

As I indicated early in the essay, I think that the publication of Clinton Larson's plays by Deseret Book is a significant event. I hope that those who buy habitually from Deseret Book will pick up a copy and read some of the plays at least. If I have seemed harsh at times in this review, perhaps we can be grateful that there is a dramatist or poet worthy to be criticized. Clinton Larson is very useful to the Church. And in spite of his faults (and perhaps because of some of them), he ought to be read.

SHORT NOTICES

The Catawba Indians: The People of the River. By (Mrs.) Douglas Summers Brown. Columbia, South Carolina: The University of South Carolina Press, 1966. 400 pp. \$10.00.

This well-researched, well-written, well-illustrated book, the first full-length study of the Catawba Indians of South Carolina, will certainly not be replaced for some time. Mrs. Brown's study is sympathetic, objective, and, although she is not a professional historian, scholarly. Her study begins with the Catawba's first contacts with the English in the eighteenth century and carries through to the present time.

Members of the Mormon Church will find this book useful and interesting for the wealth of detailed information about Indian life in general, for the chapter on "Their Origin — Myth and Tradition," and especially for the unbiased account in chapters fifteen and sixteen concerning the work of the Mormon Church among this tribe.

Mrs. Brown says that the Mormons were the first missionaries to work effectively among these people. The exact date when missionary work began is unknown, but it was about 1883. The teachings of the Church were well received, and by 1934 ninety-five percent of the 300 or more Catawbas were members of the Church and had their own chapel on their small, 600 acre reservation. In explaining the success of the Mormons the author writes: "It was this genuine interest and respect that enabled the Mormons to get along with the Catawbas better than other white groups. Telling them that they were descendants of the lost tribes of Israel gave them a place — and a respectable place — among the peoples of this world" (p. 341). While this connection with Israel is not strictly accurate, it indicates the favorable tone Mrs. Brown, wife of a Presbyterian minister, uses in reference to Mormon missionary work. (The Presbyterians at one time were strong rivals of the Mormons among the Catawbas.)

Mrs. Brown also quotes Dr. Frank Speck, an earlier student of the tribe, as saying that "the case of the Catawba is indeed a peculiar one in this respect . . . the only instance among American tribes known to us where conversion to the religion of the white man shifted a whole group from paganism to Christianity in the Mormon path." (p. 342)

In reference to the Catawbas' long addiction to alcohol and drugs, the author reports, "The Nation had truly 'struck bottom,' but the Mormons, with their strict injunction against the use of all stimulants (even coffee and tobacco), began to make headway. By turning away from liquor and drugs, the Catawbas gradually started up the long road to rehabilitation" (p. 342).

Mrs. Brown was favorably impressed with Samuel Taylor Blue, Chief of the Catawbas and President of the Catawba Branch of the Mormon Church for over forty years. She received much help and information from Chief

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Blue, and of him she writes: "Tall and spare of frame, he was nevertheless an impressive and handsome figure in his faded overalls. Mentally agile and without a trace of guile, he won the confidence of those he dealt with through his plain and forthright speech, and his kind and courteous manner. His respect for the tradition, and knowledge of the Catawbias, made him of invaluable aid to outsiders. To the Catawbias he was a protector of their rights in a society indifferent to their welfare and progress" (p. 350).

I knew Chief Blue, who died of cancer in April, 1959, quite well. When I lived in North Carolina, we visited in each other's homes, and he once presented an Indian program in the branch of the Church I attended. Mrs. Brown's book, besides treating fairly the work of the Mormon missionaries among this small Indian tribe, gives a noble man, Chief Blue, some well deserved posthumous recognition and praise.

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The Greatest of These. By Clifford Buck. Independence, Missouri: Herald Publishing House, 1966. 160 pp. \$2.75 (hardcover), \$1.75 (paper).

So many sermons have been delivered and so many books have been written on the subject of Christian love that a book bearing the title *The Greatest of These* is not likely to attract the attention of those who are looking for novelty in subject matter. The subject may be hackneyed, but its skillful treatment by its Reorganized Latter Day Saint author, who was a scholar of distinction at St. Paul's Methodist Seminary in Kansas City, lifts it out of the ranks of the ordinary.

