

Valparaiso University

ValpoScholar

The Cresset (archived issues)

4-1951

The Cresset (Vol. XIV, No. 6)

Walther League

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.valpo.edu/cresset_archive



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), and the [Public Affairs, Public Policy and Public Administration Commons](#)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Cresset (archived issues) by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.

THE

APRIL 1951

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

.....



- The American Cancer
 - God, History, and George Bancroft—II
 - Beggars and Musicians
 - Invocation
-

VOL. XIV. NO 6

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

JOHN STRIETELMEIER, *Managing Editor*

The Cresset Associates: PAUL BRETSCHER, THOMAS COATES, O. A. GEISEMAN, AD. HAENTZSCHEL, WALTER A. HANSEN, ALFRED KLAUSLER, A. R. KRETZMANN, THEODORE KUEHNERT, JAROSLAV PELIKAN, O. H. THEISS

Cresset Contributors: ALICE BENSEN, GEORGE BETO, ANNE HANSEN, KARL KELLER

Business Manager: W. F. WEIHERMAN



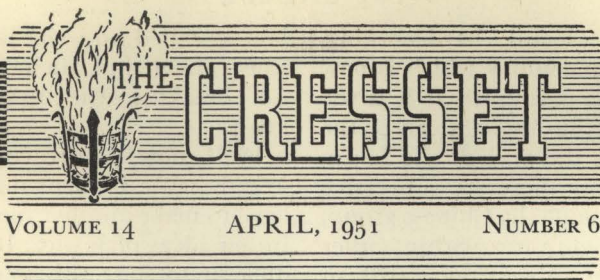
IN THE APRIL CRESSET:

NOTES AND COMMENT.....	1
THE AMERICAN CANCER..... <i>E. J. Buls</i>	10
GOD, HISTORY, AND GEORGE BANCROFT—II.. <i>V. F. Hoffman</i>	17
BEGGARS AND MUSICIANS..... <i>A. R. Caltofen</i>	27
MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS..... <i>Walter A. Hansen</i>	31
RECENT RECORDINGS..... <i>Walter A. Hansen</i>	43
THE NEW BOOKS.....	45
THE READING ROOM..... <i>Thomas Coates</i>	56
THE MOTION PICTURE.....	60
VERSE: "INVOCATION"..... <i>Walter Sorell</i>	64
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.....	70
THE EDITOR'S LAMP.....	72



THE CRESSET is published monthly except August by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial office: Valparaiso University. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, \$3.00; two-year, \$5.50; three-year, \$8.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—\$3.25 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 35 cents.

Entire contents copyrighted 1951 by Walther League



Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Kill It Now

THE time to attack racial or national antagonism is before it gets a good start and it is for that reason that we call attention to reports that have reached us concerning scattered outbursts of anti-Chinese sentiment, particularly along the West coast.

Some of us still remember the hysteria of World War II which led to the uprooting of loyal Japanese-Americans and their relocation in what we would call concentration camps if they had been maintained by other countries. So far there has been no suggestion of a like treatment of Chinese Americans but there are elements in our country who are always willing to make some person or group the whipping boy for whatever frustrations may beset us in time of war. The situa-

tion is aggravated when an appeal for repressive treatment can be tied in with the latent race-consciousness which, for years, has prevented us from meeting the Oriental on a basis of human equality.

The state which is most susceptible to anti-Orientalism is California (because of its large and as yet largely unassimilated Oriental population). It was therefore gratifying to read that Governor Warren has placed himself squarely on the side of human decency and has already taken steps to prevent what are as yet very local situations from developing into anything larger. In this attempt he deserves the support not only of his fellow-Californians but of all Americans.

By and large, our citizens of Chinese ancestry have been good

citizens — peaceful, hard-working, loyal to the country which is now as much their country as it is the country of the Anglo-Saxon or the German or the Slav or the Latin. Undoubtedly there are subversive elements among the Chinese group, just as there are within other groups. But subversion is still an individual crime, not a group crime. It is bad enough that we have adopted the doctrine of guilt by association. Let us not now go still farther and adopt the doctrine of guilt by ancestry.



Bargaining With Lives

AT THE time of the Nuremberg trials, we expressed our opinion to anyone who would listen that the trials were a travesty on justice, a hypocritical device by the victorious powers to bring the sanction of Law to a lynching of which, in the chaotic anarchy of a world of national states, we did not altogether disapprove. But then the pundits came along and tripped us up with some cleverly-worked syllogisms and we shut up because the only thing we had to oppose to their logic was an uncomfortable weight upon our conscience. It was not that we doubted that most of the prisoners deserved to be hanged. What we doubted was the competence of a court of

law, so-called, to write law as they went along and then hang men for breaking the newly-written laws.

Well, now we are confused all over because it turns out that we have to make another modification in our ideas of justice. It is rather difficult to state this modification but what it boils down to is the proposition that guilt decreases with time and gradually disappears. At least that is as close as we can come to divining the significance of the order under which nineteen so-called "war criminals" were given their freedom by occupation authorities. Included within the group were the perpetrators of the Malmédy massacre, a war crime if there ever was one.

Now we are not concerned primarily with the question of whether or not these men were actually guilty. But it seems to us that if they deserved to hang in 1946 they still deserve to hang in 1951. If they do not deserve to hang today, they did not deserve to hang in 1946. If these men were not guilty in 1946, what about other men who were condemned at the same time and subsequently hanged?

And what we particularly dislike about this whole business is the bald and defiant way certain officials, representing only one of the victorious powers, have taken it upon themselves to use the lives of men and the principles of jus-

tice as pawns in East-West power politics. Germany may be, and probably is, essential to our own defense but there is a price which is too high to pay, even for her cooperation. It seems to us that the release of these men was that price.



This Is Religion?

FOLLOWING our policy of interspersing our serious comments with an occasional note of humor, we take up next Professor Richard W. Boynton's conception of "a religion for all sensible men."

Professor Boynton's religion is, he says, a religion of human values. Within this religion, he finds a place even for Christian churches if they will make certain modifications which he suggests. Taken all in all, these modifications seem to add up to a renunciation of everything which distinguishes Christianity from mere ethics.

It is doggoned decent of Professor Boynton to leave the door open to Christianity but he might as well count us out. In the first place, Christianity has never been a religion for sensible men. The earliest Christians were charged with setting the world upside down and their greatest evangelist, Paul, described himself as a "fool for Christ's sake." The sensible men

of the first century, A.D., were busy building empires and selling goods and seducing each other's wives.

In the second place, we don't know what Professor Boynton means by human values and we almost wonder whether he knows, either. If he is suggesting that religion is an ethical system and nothing more than an ethical system, then we will tell him that he should have learned better during the twenty years he has been teaching the philosophy of religion at the University of Buffalo. If, on the other hand, his ethical system is based upon any sort of supernatural order, then he is confronted with the age-old problem of how man arrives at an understanding of the Divine Will, a problem which to us, at least, has always seemed insoluble without postulating some form of revelation.

We are, however, willing to give Professor Boynton a fair trial. The Christian religion which he seems to find inadequate is based ultimately upon a belief that God actually came down from heaven and was incarnate in our flesh, that He died for our sin, was buried, and rose from the dead. If Professor Boynton will die and rise from the dead, we will buy his religion. Until that time we will go on being a fool who accepts Christianity, with all of its unpalatable truths, because as a mat-

ter of historical record its Author did rise from the dead.



Not So Dumb

AND while we are discussing the Church, this is probably as good a time as any to comment on the papal decree forbidding Roman Catholic priests from holding membership in Rotary.

The decree, as our readers will remember, caused high consternation, especially in the United States. Even several Roman Catholics suggested that the Pope must have been poorly-informed on the purposes and practices of Rotary and expressed their belief that everything could be set straight by sending some Catholic Rotarians to brief the Pope on their organization.

Now, of course, we are not in the confidence of the Vatican but we will bet that the Pope and his advisers know very well what the purposes and practices of Rotary are and we will bet that it was because they knew that they issued the decree. And having said that, we must now reassure our many Rotarian friends that we do not propose to read them out of the Church but we do hope to point out the dangers a Christian encounters when he belongs to Rotary or Kiwanis or the Lions or any of these other service clubs.

It seems to us that these clubs would represent less of a danger to the Christian faith if they were openly and avowedly anti-Christian. It is simply because they are service clubs, because their programs and projects involve self-improvement and community betterment, because the atmosphere of their meetings is one of friendliness and brotherhood, that they are potentially dangerous. They are dangerous because they have a form of godliness but deny (not openly but by silence) the power thereof

Let's put it another way. If a man joins Cell Number 33 of the Communist party, he knows that he belongs to an organization which is openly anti-Christian. He has no illusions that his work in the cell is a form of applied Christianity. He knows that, in joining, he has taken a stand against Christianity and because he knows it he must, somewhere along the line, look God in the face, even if only to deny His existence.

When a man joins a service club, on the other hand, he is affiliated with an organization which accepts the ethic of all of the great religions, including Christianity. The activities of his organization are socially-approved and may even involve cooperation with the objectives of organized religion. Notice, then, how easy it is for the Rotarian, let us say,

to fall into the heresy of work-righteousness. The line of reasoning runs something like this: "Christ says that we should feed the hungry and visit the sick. My club's project for this year is to send baskets out to poor families at Christmas time and to help add another wing on the county hospital. My club is, therefore, helping the work of Christ and I, as a member of the club, am also doing the work of Christ. Therefore I am a Christian."

It is always dangerous to belong to an organization which makes us feel respectable or which soothes our conscience. For that reason, it is even dangerous to belong to a church. That does not, of course, mean that we should drop our membership in such organizations but it does mean that we should be constantly aware of the danger of finding in its activities a substitute for the Christian faith.



It Happens All the Time

THE following headline, quoted in its entirety, is from the sports page of the *Badger Lutheran*: HOLY GHOST PRESSED, BUT WINS IN OVERTIME, 55-51.



Restore Whipping?

WE WOULD say that the one most essential requirement in a police commissioner is the capacity for indignation and we are pleased to note that Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy of New York meets that requirement.

Commissioner Murphy's territory is plagued with a particularly low form of life which has infested several of our larger cities, the peddler of dope to high-school students. This traffic is not small potatoes. In Chicago, an assistant state's attorney declares that in one section of his city "dope is as plentiful as lollipops." The same or similar reports have come from Los Angeles.

The narcotics habit, as anyone who has ever been around its victims know, is perhaps the most vicious habit to which a person can succumb. In every case, it is a developed habit. That means that usually the victim has been started on the road to addiction through some other person. In some cases, it happens that the addiction is acquired innocently, as in the case of a person like the poet DeQuincey who became an addict through the use of narcotic medication. In most cases, the habit is not acquired in such a way. Sociologists and welfare workers believe that most addicts start out as mere thrill-seekers

(especially those who start young) or as fugitives from uncomfortable realities. In either case, the victim starts on the road to addiction without any real idea of where it will lead him.

Since in the nature of the habit the addict will pay fabulous prices for the stuff, the dope traffic is highly profitable. And because of the dependence of the victims upon their suppliers, it is very hard to pin a dope charge on a peddler. It is this reluctance of the victim to testify against his supplier that makes the traffic a fairly safe racket.

Nevertheless, now and then a peddler gets caught. Unfortunately, the peddlers or their lawyers know and take advantage of every technicality of the law. Some courts feel, perhaps rightly, that technicalities exist for the protection of the accused and refuse to set aside the technicalities even in the face of the almost certain guilt of the accused.

But despite even this, occasionally a peddler is convicted and that is where Commissioner Murphy enters our story. The Commissioner still has the capacity for indignation and despite his daily contact with the less desirable elements of his community he still recognizes a gradation in crime from the act of impulse or passion or necessity down to the purely mercenary crime of which nar-

cotic-peddling is the most vicious example. And the Commissioner suggests that the penalty for this crime be public flogging, a punishment which has been outlawed by more and more states as the American people have become more and more sloppily sentimental about the poor mistreated criminal.

It is our own feeling that the traffic in narcotics should be a capital crime. We are, however, willing to accept the Commissioner's compromise suggestion. When do we start?



Report

WE HAVE spent the past four months in an intensive effort to find out what the American people are thinking about the issues of war and peace. We can be no more sure of the accuracy of our appraisal than Mr. Acheson or Mr. Truman himself can be of the accuracy of their appraisals but these are the conclusions which we have reached:

1. The American people want peace and they are willing to accept the brutal fact that when one is in conflict with a power of one's own stature, peace involves at least some compromise. The acceptance of compromise solutions does not necessarily constitute "appeasement."

2. A large number of our people feel that the men who are presently responsible for our foreign policy have become so convinced of the inevitability of war that it is no longer possible for them to think constructively in terms of maintaining the peace.

3. The seeming acquiescence in foreign policy on the part of the masses of the people arises as much out of fear as out of conviction. Character assassination has taken the place of logic in the debate on foreign policy.

4. Neither Mr. Hoover's Gibraltarism nor Mr. Acheson's policy of unmitigated toughness satisfies the people. Somewhere between running away, on the one hand, and drawing from the hip, on the other hand, must lie a sensible middle path.

5. The American people are by no means as self-righteous as the statements of their leaders would suggest. One of the healthiest signs of these past few months is the increasingly self-critical attitude of the people and their willingness to accept a share of the blame for the present situation.

6. The people are sick to the point of nausea of the political hay that is being made out of a desperately serious situation. Neither party can point the finger of blame at the other but the Democratic party, simply because it is the party in power, must

accept the major share of the blame. This applies especially to the matter of the controls over the economy which, admittedly, are necessary but which we may reasonably expect to be administered fairly by people chosen on a more satisfactory basis than political affiliation.

7. Most of all, the people have a feeling that they are being pushed into a war which they do not want and which they believe can be prevented. Rightly or wrongly, they feel that the administration, the press (with some exceptions), and the "intellectuals" have decided upon war, either as an immediate or as an eventual solution to the present tension. Strangely enough, they pin their hopes of averting war on the military (who, knowing its implications, might fear its consequences) and upon Big Business (who might find it unprofitable). We do not agree with this line of thought but we must report that we have frequently encountered it.



So What?

WE HAVE before us an Associated Press story which tells, with evident approval, of a widow in Rhode Island whose husband probably never earned more than \$25 a week and who, nevertheless,

left an estate of \$100,000. There follows a formula for accomplishing this economic miracle and we should like to give the formula in full, on the off chance that some one of our \$25 a week readers might be plotting to build up a \$100,000 estate:

1. Live frugally and save;
2. Invest the savings in securities;
3. Don't sell the securities;
4. Invest the earnings of the securities.

As we said, the Associated Press gave the story a very sympathetic write-up. Our reaction to the whole business is tersely summed up in the heading of this section. We suspect that our reaction will be taken as an indication of moral looseness for it is almost sacrilegious to speak lightly of Thrift. Faith, hope, and charity may be dealt with humorously but not Thrift. For, after all, Thrift involves the use of Money. And nobody who is morally sound jokes about Money.

But we still say, "So what?" Here is an accumulation of \$100,000. A man spent eighty-three years and his wife spent sixty-eight years piling it up. And then they died. That's the whole story. There is no indication that the money was used to bring happiness to anyone, even its owners. In a sense, it was not even money at all for money is not itself a commodity (except

in a very narrow sense) but a means by which commodities or services are exchanged.

