your eyes are closed most of the time now but when I move you open them again. They are clear as a child's now—the tears have washed them clean.

I must go—"It's Palm Sunday, Joe—confirmation day and a lot of people waiting for the services." Joe says something—I must bend over to hear him as he whispers—"Say it again and put your hand on my head."—He must mean the Confirmation Benediction. The room grows strangely light as we say it—the age-old blessed form—"God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, give you His Holy Spirit; the spirit of wisdom and knowledge, of grace and of prayer, of power and of strength, of sanctification and the fear of God"—you would have whispered them as I did if you had watched the wonder of the new whiteness come over his face and folded hands as if the cold had burned your hand as it rested on his forehead.

There was no place to go but home. Joe had gone to a better One. Palm Sunday Gospel—"Blessed is He that cometh in the name

of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest"—blessed is He that cometh for Joe. I do not know where you have been for eighteen years, Joe, but I do know about Hosannas of welcome and tears of joy in the eyes of angels and the Father's arms of welcome when His boy comes home. I do know where you are now!

Once long ago at His altar I held your hand for a brief moment. We were part of the communion of saints in that moment. We are still in it—you are completely sure. Will you stretch out your hand some day in welcome, Joe—I'll need you then as you needed me this Palm Sunday morning when you entered the new Jerusalem in such quiet triumph.



The Holy Week

PALM Sunday, March 21, ushers in the most eventful period of the church year, the anniversary of the greatest drama in history—Holy Week.

The closing week of our Lord's public ministry on earth was filled with momentous events which followed in rapid succession. Beginning on Sunday, the first day of the week which followed the Jewish sabbath, we see Him triumphantly enter the city of Jerusalem acclaimed by the multitudes

as the promised Messiah. Arriving at the temple, He, moved by the zeal for His Father's house, drives the greedy money changers from the sacred premises, and is hailed by the hosannas of the children.

Monday and Tuesday were crowded with events of which the following are but a few: the barren fig tree withers at His command; the priests and elders call Him to account for His teaching and performance of miracles; His discourses abound with some of His most beautiful parables; from the slope of the Mount of Olives He foretells the tragic fate of the great city lying at His feet and describes His final judgment of the world; the religious leaders plan His destruction, and one of His own disciples turns wretched traitor.

About Wednesday the sacred records are silent. But on Thursday evening with the last supper in the upper room begins the greatest drama in the annals of history. Event follows upon event: the crossing of the Kidron, the agony in Gethsemane, the betrayal and capture, the trials before ecclesiastical and civic courts, mockery and torture, the death sentence, and finally the execution on Calvary—all within the space of less than 24 hours.

The events of Holy Week must cause us to pause and reflect upon

their significance. As the Spirit of God opens our eyes and leads us to see beyond the incidents recalled, we see the Seed of the woman crush the serpent's head and suffer a bruised heel; we note how prophecy upon prophecy is being fulfilled; divine justice is satisfied; man's indebtedness to God is cancelled; an offended God is reconciled; man's arch enemies are defeated, and the fetters of sin are broken; man's sonship with God is re-established; the gates of paradise swing wide open; divine love is revealed in its fullest significance.

Holy Week is holy ground. We enter, as it were, the holy of holies with our High Priest. We behold the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. Comforted and strengthened we continue our journey. Life after all is meaningful; we see its purpose.



Quo Vadis, Domine?

THREE short Latin words. They mean, "Where are you going, Lord?" St. Peter, so legend tells us, once addressed this question to the Master. Peter had been imprisoned in Rome to be crucified. Christian friends bribed the jailer to release him. Peter escaped. On the dark road leading out of Rome a figure fleet of foot moved toward him. The pale

light of the moon lit up the stranger's face. It was the Lord. Peter threw himself at His feet and asked, "Where are you going, Lord?" He replied, "To Rome—to be crucified anew because you are denying me the fourth time." Peter repented. He returned to the Roman prison. He was executed soon thereafter.

"Where are you going, Lord?" Curiosity often raised this question in the hearts of the Master's first followers. They asked it during that first Holy Week when they were baffled by the Savior's strange movements. Where was He going when they brought Him that ass? Where was He going when, followed by a tumultuous crowd of pilgrims, He descended the slope of the Mount of Olives? Where was He going when He told them, "Where I am going you cannot follow." And where was He going when toward the close of those heart-searching discourses in that upper room on the eve of His Passion He said to His few followers, "Arise, let us go hence"?

Holy Week was for the Savior a week of passion, of suffering. But it was not a week of passivity. It was a week of movement and action. Jesus got things done. He completed the most momentous job in history. His going down the slope of the Mount of Olives, to that upper room, into Gethsemane, along the Way of Sor-

rows, to the place of the skull, into the tomb, and out of the tomb on Easter morning—all these and more are but destinations in space and time successfully reached by the Son of man and the Son of God. Together with the heart-breaking sorrow and passion which pervades them all, they constitute God's mighty and mysterious act to save sinners.

"Where are you going, Lord?" As Christians ask Him that question today in contemplation of Holy Week, His reply is still the same, "I go to the Father, but I will come again." "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am you may be also."

"But for the grace of God, there go I." Yes. He bore the iniquity of us all. By His stripes we are healed. Therefore Christians may now walk with Him, talk to Him, suffer with Him, die with Him, rise with Him, and live with Him now and forever.



Resurrexit!

EASTER is the Queen of Christian feasts. It was the first special day to be celebrated by the Church. The fact of our Lord's resurrection was the dynamic of the Church's early life, the impelling force behind its missionary activity, the ground of the faith that made men and women

bold to face death by the lions in the Roman arenas.

The Church celebrated the event weekly. Every first day of the week was the Lord's Day, a day of rejoicing, praise, and thanksgiving; a day of reverent worship of the Living Lord. The Church also celebrated the occasion annually. The devout, after the solemn vigil of Holy Saturday had ended, would break out in hymns of triumph and victory, greeting each other with the words: "The Lord is risen!" "He is risen indeed!"

This proper appreciation of the centrality of Easter in the Church's faith and thought was largely lost during the Middle Ages; but since the Reformation Easter has gradually been coming into its own. The Easter sunrise services throughout the length and breadth of our land are sufficient evidence of this. And we can be thankful for the revival of Easter so long as the fact of the resurrection, the fact of a Living Lord who still rules the affairs of men and guides the life of the Church, remains uppermost in the celebration of the day; so long as we remember that Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Good Friday—all would be empty and meaningless without the dynamic: "The Lord is risen!"

We recall an incident that well illustrates the point.

A man was standing before the window of an art store looking at a painting of the Crucifixion. Shortly a little street urchin came to his side and looked at the painting also. Pointing to it the man asked the boy: "Do you know who that is?" "Yes," came the immediate reply, "that's our Savior."

The boy's face plainly showed surprise and pity at the ignorance of the man. Then, after a pause, with an evident desire to enlighten the man, he said: "Them's the Roman soldiers," and with a long sigh, "that woman crying there is His mother."

After another pause, he added: "They killed Him, mister, yes, sir, they killed Him."

The gentleman turned away and resumed his walk, but he had not gone far, when he heard the boy calling: "Mister, say, mister!" He turned and waited for the lad to catch up with him.

He came running at top speed. "I wanted to tell you, He rose again! Yes, mister, He rose again!"



Good Friday

DUBIOUSLY Pilate had listened to the discourse of Jesus. The Man was so unlike the typical Jew in the gentleness of His bearing and the mystery of His speech. But a decision had to be

made and though convinced of the innocence of Jesus he gave the order for His crucifixion.

Pilate did not witness the execution of this King of Jews, so far as we can learn from the record. No doubt he thought he was through with a very disagreeable business. For one thing, the Roman governors did not care to shed more blood than was necessary. But if the death of this Man was to keep the Jews quiet it would be easiest to let Him die. Were not worse things being committed daily in the gladiatorial games at the Colosseum?

But let us imagine that while Pilate was taking a belated siesta after the crowds and the tumult had disappeared, he had seen a vision of what was to come and had beheld the centuries before him unroll their secret. In less than a hundred years he sees in every metropolis of the Roman world societies of men and women meeting in the name of this Crucified One and singing praises to Him as to God. He sees the temples deserted because the people were worshipping Jesus. He sees Rome, angry at the might of this rival Name, become intolerant, persecute the confessors of Jesus as guilty of a crime punishable with death. But all the resources of the world empire are powerless against the Name. The legions that had carried the Roman

Eagles into the distant Orient and the British Isles here availed nothing. In less than 300 years this Cross on which Jesus hung was to rise victoriously in golden replicas from the capitol. Yes, the Emperor Himself sits not among the Roman aristocrats in the Senate but in a council of Christian pastors—some crippled, some eyeless, bearing the marks of Roman torture inflicted in vain to suppress the power of the Cross.

If Pilate had waked from his siesta as suddenly as he had fallen into it and in another moment had bethought himself of the miserable figure nailed to the Cross, what could he have said but this, "What foolish things dreams are! Their world is reality upside down. Were this vision true, the invisible kingdom which this Man claimed for Himself would be the only empire and my claim of power either to crucify or release Him would have been an empty boast! But this Man certainly had no friends left when I last saw Him. He is forsaken and cursed by all the gods!"

Yet the cultivated intelligence of Pilate as that of Caiaphas was not unreasonable. Let it not be questioned that the crucifixion was as Andrew Fairbairn called it, "as mean and sordid a transaction as ever passed before the eyes of men." Must not the guardians of law and tradition unite to

suppress a Man who by questioning and right to represent God had assailed the very foundations of society? The men who brought Jesus to the Cross were acting violently and in a panic but, after all, was not this Jesus threatening the order of the temple and the doctrine of the synagogue?

All this, however, leaves us with a riddle comparable to no other in all the history of mankind. How has it happened that a transaction as unspeakably horrible as this should have consequences that have given mankind a new vision of everything that is grand and noble, and has brought comfort to countless millions of afflicted, so that today the Cross is the symbol which to all the world speaks a message of hope and life and love?

In a manner which no imagination could have projected the words have come true: "And I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."



Easter

THE hope of Easter is more sure because of the memories of the glory which it shed through the heart of a tired mother into a home deeply hurt by the depression of the previous decade. There were six children to feed and clothe on the meagre income

which the father could earn from his few days of work each month as a porter and from the menial labor that could be found in the intervals between the anxiously awaited calls from the Pullman Company. The mother, despite her frailty, helped as she could by washing, scrubbing and serving for other people in addition to caring conscientiously for her own family. I remember few homes that were poorer and none that was cleaner. But even such work as she could do was scarce and cheap those days. Eventually the strain of it all, month after month, broke her health. On Easter Eve, when I called, she lay gravely ill, but in the deep places of her soul there was calm and content. I was about to leave when she said with a smile that held a deeper joy than earth alone can give: "I am so happy, Pastor. God gave me strength long enough to get everything ready for Easter. All the children will be in Sunday school tomorrow morning. I prayed for that. I didn't want them to miss on the day of His resurrection. Show the pastor, Betty." Betty, who was eleven and the oldest, led me proudly to the closet where the underwear and dresses, the shirts and pants and socks of each of the youngsters hung in rigid order above the glistening shoes. Each article was mended and cleaned and starched with the

care that only meticulous love can give. I knew that she was ready for Easter and understood now how she must have worked and prayed to have her children ready too.