The subject is introduced with a declaration that love which enables individuals to achieve psychic wholeness is the only power by which the "healing of the nations" can be achieved. Love is described as leaping from the pages of the New Testament. The word *agape* is used to distinguish the unconditioned love of God from the more earthy *eros* which is defined as a kind of magnetism by which the soul is attracted to something which it lacks.

The prophets of the classical period are depicted as unable to achieve a unified conception which would reconcile love and justice in the Divine character. Mr. Buck says that this reconciliation is possible in recognition of the fact that God's wrath is kindled against the evil which would destroy those whom he loves. Because he is a God of love, he is also a God of judgment. To stress the love of God without recognizing holiness and justice is shallow sentimentalism. God's opposition to evil is radical and unconditional. God's love is neither sentimental nor effeminate. Justice based upon formal legalism may be a perversion of divine righteousness. Jesus flaunted this legalistic concept of justice when he exposed the guilt of the accusers of a woman taken in adultery and extended grace to the trembling victim of their wrath.

Man is depicted as a guilt-burdened and sinful creature who stands condemned before his creator. He is in need of salvation. Buck states that Humanists erred in supposing that human intelligence could usher in a utopia. Two world wars and their aftermath of evils testify to man's inability to save himself. The atom and hydrogen bombs have completely broken the bubble of belief in the inevitability of progress. Only through hope in Christ can we realize freedom from anxiety about the future.

The age-old problem of reconciliation of infinite power and goodness with the evident fact of human suffering is explored. The only explanation offered is that suffering is the price man must pay for his freedom.

The book closes with a refreshing chapter which seeks to justify the constructive role of creative doubt. Since the beginning of time more adequate views have developed only when men have had the courage to express doubt regarding cherished older concepts. Creative doubt exposed the fallacy of attributing every calamity to the power of a demon or to the power of personified evil intelligence. Creative doubt corrected wrong ideas of the creative process in the universe. The author's conclusion is that "Men are needed who are willing to pay the cost of doubt and constant reevaluation in an effort to speak the word of God to a revolutionary world . . . we must resist the temptation to fix our religious ideas and attitudes in order to maintain some little island of familiarity far removed from the struggles on the mainland of life."

Garland E. Tickemyer
Central Missouri State College

FINDING YOURSELF AT THE MOVIES

Rolfe Peterson

A former teacher at Brigham Young University and popular radio and television movie critic in Salt Lake City, Rolfe Peterson now has his own television show in San Francisco and teaches at the College of San Mateo.

I have seen *The Bible* and I believe in it as far as John Huston has translated it correctly. He is sometimes like DeMille and other scriptural movie-makers — sugar coating, sentimentalizing, pompous piety — but most of his Bible, especially the first half, is obviously the work of a director determined to make a movie and not a pageant.

It begins promisingly with spectacular shots of floods, waterfalls, volcanoes, and other awesome phenomena, to the accompaniment of Huston's voice reading the words of the Creation. This is almost too promising, because the bulk of the picture does not exploit this promise of reconciling the differences between literal scripture and natural law.

The Adam and Eve story is tastefully and imaginatively enacted. The best moment of the entire three hours, in fact, is "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground," in Huston's ingenious cinematic translation.

Our first unpleasant jolt is Richard Harris as Cain. As he seeks to escape the wrath of the Lord after his inconsiderate treatment of Abel, he is pursued by a camera mounted in a helicopter, and for this hovering audience he performs the darnedest series of brow-clutchings and posturings since W. C. Fields in *The Old-Fashioned Way*.

But then Huston himself appears as Noah and gives us a folksy and charming depiction of the people of the Ark. He achieves a quirky authenticity, so that you think, as you see him step off the cubits and make that unlikely vessel take shape, "By golly, he's probably really using gopher wood." The film arrives at a beautiful natural ending with the Ark on Ararat and the wonderful animals escaping into unfamiliar territory.

Unfortunately, the film does not end here. Modern theatre economics demands three hours, warranting both high prices for tickets and intermissions