Now we don't wish to be misunderstood. A reasonable prudence, expressed in laying aside reasonable funds for emergencies or for one's non-productive years, is laudable. There is a moral responsibility that each of us bears not to become public charges if we can help it. But Thrift for Thrift's sake, the accumulation of money for its own sake, is a sin. It is, as the apostle says, the root of all evil.

It has been our privilege to become fairly well acquainted with quite a number of wealthy people. We have known some very happy ones and some very unhappy ones. The happy ones were those who, after they had made reasonable provision for their own needs, spent their time devising worthwhile ways to dispose of their money. They would not have been at all proud of an obituary which could tell nothing more about them than the size of their estate.



"Mercenaries of Mercy"

AND that leads us to the last thing that is on our mind this month, this matter of individual philanthropy.

Some weeks ago, we heard Lieu-

tenant Colonel Arthur Carl Piepkorn, president of the Chaplain Board of the National Defense Establishment, discussing the idea of a life of service. One point stuck in our mind and we would like to pass it on. Chaplain Piepkorn said: "We cannot make our maximum contribution as educated Christians to society entirely by writing checks, joining organizations, signing petitions, and hiring executive secretaries. Such purely vicarious service, carried on entirely by mercenaries of mercy in our behalf, is of limited moral value to us and rarely of great practical value for society. To be effective, we must give *ourselves* first of all: we must share our minds, our wills, our convenience, our leisure."

There, if you are looking for a real moral ground for opposing the welfare state, is a valid base for attack. From the social standpoint, the hungry must be fed, the homeless must be housed, the aged and fatherless must be cared for, the sick must be healed. All of these things must be done if for no other reason than to keep

order in society. The Christian faith enjoins all of these things upon us as matters of individual responsibility. But if, as individuals, we refuse to accept what is fundamentally a moral responsibility, then the state must move in simply to prevent social disorder.

Public education is a good thing and we are happy that the state provides it. But private education would be a better thing. Old-age pensions are a good thing and we are happy that, at last, old people have at least that much to fall back upon. But it would be far better if we, as individuals, took personal care of our old folks.

The rise of the welfare state is, in its essence, a confession of our failure as individuals to carry our moral responsibilities. Every bureaucratic "mercenary of mercy" is engaged in doing for hire what we should be doing out of love for our Lord. The alternative to the welfare state is not, then, the reduction of services to people but a transfer of those services from the impersonal state to the morally-responsible individual.



The American Cancer

By E. J. BULS

THE United States is currently engaged in a program designed to prepare the nation to resist any threat to national security. There is at the same time a nearly unrecognized situation within the nation that is slowly sapping the vigor of American democracy and that over a longer period of time represents a more serious threat to American security than does any potential foreign aggressor, namely, the waste and misuse of American resources that has now proceeded for more than two centuries.

The most disturbing element in the entire resource problem is the fact that a large part of the American nation does not seem to be aware of the problem. To be sure, a few individuals throughout American history recognized the need for husbanding our resources but they were granted little attention in an expanding economy. There is an occasional spark of recognition on a larger scale when water shortages, floods, dust storms,

and other calamities become unpleasant intruders on the American scene. However, basic causes are seldom probed and the entire situation is soon dismissed as an unavoidable event which therefore merits no concern. The problem is at times thrown into still sharper relief as in the nineteen-thirties when the accumulated results of resource misuse seriously aggravated the economic situation by forcing thousands of people onto relief rolls at a time when the American economy was least able to provide adequate support. Unfortunately much of what was learned during the depression has now again been dismissed by the average citizen, leaving bureaus and departments of the Federal government, some state agencies, and a very few private organizations to deal with resource problems. These several groups are not in a position to make a frontal attack on the entire problem but are required to treat many of its aspects as isolated symptoms while

occasional proposals of wider scope are nearly always subjected to criticism for seeming to conflict with inviolable American principles.

Resources have played a vital role in American development in spite of apparent apathy to problems created by misuse. It seems that the dynamics of a developing nation have so completely dominated the American individual as to preclude any concern for the foundations on which it was built or the materials from which it was formed.

Complete analysis is impossible but some of the circumstances and conditions associated with American development reflect the wealth of material resources with which the country was endowed and indicate the origin of some of the current resource problems.

Settlement on the North American continent was not begun until after the European contest for commercial supremacy was well developed. American colonists were, therefore, thoroughly familiar with the organization and procedures of a commercial society. The North American continent was also singularly free of a sizeable indigenous population that had to be assimilated, that seriously contested settlement, or that hampered established commercial procedure. Commercial development was therefore dependent on immigra-

tion and the immigrant population consisted largely of people with commercial interests. The industrial revolution offered tremendous opportunities for agricultural, industrial, and commercial development since rich endowments in the form of water and soil, grasslands and forests, wildlife and some of the world's largest and richest mineral deposits lay distributed across the entire area eventually to be incorporated within the boundaries of the nation. Distance from the European scene permitted internal development without grave danger of European military domination without, however, enforcing economic isolation.

No other nation has ever come on so rich a scene under such favorable circumstances and at so favorable a period in history. It is to be recognized too that this development occurred within an historical setting over which the people of this nation had little control and was fashioned from resources which were not of their making.

Land, acquired by purchase, conquest, or simply by preemption, was consolidated into what are now the national limits. Stretching as they do from coast to coast, it was recognized that this vast land devoid of people might become an enticing prize to some foreign power unless it were settled and thus the young nation offered nu-

merous inducements to establish settlements in this region.

Establishment of settlements in the interior of the United States served other now largely forgotten functions beyond the insurance of maintaining political control.

Profits from the sale of public land contributed to the support of the Federal government for more than a century while the low cost of land made ownership possible to anyone willing to work, without great indebtedness. The low ratio of people per square mile made agricultural machinery particularly desirable and large profits possible while a low tax rate levied against land and profits permitted the support of slowly expanding governmental agencies.

Land, distributed free or at very low cost to incipient railroad companies, provided through its sale the capital to build the world's greatest transportation system—a system which is one of the cornerstones of the American nation. Without the existence of desirable land, devoid of people, in a commercial nation with an expanding population such a system could not have been built.

America is proud of its educational system and looks often with pity and sometimes with contempt at those countries which fail to provide similar educational opportunities. Forgotten is the fact that the little red schoolhouse and the

great state university were originally built with funds derived from the sale or lease of land deeded to the states by the Federal Government.

For nearly two hundred years the nation assumed, and perhaps rightly so, that national interests were best served by placing land into private control as quickly as possible and making the individual responsible for production from that land.

That was true also of American mineral deposits. Mineral industries were organized to serve basic needs that could be supplied in no other way. The iron industry was already organized in the Colonial Period to provide tools and small metal items required on New England farms which could not be easily acquired through trade since there was no European market for New England farm products. Coal deposits achieved first-rate importance only after a method was developed for using it in the smelting of iron ore to replace nearly depleted sources of charcoal. Petroleum was little more than a curiosity until it was discovered that kerosene, extracted from petroleum, served as well for illumination as whale oil which was becoming scarce.

In nearly every case the exhaustion of the first used resource was followed by the discovery of resources that were either bigger or

better and often both. That was true not only with respect to mineral deposits but was true also with respect to soils and forests.

From these resources was developed capital, part of which has been used to increase the productive capacity of industry and a part of which has been invested in research leading to technological advances, both of which have made American industry the most progressive in the world and often the only industry able to cope with development problems in other parts of the world. Out of these items have been created the jobs and the tools, the leisure and the wealth which distinguish the American standard of living while at the same time providing elements of strength to the position which this nation holds in world affairs.

It is true that no nation in the history of the world has attained so important a position in world affairs in so short a period of time. It is equally true that no nation has ever wasted its resources so rapidly as has our own.

This is true of every single resource found within the continental limits of the United States. Some of our wildlife has become extinct and much of the rest of it exists only because it is protected by law.

Our once great forests have been reduced to a fraction of their for-

mer size and are located in areas remote or difficult of access from major consuming areas; not in every case to make way for good farm lands but in many cases to become nearly worthless bush land of poplar and birch.

Soils have been recklessly wasted until gullied farms and depleted fields bear mute evidence of poor stewardship while the insatiable American garbage can points to the same problem from another side.

A high standard of living and national power were built from the splendid metallic mineral deposits of this country. Now the high grade iron deposits are expected to last only a little longer and the steel industry is experimenting with the use of low grade deposits while exploring iron deposits in other countries. The situation is much the same also with respect to other metallic minerals. Geologists are now also quite certain that no other large deposits of high quality remain to be discovered within the United States.

The United States is in a much better position with respect to coal but even here it is true that the most accessible of the high quality coal has been removed while a large part of the reserves are in western lignite deposits, a form of fuel not suitable for the metallurgical industry and too low

in quality to permit extensive transportation.

Petroleum reserves are likewise approaching depletion and although the industry cannot be certain that all possible sources have been explored, it is nevertheless developing methods of recovering petroleum from beneath the continental shelf and at the same time extending operations into other parts of the world.

These are the material blessings bestowed on this nation by a gracious Creator, blessings on which this nation was built, on which it became powerful and with which its citizens have built a standard of living beyond anything that the world has ever seen and undreamed of even now by most of the other two billion people of the world. Unrecognized and unappreciated they have been and are being wasted with reckless abandon that is alarming even if they are viewed simply as the material basis for national existence but is appalling to the Christian who recognizes them as the precious gifts of God.

Reasons for such misuse are not hard to find. They can usually be classified as resulting from a pioneer attitude, ignorance, greed, or combinations thereof.

The current attitude toward resources still reflects the pioneer stage in national development in which resource exploitation was

essential to the establishment of settlements, to insure national security, and to provide the economic basis for individual and national existence. Waste and misuse were less a problem than haste in soundly establishing the nation. Some items considered of major significance among present resources were actually handicaps in the establishment of settlements. The forests of Eastern United States which had to be removed to make way for agricultural settlements are but one example.

The sequence of development created an illusion that has been only partly dispelled. Moving from depleted forest regions to virgin forests of greater utility, from worn out agricultural land to new rich land, and from small deposits of low quality minerals to larger deposits of high quality, the youthful nation might have recognized that this could not go on forever but it was less concerned with this than with consolidating its territories and establishing a sound basis for existence. Unfortunately many people came to consider American resources virtually inexhaustible or at least to consider depletion a problem of the so distant future as to require neither consideration nor conservation.

Present resource problems result also from practices established in ignorance and perpetuated by

complacency. The removal of forests was a necessary prerequisite to agricultural settlement; but the removal of hill-side forests has been followed by a falling water table, rapid erosion, extreme fluctuation of stream flow, decline in the number and quality of fish in local streams, and has eventually been reflected in the economic conditions of the region.¹ The removal of hillside forests was obviously an error but a long time passed before the error was recognized. Unfortunately recognition is still far from universal.

The fact that forest removal was followed by an agricultural economy in colonial America was recognized. That it was misinterpreted is evident from the attempt to extend a similar type of economy into the cut over lands surrounding the northern section of the Great Lakes where soil and climate imposed restrictions that had not been previously met. Ignorance of basic conditions is evident too when European production methods, developed for close growing cereals, were adapted to native American corn, cotton, and tobacco, clean cultivated row crops,

¹ The most recent and thoroughly readable analysis of complex interrelationships that have been disturbed by watershed mismanagement is presented in the recent volume *Water, Land, and People* by Bernard Frank and Anthony Netboy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1950. 329 pages. \$4.00.

in regions where thunderstorms brought sudden heavy rains which resulted in rapid erosion in contrast to the drizzle of northwestern Europe which produces little erosion.

The same condition was responsible when the plowing of prairie soils in Illinois and Iowa, which opened a vast new agricultural empire, was followed by the plowing of prairie soils on the Great Plains where smaller amounts and irregularly distributed rainfall set limitations that do not prevail in the eastern half of the United States.

Evidences of greed in resource misuse in the past as well as in the present are so numerous and so clear that they require no illustration. It is equally clear that the nation can not continue to tolerate such greed because of its obvious and inherent disregard of moral and civic responsibility.

But, whatever the reason, the misuse of resources may be tragic. Other nations in other ages have occupied positions similar to the one occupied by the United States at the present time. The glory of Greece and the power of Rome lie in the past; now both have little more than history. More recently Great Britain has impotently witnessed the gradual dissolution of a part of its mighty empire; now it has austerity.

Original objectives, the consoli-

dation of territory and the development of an economic basis for existence have been achieved and by the grace of God, far surpassed. The nation can thus turn its attention to the development of policies for orderly internal development to replace dangerous practices developed in the wake of rapid expansion.

Underlying national development and including also the management of resources is the doctrine of personal liberty. Individualism was at a premium in the development of the material resources of the nation. Nation and individual alike stood to profit from the resourcefulness, initiative, courage, and skill of the individual and accordingly the liberty of the individual was protected by law. However, since resource destruction has also resulted from practices developed in the use of personal liberty, reappraisal of this doctrine is essential, not to modify or replace it, but to properly evaluate and use it.

In the emphasis on personal liberty there has been no corresponding emphasis on personal responsibility and yet responsibility is inherent in liberty. American law recognizes responsibility in

many areas but with respect to most of the natural resources the law requires little more than economic responsibility of the owner, that is the ability to remain solvent. The individual is in no wise held legally responsible for any waste or misuse that results from his attempt to remain solvent or from his attempt to extend his capital gains far beyond the point of solvency.

There is no quarrel with the accumulation of wealth. However, true democracy requires not only the privilege of accumulating wealth but also responsibility for the method by which it is accumulated and toward the resources from which that wealth is being accumulated.

The Christian is here aware of a responsibility that extends beyond his responsibility as a citizen. The conferral of authority to have dominion over the earth and to subdue it involves also the responsibility of discharging those duties to the satisfaction of, and in the service of the Creator of those resources, that is, not to attain selfish ends as though man were owner, but as stewards managing, for a time, the property of the Lord God.



God, History, and George Bancroft—II

By VICTOR F. HOFFMAN

OBVIOUSLY, George Bancroft wrote as one nurtured by the influences of his day. What was the atmosphere that Bancroft breathed and reflected? Nye supposes that Bancroft's ideas were set in the Rationalist-Romantic drift and suggests strongly that his history derived from both Rationalist and Romantic historians though he indicates a larger derivation from the latter. Was it Rationalist? Was it Romantic? Was it native or imported? The major and articulated influences that could have worked on him were the Rationalist-Romantic-Transcendental movements of both Europe and America.

Be that as it may for the moment, Bancroft had spent his formative years, 1818 to 1823, as a scholar abroad. By letter, President Kirkland of Harvard committed the young Bancroft to the care of Professor Eichhorn at Goettingen. Some of his time was also spent at the University of

Berlin and in European travel. The New England boy had spoken to the great Goethe and had come into contact by lectures, visits, and conversation with other intellectual giants such as Schlosser, Byron, Schleiermacher, Boeckh, Wolf, and Hegel. He was willing to acknowledge his debt to these men. The extremely imitative young man had been touched by Old World ideas even though at times he had indicated he left Europe with no regrets.