Within a few weeks she lay dying in the County Hospital. But the hope of Easter never waned. It became more radiant the nearer she came to where Christ is. Because the father, perplexed by grief, insisted that it be so, she was buried by the County. On the morning of the funeral, I went to the massive and elegant County Hospital, prominent and beautiful on the top of the hill, with much trepidation and wonder. When I announced that I had come to conduct the funeral services, the surprised expression of the clerk told all too clearly that a white preacher had not been expected. There was evident embarrassment and a stammered promise to inform me when everything was ready for the service. From the window of a small reception room I could see a few friends walking up the long and spacious steps and carrying their floral tributes. We had waited

more than half an hour before we were asked to follow an attendant who guided the strange procession down along the great marble corridors to a small stairway leading into the basement. Accompanied by the repeated apologies of our guide, we came to a small room where the body lay on a hospital bed. There was space only for a chair at the foot of the bed where the father sat huddling his children around him, and for a tray stand alongside the head of the bed which served at least as a place for the Bible. The other mourners were strung along the dark corridor holding the floral pieces with their hands, but even more firmly with their hearts. This was the funeral of a colored pauper. They sensed that the County had not expected friends or flowers. When the service was concluded, they carried the flowers back with them to graves of which they were sure. Only a pauper and nobody cares! How little the County Hospital knew. That day she was with Christ in Paradise. Her glorious faith had made her ready to see Him face to face, alive forevermore.




THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

UNITY OF THE ARTS

 A reader wants to know what that "principle of relativity" might be which the Astrolabe of last month described as running through all the arts, that "family resemblance" which "runs as a pattern" through architecture, sculpture, music, and verse.

The same question is suggested by last month's contribution of Prof. Walter A. Hansen when he quotes strongly dissenting opinions regarding both classical and modern music. "Some look upon Brahms's *Symphony No. 1 in C Minor* as one of the most magnificent compositions ever written; some scorn the symphony and regard Offenbach's *Barcarolle* as a gem of rare and matchless beauty." Prof. Hansen then pictures the young student asking the master Brahms: "We respect your views, Mr. Brahms. But tell us,

please, in clear language *just why Oklahoma, Show Boat, and Porgy and Bess* must, to your thinking, be regarded as garbage? Is there no room at all in the wide, wide world for our taste?"

The same argument could be started on the subject of any artistic production.

Walk into the nearest art gallery and soon you will wonder why some of the paintings and sculptures, pieces of furniture and needlework are here. Time and again the visitors voice such thoughts to the attendant. They want to know the law by which art is judged, the philosophy of aesthetics.

You go to the library and you find that the novels of Scott and Dickens are still popular a hundred years after they were written. People still read Shelley and Keats and Wordsworth. Much has been

written on the history of Mexico and Peru, but the works of Prescott, first published just a hundred years ago, are read by thousands who have not the slightest interest in Mexico and Peru but have fallen under the spell of Prescott's style—why?

What makes the plays of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, outstanding?

Why are the symphonies of Beethoven heard more often than any compositions of equal length?

And why will a museum pay a hundred thousand dollars for a painting completed by Van Eyck half a millennium ago? Why is a genuine Fra Angelico worth much more than its weight in gold? Why did the National Gallery pay \$150,000 for a portrait by Titian less than twelve inches square? Why do the guards stand day and night watching over some picture by Raphael, Da Vinci and El Greco? The St. Louis art museum some years ago paid \$15,000 for a cat carved of stone by an Egyptian sculptor who lived in the time of Moses.

The German dramatist and critic, Lessing, wrote an entire theory of art on the principles which guided the sculptor of Laocoon and his sons fighting off the serpents. He regarded this product of 2,000 years ago as the sum of all artistic perfection.

Why?

THE THREE BASIC LAWS OF ART



When we speak of the unity of the fine arts, of a family resemblance in the masterpieces of the drama, music, architecture, we do not intend to deny that every form of art has its own principles by which the dramatist, the composer, the architect, is guided. Very rare are the geniuses that could work with equal proficiency in more than one field of art—like Michelangelo who excelled as painter, sculptor, and architect, producing masterpieces of the highest order in each of these fields. As a rule, the painter never discovers all the possibilities of brush and pencil, the church builder never claims that the ultimate has been achieved, and the poet remains a student and experimenter of versification all his life. So great are the difficulties of technical achievement that no musician really hopes to become master of more than one instrument, and the painter in oil hardly attempts to achieve any kind of eminence in water color, though he may play at it. The old Latin saying is realized by every artist—*ars longa, vita brevis* (art is long and life is short).

And yet there are points in which all the arts join their boundaries, standards of excellence to which all conform, unifying principles that underlie all artistic

production and make possible artistic appreciation. I can best illustrate with the phrase applied by Goethe to Gothic architecture: he called it "frozen music." This intimate relation between the various forms of art is recognized when we consider the three basic principles to which artistic endeavor in every field must conform. I have in mind:

The Law of Proportion

The Law of Climax


The Law of Effortless Production.

Let our readers be encouraged to believe that we are not about to go off into philosophical speculation or aesthetical theorizing but that we shall supply sufficient detail of illustration to make this matter come pretty well down to earth.

First of all then the principle of Proportion.



POLARITY

 You may call it the law of balance or the law of proportion. Ralph Waldo Emerson in his essay on *Compensation* called it polarity or the law of action and reaction. He says, in the beginning of his essay, that it is this principle which we meet in every part of nature—"in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and

female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals." He finds it in the expansion and contraction of the heart, in the waves created by water and by sound, in negative and positive electricity, in the line which bisects every needle of the pine. We shall hope to have the reader recognize immediately that this law is fundamental to the arts. For instance.

Begin with that which is nearest at hand, the fundamental trait on which hinges the reputation of the stars of the screen. Certainly, their career depends entirely on the law of proportion, of balance, as illustrated in the scenario and the direction. Call up the name of any successful artist or of any triumph of direction, and you can easily recognize the part which the law of proportion has played in the elements of action, lighting, costuming, background music, and thus contributed to the result. Why is the movie-going public in a state of alarm when an actress appears with a new color of hair unless it is because even such a detail will throw the dramatic result off-balance? Why has no one attempted to imitate Charles Chaplain? Because the chief ingredient of his art, the mixture of humor and pathos, is inimitable, each ingredient perfectly balancing the other. And so with the radio and so with the


concert stage. All the elements of personality and voice had to work together to make Schumann-Heink's *Holy Night* an unforgettable experience. On the other hand, it was a terrible thing to hear Helen Traubel sing *Holy Night*; voice, superb; rendition, perfect; and the result, absolute zero because the elements of personality, background, and vocal rendition were not mixed in adequate proportion in the performance.

You now have the answer why *Adelaide* must never be sung by a woman, never even by a man except in the key in which Beethoven wrote it.

When years ago I suggested to Mr. Hjort to have "The Great White Host" sung by his girls' choir, he protested with emphatic gesticulations that Grieg's song could only, *only*, *ONLY* be rendered by a male chorus.



THE SECRET OF LUXOR, THE PARTHENON, AND AMIENS

 They are separated by thousands of years in time and thousands of miles in geographical location, but the temples of ancient Egypt, the Parthenon at Athens and the carvings of the cathedral at Amiens in Northern France all conform to the same universal law and the law is that of Proportion.

When in the dim era of the twelfth dynasty of the Egyptian Pharaohs, about the time of Abraham, the great temples were built on the upper Nile, the architects and engineers achieved results which to the present day awe the beholder. The effect of grandeur here reached heights never surpassed in all the history of human endeavor. That which makes the temple of Amon one of the high points of artistic achievement is the perfect proportion on a gigantic scale of the great columns to the dimensions of the structure.

The Parthenon, built 1500 years later on the height overlooking Athens, under the supervision of Phidias, ranks first among all the architectural monuments of Greek civilization. Its effect upon the beholder depends entirely upon the perfect balance in the design of the various features. Architects in various parts of the world have at times attempted to reproduce the Parthenon and the result was always conceded a failure, accounted for by the fact that the reproductions were on a much smaller scale. More than once the series of columns was reproduced, however, in exact copies of the original both as to height and thickness and still the result was disappointing. The pillars looked spindly, too slender for their height, hence weak and ineffectual. New accu-


rate measurements were now taken of the originals in Athens and it developed that the columns were not designed in straight lines converging toward the top, but in curved lines, each column bellying out slightly in the middle. In such proportion, however, that the effect of straight lines was obtained—a secret that had remained hidden for 2,500 years! The effect of grace and strength could be achieved in no other manner, and this is the secret of the preëminence of the Parthenon among the world's structures.

At Amiens, an hour's trip north of Paris, stands the great cathedral which Ruskin called "the Bible of Amiens" because it relates in sculptured stone and wood most of the incidents of the Old and New Testaments. The church is one of the greatest in the world and its chief beauty is the perfect proportion of the two towers over its western facade. These towers, rising to an immense height, are of such different design that not a line in one tower repeats a line in the other, yet so ingeniously proportioned that the effect is one that could never have been attained by two towers of identical design. Another marvel of the great church are the carvings in wood which surround the outer surfaces of the choir stalls, panels containing the history of John the Baptist and of other Biblical

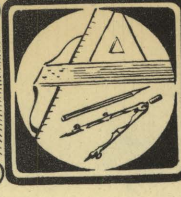
characters. At the art school in Harvard the instructor would present photographs of these carvings to the class and ask for an estimate as to their actual size. Invariably the class would declare that the originals were life-size. As a matter of fact, the figures are not more than 18 inches in height. It is the marvelous proportion of these figures in relation to each other and to their background that makes the carvings at Amiens one of the artistic marvels of Europe.



CANVAS AND STONE

 This is John La Farge's analysis of the famous marble group in St. Peter's, Rome, the work of Michelangelo called *Pieta*, Mary with the body of the dead Jesus on her lap:

The statue retains for us the solemn charm that surprised the Romans at the end of the fifteenth century. The extraordinary knowledge acquired by the youth is felt in the beautiful body of the Christ, not copied, but studied from nature. The helplessness of death is represented without its harshness; the tenderness of feeling which the face and gesture of the Mother express, seems carried into the very body of the Son; and the sculptor's idea of strength which has made him give to the Madonna a form capable of lifting and carrying the grown man, recalls or suggests the fact that he is still a child



"Surrexit"

*"Our Lord has written the promise of resurrection,
not in books alone, but in every leaf of springtime."*

MARTIN LUTHER

Arise, live up at last to something like the shine and
sound
Of all the Resurrection joy that sings its way
Across the wasted world and weary hearts of men
This Easter Day. Bless with a newer hope
The little ones who saw their parents die so hopelessly
And have found only pain to add to painfulness
In all the evil, torture, meanness, fear
Which marks their lonely, orphaned way.
Guide to a place of peace and song
Some frightened heart that has too little faith
To dare to think that life could last eternally.
Help, by some miracle of brighter light,
To add true fervor to the preacher's voice,
As he submerges fears and dreads
Provoked by madness of man's unbelief,
And stands to say that Jesus lives.
Wake up in me the laggard sense
Which walks too lamely in the path of life
Without a sense of the divine companionship
And glorious presence of the Living Lord
Which is my only hope of victory in life.
Bestow, most graciously, O Living Christ,
The peace so dearly bought on Calvary
Upon our peaceless world and help it richly live
This Resurrection hope and find the courage
For a new nobility in Easter joys and light.
ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

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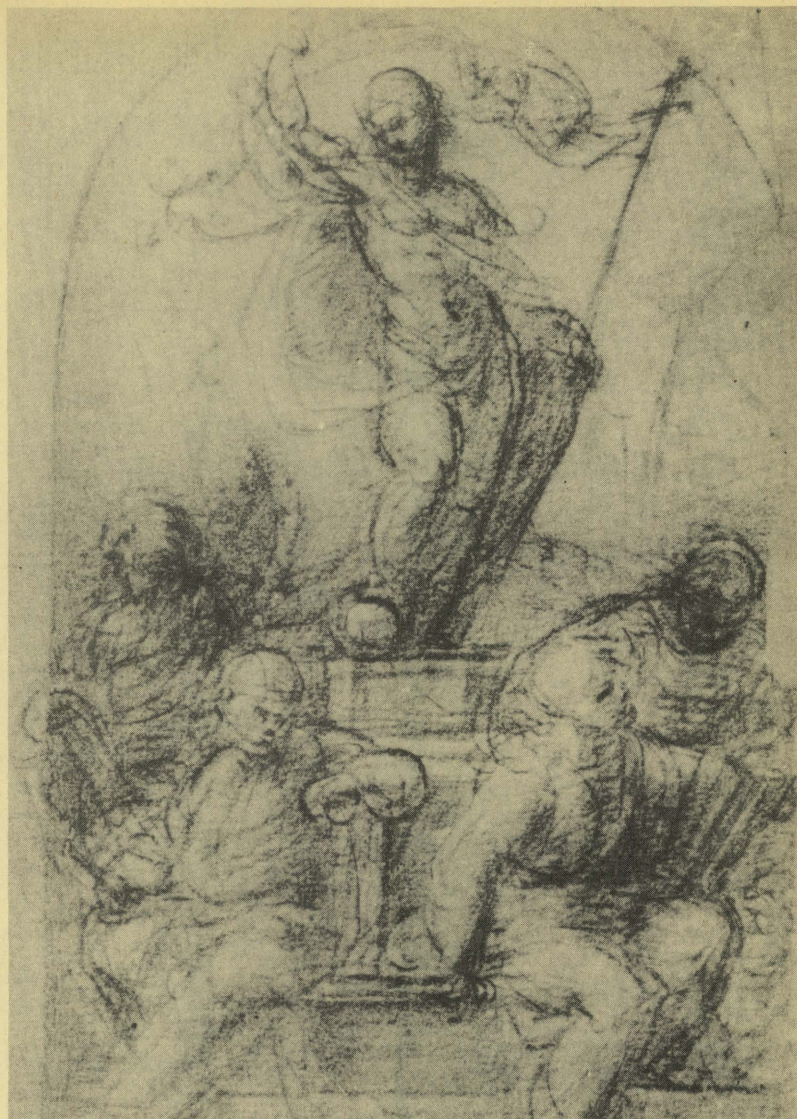
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RUBENS (b. 1577, d. 1640)

The Resurrection — Drawing

Published by the Trustees of the British Museum



FRA BARTOLOMMEO (b. 1472, d. 1517)

The Risen Christ — Drawing

Published by the Trustees of the British Museum



ANONYMOUS DOTTED PRINT. Late XV Century

The Events of the Day of the Resurrection

Published by the Trustees of the British Museum



ALBRECHT DÜRER (b. 1471, d. 1528)
The Risen Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene
Woodcut (Little Passion)
Published by the Trustees of the British Museum



After PIETER BREUGHEL (b. about 1525, d. 1569)
The Resurrection of Christ — Anonymous Engraving
Published by the Trustees of the British Museum



UNKNOWN FLORENTINE ENGRAVER, XV Century
The Risen Christ in Glory — Engraving from “Monte Sancto di Dio”
Florence, 1477

Published by the Trustees of the British Museum



HANS SEBALD BEHAM (b. 1500, d. 1550)

The Risen Christ in Glory — Engraving 1546

Published by the Trustees of the British Museum

to her. We know that Michael purposely gave to the Virgin greater youth than could be true or was habitual in art. The exceptional purity of mind of the Mother was told by the body. The reasons given by artists for what they do are but fragments of many thoughts: the sure feeling conveyed is still that of the mother and child.

If you wish to know the secrets of artistic appreciation you cannot be far from right when you closely study the opinions of John La Farge, the great American painter (died 1910), who was also one of the finest critics of painting which our country has produced. His remarks on the *Pieta* are characteristic in their appreciation of those elements which make this work of Michelangelo one of the world's greatest pieces of statuary. You can sum up what he says in the simple words that the sculptor here attained a marvelous harmonization of feeling, and spiritual meaning, attainable only by the sense of proportion which guided his chisel.

Our conviction that here we have indeed a fundamental principle that runs through all the arts is strengthened by remaining with some related subjects taken from the field of painting. In his middle years the Spanish artist, Velasquez (died 1660), painted a wonderful picture, the "Christ on the Cross." We go once more to the series contributed by La Farge

to *McClure's Magazine* in 1901 and now note carefully how the element of balance or polarity, proportion, are brought out in La Farge's analysis. He refers to this painting as one "impossible to describe, nearer a crucifix than a crucifixion, whose merits are as much based on the facts of inaccuracy as of reality. A great mass of black air, of nowhere in particular, lies behind the cross, against which is placed the figure of the Savior, beautiful, but not too beautiful, only perhaps just dead, with no expression of agony, and yet by the sudden droop of the head, half covered by its long hair, giving the strange feeling of sadness, of injustice, and of final repose."

Our third example is still in the same general field, Rubens' "The Descent from the Cross." This picture shows the cross with two men balanced on the horizontal timber at the top lowering the body of Christ which is held by two disciples on either side and received below by St. John and Mary, with two female characters kneeling at the bottom of the picture. In his *History of Western European Painting*, Mr. Frank J. Mather points out the merits of this masterpiece and in doing so uses terms which make sense only if all arts are essentially one. Twice he refers to the "almost sculptural treatment," "a colored

sculptural group," and then stresses the balance and proportion of the figures and their action. "Everything reinforces by contrast or parallelism the dominant diagonally disposed curve of the suspended body. From the point of view of narrative, everybody is about his tragic business—with extraordinary modulations, from the athletes above steadying the body, to the St. John strongly curved back as he supports the weight, to senile Joseph of Arimathea trying fumblingly to be of aid, finally to the superbly attentive and lovely Magdalene tenderly receiving the pierced feet."

Forty years ago La Farge had stressed the same elements in the painting of this group. He called it "a wise and balanced work, composed of marvelous adjustments of planes and lines, so that each motion, each fold, even the out-balanced foot of the man at the arms of the cross, who has just let slip from his shoulder the body of Christ, helps to form an

ingenious pattern. But none of these subtleties is insisted upon to the detriment of the dramatic story, and, as in most of Rubens' paintings, we are unaware of the subtlety and combinations of lines and surfaces which make the artistic structure of what seems to us a mere rendering of nature, or the sweep of exuberant and poetic passion."

It is hard to express in words what one feels in the presence of a great masterpiece of art, be that a painting or a piece of sculpture, or a product of the architect or of the musical composer. Great art *lives*, and has the attraction which all life has for one when he comes to a realization of it. It has inscrutable reserve, which reveals but little beyond that it lives, and this only to our best moments. The greatest thing in art is unanalyzable. We come closest to it when we call it Proportion.

And then there is *Climax*.

And the law of *Effortless Production*.



Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

The Fourth Great B

By WALTER A. HANSEN

♪ Hans Guido von Bülow (1830-1894) coined the expression "the three B's." He meant Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

Von Bülow, who was a famous pianist and an equally famous conductor, undoubtedly knew much about the music of Anton Bruckner (1824-1896), but he did not speak of the simple-hearted Austrian master as music's fourth great B. Maybe he would do so if he were alive today. Maybe not. Von Bülow had a huge store of erudition in his nimble mind. Besides, he had courage. In his day it was risky to mention Brahms in the same breath with Bach and Beethoven, but Hans was not afraid to do so. The fur flew, and the welkin rang with maledictions. Nevertheless, Hans clung to his conviction. Brahms, he declared, was one of music's great B's.

The fur flies today, and the welkin rings with maledictions when-

ever anyone has the courage to speak of Bruckner as the fourth B. Just as there were men and women who ascribed Hans's enthusiastic espousal of the cause of Brahms to a lack of acumen, to a crotchety disposition, or to the fact that Richard Wagner had appropriated Cosima, so there are males and females in our time who rend the air with vituperation or spout commiseration without end whenever anyone makes bold to say that the name of Bruckner should be added to Hans's list of B's.

I am by no means the first to speak of Bruckner as the fourth great B in music. There have been, and still are, thousands of ardent Brucknerites in this world of agreement and disagreement. I joined their ranks long ago, and my admiration of Bruckner has grown in intensity with the passing of the years. In my opinion, the much-discussed Austrian must

be numbered among the greatest of the great.

Bruckner was born at Ansfelden, in Upper Austria, on September 4, 1824. His father was a schoolmaster, and in the modest Bruckner home it was taken for granted that Anton, too, should become a teacher. He did become a teacher—but not of the three R's. He became a teacher of organ, counterpoint, and composition. Toward the close of his long and by no means sensational career he was made a member of the music faculty of the University of Vienna, and in 1891 this renowned institution of learning honored him by awarding him the title of doctor.