George Bancroft did have views that approximated, in a superficial way, those of the European Rationalists in the "Rationalist-Romantic drift." Before Bancroft these scholars had accepted the belief that behind "the shifting facts of history" there was an absolute cause-effect relationship. This pattern was imposed by a *a priori* reasoning. Actually "they knew what they believed before they requested the answers from history." In this relating of a

philosophy (and of a faith) to history—and that is what we have here—the individual of worth and dignity was also emphasized whose reasoning power could discover the truth. On these bases the Rationalists assumed inevitable progress, social evolution, and optimism. A comparative study of other societies and civilizations gave corroboration to their ideas, they thought.

Aside from the fact that Rationalism in some aspects, it seems to me, is only a secularization of the old Christian or providential view (in different terminology), the apparent points of similarity to Bancroft's concepts appear to be God, man, reason, the cause-effect relationship, progress, optimism, and the comparative study of civilizations to prove *a priori* reasoning. Finally, both would agree that the historian was to explain as well as to narrate.

The similarities, however, were only apparent. The Rationalist natural law frame behind the facts of history was a good deal more mechanistic and environmental. There was more emphasis on man and his reason than on God. If they had a God, it was "a Deity . . . who had planned and set in motion a harmonious and self-regulating universe" which He could now watch operate according to its natural law mechanism. The God of Bancroft, on the other

hand, was immanent in the working of history. The reason of the Rationalists was certainly not the intuitive reason of Bancroft. Therefore their cause-effect relationships could not be precisely the same. Progress, optimism, the comparative study of civilizations, liberty and human and natural rights, though not peculiar to Rationalism, might have had some influence on Bancroft and the Romantics even as idealist Immanuel Kant did not break completely with the Rationalists.

The consensus seems to be that Bancroft's providential view of history was Romantic with Transcendental colorations. He had become saturated with the transcendental philosophy of the great "Teutonic romantic thinkers" and seemed to be born of this idealistic reaction to the logic and reason of the Rationalists. To Kant, Fichte, Herder, Schelling, and Hegel can be traced, for example, such ideas of his as the following: man's progress through successive stages of civilization; history as the unfolding of God; nationalism; optimism; progress of the human spirit of freedom; and "the government of God, made visible."

Hegel and Bancroft seem to have had a lot in common. Hegel was aware that history looked to be a restless succession of changes. Nevertheless behind the seeming changelessness of change there was

the idea of an ultimate purpose and a sovereign spirit. Peoples and individuals "are tools in the hands of God." Looking back over history Hegel concluded that history was fulfilled in "the Germanic-Christian Empires in the West." The *Logos* had become the *Weltgeist* and the *Weltgeist* had become the *Zeitgeist* of German nationalism by successive manifestations in history.

By the mere process of arithmetical identification Bancroft becomes more compatible with the Romantics and Transcendentals of Europe. By reading back from Bancroft in way of summary we can find these points of comparison: the immanence of God; the perfectibility of man; intuitive reason; the optimistic notion of process and progress; history as successive manifestations of the God-idea or Spirit; a sense of the individual and collective man; ideals of freedom; a comparative and retrospective study of civilizations to prove the worth of your own nation; and the exaltation of the Romantic heroes as the concise embodiment of the world and national spirit. Bancroft wrote as one nurtured by transcendental influence.

The problem of articulating Bancroft's providential view of history by way of his influences does not stop with the above. America had also gone through a

comparable Rationalist-Romantic-Transcendental movement. Were Bancroft's concepts more native or more foreign?

In its infancy the New England America of Bancroft had been living by and large with "the Calvinistic conception of a harsh and omnipotent Deity who had predestined the greater part of mankind to eternal damnation." Rigid Calvinism, however, could not repair its theological fences fast enough nor long enough to restrain the stirring, youthful, and moving Americans. Political, social, and economic theories changed foundations. The medieval assumptions of supernatural revelation were supplanted by newer and various ideas. Newton, Locke, Rationalism, Anglicanism, evangelical Protestantism, Unitarianism, Romanticism, and Transcendentalism soon submerged the Puritan emphasis. The point is: Old New England had drifted from its earlier moorings. Predestination, Trinitarianism, and the moral depravity of man had been watered down. The New England civilization was in transit.

George Bancroft was also a participant in this stirring New England world. He had been born into it in 1800, just as the "lingering colonial period" was getting ready to sail into the era of brash, assertive, and dynamic national consciousness. His father, Aaron

Bancroft, had already made the break with rigid Calvinism and had accepted principles akin to those of Channing and Unitarianism before "the Unitarians were the masters of Massachusetts theology."

After a time even the new Unitarianism became sterile orthodoxy. "The early Unitarians were children of the Age of Reason" and with Rationalism had to move aside for the more anarchic activity of life and mind that we have called the Romantic Revolution. This movement, particularly the transcendental phase of it, was the atmosphere to which Bancroft belonged. "Bancroft was an incurable Romantic," wrote Ralph Gabriel, and neither the Civil War or its post-war scandals shook his democratic or romantic ideals.

Transcendentalism in America was also, as suggested, a revolt against the rigid, the logical, the sterile, and the orthodox. God became an "impersonal moral force pervading the world." This God-Force was perceived by a process higher than logical reason, namely by intuitive reason. Consequently, a man was a dignified and self-reliant being. Approximating the words of Bancroft, these men believed man contained within himself the voice of God, the ability by his own insights to find God in himself and in the

world. God lived and moved and had His being in man. The desire for freedom made for an acute sense of individualism and on occasion in some people for social sympathies just as acute. Men were reaching for the stars.

In addition, the America of the Romantic Revolution was a fluid, expanding, and confident nation. Nationalism, optimism, progress, and confidence were easily accepted by these Americans. The young adolescent felt quite certain it had "taken the Mother to the wood-shed" on two occasions. The Americans were people on the make and felt they were favored of all men and blessed by God as His chosen people. America was the Mount Ararat in a world, inundated by tyranny, to which God had directed the Ark of Freedom. This spirit was fed by other fires: land, minerals, lumber, rivers, and game, "convertible at a touch into ready wealth." Apparently Bancroft had written what the Americans wanted to believe: "theirs was a God-directed nation . . . a divinely inspired state." Bancroft had "proved that the United States carried out one phase of the divine plan."

The American Romantics and Transcendentals had not *articulated* themselves as well as their European contemporaries. Nevertheless one could feel some of

Bancroft's ideas regarding the providential view of history in the American intellectual environment of the period: the immanence of God; God as a creative force behind history; the perfectibility of the human being; the emphasis upon our national genius as compared with other nations; intuitive reason; and the embodiment of freedom in the American way of life.

Of course, one can conclude that both European and American ideologies might have had considerable effect on Bancroft. That brings us to one of the conundrums of American intellectual history: Who influenced Bancroft or the Transcendentals the most? The European? The American? Would your brother eat the moon if you had a brother and if he could reach the moon and if the moon were green cheese? But scholars talk about those things with as much right as we discuss the intangible and elusive God in history.

What these scholars have said about the Romantics and the Transcendentalists in America may also properly be said of Bancroft. Most of them wanted to declare their intellectual independence of Europe. On one Fourth of July in Europe, Bancroft said to a Vermont friend: "We are Americans. The arts and sciences of Europe cannot make us forget it. Thank

God we are Americans." Nevertheless he owed much to his European teachers and contemporaries. The spirit and atmosphere of America might have been Romantic and Transcendental but the true metaphysics of the movement was not there. The Europeans provided the model by which the American thinker and thinking "were adjusted to specific American use." From my very limited reading regarding the European and American intellectuals of this period, my impression is that the former were more clear and definite and had established a better framework of concepts and terminology. In general the view of the recent *Literary History of the United States* sums it up fairly well:

It is doubtful whether these transformations of the Puritan ethic and theory of knowledge ever could have become more than vague intellectual tendencies of the time or could have achieved the degree of articulate formulation they subsequently did without the stimulus of contemporary European philosophy.

Avery Craven has intimated at times (some opinion has it) that there might have been an independent American Romantic Revolution regardless of the Europeans. "These stirrings . . . could not have been unrelated to the great economic and social changes which were so fundamentally al-

tering the lives and thwarting the purpose of this people [in America]." Ultimately transcendentalism would have become a part of it all. Nevertheless, he has added, the ideas, "filtering in from the Old World . . . furnished forms of expression to American spokesmen."

Nye fell in line with these students of American intellectual life with regard to George Bancroft. In addition he maintained that Bancroft "had become acquainted with the essentials of New England transcendentalism before they had left the shores of Europe to take on American coloring." When the young student returned to America in 1823 in quest of a vocation, there were no clear-cut transcendentalists. He himself might have been one of the bridges, one of the earlier hands across the sea, from the matured philosophy to the newer one just beginning in America. His addresses on "Progress" and "The Office of the People" were delivered in 1834 and 1835. Emerson's "Nature," often termed the seed or spring-board of the movement in America—at least in Massachusetts—came out in 1836. "The American Scholar," "The Divinity School Address," and "The Young American" followed. Since 1818 Bancroft had had a close acquaintance-ship and a profound kinship with the European transcendentalists.

In some respects, he was the first of these intriguing people in America.

Throughout this limited and much less than definitive study of Bancroft, two oft-repeated expressions—progress and God in history—kept pushing forward two primary questions. What relation does Bancroft's progress bear to what a later day called evolution or Social Darwinianism? What relation does this providential view of history bear to the orthodox Christian view of life—that is, the Christian God in history?

To follow the first question Shailer Mathews has been employed by way of comparison. His spiritual approach to history indicated evolutionary foundations. We are in a very real world, a physical world, and are therefore determined by economic, geographical, physical, and chemical forces. If man's world were determined by no more than that we would not be a little higher than the animals nor a little lower than the angels. But man's process and progress of living is also determined by something more, a *plus* element—"something creative in the human element." This *plus* element brought him close to Bancroft's voice of God in man. In other ways he uttered views that could have been read into Bancroft. Life has indicated some direction in three ways: inner sanc-

tions were being substituted for force: history showed an increasing appreciation for the personal worth of the individual; and there was a move from the fight for rights to the giving of justice. Even though "human society is doubtless genetically joined with that of animals" and even though he emphasized "creative rationality in the laws of nature," nevertheless he agreed that "some thought of World Spirit cannot be excluded from a conception of history." There must be some supreme personal force or some supreme social-mindedness that can be represented by Jesus or by some God close to the operations of history. Shailer Mathews embodied this in his idea of the Social Gospel. The church can be of significance by inspiring "in men the sacrificial social-mindedness which God displays in Jesus Christ." Yet, it was all within the framework of man in a society genetically connected with the animals.

His views of destiny and direction indicated his differentiation from Bancroft who believed that an immanent God directed man, gave him intuitive reason whereby man could conform to the divine will and be brought near the end of all life—freedom, liberty, justice, and equality. George Bancroft could never have said the following. Shailer Mathews did:

As we stand on the bow of some great steamer hurling itself across a trackless ocean, we feel only the rest of change, the toss of the waves, and the buffeting of the winds. . . . We cannot see our port, but we know we are going somewhither because we have come somewhence. . . . By direction I do not mean a miraculous control of God just as Augustine taught, or the strict teleology of Herrman, or the *Weltgeist of Hegel*.

Obviously Mathews placed more emphasis on the horizontal evolutionary process than he did on the vertical relationship of God in history as a determining force behind the scenes. He spoke of history as being mostly process: "The perspective of process is the outstanding reality of history." He spoke furthermore of "just when and where the first reasoning man emerged from the melee of animal history." One would say that Mathews was a Social Darwinist who recognized in the evolutionary process the creative force of man and the rationality of a supreme being—all of which he consummated with an intense faith in the Social Gospel.

Bancroft was not an evolutionist though conversely he might frequently have made such "noises" when he spoke of process and progress. At one place in his "Progress" he said:

The state in which we are, is man's natural state at this moment, but it

neither should be nor can be his permanent state, for his existence is flowing on in eternal motion, with nothing fixed but the certainty of change. . . . Every one bears within himself the consciousness that his course is a struggle.

In another place he referred to "an archetype" that "existed previous to the creation of the first kind." Actually Bancroft had referred by such statements to the unending struggle of man to reach for the Great Archetype, the mind of God.

There could be no evolution to a man who held that the material world retained the same structure and mass. To him the earth, the stars, the seasons, truth, morals, and justice had always been the same. "Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated; no new capacities are discovered." He said virtually the same of man *per se*: "He bears no marks of having risen to his present degree of perfection by successive transmutations from inferior forms." In other words, man was a separate creation "and distinct from all other classes of animal life." Progress was only mankind's widening and common discoveries of the Infinite.

The fundamental and orthodox Christians have also found it hard to accept evolution or Social Darwinianism. How does Bancroft's God in history compare with the

Christian God in history? For this comparison Kenneth Latourette's presidential address to the American Historical Association will be used. The address was a well-constructed summary of the more orthodox Christian's view of life and history. To a few of the features of the Christian outlook Bancroft would have agreed. There is a God from eternity who created man. This God is in history and controls man and his destiny.

As Latourette has shown, the Christian view of history meant more than simply a providential God directing the individual man, the collective man, and all history toward an ultimate goal. Bancroft would suggest the perfectibility and the divinity of man. Latourette and the orthodox Christian would begin disagreeing at that very point: Certainly "mankind is one; history embraces all mankind and is universal" and "God gave to man a certain measure of His own free will" but something had happened to that perfect situation. The man whom God had created in His own image brought tragedy upon himself. According to Latourette this is what befell man:

Human history is in large part tragedy, and the tragedy consists in man's abuse of his freedom. Man is prone to ignore that fact that he is a creature. In one fashion or another he arrogates to himself full autonomy

and seeks to do not God's will but his own will. He places other loyalties above his loyalty to God and gives to them allegiance due to God.

Thus man had separated himself from the God who is sovereign and omnipotent. In relation to this erring man God shows the twin powers of judgment and grace. With the one action He judges man because of his separation to be eternally damned; but with the other action in mercy and grace He permitted man a way out in reconciliation. The second step in the human-divine encounter goes like this:

God judges man and whatever man sets up in place of God. Hence comes most of man's misery and frustration. But God wishes man to repent, and as often as men truly repent, whether individually or in groups, He forgives them and gives them fresh opportunity to grow toward the purpose which He has for them.

Each individual man can be lifted above his human tragedy by looking to the central events of history around the God-Man who came crashing into history. God became incarnate in Christ and Christ demonstrated the validity of His atonement and His divinity by the Good Friday and Easter events. After Christ's return to eternity the Christian God continued to operate in history: "The Christian understanding of

history goes on to say that following the crucifixion and resurrection God continued to operate through what Christians call the Holy Spirit." Thus an anthropomorphic and Trinitarian God continues to control history and bring separated souls back to God. Those who refuse God are under the condemnation.

Without doubt, Latourette and Bancroft have not operated on common ground. Someone has said that there are only two types of religion if once they are all reduced to their least common denominators—the one consists in man looking for God and the other in God looking for man. Latourette's basis is God looking for man. Bancroft's basis is man through intuitive reason looking and searching for God. That has made for a world of difference. Bancroft would assume that man and mankind were coming closer to God and the infinite truth through successive generations and civilizations. According to Latourette history becomes a tragedy or a victory for each individual or collective man depending upon their relation to God. This relation is determined by *one immediate act* which is the same whatever the time, place, or generation, that is to say, the reconciliation to God through Christ. History then becomes the struggle between good and evil, the process of men being

accepted or rejected. Beyond history God has a convenient place for the acceptor or rejector. In no way would the above statements fit into Bancroft's providential view of history.