In *Legend of a Musical City* (Philosophical Library, New York, 1945) Max Graf, who studied under Bruckner at the University of Vienna and was for a long time the Nestor of the music critics in the Austrian capital, gives us an unforgettable pen picture of the master. Bruckner, writes Graf, was a little man who

did not wear a smartly cut town suit but, instead, a wide jacket of heavy material which he had had sent from Upper Austria, where his home was. His trousers fell in countless wrinkles to his small feet, and their bagginess gave his legs an elephantine appearance. His face was that of an old peasant, weathered by air, sun, and rain; but it was a peasant face with

Roman features and the profile of the Roman Emperor Claudius. The singular appearance of the man became more marked when he lifted the broad-brimmed artist's hat from his bald, round head and, with a deep bow, bent almost to the ground.

Bruckner never acquired the polished manners of the Viennese aristocracy. To his opponents—and their number was legion—he was an insufferable boor; to his friends and admirers—and their number was far less than legion—he was a priceless diamond in the rough. He was a devout Roman Catholic. The faith to which he held permeated his whole being and found eloquent expression in his music. He dedicated his ninth—and last—symphony “To the dear Lord.”

A Maligned Master

 The much-maligned master had spent more than forty years of his life in Upper Austria before he took up his abode in Vienna. He never shook off his peasant dialect, nor did he ever get rid of his rustic ways. Critics who catered to the whims and the judgments of the fashionable Viennese concert audiences wrote that he “composed like a drunkard.” It became customary to refer to him as a man who attempted, in his blind hero worship, to imitate Wagner.

It is true that Bruckner dedicated his third symphony to Wagner and that this work contains quotations from the music of his famous contemporary; but it is utterly and tragically wrong to conclude that Bruckner's works are Wagnerian in essence. As a matter of fact, they are unbridgeably different, both in character and in purport, from the compositions of Wagner. Paul Bekker goes too far, I believe, when he says that Bruckner remodeled Wagner's "dynamics of modulation and color into his symphonic form."

One must guard against basing one's verdict on the scores of Bruckner's symphonies as they were "revised" and, in many respects, thoroughly un-Brucknerized by three well-meaning but misguided friends: Ferdinand Löwe and Franz and Joseph Schalk. These men had sat at Bruckner's feet. They were incensed when they saw that the music of their great teacher was making no headway in the concert halls of Europe. Consequently, they determined to do what they could to change this deplorable state of affairs. They "revised" some of the Bruckner scores. In numerous instances they committed mayhem. What was the result? Bruckner's way of writing, which, to a large extent, revealed, and even sprang from, a

comprehensive and masterful familiarity with the resources of the organ, was devitalized, so to speak, by the alterations. It was divested of much of its individualistic character.

To describe Bruckner's music as thoroughly Wagnerian is one of the surest ways of showing a woeful lack of understanding. Wagner was a master of programmatic writing. Bruckner, it is true, indicated that here and there his music contained descriptive elements; but, for the most part, his works reveal a profound mysticism. According to Graf, his symphonies may be considered "masses in symphonic form." Bruno Walter finds in them "a kind of musical Gothicism." Now and then they deal with some of the impressive beauties of nature.

There was a large amount of naïveté in Bruckner's make-up. Löwe and the Schalks had his permission to alter the scores. Why? Because Bruckner himself was eager to have the works performed. He consented to the changes even though, deep in his mind, he realized that in the long run they would not be for the best. At moments doubt took hold of him, and he was incensed by the alterations; at other moments weakness gained the upper hand, and he rejoiced to note that the "revisions" were helping to bring his works before the public.

A little story concerning the *première* of Bruckner's *Fourth* will serve to illustrate the composer's naïveté. This beautiful work was completed in 1874. The first performance took place seven years later at a concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Hans Richter. During a rehearsal the conductor stopped the orchestra in the middle of a passage, turned to Bruckner and asked, "What note is this?" Bruckner, who was overjoyed to have his work performed, replied, "Any note you like." After the rehearsal he gave Richter a thaler and told him, "Drink a mug of beer to my health." Richter kept the coin as a memento.

Löwe and the Schalks attempted in all sincerity to "render," as one writer puts it, "more acceptable to the ears of his contemporaries the general tonal ruggedness" of Bruckner. In doing so they became blind leaders of the blind. On the occasion of the first American performance of the *Ninth* in the original version—October 11, 1934, in New York, under Otto Klemperer—Lawrence Gilman spoke of the event as a "consecrational disclosure." Löwe, he declared, had been guilty of an "astonishing perversion and distortion of Bruckner's intentions." In an illuminating comment on Löwe's alteration of "an audacious and magnificent dissonance"

in the *Adagio* of the *Ninth*, Mr. Gilman said that the passage had been "manicured and made harmoniously presentable" by the "reviser." He should have stated that Löwe had emasculated the passage; for in the "revised" version, the eminent critic went on, it "might have been composed by Mendelssohn himself in one of his more daring moments."

Brahms's Attitude

It has been said that Brahms considered Bruckner "the first symphonist of our time" (*den ersten Sinfoniker der Gegenwart*). But how shall one rhyme such a statement—which, by the way, I read in H. A. Köstlin's *Geschichte der Musik im Umriss* (Reuther und Reichard, Berlin, 1899)—with what Brahms said about Bruckner to Dr. Heinrich Gröber? "Everything with him," declared the third B, "is manufactured—everything is affected, nothing natural. . . . He had not a shimmer of logic [*Folgerichtigkeit*], no idea of orderly musical construction." To Richard Specht the mighty Brahms said that Bruckner was "a fraud who will be dead or forgotten in one or two years."

In point of fact, Brahms, himself a master of counterpoint, despised Bruckner. Perhaps he was influenced altogether too much by the vitriolic diatribes of Eduard

Hanslick, who laughed the peasant from Upper Austria to scorn and moved heaven and earth to keep the University of Vienna from giving Bruckner the *venia legendi*. Fortunately, the sharp-tongued partisan of Brahms was unsuccessful. Bruckner received the appointment to lecture at the university and, in an effort to find a plausible reason for Hanslick's hostility, he declared again and again, "That's what he'll never forgive me!"

Emperor Franz Josef, whom Bruckner served as court organist, saw to the publication of the bitterly reviled composer's third and eighth symphonies. In addition, he gave him a house in the Belvedere Garden. Bruckner dedicated his *Eighth* to the Emperor. When the aged musician, wearing

an ill-fitting frock coat, went to the Imperial Palace to thank Franz Josef for the house, for a stipend, and for a decoration, the Emperor asked him, "Is there anything more I can do for you?" Bruckner replied, "Please, Your Majesty, can you not put in a little word with Councilor Hanslick so that he will criticize me better?"

If Bruckner were alive today, he would want to be "criticized better" by those who either consign his music to the Gehenna of futility or damn it—oh, ever so glibly—with faint praise. He would be too modest to speak of himself as music's fourth great B, but some of us do not hesitate for a moment to mention him in the same breath with Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

RECENT RECORDINGS

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cellent; but Toscanini is not at his best when he presents the music of Schubert. RCA Victor Album 1167.

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The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE
AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

Powerful Impact

BACK HOME. Text and drawings by Bill Mauldin. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1947. 315 pages. \$3.50.

BILL MAULDIN was only eighteen when he became a soldier in the U. S. Army. He took with him a mind which could analyze with razor-like sharpness. What is more, he had the ability to express his analyses in cartoons which attracted and held the attention of millions. Besides, Bill Mauldin was adept in the use of words—words that bit, stung, and scalded. His drawings and the brief comments which accompanied them soon became famous. They were not cartoons which one looks at once or twice and then dismisses from the mind. No, Mauldin's drawings had a value which was far from ephemeral. When his wartime cartoons were published in book form a couple of years ago under the title *Up Front*, it became clearer than ever that their impact was still powerful. The young man had made a name for himself.

Mauldin left the Army in 1945.

He continued his career as a cartoonist; but, as the months went by, it was evident that he was losing some of his punch. Newspaper editors became skittish. The postwar Mauldin, they declared, was far inferior to the wartime Mauldin. His drawings were deteriorating in the matter of entertainment value. The man who had won a huge following during the war was losing his grip.

Yes, Mauldin had sunk into a slump. Why? In *Back Home* he himself analyzes the state of affairs. He was assailed from the right and alternately attacked and praised from the left. But Mauldin found himself. Some editors continued to believe in him even though he was frank and forthright in giving sharp pictorial and verbal expression to views which did not tally with their own.

Back Home contains 200 drawings and more than 50,000 words of text. In many instances the writing is as pointed as the pictures. *Back Home* is largely autobiographical. No one can deny that it is entertaining. But it is far more than mere entertainment. Mauldin is a force to be reck-

oned with. It is true that in some of the pictures reproduced in *Back Home* one misses the strength which went into his work with amazing consistency when he was drawing for *Stars and Stripes*; but it is equally true that the book is a sharp self-appraisal from the pen of an unusually gifted young man and, at the same time, a trenchant commentary on men and on nations.

Ethical Bases of Politics

STATES AND MORALS. By T. D. Weldon. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York. 1947. 301 pages (index). \$3.00.

MR. WELDON, sometime faculty-member of Magdalen College, Oxford, has very obviously done some hard thinking about the relation of politics to moral and political philosophy. At the same time he has laid down his thinking in a literary form which is lucid and often Britishly witty.

"The aim of political philosophy," the book begins, "is to discover the grounds on which the State claims to exercise authority over its members." However, in stating what these grounds are political philosophers have by no means been in agreement. On the one hand, thinkers like Aristotle, Rousseau, Hegel espoused organic theories of the State, in which the State is something *sui generis* and individual citizens are subordinate to it. On the other hand, there are the mechanical theories of the State, in which the State is not the sovereign but the servant of its citizens and is instrumental to their inter-

ests and ends. Among these mechanical theories there is the additional subdivision into those which view government, though only an instrument, as imposed upon the governed by force (thus, Hobbes and Marx), and those which see it as created by free consent (Locke). The latter kind is embodied in democracies like the United States and Great Britain. Russia and Nazi German are organic states.

Mr. Weldon does not wish to belabor this formal classification of political theories. What he does try to show, however, is that all political theories on which states are founded rest ultimately on the morals of their respective peoples, on the fundamental values in the national ethos. And these morals are of the nature of sentiment and feeling, not reason and argument. This relation of political theories to "moral sentiment"—somewhat in the vein of Hutcheson, Shaftesbury, Hume—is fundamental to Weldon's whole discussion. The above political theories, therefore, since in the last analysis they derive from moral feeling and not from thought, are all equally defensible logically. No single statement of what the State is or what it ought to be can command universal consent.

One of Weldon's main conclusions, therefore, is this: Because our democratic philosophy is not the only absolutely right and moral one, we ought not to make it a matter of missionary zeal to convert to it, by propaganda and otherwise, such other national groups as the Russians. What might Americans reply to that? Being conscious of their world mis-

sion, they might not reply to it kindly. (And the Russians, it seems, are even more global-minded.) As Gabriel has demonstrated in his *The Course of American Democratic Thought*, one of the fundamental tenets of American democracy is that it must be preached to the world. Now Weldon has demonstrated just as convincingly that any tenet like this is related not simply to theoretical political dogma but to a people's most fundamental beliefs about what is right and wrong. Therefore, the mission in which Americans engage to democratize the world is nothing short of a world mission. It is, they assume, for the good of man and—every sympathetic American who is also a Christian would, in order to be consistent, have to add—for the glory of God.

But can Christians say this? Is political democracy, both as theory and as practice, more harmoniously attuned to the will of God than some other, say an organic, theory of the State? Is the American republic potentially more Christian than the empire of Constantine, the political ideas of Locke more Christian than those of Hegel? Or if Christians will not say Yes to this, can they any more easily say, with Weldon, that communism is good for the Russians and democracy is good for the Americans? One thing is sure, Christians ought not to say: All that counts is that a nation's people are themselves Christian—their political theories are a matter of indifference. For Weldon is right, political and moral beliefs are not in fact separable. Yet from this premise of Weldon's we conclude

(and in opposition to his relativistic conclusion) that, if "states and morals" are so inextricably intertwined, then Christian ethics must imply some kind of Christian political philosophy, a Christian view of the State which is better than all other views. But what in particular is this view?

ROBERT W. BERTRAM

Political Football

THE STRICKEN LAND. By Rexford Guy Tugwell. Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York. 1947. 704 pages. \$4.50.

PUERTO RICO became an American possession as a result of the Spanish American War. Ever since it has been a step-child among the territories of the United States, a victim of mismanagement, a political football. The real sufferers have been the Puerto Ricans themselves. Their social, political and economic emancipation still lies in the future. Every administration that has had to deal with the problem of this "stricken land" has found it to be a headache far larger than its size or population would warrant. Those who cry out about the exploitation of India or South Africa by the business combines of the British Empire would do well to read this full history of American exploitation of the resources of Puerto Rico. Its natural wealth has been siphoned into the pockets of investors living in continental United States, far away from the misery which their regular dividends produced among the natives of the island.

Rexford Tugwell became familiar

with the problems that have vexed this Caribbean territory through 'an investigation he made for the Department of the Interior at Mr. Ickes' request. Later President Roosevelt appointed him governor of the island and he found himself plunged into its difficulties to the hilt. The effectiveness of his administration was greatly reduced also by the impact of the war, which perforce focussed his efforts upon the defense of the island, rather than upon his primary interests of political and economic reform.

Mr. Tugwell, as one of the original New Dealers, has always had to endure the popular suspicion of all political liberals. Without passing judgment, however, upon his social philosophy, we can fully sympathize with him in his bitterness against politics merely for politic's sake. Puerto Rico, with its Spanish heritage, already had its full quota of this. When the politics of Washington is added, his cup of frustration was filled to overflowing.

We feel that the story of Puerto Rico could have been told much more effectively and its plight set forth with far greater impact if the author had not been quite so verbose. As it is we sometimes wondered whether *The Stricken Land* was really meant to be simply the story of this island, or the personal memoirs of Mr. Tugwell. Far too much utterly extraneous material has been introduced, which might mean a lot to the author, and which might be quite interesting to the reader, but which has really little to do with Puerto Rico itself. If Mr. Tugwell had restrained himself just a little

and used his scissors with an unsparing hand, he might have produced an important work. The way it stands right now, few will be found brave enough to do their own editing.

Resources of Reason

OUR EMERGENT CIVILIZATION.

Planned and edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1947. 339 pages (index). \$4.50.

THIS book constitutes volume four in a series collectively entitled Science of Culture Series, all the work of the same editor. Within these books have been brought together from the contemporary world of thought "those humanistic men, those men of reason in the various branches of scholarly inquiry" who "hope for the re-establishment of the dignity of man," who "are devoted to the rehabilitation of reason, reason which has suffered so many wounds during the past three hundred years."

This, the fourth volume, *Our Emergent Civilization*, is a quest for those nascent forces in our civilization which might prove to be resources for achieving the goal outlined above. This is illustriously developed in an essay apiece by thirteen of our age's finest spirits. Those of the essays which a lack of space will not permit us to review are these: Harry Laidler's "The Changing Function of the Modern State" (simply a listing of recent legislative developments), Brand Blanshard's "Can Man Be Reasonable" (yes, Blanshard says, if man recovers his faith in reason), George Catlin's "The New Basis for

World Politics" (suggests an approximate return to the medieval doctrine of Church and State), F. S. C. Northrop's "Toward a Removal of the Ideological Causes of World Conflict" (sees basis for ideological unity in the view of nature held by modern science), Frank Knight's "The Future of a Free Society" (Knight, as usual, is cynical, and is strong on economic "means" but weak on moral "ends"), John Clark's "Economic Principles of the New Civilization" (calls for "an economy in which the decisive factors governing the rate of operation are consciously influenced if not managed"). Robert MacIver's "The New Social Stratification" (the status of social classes will be determined more and more by the positive functional contribution they make to the whole community), Werner Jaeger's "The Future of Tradition" (foresees a greater than ever return to Plato and Aristotle), Ananda Coomaraswamy's "Art, Man and Manufacture" (calls for a reassertion of the rational in art—excellent!).

George Plimpton Adams ("Ethical Principles of the New Civilization") replies to the naturalists by showing them that there is more to man than his merely relative, immediate concerns for existence, that he participates also in an order of being not identifiable with anything located within the flux of nature's events. To demonstrate this, Adams relies mostly on man's recognition of a something which is absolute. But he should know that naturalists today—at least, some neo-naturalists—can show that just because a thing is absolute does not necessarily mean

that it is transcendent. Nevertheless, Adams' concern is good.

One comforting item, at most, which Julian Huxley can point to in "The New Evolution" is that, within the evolutionary process, man is no longer simply its victim but also its agent. Speaking of agents, it is disturbing to see that Huxley has still not stumbled upon God.

If "The Future of Theism" is what William Pepperell Montague says it is, then God is identifiable with the Cosmic Mind, in which everything that is has its being—even evil. The struggle to overcome evil is God's struggle to put His own house in order, a struggle in which He needs our cooperation as much as we need His. What Montague, in effect, is saying is: God is not omnipotent, but He has good intentions. This illustrates what happens to theism as it separates itself farther and farther from its historic source, Christianity. And if that separation continues, all theism in the future may well degenerate into what Montague says it ought to be.

Jacques Maritain's "A New Approach to God" evokes from this reviewer neither a Yes nor a No categorically, but some of both. His characterization of atheism, his statement that "the deepest requirement of a new age of civilization will be the sanctification of secular life"—and much of what he means by that—his conception of what he means by Person, can all be somewhat positively appreciated. On the other hand, however, Maritain's "new approach to God," though it uses terms like "Gospel" and "the spirit of Christ," neg-

lects to relate these terms adequately to that by which they stand or fall, the historical atoning work of Jesus Christ.

Nor is this a small bickering about theological categories. It reflects the fundamental shortcoming of this entire book. To be sure, as its essayists insist, contemporary man's degradation of rationality is indeed a blot which we owe it to our Creator and ourselves to expunge. But to look for this cure in human rationality itself is to neglect the whole problem of evil, is to be forever offended, as Goethe was, by the scandal of the Cross. Editor Anshen says aright, and does so in spite of herself: "The knowledge which man most needs is a knowledge of his own nature."

ROBERT W. BERTRAM

Midwest Conservation

THE MISSOURI VALLEY: LAND OF DROUGHT, FLOOD, AND PROMISE. By Rufus Terral. The Yale University Press, New Haven. 1947. 254 pages. \$3.75.

THE remarkable success of the Tennessee Valley Authority during the few years of its very short history has greatly stimulated interest in the possibilities of doing for other areas what TVA has done for its region. There is in Congress now a bill providing for the establishment of a Missouri Valley Authority which, under one plan, would reclaim up to five million acres of land in the sub-humid northern Great Plains and make room, economically speaking, for as many as 636,000 people.

There are arguments for and against such projects. Mr. Terral is

sold on the idea of a project for the basin of the Missouri River and marshes quite a bit of cogent evidence to support his viewpoint. He points out, for instance, that the land is fundamentally good, lacking only a dependable water supply to make it prime agricultural land. It has been largely the uncertainty of water that has made the valley a land of "boom and bust," with years of great prosperity followed by years of total loss. He points out also that this uncertain agricultural base has hindered the development of industry and that "areas that live entirely by selling their raw materials are areas of low income, by and large." This introduces, then, the social question of whether a nation can attain maximum well-being when one of its parts is under-developed.

Coming on the heels of recently published reports that the United States is rapidly running out of agricultural land, this book deserves thoughtful study. For America, the days of "inexhaustible" abundance are just about over. Whether these multi-purpose projects are the answer or not is still a debatable question but the question of the necessity for careful conservation of our remaining resources is no longer a subject for debate.

The map of the Missouri Valley on pages 192 and 193 is so nicely done that one would prefer not to criticize it. Unfortunately, all authorities agree that St. Paul is still the capital of Minnesota despite the (to us) somewhat arbitrary decision of the cartographer to transfer it to Minneapolis.

Deadly Digit

ZOTZ! By Walter Karig. Drawings by the author. Rinehart & Company, Inc., New York. 1947. 268 pages. \$2.75.

JOHN JONES, professor of Semitic languages at St. Jude's Theological Seminary, was a meek and mild-mannered man in spite of the fact that he was *the* John Jones, world-renowned archaeologist, ethnologist, and etymologist. When World War II cut short his explorations in the Dodecanese Islands, Dr. Jones accepted the professorship at St. Jude's because, as he said, "the position offered a living, which was necessary; a vocation, which was desirable, and a considerable leisure in which to work upon the several books I had planned." Yes, John Jones was happy and contented in his comfortable retreat.

Then, in the spring of 1943, Dr. Jones accidentally discovered that he had acquired a mysterious and terrifying power. He had only to point his finger and utter the word "Zotz!" to bring death to an unsuspecting victim. Dr. Jones was horrified. What *could* he do? What *should* he do? Then he remembered that his country was engaged in a global war. Yes, that was the answer. He, John Jones, would offer his weird and deadly power to his government, and in a short time the war would be over.

Zotz! a Book-of-the-Month co-choice for October, 1947, is the hilarious account of the professor's baffling and infuriating experiences in wartime Washington. Walter Karig held the rank of captain in the U. S.

Navy during World War II and served for a time in the Navy Public Relations Department in Washington. He knows about top brass, red tape, and the rivalry among the services from first-hand experience, and he writes of these things with biting satire and with malicious wit. He is the author of *Lower Than the Angels* and the editor and co-author of the *Battle Report* series, the authorized narrative of the U. S. Navy in World War II.

Substantial Fare

RED PLUSH. By Guy McCrone. Farrar, Straus and Company, New York. 1947. 207, 187, and 221 pages. \$3.50.