Thus we have made a partial study of Bancroft's providential theory of history. His views have been drawn along-side the ideas of the rationalists, the romantics, the evolutionists, and the Christians. We have concluded that he was not rationalist, not an evolutionist, not an orthodox Christian, but a romantic—incurable, as Gabriel mentioned. Nevertheless, the pattern of all of them is in some respects similar. The Christian God, the providential God, the deistic idea, and the world spirit all represent the same concept of something supernatural, that is, above nature. Many of the evolutionists like Shailer Mathews will subscribe to some supreme world force behind the new natural law. Nor is there in some aspects a great deal of difference between these people regarding the avenues whereby they find

God or God finds them whether it be reason, intuition, or the Christian faith. With their own unique ramifications and implications set by their times and experiences, all of these people might have only defined the same spiritual problems, tensions, and tenets in different terminology.

Is there a certain amount of truth and fiction in all of them regarding the force behind history? Have all of their wanderings beyond the terminal points of history been acts of faith? Has each one of these groups by conjecture established the faith of its time as a sort of necessary societal cement? Have their absolutes been based on faith? It is difficult to discover natural law, the new natural law, and the finger-prints of either a providential or Christian God in the facts and events of history. Indeed, the step from the "this I believe" of the man of faith to the "this I will consider" or the "this could be" of the skeptic is not a long one. The Christian understanding of life offers the clue to the mystery of history.



Beggars and Musicians

By A. R. CALTOFEN

IF YOU took from Lisbon its great public square, the Rossio, you would be taking its heart. But if you took away its beggars and musicians, you would be taking a part of its soul.

I shall not speak of starving men who, thank heaven, are only seldom met there. Nor will I mention those supposedly "wholly blind," "wholly maimed" who, sheltered from the sun and police by a mighty coconut palm tree, recognize as though with the eyes of a lynx a foreigner from a distance of more than a hundred yards and pursue him, quick footed, through the cobble-stoned alleys. Nor will I speak of the newspaper boys who, with the same shrewdness with which they disobey the police order to wear shoes (they put one shoe into their pocket) try to get any used newspaper in order to peddle it in front of the nearest coffee house as the latest edition. Nor will I deal with the street urchins who,

just for the fun of it, plague strangers with requests for spring-lobsters, or a little bit of sweet capilé, or a blue Antonius thistle. What I intend to talk about is the great guild of the local four-footed beggars, the cats of Lisbon.

Lisbon's cats live their lives under rules of their own, and the focus of their lives is fish.

If you ever visit Lisbon, just go down to the quays where the gay-colored fishing smacks with the slanting masts unload their cargoes of fish. A host of cats, tough and intrusive as Gypsies, wind their way among the tight sacks of salt, empty boxes, and waiting donkey carts only to rush, when the fishermen's hands and eyes are occupied elsewhere, upon the heaps of fish entrails. They swallow voraciously, vomit, swallow again. Their eyes meanwhile dart about for fresh booty—silver colored carapaus, milk-white cuttlefish, delicate sardines, and fat eels. The possible choices are

numberless and the cats' table is well-laid.

The cats also find it worth their time to go and inspect the market halls in the neighborhood of the harbor or to seek out the fish-women who, day after day from the earliest hour of the morning, walk up and down the steep stairs of the city's alleys, balancing on their heads the wide bowl-shaped baskets in which they may carry as much as half a hundredweight of fish which they hawk in a loud, melodious sing-song. When a customer turns up, the moment for which the feline beggars have been waiting arrives. The basket is laid down, the fish are weighed, and perhaps a fish-head will be thrown to the cats or perhaps one of the bolder cats may even be able to seize a whole fish by the tail and drag it quickly away.

Curiosity once induced me to follow one of these cats, most of which run wild. This cat carried a big fish in her mouth and, burdened thus, could not escape me. On top of that, she had obviously injured her left hind paw. Now and again, she would put the fish down and mew plaintively until, at last, she disappeared into one of the three-foot variegated lanes which look picturesque enough but don't smell particularly inviting when the blended odors of hot oil, dried fish, garlic, laundry, and sundry undefinable things

nearly seem to coagulate between the house walls.

Yet I followed the cat resolutely and saw that, from a low dark corridor which served for a shop where they sold earthenware water jugs and charcoal burners, a pretty young cat jumped clumsily toward the cat I had been following, each jump taking it as far as the string around its neck would allow. The little one was delicate and white, so white that you would never have thought that it could be the kitten of such a dirty, yellow mother.

The children in the alley surrounded a street-vendor who was selling candy, peanuts, and salt beans. The shop owner was either in the tavern or at rest in his house. Meanwhile the two cats had time for an undisturbed mew-ing talk with each other. The mother licked her little one's fur until it shone, divided the fish into small appetizing pieces, and looked at her eating child with blinking eyes. Her whole body from the pricked ears to the tip of the tail was a study in maternal love. And when a child happened to dash noisily into the corridor, the old cat pressed herself closely to her little one as if to protect it and then I scarcely saw how it happened—she bit the string through in the fraction of a second.

Often I had watched in astonish-

ment how cats crossed the wide square of the Rossio, weaving through the crowds of people and cars that hurried by at full speed. So I was not surprised when these two cats set out to leave the alley. What I wondered was where they would go. Did they want to have a short mid-day nap, like so many of their companions in the shadow of the houses, or better still, in the neighborhood of a cool fountain? No, they slunk on. They went along two side streets, turned into one of the main streets, and headed toward a bank where, on the polished plate of the counter, another cat was lying, snugly rolled together.

This was a well kept cat, a really aristocratic one—aristocratic not by birth but by her way of living. Here in Lisbon, where there is no middle class for cats, a wave of good luck had lifted her from the mud and misery of dirty alleys to a level high above that of her begging companions. The counter on which she rested was the symbol of a throne, and in front of this throne the little one began to ask alms. She begged with the whole grace of a delicate childlike creature while the mother, on purpose as it seemed, kept herself in the background.

I know that we should not interpret the behaviour of animals from the viewpoint of human creatures, and yet I involuntarily

began to try and find an explanation for what I saw with my own eyes. Had the old ugly cat once been beaten and scared away from that spot so that now she did not risk to go nearer? Or did she not want to be a handicap for her child, for which she, in her un-failing instinct, wanted a similarly exquisite place like that occupied by the aristocratic fellow cat? A place in life that guaranteed hours of rest on a polished plate, a gay ribbon round the neck and hearty meals every day.

One day I found another strange little beggar among the animals. When I say "little" I mean little by comparison with human beings. Among his fellows, he was a giant. He was a jackdaw with lame wings and dishevelled feathers. I found him standing in the glaring sunlight of a desolate alley, surrounded by sleeping cats of which he took no notice.

Even when I walked toward him and threw him some crumbs of bread, he kept his stoic pose. But when I went nearer, he cowered with inimitable reproachfulness, showed me his back, and strode away slowly and ceremoniously, his head upright. Every inch the misunderstood artist.

This was my first encounter with a representative of the Lisbon musicians' guild. But please understand: the musicians of whom I speak are not the musicians of the

concert-halls and the jazz-bands which one finds here as in every other great city. Nor are they the tambourine-beaters and trumpeters who, disguised as natives of Mozambique, do publicity work for the films or the bull-fights or play for dances in the garlanded market-halls. Nor do I mean the young soldiers of the Legion who arouse the people with their exciting beating of the drums. The musicians of whom I speak are those small and smallest musicians who live not in the palm-concealed houses of the avenidas nor in the noble green villas with the pretty Azulejos walls but, like the cats, in the old, dirty alleys.

These alleys are so narrow that an ox-cart can hardly wind its way through them. Gay-colored pieces of linen flutter from the rows of narrow balconies and the balconies themselves are decorated with flowers—the blue-violet bindweed with large bells, the golden wall pepper, the crimson midday flower. And there are the birds. There they are sitting, there they are singing, rejoicing so that one might fear that their hearts would burst in their little breasts. In front of nearly every window their cages hang, sometimes two or

three, and the cages hold whole choirs of songbirds, one species a light-blue, one pink-spotted, a third with blood-red coats. And it is like a beautiful dream to listen to them.


But when the sun is setting over the nearby ocean and the pinnacles of the castle on the hill shine like gold, the great hour comes for the very smallest of the musicians—the crickets. Their tiny red, blue, or green cages hang in the doors or on a window bar. They chirp and chirp. They play unceasingly their wonderfully fine violins. The good old man in the black rustic night-cap, watering his flowers on the unstable roof of his house while the crickets play, feels perhaps a longing for the olive-groves and vineyards of his native village. The young blind man who, listening to their song, forgets to call out his lottery tickets and looks with his empty eyes into the distance while his red-and-white stick gropes helplessly along the hard curb stone—perhaps he sees, in spite of his blindness, a pure, radiant light. And my own heart opens widely when I hear the song of the crickets at the time of dusk in the narrow lanes near the Great Ocean.



Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Bach Comes to the U. S. A.
[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

 Johann Sebastian is perpetually inquisitive. He is always eager to learn. The great master revealed an unquenchable curiosity when he was alive, and now, as he appears to me in my dreams, this same trait in his make-up keeps coming to the fore.

"Let's talk about some of the composers of your time," Bach says to me as we chew the fat, so to speak, in one of our many conversations concerning music and musicians.

"We could spend years discussing the composers of my time," I tell the master. "You remember, of course, that there were hundreds of music-writers when you were alive. It's safe to say that today there are many, many more."

"But I'm speaking of *great* composers," Bach interrupts. "Are there in the twentieth century any composers who deserve to be called *great*? Or do you hesitate to crawl

out on a limb—as they say in your land—for fear that the limb may be sawed off or chopped off from under you? As you know, I myself have, on the basis of much experience, acquired the wholesome habit of making sparing use of the adjective 'great.'"

"Well, Mr. Bach," I say, "I share your circumspection with regard to the word 'great.' Nevertheless, I believe one should employ that adjective with all possible emphasis whenever dispassionate and painstaking study has led one to the conviction that its use is appropriate."

"Let's listen to some music written by a Russian composer named Sergei Prokofieff," I go on. "I believe with all my heart that Prokofieff is a *great* composer."

This time we make use of the phonograph instead of attending a number of in-the-flesh concerts.

"A few weeks ago," I say, "I

had an assignment to review a performance of Prokofieff's delightful orchestral fairy tale called *Peter and the Wolf*. On this occasion an acquaintance of mine approached me and declared with an air of unmistakable hauteur that he had grown weary of this work. I told him that *Peter and the Wolf* continued to fascinate me even though I had heard it dozens of times. 'How many composers have there been,' I asked my acquaintance, 'who had the ability to write in a captivating and entrancing manner for children?' The man who had become tired of *Peter and the Wolf* was taken aback by my question. For one reason or another he had never stopped to think that the ability to write masterfully for the little ones, as Prokofieff did in *Peter and the Wolf*, is in itself a great art.


"Yes, it's relatively easy to devise titles calculated to catch the attention of children. But titles, important though they are, do not make silk purses out of the ears of sows.

"I'm sure that if I were to concoct a bit of tonal drivel and call it *Monkeyshines*, the very title might induce some children—big and little—to convince themselves for a moment or two that my composition actually suggested monkeyshines. But the title itself would not, and could not, transform my balderdash into anything

worth anyone's while. In all probability the children would soon tell me to stop my monkeyshines.

"But I'm beginning to spout platitudes, am I not? Let's listen to *Peter and the Wolf*."

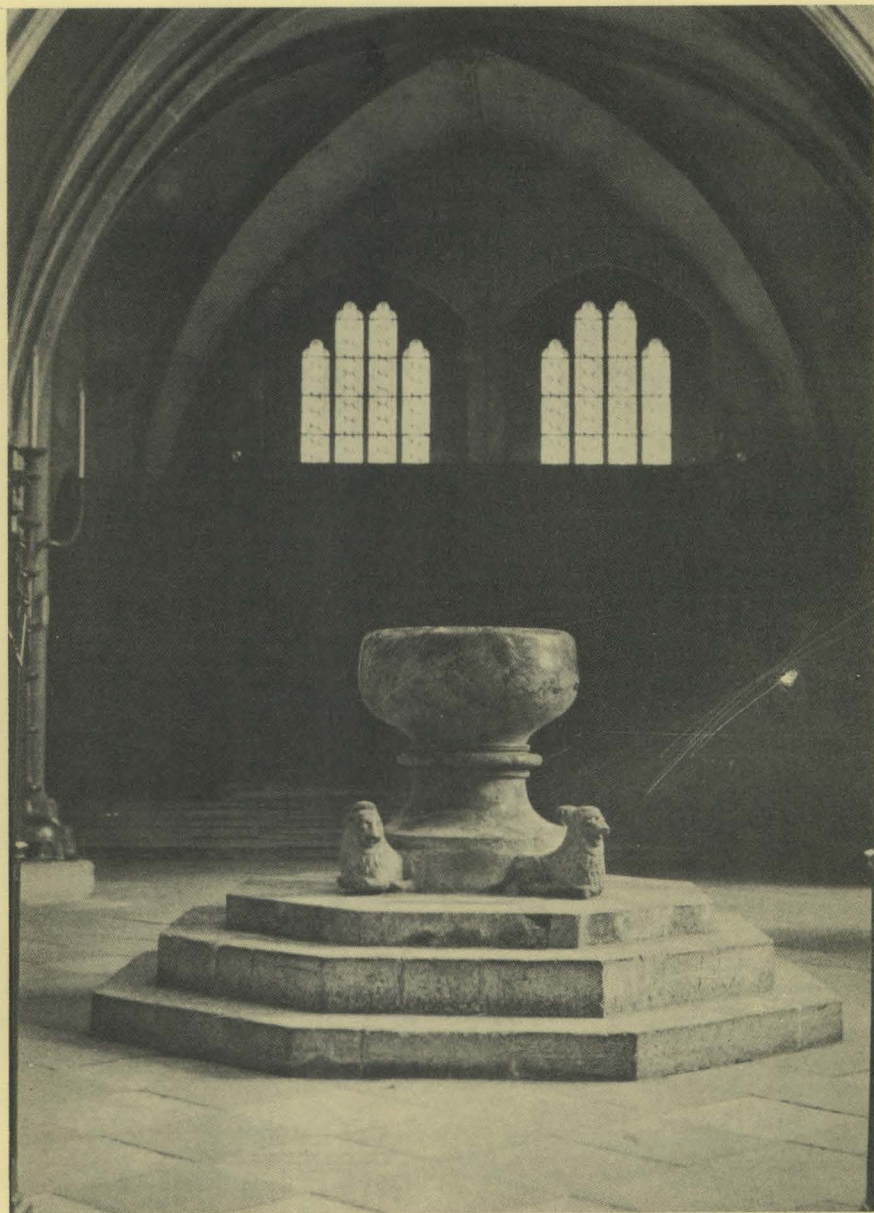
Unstinted Enthusiasm

 We listen. After we have played the recording, Bach speaks with unstinted enthusiasm about Prokofieff's facility in the art of orchestration, about the Russian's uncanny gift of devising melodies that win their way to a child's heart and stay there, and about the able composer's wonderful knack of writing music which emphasizes, reinforces, and intensifies the tale told by the narrator.