VICTORIAN Glasgow, the enchanting Scottish countryside, and the legendary Vienna of the second half of the nineteenth century provide the colorful background for Guy McCrone's excellent period piece. *Red Plush*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December, 1947, is really three novels in one. It was published in England several years ago under the original title *Wax Fruit*.

Red Plush brings us the engrossing story of the Moorhouse family. It is a leisurely and comfortable tale, told with warmth and simplicity. Mr. McCrone is himself a Lowland Scot. He knows and understands the traits and characteristics of his countrymen and the traditions of his native land. For this reason *Red Plush* has the ring of authority. It clearly reflects the author's intimate knowledge of Glasgow and the Ayrshire countryside.

Mr. McCrone tells us:

I spent my early years in the woods and farmlands of Ayrshire. I describe this pleasant countryside in my books. It is the Burns country. Our nearest village was Mauchline, where Robert Burns first took up house with his wife, Jean Armour. The poet's haunts are well known to me, and his Ayrshire Scots tongue is very familiar in my ears. I went to school in Glasgow, where all my relatives live.

The author has promised that we shall hear more of the Moorhouse family. He says:

I am intending to make this a series touching upon the Scottish way of life, and dealing with the same family up to the present time. It will be a kind of social record.

If subsequent volumes have the charm and the substance of *Red Plush*, Mr. McCrone will be assured of a wide following.

Jets in War and Peace

THE COMING AGE OF ROCKET

POWER. By G. Edward Pendray.
Harper and Brothers, New York
and London. 255 pages. \$3.50.

FOR the amateur inquirer and student, Mr. Pendray's book on the origin of rocket power as used in pilotless aircraft and guided missiles is the standard work. A very readable story, embellished with a large number of unique and rare diagrams and half-tone reproductions of photographs. The author is a spark plug of the American Rocket Society with headquarters in the Engineering Societies Building, 29 West 39th St., New York.

It is just as well for the average

citizen to take notice of inventions which within less than a generation from today give promise of robot bombs weighing 20, 40 or even 100 tons, able to wing their way across the Atlantic and hit any city aimed at. Rockets like the German "V-2" which would have unquestionably destroyed London if it had been invented 18 months earlier, have their counterpart in a missile which at the end of its first 36 seconds of firing will be four miles high, traveling at just under 1,500 feet per second. At the fifty-fifth second its altitude will be 10 miles, and its velocity approaching 2,900 feet per second. At the seventy-first second its altitude will be slightly more than 22 miles, and its speed greater than a mile a second. Consider that we are talking about seconds, not minutes! A speed of a mile a second, within 75 seconds of being fired from its control apparatus.

One need hardly question the correctness of Mr. Pendray's prediction that in the next war, it will be the airplane and the various applications of rocket power which will decide the struggle. "If the blitz of 1940 and 1944 was terrific," he says, "it was nevertheless mild by comparison with what will be possible through long-range rocket attack, followed up by rocket-strafting aircraft, bazooka-armed paratroops, rocket-driven demolition bombs and various types of guided missiles.

"No defense against such weapons has yet appeared. Probably no defense will be possible."

The book gives you an intimate

story of the early experiments in rocket motors, jet engines, turbo jet aircraft and rocket guns. The amateur reader is amazed particularly by the smallness of the motors required for these dreadful implements, a motor two inches in length being able to exert an immense propellant force.

Naturally, we are interested in peacetime use of these terrific engines. Mr. Pendray looks forward to a time when on every important airport of the world, it may be, weather rockets will ascend regularly into the stratosphere, providing pilots with accurate, complete data on the weather at all flight altitudes, under all conditions. It may be possible from data as to solar radiation and upper-air conditions, added to by high-altitude sounding rockets to forecast the general trends of rainfall, temperature and the like for seasons at a time, to guide farmers in planting and marketers in planning for the even distribution of foods.

"The possibilities of mail and express by rocket power, or the new experience of riding jet-driven aircraft at great altitudes and enormous speeds—the effect of such things can be only dimly imagined, but they will surely produce revolutions in human thought and patterns of action as significant as those brought about by the radio, the invention of refrigeration, or the development of aircraft."

The book contains a "Lexicon of Rocket Power" listing the new words created since the invention of the jet engine and new usages of old words.

Sensitive Account

THE INNOCENT EYE. By Herbert Read. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1947. 268 pages. \$3.50.

IN THIS book Herbert Read, the English poet and literary critic, gives an account of the influences on the growth of his mind. The first section, which gives the book its title, was begun in 1930, when Read was thirty-seven; it is a remarkably sensitive account of a boy's life on a remote farm in Yorkshire. He recalls the kitchen, where "the bustle reached its height about midday; the men would come in and sit on the dresser, swinging their legs impatiently; when the food was served, they sprang to the benches and ate in solid gusto, like animals"; the shop the blacksmith visited periodically, where the boy "first experienced the joy of making things"; the cowshed, where he once fell asleep with his head against the warm flank of a newborn calf; the foldgarth, which was filled with the "clatter of hooves on the stone sets," and the "whistling and hissing of the men over their grooming"; and the fields, where, at the harvest, "my Mother would drive out with the buggy laden with sandwiches, cheese and bread, and great stone jars of draught beer." His family were members of a Hunt and leisure was occasionally found for riding to hounds. On Sundays they all drove five miles to an ancient church, twelve centuries old, where the sermon never lasted more than ten minutes. Looking back at this life, which the death of his father abruptly terminated, Read declares: "The seclusion of my

first ten years now seems like an age of unearthly bliss, a ring in a rock to which all the strands of my subsequent happiness are tied."

The two other parts of the volume are less interesting, chiefly because they deal with less tangible things, which require the fuller treatment that Read has given them in his critical writings; these chapters constitute, in fact, an abstraction of those books. He includes also some details of his boarding-school days, of his three years as a bank messenger in busy Leeds, and of his studies at the University there; and he reprints two narratives of incidents that befell him as a young officer in World War I. But these details are skimmed in order that he may sketch a history of his critical thinking—thinking that cannot be satisfactorily followed in the space here devoted to its exposition. The reader should supplement this book with such of Read's critical writings as *Reason and Romanticism*, *Wordsworth*, and the discussion of obscurity in *In Defense of Shelley*. Read's critical thinking will be found to be unsystematic, but occasional valuable perceptions have won him a place among the foremost contemporary writers on aesthetics.

Thorough and Careful

SO WORTHY A FRIEND: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles Norman. Rinehart and Company, New York. 1947. 306 pages. \$4.00.

AFTER their twenty years' friendship with Shakespeare, as business associates and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell wrote

in their dedication of his posthumous collected works: "We have but collected them . . . only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare . . ." There exist numerous pieces of external evidence of Shakespeare's genial personality; Charles Norman has attempted in this volume to use these, together with certain common-sense inferences, to help the general reader see Shakespeare as a human being, walking the streets of real towns, and associating with real people.

Going back a generation, we are shown John Shakespeare coming to Stratford-upon-Avon as an apprentice to the glovers' guild and finally becoming high bailiff, the chief officer of the town. From the implications of various legal references to him and from our detailed historical knowledge of life in Stratford, much may be presumed regarding his activities and character. His steady rise in local importance was given further purpose when his wife's third pregnancy gave him a son.

Historical data regarding the Free Grammar School, the visits of players, the external condition of Stratford, the typical life of the time, the location of the Hathaway family's home, the persons who made up old Richard Hathaway's household, and the circumstances of William's marriage allow further inferences to be drawn regarding the poet's boyhood and adolescence. And so biographer Norman continues, giving us the full course of his career. We go with him about London, meet various possible originals of the rival poet, the ad-

mired youth, and the dark lady. Through legal documents we follow the poet's extra-theater activities in both London and Stratford. His company performs his plays before the eager populace and the elegant court. And finally he settles down at ease in Stratford, where his wife and daughters—his little son had died—had been living all those years.

Norman's scrupulousness in avoiding any downright statements that are not completely documented is one of the chief values of the book; we know our minds are not being filled with pictures we will have to erase. But, conversely, since all suggestions beyond the documented statements are cautious speculation, the powerful effect produced by free fictional creation is also absent; the book necessarily fails to present a living man. It remains for someone to try, by a gigantic effort of imagination, to fuse data from the documents and the plays for us into as real a character as, say, Strachey's Gordon. Such a resurrected figure, frankly imaginative, might be accepted or challenged, and after many such attempts at reconstruction we might at last say: "We shall never know if this is what Shakespeare was like, but it could have been."

Until that time we are grateful for this useful book, which gathers together what must be just about all the data regarding its hero and gives it in a very readable form. Many will be pleased with Mr. Norman's sallies against the Baconians, the Oxonians, and the over-fastidious among the Bardolaters.

Nineteenth Century Poetry

FAVORITE POEMS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Introduction by Edward A. Wilson.
Doubleday and Company, Garden City, N. Y. 1947. 395 pages. \$5.00.

FOR four decades, from the 1830's through the 1870's, Longfellow fulfilled for his countrymen the important vatic functions of interpreting to them the older civilizations they had left behind in Europe, creating in their minds an awareness of the legendary quality in the Indian and colonial life that had preceded that of their generation in the New World, and giving voice to their own daily feelings of pride in the sturdiness of their nation, of the rigorousness of moral duty, and of baffling nostalgias and griefs. Year after year his poems met their needs, and they repaid him with fervent devotion. In this volume Professor Canby has gathered "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "Evangeline," "The Building of the Ship," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Saga of King Olaf," and many others whose titles everyone knows.

In our time these poems that held such an honored place in our grade-school primers are little read by adults. They lack the subtle perceptions, the brilliant revelations, the complex dynamic structure, the compelling rhythms of first-rate poetry. But to recapture the American mind of the middle years of last century, one cannot do better than to re-read what were among its more distin-

guished products. And we must be enduringly grateful to Longfellow for his contribution in broadening American interest in other literatures and in demonstrating to us that the everyday life of our democracy—the work and character of our sailors and artisans—can make poetry.

Virtue Is Its Own Reward

CRESCENT CITY. By William Wilson. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1947. 369 pages. \$3.00.

WILLIAM WILSON, an associate editor of the *Baltimore Evening Sun* and author of *The Wabash* in the Rivers of America Series, has written a respectable novel. Attempting to point out that noble men and women can be easily corrupted by external influences, self-delusion, and passage of time and that love is the most desirable gift that life has to bestow, he has written three stories in one: the story of *Crescent City*, a middle-western town, from 1912 to the present; the story of Jay Holt (may his tribe increase), a newspaper editor who suffered failure rather than the sacrifice of his principles and integrity; the story of Jay Holt's son who finally was able to understand and to embrace the fundamental principle of his father.

Months after reading the book you will remember Jay Holt. Wilson's clearly-etched portrayal of this heroic soul's struggle against the moral corrosion of his town is unforgettable. No puritan, Holt doesn't break his lances like a clerical friend of ours in another denomination—against "liquor" and other petty vice. He

contends for those great moral principles to which the calloused conscience of modern man reacts so negatively.

Wilson's sympathetic treatment of *Crescent City's* Presbyterian preacher in his quiet and effective war with the Klan is another piece of great writing.

Crescent City has one defect. The author introduces too many characters. The reader has difficulty in following the destinies of the many individuals whose lives are chronicled in *Crescent City*.

Cosmopolitan Collection

NINE STORIES. By Vladimir Nabokov. Constituting one issue of *Direction*, a quarterly published by New Directions. 1947. 126 pages. \$1.50.

V LADIMIR NABOKOV, who since his arrival in the United States in 1940, has been connected with Stanford University, Wellesley College, and the Agassiz Museum of Harvard University, was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1899, to a family of the old Russian Nobility. His father became a leader of the liberals, opposing both the Czarists and the Bolsheviks, and was eventually assassinated. The son spent the two decades following the revolution in England, Germany, and France. This collection of stories reflects this background, both in the manner of composition and the material. One of the stories was originally written in French, three in Russian, and the last five in English. His success in mastering English literary style is remarkable.

Seven of the stories have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and one in the *New Yorker*.

Nabokov's writing exhibits an extraordinary exactitude. He sees clearly the external object and the emotion associated with it. In one of the best stories, "*The Aurelian*," he describes a street:

For a long time it crept on in obscurity, with no shop windows or any such joys. Then came a small square (four benches, a bed of pansies) . . . Here the street changed its name, and a new life began. Along the right side, shops appeared: a fruiterer's, with vivid pyramids of oranges; a tobacconist's with the picture of a voluptuous Turk; . . . and then, all of a sudden, a butterfly store. . . . The insects on exhibit were huge and gorgeous. People would say to themselves, "What colors—amazing!" and plod on . . .

Himself an expert lepidopterologist, Nabokov gives in this story an un-

forgettable picture of a penurious old shopkeeper, unpleasant in many of his traits, whose inner life is secretly transfigured by his delight in collecting butterflies. "*Mademoiselle O*" is a sketch of a French-Swiss governess in Russia; her former pupil, after studying her by external observation for many years, is still unable to find any central spring in her unhappy life; he finally wonders if it is not his own experience that is inadequate—if there is not "something . . . which I could appreciate only after the things and beings that I had loved in the security of my childhood had been turned to ashes or shot through the heart." "*Double Talk*" is concerned with a group of wealthy Americans who, through sloth or selfishness, have lost contact with the warm, creative stream of life and as a result are easily persuaded to false lines of action by foreign fascist agents.



The
READING ROOM



By
**THOMAS
COATES**

Education for Our Time

Survey Graphic is unquestionably one of the more valuable and thought-provoking monthlies in the field of contemporary periodical literature. It is currently making a significant contribution to American thought with its "Calling America" series, which periodically devotes an entire issue of the magazine to the survey of one particular phase of American culture. Worthy of more than passing notice is the recent issue devoted to the subject of "Education for Our Time."

In this study, American education is literally probed and analyzed from every conceivable angle. From the pre-school years to the field of adult education—*Survey Graphic* runs the whole length of the educational gamut. There are notable names, too, among the contributors: John Dale Russell, director of the Division of Higher Education, U. S. Office of Education; George N. Schuster, president of Hunter College; Ordway Tead, president of the Board of Higher Education, New York

City; I. L. Kandel, editor of *School and Society*; and many other bright lights in the educational firmament.

Special Editor Beulah Amidon opens the discussion by asking some leading questions: In the face of our present opportunities and responsibilities, how do America's schools measure up? Are we properly equipping our youth? Is American education helping our adults to become better citizens? Are we applying to education the best of our modern knowledge of psychology, public health, of learning processes and communication?

Dr. Schuster, who is also associated with UNESCO, leads off with a telling article on "Education's New Responsibility." Emphasizing education's vital role in the maintenance of peace, he asks, "What is education if not the ever continuing experience by which a people's civilization is both conserved and changed?" If that is granted, then we must create "a worldwide structure of education, inside which liberty, service, and

courtesy are established as habits or norms." To this the inevitable alternative is war. It is to the solution of this problem and to the creation of a wholesome educational climate that UNESCO is dedicating its efforts. Dr. Schuster's scintillating analysis is in itself worth the price of the issue.



Secondary Education

In "High School—A Hot Spot," Dr. Theodore D. Rice discusses the field of secondary education, admittedly one of the crucial problems in the American educational scene today. Both the phenomenal increase in high school enrollment and the new educational problems occasioned by the post-war period have focussed the attention of our best educational minds upon the area of our secondary schools.

To meet this challenge, Dr. Rice prescribes for American high schools "a persistent and comprehensive change in attitudes, methods, and relationships." He sets forth, as some of the essentials in this process: A comprehensive concept of school ("the whole social milieu in which boys and girls live, work, and play"); teacher education ("teachers with . . . modern concepts of the processes of learning and working . . . realistic opportunities for enrichment

designed to add dignity and effectiveness to their work"); economic support (providing, *e.g.*, for smaller classes, adequate space and equipment); community-wide improvement (closer integration between school and community); "learning by doing" (an essential maxim of educational efficiency).



Crisis on the Campus

In this section Dr. Russell discusses "The Broadening College Base," in which he outlines the current situation relative to the mounting enrollment in colleges and universities. The growing percentage of American youth on the campus; the increasing number of strong institutions; the rapid development of junior colleges and technical institutes; the expansion of the college curricula; the new emphasis on vocational preparation—all these give evidence of the trend toward the broadening base of higher education today.

Debating the wisdom of this process of expansion, the writer poses three questions: How large a proportion of our youth have the capacity and taste for higher education? Can society absorb the product of extended schooling? Can this country afford real democratization of higher education? Assuming that the first question will be answered on the basis

of intelligent guidance and selectivity, Dr. Russell proceeds to reply to the latter two questions with a resounding affirmative.

Continuing on the same theme, Ordway Tead surveys the entire problem of the veteran on the campus in an article entitled "Standards of Quality." Drs. Francis J. Brown and A. B. Bonds discuss the economic aspects of the problem of higher education under the forthright heading: "Who Will Foot the Bill?" There are only three potential sources of income: Student fees; private bequests; and tax funds. Student fees, already greatly increased, cannot begin to carry the burden. The second area of support—private benefactions—can be still further cultivated if the colleges approach the matter intelligently. Increased governmental support—including federal aid—is clearly necessary, in the opinion of the authors.

The tremendous increase both in our national income and our productive capacity gives ample promise of ability to support any program the welfare of American youth may require. . . . More important, higher education in a very real sense is paying for itself—in terms of citizenship, of artistic achievement, and, finally, through the generation and expansion of our superb scientific and technical excellence.

Educating the Adults

Adult education is the subject of a series of articles comprising a further section of this study. Discussing "Lifelong Learning," Dr. Malcolm S. MacLean argues that "the good life requires education of all the people of all the world all the time." In support of this comprehensive view, the author stresses the importance of such agencies as the citizenship training class, the public library, the extension school, the workers' forum, rural education, and the like.

While there are obvious difficulties to be overcome in broadening this vital and relatively undeveloped area of education, the job must be done—and *soon*. For as the author declares, in summary: "While the education of youth is essential, it is not they but we grown-ups who breed . . . the conflicts between cultures, races, and religions that lead to war and suicide."

And what about the teachers? "Teachers Make the Schools," argues Dr. Harold R. Benjamin in an article with that title, and few there are who will take issue with him on that score. And yet, paradoxically, common educational practice in our country has been to act in brazen disregard of this maxim. "The foremost danger confronting us in the educa-

tional world today is not that we will pay teachers too little, but that we will fail to recruit and train teachers worthy of the best professional salaries." The solution? "A new type of teacher-education institution for the American schools and colleges of tomorrow," advises Dr. Benjamin.



The Long View

Under this heading *Survey Graphic* concludes its discussion of the American educational scene with two stimulating articles by Dr. Ernest O. Melby and Dr. Edward C. Lindeman. "Education Must Save Freedom," argues Melby, pointing out: 1. That education must make clear the true meaning of democracy ("political democracy cannot live unless it is based on economic and social opportunity"); 2. That education must emphasize democracy as a broad way of life ("it cannot endure without a sense of responsibility on the part of the individual . . . for his fellow men"); 3. That modern man must have a realis-

tic understanding of the world in which he lives ("education must deal with the areas of controversy"); 4. That education must make Americans as a people face the responsibilities that have come to us as a result of our present position of world leadership. 5. That children, youth, and adults must have practice in democratic living ("no program of education that is largely *verbal* will suffice").

In the final article, "The Enduring Goal," Dr. Lindeman pleads for "teaching with a moral bias." Morality, he emphasizes, "must permeate courses of study and breathe itself through the entire learning experience. . . . Teaching, as a profession, should begin with an assumption of moral responsibility."

All of this, we would add, is supremely true—provided that the Christian religion is acknowledged as providing the only fixed and infallible basis of morality. The failure to establish and build upon this fundamental concept remains the basic—and, ultimately, the fatal—weakness of public education.





A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

By Mary White Ovington. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1947. 307 pages. \$3.00.

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN is not so much an autobiography of Miss Ovington, a founder of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, as it is a catalog of the battle against injustice waged during her lifetime.

Unlike many majority-members working among minority groups, Miss Ovington seems impervious to the effects of the double-dose of prejudice. She sails into reforms almost haughtily. And yet it may have been in defiance to intolerance drawn vertically on the basis of color, that she drew her own lines of intolerance horizontally on the basis of culture. We were a trifle annoyed with the industry with which she pursued Negroes with degrees bristling after their names.

Miss Ovington writes with a Victorian flourish at times, but this is

counteracted by reflections of progressive social thinking. The volume contains too many accolades to patrons of the NAACP to make fascinating reading, but the abundance of names also makes *The Walls Came Tumbling Down* good reference material for a library on race relations.

ROBERTA IHDE

ALASKA BECKONS

By Marius Barbeau. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1947. 343 pages. \$4.50.

ALASKA has been termed a "Pandora's box, which needs only to be opened." To read this fascinating story of our fabulous territory to the north is to be convinced of the truthfulness of this appraisal. The author obviously knows his Alaska, and loves it. The book is replete with the Indian lore which is so closely interwoven with Alaska's history; at the same time, it discusses the Alaska economy and its unlimited potentialities for future development. We were particularly intrigued by the

description of the salmon run, the "ageless pageant" which the author terms "the most striking feature of the whole North Pacific Coast."

As Alaska approaches the realization of its ambition, the achievement of statehood, it is well that we should increase our too scanty knowledge about our far northern possession. *Alaska Beckons* will, to that end, be of invaluable service.