"I must tell you," I say to Johann Sebastian, "that the big shots in the Soviet Union, where Prokofieff resides, have banned *Peter and the Wolf*. Prokofieff's fine work for the little ones may no longer be presented in the U.S.S.R. Why? Because a few dunderheads, who happen to be big shots, have decreed in their infinite totalitarian wisdom that *Peter and the Wolf* does not adhere to what is called the party line."

"What a pity!" Bach exclaims. "What a pity! How, pray, does one adhere to a party line in music?"

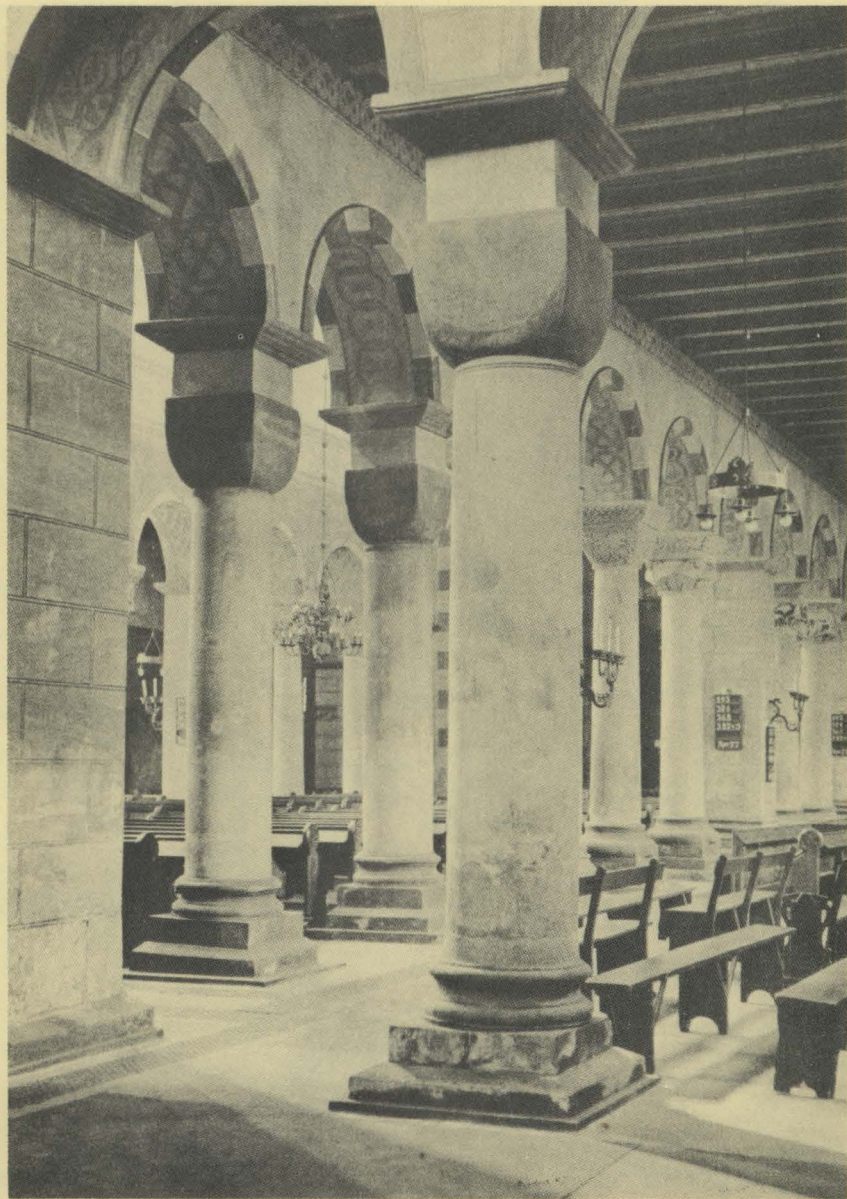
"I know full well," I go on, "that some will warn me against crawling out on a limb when I



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (I)
Roman Baptismal Font - Halberstadt



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (1)
Interior - Gernrode



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (1)
St. Michael, Hildesheim



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (I)
Alpirsbach



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (I)
Speyer



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (I)
Gelnhausen



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (I)
Soest



INTERIORS OF GERMAN CATHEDRALS (I)
St. Lorenz

speak of *Peter and the Wolf* as great. Let them warn until the cows come home! To my thinking, *Peter and the Wolf* is a classic. And a classic, you know, is a work that has permanent value.

"Now let's look at a wholly different facet of Prokofieff's genius. Let's listen to a composition which, in my opinion, is another masterpiece—a masterpiece even greater than the ever delightful *Peter and the Wolf*. I'm referring to Prokofieff's *Concerto No. 2, in G Minor, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 63*, which was completed in 1935 and, in my conviction, must be numbered among the few great compositions written for violin and orchestra."

We listen as Jascha Heifetz, mighty wizard of the violin, plays the concerto in conjunction with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.

I am enthralled, as I always am when I hear this composition. Some of my friends tell me that to their thinking Prokofieff's *Concerto No. 1, in D Major, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 19*—completed in 1917—is a finer work than the *Concerto in G Minor*. Maybe they are right. But I do not think so. At all events, the champions of the *Violin Concerto No. 1* seem to outnumber those who go to bat—pardon my slang—for the *Violin Concerto No. 2*.

To me it seems that the *Con-*


certo in D Major is a composition in which Prokofieff is still groping—a composition in which the Russian has not yet arrived. I express my view to Johann Sebastian, and the master asks me to play a recording of the *Violin Concerto No. 1*. I do so. The soloist is Joseph Szigeti, and the performance is exemplary. Bach is fascinated. He knits his brow in thought.

"That man Prokofieff," says the master, "has a vigorous intellect. I can see that he has much to say and that he has his say in a forthright and highly individualistic manner. Prokofieff wears no man's collar."

"Mr. Bach," I say, "I'm not asking you to agree with me when I call Prokofieff's *Violin Concerto No. 2* a work which deserves in every way to be called great. But I do ask you to keep on mulling over this composition. I want you to hear it again and again. Here Prokofieff is both conservative and progressive. Note how skillfully he employs an *ostinato* figure in the second movement. He himself has said that in the *Finale*, with its many rhythmical complexities, there is a waltz of a lame devil."

"I shall be glad to do as you suggest," says Bach.

Banned by the Kremlin

 Then I go on to tell the master that Prokofieff's *Violin Con-*

certo No. 2 has been banned in the Soviet Union just as *Peter and the Wolf* has been banned. Music critics in the U.S.S.R. have been compelled to liken this great music to the mewling of cats and to the scraping of knives on dishes.

"Not long ago," I continue, "Prokofieff was officially reprimanded and publicly spanked by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. He was told in no uncertain terms that he would have to change his manner of writing. He was ordered to compose in conformity with the socialist revolution. The big guns in the Kremlin, you see, delude their own queer minds and the none-too-agile minds of their cowed and docile dupes into believing that music can and must be thoroughly communized from tip to toe. How anyone hopes to be able to do this with music is more than I know. I'm sure that the Kremlin has made life miserable for Prokofieff and other composers who have the God-given ability to think.

"By the way, Mr. Bach, much of your own music is under the Kremlin's ban. If you were to visit the Soviet Union today, as you are visiting the United States, you would not be able to hear performances of your *Mass in B Minor*, your *John Passion*, your *Matthew Passion*, your *Christmas Oratorio*, your cantatas, and other

sacred works from your pen. Naturally, a regime which looks upon religion as an opiate for the people would not sanction the presentation of these compositions of yours."

"Why would any government undertake to prescribe how music should be written?" asks Bach. "Music needs the fresh air of untrammelled freedom. Thank God, I had that freedom when I was alive. I could write as I saw fit. No governmental agency ever told me what to compose or how to compose. Had such a terrible thing happened, my innate love for the art of composition would have been strangled and made sterile.

"It's good to see that music by as able—or, as you say, as *great*—a composer as Prokofieff continues to be performed in your land without let or hindrance, and I venture to predict that the time will come when Prokofieff's countrymen will be liberated from the shackles of communism and will once again be permitted to hear the fine works you have played for me on your phonograph."

"Perhaps we shall resume our discussion of Prokofieff at a later time," I say, "for I still believe that I shall be able to convince you that he is one of the great masters of our age.

"I almost forgot to tell you that this famous Russian composer is exceedingly fond of American jazz.

Besides, I want you to hear his *Classical Symphony*."

"How fascinating it is to hear about Prokofieff's fondness for jazz!" declares Bach. "You remember, of course, that I, too, have

been fascinated by jazz and some of its blood relatives.

"I'm not denying, mind you, that Prokofieff is a *great* composer. But I want more time to study his thought-provoking music."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

GREAT SACRED CHORUSES. *Hallelujah Chorus*, from Georg Frideric Handel's *Messiah*; *The Heavens Are Telling*, from Joseph Haydn's *The Creation*; *Ave Verum* (K. 618), by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; *Hallelujah*, from Ludwig van Beethoven's *Christ on the Mount of Olives*; *He Is Watching Over Israel*, from Felix Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; *Thou Must Leave Thy Lowly Dwellings*, from *L'Enfance du Christ*, by Hector Berlioz; *Sanctus*, from Charles Gounod's *St. Cecilia Mass*; *God So Loved the World*, from Sir John Stainer's *The Crucifixion*. The Robert Shaw Chorale under Robert Shaw, with Hugh Porter at the organ.—Mr. Shaw has an admirable command of the technical aspects of choir-singing and choir-directing. He does not mar the effectiveness of the mighty *Hallelujah Chorus* by resorting to a retarded tempo at the words, "The kingdom of this world." Unfortunately, the organ is, for the most part, unduly subordinated. This deprives the listener of the full impact of the music. The recordings were made

at the Academy of Fine Arts and Letters in New York City. RCA Victor WDM-1478.

RICHARD STRAUSS. *Rosenkavalier Suite*. Arranged by Antal Dorati. The Robin Hood Dell Orchestra of Philadelphia under Mr. Dorati.—A fine arrangement of some of the music contained in Strauss's magnificent opera. Mr. Dorati is a conductor of extraordinary ability. RCA Victor WDM-1475.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 104, in D Major* ("London"). The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Münch.—A reading as exciting as it is lucid. RCA Victor WDM-1476.

WALTZES FROM THE CLASSICS. *The Blue Danube*, by Johann Strauss, Jr.; *Waltz of the Flowers*, by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky; *Grande Valse Brillante*, by Frédéric Francois Chopin; *Faust Waltzes*, by Charles Gounod-Franz Liszt; four waltzes by Johannes Brahms; *Liebesleid*, by Fritz Kreisler. The First Piano Quartet.—Many will be thrilled by what the First Piano Quartet has

done to and with these compositions. I am not. The famous piano foursome plays with much digital facility, but this does not keep their readings from being square-toed. RCA Victor WDM-1477.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS. *My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice* and *Delilah's Song of Spring*, from *Samson and Delilah*. Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Warwick Braithwaite.—The voice of Miss

Thebom is wonderfully rich in texture. Her artistry is beyond reproach as she sings these two fine arias in the original. RCA Victor 49-3104.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Komm', süsßer Tod*. HENRY PURCELL. *When I Am Laid to Rest*, from *Dido and Aeneas*. Orchestrated by Leopold Stokowski. Played by Mr. Stokowski and his symphony orchestra.—Tonally sumptuous performances. RCA Victor 49-3087.



A democracy is just as apt to become tyrannical as any divine-right monarch. There is no more divinity attaching to numerical majorities than there was to human heads with crowns on them: perhaps less, inasmuch as the personal rates higher than the mechanical. If we all assent to majority rule, it is solely for the same good reason of expediency, and within the same limits. The mere fact that a state may rest its decisions on a majority vote, actual or retrospective, gives it no more right to invade the personal and spiritual liberty of its or anyone else's subjects, than has any other form of government; nor may it arbitrarily enlarge its scope or magnify its purpose in order to do so.

WILLIAM AYLOTT ORTON, *The Liberal Tradition*, Yale

The New Books

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

Unsigned reviews are by the Associates

STRIKE CASUALTY

Our readers will notice that the book review section is unusually thin this month. The reason is, as you may suspect, the fact that we did not get books through during the recent strike of railway switchmen. We hope to get caught up next month.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

JEW-HATE AS A SOCIOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

By Peretz Bernstein. New York.
Philosophical Library. 1951. 300
pages. \$3.75.

DESPITE the rather flamboyant title, this book is a sober, well-thought-out, objective study of a problem which goes beyond mere anti-Semitism; the whole involved question of why individuals and groups look down upon, or feel antagonistic toward, or feel uncomfortable around, people of certain racial, ethnic, religious, or political groups. Since anti-Semitism is a manifestation of this feeling, the author uses it throughout as a case study of the malady.

This isn't a very comfortable book to read. This reviewer became ill-at-

ease in several spots. For whether one be the victim of anti-Semitism or not, the chances are that one feels some sort of group antagonism—perhaps toward Negroes or toward Roman Catholics (or Protestants) or toward intellectuals. In many cases, the feeling persists despite the fact that one is conscious of its existence and even ashamed of it. In other words it is not purely or perhaps even chiefly an antagonism of the intellect.

Professor Bernstein, writing dispassionately despite the fact that he has borne his share of antagonism, probes deep down to find the sources of the hates which, in our time, have eventuated in so much violence. He concludes that the hatred which one group visits upon another is the product of the suffering of the first group and that there is a sufficient store of

suffering in any group to build up a pressure potential that can very easily erupt against what theologians would call a scapegoat. But the scapegoat is not the cause of the suffering. Indeed, it is one of the characteristics of the scapegoat that he has no plausible relation to the suffering.

The manifestations of group antagonism may range all the way from depreciatory jokes to gas chambers. Periods of frustration, such as these days through which we are living, are particularly fruitful of such antagonisms and have caused anti-Semitism, to take only one example, to burgeon where it was either almost unknown or largely suppressed in more normal times. This fact, plus the fact that anti-Semitism is seemingly rooted in our world even among those of us who deplore it, leads Professor Bernstein to suggest that the only satisfactory solution to the problem is the Zionist demand for a national Jewish homeland where the hatred of non-Jews for the Jew would at least be no more abnormal than the present hatred of one national state for another. In this conclusion, Professor Bernstein disagrees with most American and British Jews who see the anti-Semitic problem as a problem in education and a problem capable of solution, at that.

It is unfortunate that this book, like most books relating to the subject of prejudice, will not be read by the people who most need to read it. For prejudice or antagonism is exactly what Professor Bernstein finds it to be—an irrational conversion of a load upon one's own heart into a weight to throw at someone else. But

if Professor Bernstein is right in saying that the only real solution to the problem of anti-Semitism is the establishment of a Jewish homeland, what hope can we hold out to our Negro brethren or our Mormon friends or our citizens of Oriental extraction? They have no place to go.

FICTION

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

By William E. Barrett. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1951. 275 pages. \$3.00.