HAWAII: THE 49TH STATE

By Blake Clark. Doubleday and Company, Inc. 1947. 271 pages. \$3.00.

IT SEEMS reasonably certain now that before 1948 is over there will be a 49th star in the American flag. Hawaii, long denied the right of statehood for various obscure reasons, is about to be admitted into the union.

Mr. Clark's book comes, then, as a very timely introduction to our new state. It makes a pleasant evening's reading because it introduces us to people of many races and backgrounds who, despite consistent bad treatment from their fellow-countrymen on the continent, have remained steadfastly loyal to the hope of some day being accepted by them as equals.

The greater part of the book deals with contemporary Hawaii, with its racial complexity, with the so-called Japanese problem, with the disgraceful conduct of the military during the war, with the problem of the big commercial interests, and with the labor problem, but there are some extremely interesting chapters on Hawaiian history. These chapters alone

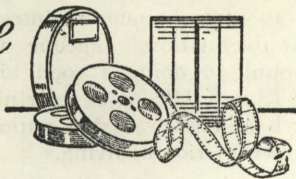
are worth the price of the book. It is to be hoped that now that Hawaii is about to become an integral part of the nation, someone will get around to doing a good biography of King Kalakaua, as colorful a monarch as ever wasted a nation's substance in riotous living.

MILTON CROSS'S COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS

By Milton Cross. Line drawings by Dolores Ramos. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 627 pages. \$3.75.

FOR years Milton Cross, one of the American Broadcasting Company's ace announcers, has been telling vast radio audiences the stories of the operas broadcast on Saturday afternoons from the Metropolitan Opera Company. His mellifluous voice and his somewhat unctuous way of speaking have become part and parcel of these important broadcasts. If, by some stroke of fortune, the distinctive Milton Crossian element should be taken away, millions of listeners would be sad. Now Mr. Cross has published the stories of seventy-two operas in a book. His descriptions are by no means matter-of-fact. They are, in reality, vivid play-by-play accounts of what is taking place on the stage and in the orchestra pit. Besides, the volume contains chapters entitled "How to Enjoy an Opera," "A Brief History of Opera," and "The Ballet in Opera." Furthermore, there is a "Selected Reading Guide."

The



Motion Picture

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

A LITTLE more than a year ago this column carried a résumé of Igor Stravinsky's scathing indictment of film music and film composers. The famous Russian's diatribe—which was in the form of an interview with Ingolf Dahl—appeared in the *Musical Digest*. A belated but vigorous reply to Mr. Stravinsky's charges was published in the same magazine in January, 1948.

"Hollywood Strikes Back," by David Raskin, presents a spirited refutation of the charges made by one of the world's greatest living composers. Mr. Raskin is well qualified to speak for Hollywood. He lives and works in the motion-picture capital, and he has composed the scores for many films, notably *Laura*, *Smoky*, *Forever Amber*, and *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*.

Mr. Raskin is not afraid to talk back to his renowned opponent. Stravinsky declares, "There is only

one real function of film music—namely, to feed the composer."

Mr. Raskin replies:

Aside from the fact that I have found this function a consistently useful one, there are other less personal reasons for holding it in respect. One wishes, as he reads the oftentimes sad history of music, that it might have operated on behalf of Mozart and Schubert. In a world where man does not live by double-fugues alone, perhaps the composer who works in films is most fortunate of all. At least he works as a composer and does not wear himself out teaching dolts, concertizing, or kowtowing to concert managers, dilettantes and other musical parasites. The whole struggle of the new generation of American composers has been just this: that they should be able to live from their work as composers. If film music makes this possible, so much the better.

Stravinsky said that he was "horrified at the esthetics of film music." He declared, "I find it impossible to talk to film people

about music, because we have no common meeting ground; their primitive and childish concept of music is not my concept." Mr. Raskin is not impressed. In fact, he believes that his opponent "appears to be using against film music the same arguments that were directed against his own ballet, *Le Sacre du Printemps*, when it first appeared."

Film music, as Stravinsky sees it, cannot "be regarded under artistic considerations." His Hollywood colleague says, in effect, that this is nonsense. He continues:

Evidently Mr. Stravinsky's definition of art is a restrictive one. He, of all people, should beware of such restrictive definitions. A genuine orthodoxy, sanctioned by theories and accomplishments of generations of great artists before his own times, might conceivably exclude most of his own art.

Next Mr. Raskin takes issue with the statement that "music explains nothing, underlines nothing." He contends that the eminent composer's theory that film music is nothing more than "wallpaper" to cover empty spaces "cannot be other than ridiculous to the film-goer, to whom the functioning of film music is an actuality of which he does not need to be convinced, since he *experiences* it."

And so it goes—on and on. Mr. Raskin carefully points out:

I admire and respect Mr. Stravinsky as a great composer. But as a critic of film music he leaves much to be desired. Any Hollywood composer can tell him what is really wrong with film music. Mr. Stravinsky himself has pointed out none of the real defects. He has succeeded only in expressing an esoteric and snobbish attitude.

Mr. Raskin derides Stravinsky's ideas about "background music." He concludes the second round of the controversy—a controversy which is by no means settled—with one last stiff uppercut to the jaw: "Mr. Stravinsky says that music attended the creation of the universe. Certainly. It was *background* music."

It is not surprising to learn that *Gentleman's Agreement* (20th Century-Fox, Elia Kazan) was included in the New York Film Critics' list of the ten best pictures of the year or that Mr. Kazan was awarded the highest directorial honors for 1947. *Gentleman's Agreement* presents a forthright and honest attack against racial prejudice. The script prepared by Moss Hart is always in good taste. It adheres closely to the text of Laura Z. Hobson's highly controversial novel. The resources of a well-chosen cast are equal to the unusually heavy demands inherent in any play which deals with a delicate and difficult subject. Ad-

vance announcements made by major studios indicate that a number of pictures dealing with anti-Semitism and other forms of intolerance are either under way or will go into production soon. One can only hope that they will be as simple and direct as *Gentleman's Agreement* and RKO-Radio's *Crossfire*.

Elizabeth Janeway's wartime novel, *Daisy Kenyon*, was decidedly commonplace literary fare; but it was not as dull as the screen adaptation made by David Hertz. Joan Crawford appears in the title role of *Daisy Kenyon* (20th Century-Fox, Otto Preminger). The dialogue in this wishy-washy bit of futility is shallow and artificial, and there are unpleasant overtones of moral laxity.

For more than thirty years Cecil B. DeMille has been one of the most colorful figures in the motion-picture industry. A pioneer in his field, Mr. DeMille has been a bold and fearless innovator. He works on a huge canvas, and he splashes his colors with a lavish hand. *The Unconquered* (Paramount) lives up to the DeMille traditions, which means that it is a super-colossal technicolor spectacle. It is made up of a very small portion of authentic historical lore, a large hunk of hokum, a generous share of fancy histrionics, and two and one-half hours of blood-and-thunder action.

There is a distressing lack of refinement and of a sensitive appreciation of the human factors which went into the making of the pre-Revolutionary history of our land.

Sinclair Lewis' novel, *Cass Timberlane*, is not a first-rate work; but it towers above the inane cinema adaptation produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., under the direction of George Sidney. This film, released through M-G-M, is a painful mixture of banality, bathos, and low-grade corn.

Although *So Well Remembered* (Rank, RKO-Radio) has some effective scenes and, on the whole, is a little better than James Hilton's novel of the same title, it is by no means an outstanding picture.

Stefan Zweig's twisted and morbid prewar novel, *Beware of Pity*, has been made into an ordinary Grade A tear-jerker. The excellent cast assembled for *Beware of Pity* (Rank, Universal-International) cannot counteract an inept play.

Good News, a musical comedy, was a smash hit back in 1927. The screen play retains the charm, the freshness, and the youthful gayety of the original Broadway production (M-G-M, Charles Walters).

This Time for Keeps (M-G-M, Richard Thorpe) can list charming Esther Williams, veteran fun-

nyman Jimmy Durante, *Heldentenor* Lauritz Melchior, the music of Xavier Cugat, and riotous technicolor photography on the credit side of the ledger. This is not enough to balance a flimsy plot written around motheaten stock properties.

It Had to Be You (Columbia, Don Hartman, Rudolf Mate) is another dream-life epic featuring Ginger Rogers. This may be a dream for Miss Rogers. It's a confused and oppressive nightmare for the unhappy audience.

Love from a Stranger (Eagle-Lion, Richard Whorf) and *The Upturned Glass* (Universal-International) are drab assembly-line productions designed for murder and mystery fans.

Always Together (Warners) is an uninspired flight into a curious realm of make-believe labeled 100 per cent Hollywood fiction.

Diminutive Mickey Rooney comes back to the screen in a new guise. He is surprisingly good in the title role of *Killer McCoy* (M-G-M). A competent cast gives him excellent support in this tale of the prize ring.

Man About Town (RKO-Radio-Pathé-Cinema Production) was produced in France under the expert direction of René Clair. This engaging film re-introduces Maurice Chevalier to American theatergoers. M. Chevalier stars in the picture and gives a commentary written for English-speaking audiences.



EXCEPT perhaps for discussions of the latest fashions in men's and women's clothing and Easter parades, the season of Lent and Easter has not worked itself into our national life to the extent that Christmas has. This fact is perhaps symptomatic of the attitude of our age toward Christianity; for it is much easier to grow sentimental over the Babe of Bethlehem than to come to grips with the hard reality of the Lord of Lent.

We are therefore all the more gratified to present "The Holy Week" from the pens of the CRESSET Associates. We feel sure our readers will agree with us that our colleagues have succeeded in capturing the real spirit of Lent and the true significance of Easter.



On the basis of available ornithological evidence, most biologists are agreed that *Passer domesticus*, the common house sparrow, does not migrate to a warmer climate during the winter months, but remains in his accustomed habitat. This is due to his liking for human company.

All this free scientific information is offered as an explanation of the

fact that on his recent pilgrimage to southern climes the Editor encountered no sparrows and was unable to keep the promise made last month. Now that he has returned to the North, where sparrows are abundant,

the promised homily will be forthcoming.



Several items in this issue are previews of coming attractions. Thus, the editorial note, "Crystal Anniversary" heralds our feature article for April, which will commemorate the third anniversary of President Roosevelt's death. Our learned colleague of the Astrolabe promises a continuation of the discussion on "Unity of the Arts" in subsequent col-

umns. And the problem of Federal aid to education, touched on in the current "Reading Room," reminds us of the article we hope to present soon on this important and controversial question.



Guest reviewers this month are: Robert W. Bertram of the University of Chicago (*States and Morals* and *Our Emergent Civilization*); and Roberta Ihde of *The Detroit Lutheran* (*The Walls Came Tumbling Down*).



The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
CONTRIBUTORS
FINAL NOTES