DURING World War II Jim Carmody flew a DC-3 over the Burma Road. The war ended, and Jim went home. He found that the girl he loved had not waited for him but had married another. Hurt and despondent, Jim returned to China to fly a Chinese DC-3. One day he was forced to bail out over the mountains. Hours later Mieh Yang's men found him and carried him to the centuries-old lamasery which served as a hideout for the powerful Chinese war lord. It took a year to restore Jim's broken body to health. Then Jim realized that he was Mieh Yang's prisoner. For two years he was forced to lead one of Mieh Yang's bandit troops. His duties grew more and more distasteful to him. He became desperate. Mieh Yang was shrewd, ruthless, and cruel. The bandit was absolute ruler over a large territory. His spies were everywhere. Jim knew that he could not escape alone, and he was certain that no one would dare help him. Mieh Yang's anger was

terrible. The war lord was quick to punish offenders. Jim knew, too, that his life was constantly in danger because Mieh Yang had become resentful of Jim's popularity.

Then one day Mieh Yang's men brought a dying Catholic priest to the lamasery. Peter John O'Shea had been on his way to a remote Catholic mission when he was shot down. Jim had been reared in the Catholic faith. He went in to the dying man to speak with him. Father O'Shea died, and it was then that the idea came to Jim. He would take on the identity of the dead priest and go on to the mission, where he might be safe until he could make other plans.

The Left Hand of God is an absorbing and well-written account of Jim's masquerade in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest. William E. Barrett develops a delicate and controversial theme with dignity, restraint, and moving simplicity. He is the author of many short stories, four earlier novels, and the widely acclaimed biography *Woman on Horseback*.

THE BALANCE WHEEL

By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1951. 496 pages. \$3.50.

ONCE again Taylor Caldwell has chosen to explore the machinations of the merchants of death who manufacture and sell—at enormous profits—the weapons of war. *The Balance Wheel* takes us back to World War I. It tells the story of the four Wittmann brothers, German-American citizens who owned a precision-

tool factory. As early as 1913 Charles Wittmann, the farsighted head of the firm and the "balance wheel" for his impractical and scheming brothers, had become convinced that war in Europe was not only inevitable but imminent. Charles resolved to keep the important patents that he and his brothers owned or controlled out of the hands of the unscrupulous munitions-makers who were competing for them. Since his brothers did not share his high-minded resolution, the family became involved in a bitter, long-drawn-out conflict. This conflict forms the basis of the plot fashioned by Miss Caldwell.

The Balance Wheel moves slowly and turgidly. Miss Caldwell's prose is curiously flat and spiritless. In spite of obvious shortcomings *The Balance Wheel* quickly found a place on best-seller charts. Miss Caldwell is best remembered for *Dynasty of Death* and *This Side of Innocence*.

MOULDED IN EARTH

By Richard Vaughan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1951. 256 pages. \$3.00.

THIS is a story of two families. The family in which the author is most interested is the Peeles. The other family is the Ellises. The book is written in the first person and that person is Edwin Peele, youngest member of the Peele family. Edwin is born into a typical Welsh farm family. He falls in love with a pretty member of the Ellis family. But unfortunately the Ellises and the Peeles have existing between them an an-

cient family feud, which flares up at the slightest provocation. This does not prevent Edwin and Grett Ellis from becoming married, however. Edwin's brother, Justin, and Grett's brother, Jeff, are the standard-bearers of their respective families. Each tries to outdo the other in protecting the family name. The activities of Justin and Jeff are responsible for most of the action and suspense in the story.

Moulded in Earth is an interesting book, not because of the romance which takes place in the story, but because of the fine description of Welsh farm life and old customs which make that mode of life distinctive. Richard Vaughan is descended from the same type of people of which he writes. The background material used in the book is perhaps not so well known. And in this respect, the book is appealing. *Moulded in Earth* is the first book of a trilogy on life in the Welsh farm country. Vaughan writes in a pleasant, easy to read style. There is, though, enough action and color to hold the reader's interest.

GRACE WOLF

BLANDINGS' WAY

By Eric Hodgins. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1950. 314 pages. \$3.00.

BLANDINGS' WAY is a sequel to *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*. This dream house is located in the New England town of Lansdale. Everything is seemingly perfect: The countryside is beautiful; the house is picturesque; there are acres to be farmed. And, what is more, Mr. Blandings is tired of the city and all

confused with the morals of advertising, in which field he is an unwilling expert. Out of his genius, Mr. Blandings has composed three little words which have made a laxative great. These three words light up Broadway every night and wink at Mr. Blandings through his office window. These three words and the hectic days of the city have driven Mr. Blandings and family to the country. However, poor Mr. Blandings has a very innocent way of getting into trouble. First of all, through no fault of his own, he is labeled a Communist. But his difficulties do not begin in earnest until he becomes editor of the local newspaper. He writes an editorial on the benefits of oleomargarine. That he is in the heart of the dairy country did not occur to him. In despair, Mr. Blandings returns to his apartment and to his advertising career.

There is much to say for Eric Hodgins' sense of humor. The main appeal of the book is its comedy. There are many laughable situations into which Mr. Blandings has blundered. These humorous occasions are all a result of Mr. Blandings' reasonings. Oddly enough, though, his reasoning powers are much like ours. What a man thinks and what a man does are in no way related, philosophizes Mr. Blandings. Or Mr. Blandings argues that success is one thing and accomplishment is another. Hodgins probably never imagined himself a philosopher. But there lies his charm. His philosophizings, serious as they may be, have a universal appeal because of the humorous touch.

GRACE WOLF

REFERENCE

ECONOMIC IDEAS, A STUDY OF HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES

By Ferdinand Zweig. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1950. 197 pages. \$3.00.

THE history of economic thought, like all other history, needs to be re-written for every generation. . . . Without interpretation history is meaningless. Interpretation means adding spirit and life to the mere collection of facts, taking part in the issues of the period by understanding them and not merely passing sentence on them from the judge's seat. Every generation has a deep insight into some epochs and a looser and more detached understanding of others. Every generation is interested in different parts of the immense and infinite wealth of material presented by historical experience and will, therefore, choose different criteria for the selection of material.

Ferdinand Zweig begins with these words a remarkably penetrating and thought-provoking study of the growth of economic ideas. He has done exactly what he set out to do. With a sure hand he traces the evolution of a number of basic concepts inter-relating men, doctrines and periods. The present trend toward the planned society of socialism is given especial emphasis. The threads of its growth are traced from the medieval doctrines of just wages and prices, and the mercantilist's national planning through Ricardo, Marx, Lenin, John Law and John Maynard Keynes, as it is from these areas of history that the most significant ideas may be drawn for the interpretation of today's problems. He shows clearly, also, in

the light of this reinterpretation of historic ideas, the possible avenues of the future and the need for intensive research into objectives and possibilities of economic planning.

For the student of economic society Zweig has provided a lucid and penetrating study of the greatest value.

DAVID A. LESOURD

THE HANDICAPPED CHILD:**A Guide for Parents**

By Edith M. Stern with Elsa Castendyck. A. A. Wyn, Inc. New York. 1950. 179 pages. \$2.00.

THIS book has as its purpose the leading of parents to accept the help of experts with the problems of their handicapped child, and to give them some understanding of the nature of the condition. The authors aim toward the relief of the fears, anxieties, and guilt feelings which they normally possess. The constructive role which parents play in helping their child realize his potential levels of adjustment and happiness is stressed. Basic to this is the awareness of one's own feelings and of their affect upon the child. In non-technical language the basic needs of every child—love, security, and a sense of achievement are discussed and applied to the particular handicap with which he is afflicted.

Although this book is addressed to the parents of handicapped children, its treatment of the psychological aspects of child development is applicable to all children. The authors' presentation of such a child as a unique personality rather than as a type or case is especially meaningful.

The value of the book lies in the understanding and direction it gives to parents in relation to this basic principle—the child's contentment and emotional health are a reflection of that of his parents.

JAMES CROSS

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

ON THIS ROCK

By Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam.
Harper and Brothers. 1951. 117
pages. \$1.50.

BISHOP OXNAM'S book is subtitled, "An Appeal for Christian Unity." To many, that will immediately suggest the question, "Why Christian unity?" Bishop Oxnam gives five reasons: 1. the individual member in the local church learns that he is a member of a world church; 2. he is in and experiences a new fellowship; 3. he knows that the influence of the Church can be shared at the places great decisions are made before they are made; 4. he knows that the contradiction that lies in preaching a religion that unites and practising a polity that divides is no more; 5. when he enters a new community, he knows that he belongs to every church he sees, that every minister he meets is his minister, that in every community of the world there is his church awaiting him.

To achieve church unity, Bishop Oxnam believes that there must be a recognition of the principle of diversity in unity. He would emphasize both words, unity in those fundamentals which are, so to speak, of

the genius of Christianity but diversity in forms and practices and even in interpretations which do not violate essential unity.

A second essential for the united church, according to Bishop Oxnam, is the preservation of the free mind operating in a democratic system. This would almost automatically rule out a reunion of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. It would also need constant re-emphasis within the Reunited Church that Bishop Oxnam envisions for, as he admits, there would be the ever-present danger of a Protestant papacy, operating perhaps as a general secretariat.

The book is thought-provoking and certainly belongs on the reading list of any Christian who is distressed at the disunity of the Church of 1951. We must say, however, that we were not satisfied by its tone or by its proposals. We want unity, but we want Truth (at least as we apprehend it) and the confession of Truth even more than we want unity. Oil and water can be poured together into the same vessel but they remain oil and water. So it would be with Bishop Oxnam's church. Unity of confession and unity of profession must, it seems to us, precede any kind of constitutional or institutional unity.

THE MAN OF SORROWS

By Albert T. W. Steinhäuser. Augsburg Publishing Co. Minneapolis. 1951. \$2.50. 293 pages.

THE Lenten season again finds a great number of meditations being published on the theme of the Passion of Christ. *The Man of Sorrows* has

demonstrated itself to be a classic in the field of Lenten devotions and has been republished by the Augsburg Publishing House for the 1951 Lenten Season.

From the vast amount of Christian devotional material dealing with the Lenten season, Dr. Steinhaeuser has selected prayers, poems and litanies that are inspirational and devotional. In the series of forty devotions, the author tells the story leading up to the suffering, death, and resurrection of Christ.

The Man of Sorrows is exceptional-ly valuable devotional reading for the Lenten season.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

DOES SCIENCE SUPPORT THE SCRIPTURES?

By O. E. Sanden. Zondervan Publishing House. Grand Rapids, Michigan. 1951. 175 pages. \$2.00.

THE author of this little book is a Phi Beta Kappa and an evangelist. About eleven years ago he became interested in the correlation of science and the Christian faith. It was called to his attention that there are in the United States about 14,000,000 boys and girls who are taking science courses who profess no religion of any kind. He decided to devote his time to winning these young people to Christ and in this book he sets forth his thoughts about and his approach to this work.

Here and there in this work it is clear that the author knows that there is a distinct difference between conversion to the faith and confirmation in the faith. The tone of the

book, however, shows that he does not keep this very clearly in mind. One does not approach the unchristian scientific mind in the same manner that one approaches the Christian scientific mind. The author speaks to the unchristian scientific person in a way hardly likely to produce the results he hopes for. The reasons for this opinion are several.

In a real sense, the Bible is a classic—it is ageless, witnesses to ageless Truth. The author applies the ageless of the twentieth century and, unfortunately, there are numerous examples which show that he does this in a very weak way. An example from page 140 is:

Science asserts the possibilities of an *expanding universe*. See Isaiah 40:22: "He . . . stretcheth out the heavens."

This reviewer can hardly suppress the observation that if science at some future date were to assert definitely that the universe is not expanding, the author would merely quote the Isaiah passage *in full*, this time italicizing in the following way: "He . . . stretcheth out the heavens *as a curtain*."

The book also abounds in examples of the use of *strained analogy*. The use of analogy is, admittedly, a strong ally of the student of science. The pure mathematician, for example, recognizes the very real *heuristic* power of analogy, but never allows crucial proof to rely on it. For just this reason, the scientist is quick to detect and avoid loose and strained analogy.

Perhaps the author should begin

by emphasizing that the fundamental articles of faith are mysteries—matters not within the reach or grasp of the human mind, the scientific, the rational mind. In this way, he could capitalize on the fact that the usual scientist has a respect for mystery. If he did this, perhaps we would not fear that his argumentation can only result in the alienation of scientific minds, minds which are at the start usually only neutral toward what Christianity has to say.

LES LANGE

MUSIC

LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER: The Burrell Collection.

Edited with notes by John N. Burk.
New York: The Macmillan Company. 1950. 665 pages. Illustrated.
\$10.50.

JOHN N. BURK, program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and author of *Clara Schumann: A Romantic Biography* and *The Life and Works of Beethoven*, has compiled an engrossing and significant volume—a volume which will be welcomed and eagerly studied by those who are interested in the career and the achievements of Richard Wagner.

Students of Wagner and his works have known for a long time that nearly everything pertaining to the great master's life was filtered, so to speak, through the hands of the imperious Cosima Wagner. Furthermore, it was an open secret in some circles that Cosima, who had been married to Hans von Bülow before she be-

came the wife of Wagner, had tried in vain to obtain an extensive collection of Wagner documents gathered by Mary Burrell, an Englishwoman who had determined to write a "complete" life of the composer.

Mrs. Burrell actually began her biography. But in 1898 death overtook her before she had finished her book. Numerous attempts were made either to purchase the Burrell collection of Wagneriana or to gain access to what the documents contained. The attempts were unsuccessful until, in 1931, it was bought by Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok—now Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist—who presented it to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

The Burrell Collection contains 840 items—mostly letters—by Wagner and pertaining to Wagner. Now these documents have been translated into English and are available to all Wagner students. Mr. Burk has shown much skill in his grouping of the papers, and his editorial comments give proof of thorough-going scholarship.

Anyone perusing the Burrell Collection with the hope of discovering in it anything that would lead to a re-evaluation of the character of Wagner—who was a great composer and, at the same time, one of the most impossible egotists the world has ever seen—will be disappointed. But this fact does not detract in the least from the value of the book. The more we learn about the inner life and the outer life of a master, the more we are able to enjoy, appreciate, and understand that master's achievements.

THEATER AND MUSIC

TAMING OF THE ARTS

By Juri Jelagin. Translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1951. 333 pages. \$3.50.

WHENEVER that ruthless and hard-headed mass-murderer whose name is Josef Stalin cracks the whip, his subjects cower in fear. The inhabitants of the Soviet Union, condemned as they are to eke out their existence under one of the worst tyrants in all history, know that Stalin, aided by docile coadjutors and fawning henchmen, never hesitates to enslave, to torture, and to kill for the purpose of fostering and perpetuating the foul cause of communism.

In the U.S.S.R. every phase of human activity is completely regimented. *Taming of the Arts* tells how the Kremlin has extended its totalitarian control to the theater and to music. Juri Jelagin, who wrote the book, succeeded some time ago in escaping from the Soviet Union. For a number of years he was a member of the orchestra of one of Moscow's most prominent theaters. Then he decided to enter the Moscow Conservatory to further his education as a violinist. Jelagin saw at first hand how the stupid tyrants who control the U.S.S.R. forced the arts to dance to tunes piped by Stalin and the blood-thirsty Stalinists.

For some time the theater folk of Moscow enjoyed special freedom and privileges. But a few years ago the Politburo cracked and applied the whip, and those who were connected

with the theater, no matter in what capacity, soon found out that Stalin and his henchmen meant business. The theater was put into a communist straitjacket.

Music had some measure of liberty for a while. But it was never favored to the extent to which the theater was indulged. Now, however, both the theater and the tonal art are completely under the domination of the short-sighted tyrants who rule the Soviet Union. Stalin, as Mr. Jelagin points out, is by no means "a statesman indifferent to music." But Stalin likes only certain types of music. Symphonies and chamber music leave him cold. He has a penchant for vocal music, especially folk songs. Besides, he does not "consider music the musicians' private domain which should not be trespassed on by the government."

Mr. Jelagin, who is now a violinist in the Houston Symphony Orchestra, says:

The growth and decline of any phase of Soviet life is dependent on the attitude of the government and particularly on the personal attitude of Stalin. In the Thirties the entire Soviet art policy was merely a reflection of the formation and evolution of Stalin's personal tastes.

The author of *Taming of the Arts* knew many of the men and women who were prominent in the theater life of Moscow, and his work brought him into contact with numerous musicians. On the basis of first-hand experience he tells in a graphic manner how completely and how cruelly the arts have been tamed in his native land. Unfortunately, the man who

translated Jelagin's book does not seem to be comfortably at home in the English language. On several occasions the past tense of "strive" turns out to be "strived," and in one paragraph "incidental" music for a play is dubbed "accidental."

OTHER BOOKS

MEALS FROM THE MANSE

By Lora Lee Parrott. Zondervan Publishing House. Grand Rapids, Mich. 1950. 94 pages. \$1.50.

OF LATE some people compile cookbooks as readily as other people used to build miniature golf courses. The culinary chauvinism of native sons who whip together cookbooks ranging from *Ye Olde Maine Receipts* to *1001 Californian Dishes* is understandable. Apparently the only distinctive feature of *Meals From the Manse* is not in the realm of the mixing spoon, but the religious meditations wedged between recipes for oatmeal muffins and devil's food cake. What is most startling about the collection is the abundance of lush, whipped-creamy desserts which would leave the parson's cupboard and pocketbook quite bare.

On the whole *Meals From the Manse* is a nice cookbook, not the kind that would rescue a bewildered young wife with a strange cut of meat in hand, but pleasant to ramble through to see what preachers eat. The idea of interspersing devotional messages is excellent, but we would vote for a less sentimental approach, and do *something* about that devil's food cake. ROBERTA DONSBACH

HANDBOOK FOR MINISTERS' WIVES

By Welthy Honsinger Fisher. Woman's Press. New York. 1950. 136 pages. \$2.00.

MRS. FISHER, who from the pleasant face on the dust cover appears to have weathered many years in the distaff side of the ministry, covers an expanse of problems that ministers' wives face, from introducing a bishop to practicing "intelligent neglect" in tidying up a parsonage. Less rigid in outlook than a book of etiquette, the handbook is amusing, perceptive and consecrated in considering "Life in a Goldfish Bowl" and "Children of the Parsonage."

Unfortunately the appeal of the book is limited to women who are married to clergymen or are contemplating this career-by-marriage. For the seasoned ministers' wife the slim volume will serve as sound post-graduate reading. And as for the young ladies who carry photographs of seminarians in their wallets, Mrs. Fisher's presentation of the rigors of the ministry are treated kindly enough not to break up any beautiful romances.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

THE POPULAR BOOK, A History of America's Literary Taste

By James D. Hart. New York: Oxford University Press. 1950. 351 pages. \$5.00.

USUALLY the book that is popular pleases the reader because it is shaped by the same forces that mold his non-reading hours." Thus, despite the old saying, there is some accounting for taste. This is more than a

cultural and social history, however, for it encompasses the psychological and sociological fields as well. Is it not curious that with all the writers and would-be writers today, the factors affecting the popularity of books have hitherto been so scantily examined? Information on the habits of the reading public, bookstores, promotion of books, and royalties is interspersed to enliven the discussion of books that achieved popularity.

The double index is unusually useful in this survey, for chronological or for alphabetic purposes. A bibliographic checklist gives further leads, and supplies tangible evidence for the factual material used in this study. The summarizing final chapter is by far the best thing in the entire book; the hesitant reader should begin by reading it.

If you seek information on the standard or literary authors, you will find most of the big names and titles here, American and British in particular, for perspective. But of course this work gives most space to what D'Israeli called the household stuff of literature. Zane Grey, Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton-Porter, James Oliver Curwood, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, Edgar Guest, Robert Service, Charles Shel-

don, Lloyd Douglas, Dale Carnegie, and many more are analyzed lucidly.

Special topics, vogues, and manners here portrayed include the lore of Washington and Lincoln, humor, "How To" books, book clubs, the Pulitzer Prize, best sellers, the Bible, war books, libraries, literary piracy, anthologies, and so forth. More thorough sub-topic discussion is given to the Novel, Romances, and Poetry.

Informative like a reference work, and reliably accurate in the manner of research, *The Popular Book* will delight the literate and convert the Philistines. Even in times of distraction it can be read with pleasure, either for a review of the trends during one's personal lifetime (that is what this reviewer enjoyed most) or as a coherent picture of a neglected aspect of literary criticism. James D. Hart, author of the encyclopedic *Oxford Companion to American Literature* and at present a member of the Department of English at the University of California, shows penetrating and at times provocative skill in this informal history of the books most widely read in America from colonial to modern times. In short, for pleasant, informative reading, try *The Popular Book*.

HERBERT H. UMBACH



The
READING ROOM



By
THOMAS
COATES

The Mind of Europe

ANY discussion of "the mind of Europe" at this critical stage of its history might seem a hazardous venture, with Europe on the verge of continental schizophrenia under the impending threat from the east. *The Saturday Review of Literature* has, nevertheless, undertaken a comprehensive survey of "America and the Mind of Europe" in a special mid-century issue for January 13. Under the editorship of the distinguished writer, Lewis Galantiere, an impressive array of noted figures in the realm of letters have been marshalled to explore the subject in its various aspects—cultural, literary, political, social. The result is a symposium of permanent value for the student of contemporary affairs.

In his introductory editorial, Mr. Galantiere emphasizes that it is more important for America to contribute ideas to Europe rather than merely things, and deplors the fact that in general "our intellectuals have contributed nothing

to foreign understanding of American ideals."

We Americans are faced with a prodigious paradox. We have by and large the best moral case in the world, yet we are morally on the defensive. . . . Our acts are, in detail, criticizable on the grounds of judgment or method, but our decisions are without taint of evil purpose. . . . On the other hand, with the worst moral case in the world . . . the Soviet Union is summoned by nobody to make a moral defense and has actually succeeded in its impudent assumption of a moral offensive.

Somewhere along the line it is obvious that we have failed and are failing still. Americans, the best salesmen in the world, have still not succeeded in "selling" the merits of our moral and ideological position to the Europeans whose fate is so inextricably interwoven with our own. This issue of *S.R.L.* is an approach toward such a better understanding.

In the lead article, Raymond Aron, well-known French essayist, poses the question: "Does Europe

“Welcome American Leadership?” He frankly states his own view:

I am entirely convinced that for an anti-Stalinist there is no escape from the acceptance of American leadership. By itself Europe lacks the power to resist the pressure exercised by Moscow. Therefore, it can rebuild its society and insure its political and cultural independence only within the framework of an Atlantic Community in which, inevitably, the United States must hold first rank.

It is evident, then, that whether or not Europe “welcomes” American leadership, it is going to have to accept it. Mr. Aron describes as “bemused” those European intellectuals who are so contemptuous of American “cultural inferiority” and so hostile to American capitalism that they prefer a flirtation with Soviet communism to an allegiance with American democracy.

They solemnly assume they would be allowed to speak their minds under the only alternative leadership to American leadership. Their illogic passes belief.

Americans, on the other hand, are so newly come to the position of world leadership that they fail, in the main, to realize that American customs and institutions cannot readily be imposed upon other peoples or transplanted to other climes. The American people, he maintains, “seem to be blind to

the specific, that is, non-universal, nature of their own spiritual and historic roots.” Mr. Aron frankly tells the Americans:

Your leadership will be more readily accepted if you make it clear that you do not insist that the rest of the world must be like yourselves.

At the same time, he gives due credit to American altruism by conceding:

The United States is probably the first nation in history to dominate a whole area of civilization without having sought that privilege and while continuing to detest it.

The War of Ideas

AMONG the most challenging articles in *S.R.L.*'s mid-century issue is the piece entitled “Appalling Alternatives,” by Arthur Koestler, the well-known anti-Communist writer and author of *Darkness at Noon*. Life in Europe today, he avers, has become “a picnic in no man’s land.” The problem of living under the constant threat of annihilation is a reality too hideous to be faced. The obvious solution for Europeans, accordingly, is to escape “into a neurotic dream world.” Moreover, if the European happens to be a politician or an intellectual, “he will inevitably mistake his escapist dream-hopes for political wisdom.”

French "neutralism," British isolationism, the Germans' sulkily reluctance to rearm are not political ideologies; they are rationalizations of the impossible hope that somehow the picnic in no man's land can be continued.

The real choice for Europeans, contends Koestler, is not between "Right" and "Left," but between West and East, between relative freedom and total unfreedom. Or, to state the alternatives in terms of stark realism: the choice is between abject capitulation and readiness for martyrdom.

The author inveighs against the semantic distortion which has robbed the term "Left" of its true and original meaning and has transformed it into the exact opposite of its historic significance.

The "extreme Left" is still regarded as synonymous with the Communist Party, in spite of the fact that virtually every tenet in the Communist credo is diametrically opposed to the principles originally associated with the Left. In short, the term "Left" has become a verbal fetish whose cult sidetracks attention from the real issues. It is at the same time a dangerous anachronism, for it implies the existence of a continuous spectrum between liberal progressives and the worshippers of tyranny and terror.

Koestler points out the curious transformation which has taken place in modern Socialism. Whereas Socialism has historically contended for the ideals of interna-

tionalism, cosmopolitanism, and the brotherhood of man, today Socialism has become isolationist and chauvinistic, while the non-Socialists carry the banner of internationalism.

The victory of British Socialism has not abolished British insularism; it has on the contrary deepened and strengthened it. . . . We can see the paradoxical phenomenon of capitalist America being prepared to make sacrifices in national sovereignty which Socialist Russia refuses, and of British, French, and German Conservatives pursuing a more internationally-minded policy than their opposite Socialist numbers. . . . As far as the integration of our world is concerned the Socialism—capitalism alternative has become void of meaning.

Having disposed of these two traditional alternatives—Right vs. Left and Socialism vs. Capitalism—which are no longer relevant, Koestler proceeds to show that history has moved on to a new alternative which cuts across the old lines of division: relative freedom and total unfreedom. He holds that it is inconceivable that there can be any *modus vivendi* between these two irreconcilable opposites in modern Europe.

Christianity and Islam only arrived at a stable *modus vivendi* because the Turks were beaten back at the ramparts of Vienna, because the Arabs never got to Paris and were driven out of Spain. In our century the seat

of the Holy Roman Empire has shifted to Washington, D. C. Left to themselves the nations of Europe would be as helpless against the onslaught of the Eastern hordes as were the feudal princes of the Middle Ages.

The Challenge of Communism

THE name of Malik has become odious to the Western world because of the vituperative diatribes and cynical machinations of the Russian delegate to the United Nations who bears that surname. Not nearly so well known, but held in infinitely higher respect, is another Malik—Charles—the Lebanese delegate to the United Nations, a distinguished scholar and Christian thinker. His article on "The Challenge of Communism" in the January 17 issue of *The Christian Century* is one of the best reasoned and most sharply analytical discussions of the Communist philosophy that has come to our attention.

Dr. Malik outlines the Communist heresy as embracing an all-comprehensive materialistic conception of reality, a historical economic determinism, a militant atheism, an impersonalist collectiv-

ism, an ethical and axiological relativism, and an amoral view of human action, determined in its motives, directions and worth only by its serviceability to the cause of world revolution.

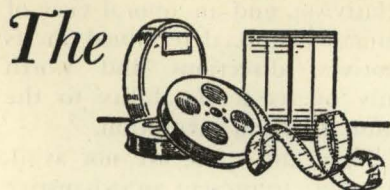
Time and space are not available here to present an exhaustive summary of Dr. Malik's brilliant analysis. Suffice it to say that this belongs in the permanent files of everyone who is interested in current political and economic history. Fortunately, it is available in reprint form. Write for a copy to the office of *The Christian Century*, in Chicago.

Footnote

ORDINARILY we do not comment on the offerings of our fellow-contributors in the pages of *THE CRESSET*. Our esteemed managing editor, however, left the door wide open when, in the February issue, he invited reactions to the poems which appeared on pages 70 and 71 of that issue. At the risk of being considered a decadent fuddy-duddy, we have only one thing to say:

They don't make sense to us. Do they, gentle reader, to you?





The

Motion Picture

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

SOME time ago I reported in THE CRESSET that the city of Chicago had been selected by Zenith Radio Corporation as a testing ground for Phonevision, the revolutionary device which brings movies right into your own living-room. The tests are now under way. Zenith TV sets were installed cost-free in the homes of 300 families chosen by research-workers as a cross-section of Chicago audiences. These sets are equipped with a small mechanism which is attached to the telephone wires. A program schedule tells the test families just when a certain picture will be sent out from the PV control room.

This PV control room is like that of a regular TV sending station, except that it has two racks that are used to scramble the picture on the TV screen. If the test family wants to see the film, a telephone call is made to a special Phonevision switchboard. Here the operator turns on the unscrambling device, which trans-

forms what is otherwise a confusion of blurs on the TV screen into a sharp, clear picture. A charge of one dollar per picture, payable at the end of the month, is made for each picture requested.

It has been said that, at best, it will be at least two years before Phonevision can become a large-scale operation. It may be longer if the shortage and the restrictions of essential materials continue and if film-makers and film-exhibitors maintain a hostile attitude toward a development which they consider a further threat to an industry that has already felt the effects of TV competition.

Phonevision is the invention of Eugene McDonald, Jr., a veteran with thirty years of service with the Zenith Corporation. Mr. McDonald says that he sees Phonevision not merely as a means of bringing movies into the home but as a workable way to charge admission to televised plays, operas, and sports events. Who knows? This may conceivably be

the way to rescue the Metropolitan Opera Company and our great symphony orchestras from the serious financial straits which threaten to curtail—or actually to cut off—the flow of immortal music in our land. Sports and sports events usually take care of themselves from a financial point of view. But the arts must constantly go begging for hand-outs.

In addition to documentary and training films, the war years brought an endless flow of propaganda and combat pictures. The end of World War II caught many producers with a backlog of unreleased war films—films which eventually were released and which lost money because audiences everywhere wanted to forget the war as quickly as possible.

Last year brought two new developments. In June war broke out in Korea, and before the end of the year it became apparent that three war films—*Battleground*, *Sands of Iwo Jima*, and *Twelve o'Clock High*—would be among the ten biggest money-makers of 1950. Now the rush is on. Major studios and independent producers have pushed the production of war pictures to a new peak.

Robert Lippert, an independent producer, is the first to capitalize on the fighting in Korea. *The Steel Helmet* (Lippert), written and directed by Samuel Fuller, was shot in twelve days at a cost

of \$165,000. There are no big-name players in the cast. Although *The Steel Helmet* has some good qualities, the value of such a film is debatable. It is, after all, a quickie. And quickies are made to exploit, and to capitalize on, headlines. It seems to me that honesty, high artistry, and a sensitive understanding of the issues involved should be the hallmarks of any and every film dealing with a subject as important—and as tragic—as the war in Korea.

Although Korea is not even mentioned in *Halls of Montezuma* (20th Century-Fox, Lewis Milestone), there is a direct tie-in between this film and the United Nations action in that distant land; for the terrifyingly realistic battle sequences were made at Fort Ord, California, during the final training of Marines who are now serving in the hard-pressed combat zone. The use of actual war clips adds to the grim authoritativeness of this fine tribute to our world-famed Marine Corps. *Halls of Montezuma* successfully captures the fear, the tension, the homesick longing, and the courage that are part of the living of fighting men. The general excellence of this film more than offsets a touch of bombast and an occasional tendency to histrionics. The all-male cast, headed by Richard Widmark, is exceptionally well chosen.

Operation Pacific (Warners,

George Waggner) was made in cooperation with the U. S. Navy and is obviously intended as a salute to the heroic men of the submarine fleet. Unfortunately, action has here been subordinated to the demands of a trite and ridiculous plot. The stark drama of submarine warfare is obscured by stock melodrama and corny dialogue.

An English submarine film, *Operation Disaster* (J. Arthur Rank: Universal-International), successfully avoids melodramatics and heroics. This is the story of a crew trapped in a wrecked submarine in fifteen fathoms of water. John Mills, Richard Attenborough, James Hayten, and Nigel Bruce are outstanding in the leading roles. The supporting cast is excellent, the direction is sure and sensitive, and the photography is magnificent.

The U. S. Navy had a part in another submarine picture—a picture filmed at San Diego and Point Mugu, California. *The Flying Missile* (Columbia), the first of several productions which treat of the mysterious new guided projectiles, does not reach stratospheric heights. In fact, it is a dismal dud, earthbound by a heavy plot and leaden clichés.

Then there is *Mystery Submarine* (Universal-International), an old-fashioned melodrama which centers about a mysterious U-boat

operating in the North Atlantic. The outcome of these shenanigans is easily predicted by any seasoned movie-goer who is trapped into seeing this worse-than-mediocre offering.

At last we can come up for air and spend a few moments with the U. S. Army. Not that the air here is very refreshing or that I actually advise you to see *At War With the Army* (Paramount), even though the cast includes Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Comedians Martin and Lewis have been amazingly popular as nightclub entertainers. Their first picture makes it clear that their wacky routines are less successful on the screen. Perhaps it is in part because *At War With the Army* is just another spiritless rehash of an ancient yarn about life in an army camp. Burial for this poor old hack is long overdue.

I had high hopes when I went to see *The Magnificent Yankee* (M-G-M, John Sturges), adapted for the screen from Emmet Lavery's stage play and based on the life of Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. I came away disappointed. The Great Dissenter does not emerge from the screen play as a vital, full-bodied, flesh-and-blood figure. No doubt Louis Calhern makes the most of an inadequate script, but his characterization of Justice Holmes shows us a gruff and lov-

able old codger instead of the sturdy and uncompromising fighter the Great Dissenter was. It is unfortunate that *The Magnificent Yankee* is lacking in spirit, color, and humor. There is material here for a really fine film. Ann Harding appears as Mrs. Holmes, a role which makes little demand on her fine talents.

Theodore Bonnet's 1949 best seller, *The Mudlark*, had an endearing fairy tale quality—a quality which has been skillfully captured in the screen version. *The Mudlark* (20th Century-Fox, Jean Negulesco) has an engaging theme. Eleven-year-old Andrew Ray portrays with appealing simplicity the grimy young cockney who invades Windsor Castle. Irene Dunne, the only non-British member of the distinguished cast, plays the sorrowing Victoria with convincing artistry, and Alec Guinness achieves a memorable performance as Disraeli.

In 1946 Garson Kanin's hit play, *Born Yesterday*, opened a four-year run on Broadway. Under a mask of wit, gaiety, and humor Mr. Kanin's sparkling comedy contained a timely message: that Americans cannot be pushed around with impunity. On the screen *Born Yesterday* (Columbia, George Cukor) is almost, but not quite, as good as the original play. Judy Holliday appears in the role she created on Broadway. She is ably supported by Broderick Crawford and William Holden.

Here are two dullish musical films: *Call Me Mister* (20th Century-Fox), starring Betty Grable and Dan Dailey, and *Grounds for Marriage* (M-G-M), with Kathryn Grayson and Van Johnson.

If you are a Goldberg fan—I am not—you may enjoy a faithful screen adaptation of the trials, tribulations, and triumphs of the redoubtable Molly in *Molly* (Paramount).



Truly, a man who has been brought to the point of seeking for the truth must be watched over like a woman in childbed. Depending on the way we treat him, the child he brings forth may be alive or stillborn.

HEINRICH PESTALOZZI,
The Education of Man,
Philosophical Library

Invocation

By WALTER SORELL

Who shall it be? Where is the architect
In our midst to build anew Your house?
Whose hands are full of skill, whose thought's erect,
Whose soul unstained? Whose words do not arouse
Your anger? Who can lead the wayworn mob?

1

O God, behold these hands,
emaciated and bereft
of bare necessities and left
alone to seek the truth.
Open for them Your well of youth,
the fountain of Your strength which rays
the greatness of Your might,
and brighten new horizons with Your light.
O let them find among Your many ways
the one which bears the ripening fruits of hope
and takes from them the fear in which they grope—
O God, behold their hands!

*

Their hands are not the cleanest, nor the best
But, God, accept their prayers as they are.
They know they have to stand this test
to hold, one day, embraced Your waiting star
They are like simple plants which thirst
for nourishment of some good kind.
Make them forget their greed to be the first
and have the most. It blinds their mind.

Why don't You take their hands in Yours and fold
them for the prayer which will mold
Your image and will lead
them to their greatest deed?

*

And then behold those hands
which humbly fold to pray,
and see their lips and watch their tongue
that stammers what it cannot say.
They'll learn to sing
what they have always sung,
deep in their hearts,
when still their faith in You was young.

*

And then behold those hands
which lightly fold to pray
and, freed from chains, are on their flight
from poisoned minds. And on their way
through time and eternal space they write
their names into Your book of guests with ink of light.

*

And then behold those hands
which calmly fold to pray
and have the lightness of the breath,
their skin-deep feelings in decay,
delivered from the fear of life and death,
they will, when at Your gate, then know Your shibboleth.

2

Before you may kneel down,
repenting and contrite, to pray
and use big words that shape the gate to God,
you must have drunk the cup
of bitterness and of dismay
and must have seen your luck break in your hands.

God doubts your gestures which are frail and loud,
 rejects your sacrifices after lavish feasts.
 God only loves your deed,
 your deed alone is seed.

*

The time will come, when God will be near you. . . .

*

O could You take from us again
 those many covers hiding our nakedness!
 O let us loosen those many strings and knots,
 those stigmas of hypocrisy!
 Let us be naked without shame!

Peel off the outer skins and wear your heart
 on hands, immaculate and free from all
 the heaviness of burdens. Enter then
 the circle which God drew
 to separate and to unite.
 And you will feel the lightness of the ground
 you tread.

Shame is pretense, the cloak which is deceit,
 it is like prayers of the godless, like retreat,
 like fear to be oneself and grow mature,
 it is that dread to seek
 in nakedness His grace,
 to say: "Lord God, behold my inner face,
 uncovered, without mask and paint.
 God, is it pure?"

*

And no one will have to wear his shadow,
 we shall be acquitted of the sins of our past.
 They will lie shattered on the ground,
 since they will have fallen from us like chimeras.

And then we shall see that nakedness is purity.
 And then we shall see the soil on which we stand
 moving toward our hands and face, the hills and
 the heavens will be the altars on which we kneel.
 We shall kiss the earth and bury our hands in it to reach for God.

3

O why has Time to measure our ways,
 to measure space, why has it to divide
 the breath of our years and months and days
 meticulously so that we can't hide
 behind a second's Time and cannot hold
 the sweetness of a minute's kiss, nor keep
 embraced the hour's greatness to unfold
 the wonders of God's wakefulness and sleep.

Can no judge in this world Time apprehend?
 That Time is the beginning and the end,
 pause and event, and is at one Time both!
 And we must syncopate, within this flow
 of endless rhythms and relentless growth,
 a lonely heartbeat to a global show.

4

I will have none of it,
 none of the praise, none of the blame.
 I will not gain by it a bit,
 nor will I share your shame.

You sow the seed of sin
 onto the soil of the sublime.
 Your greatness hiding still within
 grapes for its outside rhyme.

In froward vanity
 you trust your idols, trapped in lies,
 and seek you must the magic key
 for all that justifies

your ends; your wonders and
 your woes which grow in vales of tears;
 your petty joys; your contraband
 of triumphs and of fears.

I will have none of it,
 none of the praise, none of the blame.
 I will not gain by it a bit,
 nor will I share your shame.

5

O God, o witness of these days,
 o let us wait no longer for Your sign,
 make known that all the tearpaved ways
 we tread will lead us to Your shrine.

O God, this sign of Yours
 would rive the cluster of complexities,
 would water our thirst-tormented soul,
 would quench its qualms, would be the hand
 to open bolted doors for him who is too meek.

O God, this sign of Yours
 would give us strength to grasp
 the mystery behind Your working will,
 would make us feel the magic power of Your breath.
 Then we would see:

No stone is without purpose and no leaf too green;
 each detail is that part which complements the whole;
 the mountains tower to such heights to touch Your face;
 the tears they shed—finding You hidden in
 Your boundless light—flow into deltas of
 the many rivers to seek Your image in the depths
 of oceans and in the endlessness of space.

O God, the least among us
 would then behold the glory of Your seven days.

*

O God, o witness of these days,
 o let us wait no longer for Your sign,
 make known that all the tearpaved ways
 we tread will lead us to Your shrine.

O God, they will not see light in Your face
who do not kneel in wonder-stricken awe,
doubting their doubts, crying for cleanliness.
Still still it is the sleazy cloak they wear,
manufactured for mass consumption
with exchanges being made during the hour
of vespers in the department for adjustment.
There they weigh and measure their faith
as they would measure the heights of churches,
as they would weigh the bars of bullion.

O God, they will not see light in Your face,
who, unrestrained, with unclean hands,
reach out for You, clouding Your sky,
and have not yet planted their roots in Your earth.
O God, Your lips have spoken,
but Your words hammer at the doors of deaf ears!

6

A smile, the only gift I wish to save!
It is the finest gift of all God gave.
Whatever lucky cargo fills my ships,
a slow and simple smile shall shape my lips.
Should I be forced to face inhuman wrong,
a smile alone may be for what I long.
And should I meet with Death thus in a while,
o God, then let me show him too my smile.

LETTER

to the

EDITOR

Gentlemen:

In reference to your comments on pronunciation of foreign place names (January, 1951, CRESSET), I would like to state that "to call places and earth features by the names that are used by the people who live in them or own them" is impossible.

It is impossible for an English-speaking person (unless he is a polyglot) to pronounce non-English names with non-English pronunciations. English has its own set of peculiar vowels and consonants. Even a seemingly easy to pronounce place name as Córdoba (the name of cities in Spain and Argentina) has no letter that has English equivalents. The "c" is not aspirated in Spanish, but is in English; the "r" is trilled in Spanish, is retroflexive (tongue back) in English; the "d" is interdental in Spanish, is alveolar in English; the "b" is a bilabial spirant in Spanish, a bilabial stop in English;

the vowels do not correspond to any English vowels.

Now let's turn to Chinese words. Chinese is a monosyllabic tongue that uses pitch as a distinguishing feature. North Chinese "ma" may mean "mother," "hemp," "horse," or "scold" depending on whether the pitch is high level, high rising, low rising, or low falling. It would be quite difficult, you will agree, to teach our school children the importance and use of pitch in Chinese geographic names, so that they could pronounce them as the Chinese do. But there is still another problem—there are many Chinese dialects and some of them are not mutually intelligible.

Winston Churchill is right. Anglicize foreign place names. It would be necessary for English-speaking people to master the uvular "r" among other sounds peculiar to standard French in order to be able to pronounce "Paris" and "Le Havre" as Frenchmen pronounce them.

You write that Churchill "is even unwilling to pronounce them [place names] as they are pronounced at home." Then you proceed to give Blicester and Worcester as examples, and say that he pronounces them "Blister" and "Wooster." But Englishmen and even Americans pronounce these place names as Churchill does.

Your criticism should be that English writing no longer repre-

sents English speech. "Blicester" and "Worcester" are good examples, but almost every word in the language is a good example. English pronunciation has changed very much and continues to change, but its spelling remains static. Our school pupils spend years memorizing English spelling. They graduate from grade school but they still misspell. When they graduate from high school, English teachers bemoan the fact that they still are unable to spell. In college they check spellings in the dictionary with more diligence. This dependence on the dictionary continues until death.

A Spanish-speaking person, on the other hand, seldom uses the dictionary. He knows how to spell a word from the pronunciation and there is no so-called preferred pronunciation to worry about. The same is true, of course, of languages like German and Italian.

Although the English-speaking world prides itself on its efficiency,

and can boast that there are many efficiency experts in its midst, no efficiency expert has been allowed to simplify English spelling. English dictionaries use confusing sets of diacritical marks to show pronunciation. Dictionary makers seem afraid to use the simpler, easily-understood International Phonetic Alphabet. This alphabet should be the basis of a new English alphabet that will save our school children years of agony and much waste of time.

In conclusion, I would like to state that in my opinion advocates of simplified spelling, like the late George Bernard Shaw, would have many more backers if our high schools and colleges would all offer courses in English linguistics.

Is a change impossible? The Turks changed from the Arabic to the Latin alphabet about 1930.

RICHARD A. NARVAEZ
The University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota



NEXT month, if negotiations now in progress proceed satisfactorily, we hope to have an announcement of major importance. Look for it on page one of the May CRESSET. Meanwhile, if your subscription is running out this month, it might be advisable to renew it. That is as much as we can say just now.



Professor Buls, whose views on the problem of conservation are set forth in our leading feature article this month, knows whereof he speaks. For many years, he has taught the geography of conservation on the campus of Valparaiso University and on week-ends he practises it on his junior-size farm.

Our man Caltofen is also back with us this month. As we have mentioned before, Mr. Caltofen is one of the rather large group of French writers who are, with great difficulty, getting re-established after the dislocations of the war years. We note from his letters that he is gradually working back into the publications of his own country and of the Allied occupation authorities in Germany. We think that the man writes well and that he deserves encouragement. May be suggest that those of our readers who like his writing drop him a

line? The address is: A. R. Caltofen, P.E.N. Club, 13 rue Roublot, Fontenay sous Bois (Seine), France.



Our office manager has just completed an analysis of our subscription list and the results are rather surprising. We may not have the largest subscription list in the country but we are very definitely reaching people who play major roles in shaping contemporary thought. How much of their thinking is affected by the CRESSET we cannot, of course, say. But certainly the presence of their names on our list would indicate that there is a place for the CRESSET in the study of the pastor, the teacher, the labor leader, the public servant, or any other person whose position demands thought and leadership.



We are especially happy to welcome Mr. Walter Sorell ("Invocation") to the CRESSET. At present connected with the Voice of America, Mr. Sorell has contributed to *Vogue*, *Colliers*, *The American Magazine*, and the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

