



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

Featuring collections from the Western Reserve Historical Society and
The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.

Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

Reel
151

Box
54

Folder
325

The life of Moses in recent literature, 1928.

"THE LIFE OF MOSES
IN RECENT LITERATURE."

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER.

THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING,

NOVEMBER 25, 1928, CLEVELAND.



Books on biography have become very popular in recent years. The great and the near great of the past are being summoned from their resting places and subjected to a new and to a not too friendly reappraisal. The type of biography which is in vogue today is the subjective, almost psychoanalytical, type, a biography of motives and hidden intents. The painstaking, scientific and scholarly type of historical biography writing has yielded in recent years to a gossipy, deprecatory, backstage type of biography, and the chief aim of the biographer seems to be that of an iconoclast,--to destroy the conventional opinions of people about their great heroes, and they ransack the past of a great man with the same avidity as a detective would in search of divorce evidence, and they leave behind them when they are through nothing but wreck and ruin.

A recent writer, Mr. Charles Edward Russell, called this age the "age of detraction." "Napoleon," he says, "after reading some of the biographies of recent years, "was a boob. He never planned a battle. All his successes were won by his generals. Washington, as a soldier, was a comical joke, and no good at anything else. Mirabeau was no orator. His voice squeaked like a wry-necked fife, and all he uttered was bosh. Newton didn't discover the law of gravity, and there isn't any such law, anyway. Thomas Jefferson was an ignorant demagogue, whose

alleged ideas were stolen goods, and worthless at that. Patrick Henry was a shyster and never made that remark about treason. Benjamin Franklin's chief claims to recognition is that he had a friable code of personal morals. Samuel Adams and James Otis were not patriots; they were soreheads, incensed because they had not won the peace they wanted; besides, they were a couple of cowards. Nathan Hale was a notoriety seeker and willing to go to his death for the sake of the dent he would make. Paul Revere did not make his alleged ride to arouse the countryside, and the men that rallied at Lexington and Concord were not heroes, only bandits. You thought that when Washington refused a third term as President, he was actuated by motives of unselfishness and patriotism. Oh foolish person! He was looking for a chance to get into real estate. Thus in all things we have arrived at emancipation for tradition and the disgusting past. Everybody that was on the stage before our time was a plodder and a saphead, if he was not a forger and a swindler. Probably he was all four. If he pretended anything good he was also a hypocrite and mentally flimflammed somebody.

"Victor Hugo wasn't exiled as a champion of liberty, but published it nothing more than for personal reasons. John Brown was not a hero and a martyr, but a posing play actor well made for the limelight. Henry Ward Beecher never had an honest thought, never knew an honest motive, and never did a decent thing. The American

abolitionists were not really opposed to human slavery; they were only annoyed by the competition of the slaves with their own paid labor. The French Revolution was not a great forward dash of mankind's struggle for freedom; it was only a stupid drama enacted by a gang of homicidal maniacs. The American Revolution had nothing to do with principles; it was only an insurrection of tax dodgers. The Civil War in America was the world's prize winning contest for idiots. Vicksburg was any man's battle, and Gettysburg was a Northern defeat. Everything in history that you have ever believed to be true and good and fine is a lie. Everybody in history, literature or art that you have ever respected was a failure, a liar and a faker. If a certain part of current literature is an index, this is the age of disparagement formulated as an art. Mud slinging is our favorite indoor sport, not at contemporaries that can sling back, but at tombs, monuments and reputations. We have a new cult, " says this author, "--the worship of malice; and she is a titular goddess."

Now this tidal wave of biographic writing has also reached the towering personality of Moses. Within the last year three books on Moses have come to my notice, one a novel by Louis Untermeyer, the other a drama by Lawrence Langner, and the third, "The Life of Moses" by Edmond Fleg, a French Jew. Moses, as you undoubtedly know, has for centuries served as a theme for story and poem and drama and painting and sculpture. His personality, so

vigorous and colorful and dominant, could not but challenge the skill of the artist, by whatever medium that artist worked. But whereas all the attempts in the past to delineate the character of Moses were informed by a spirit of reverence, almost of awe, for this colossal figure that towers like a mountain peak over the life of mankind, in recent writings you find the sophism of the and the shallow cleverness of the worldly unwise.

Of the three books which I have just mentioned about Moses, only one is worthy of its subject,-- "The Life of Moses," by Edmond Fleg. Fleg clearly understood that there are but two ways in which the story of Moses could be written, and only two: the one is to recount as faithfully and as simply as possible the story of Moses as found in the Bible; for nothing new, no new material bearing upon the history of Moses has been discovered in the last three thousand years, and this task of recounting is hardly necessary, because no one can improve upon the epic style of the Bible. The other way is to tell the story of Moses as the ages spun that story, as legendwove it, as history embellished it. In other words, tell the story not of the historical Moses but of the Moses of history.

That is exactly what Fleg did. He went to the great treasure houses of our people's literature, to our Apocrypha, to our Talmud and to our Midrashim, and there discovered a vast material which the soul of the people fashioned around the personality of Moses, and with

that material he reconstructed the Moses whom the people of Israel wished to be their national hero.

Now this legendary Moses is not a falsification of history; it does not claim historic truths, but it is psychologically true. It is true to the inner pattern of the man. This legendary Moses does no violence to the historical outlines as we find it in the Bible. He is an extension of that outline. That essential outline is filled with lights and shades and color, and when one is through reading Edmond Fleg's "The Life of Moses," one feels he has read a thousand year commentary on the Biblical Moses, a commentary which is revealing, which is illuminating, which is completing, which is altogether satisfying. When one, on the other hand, finishes the reading of Untermeyer's "Moses" or "Langner's "Moses" one feels that he has been witnessing all the time a twentieth century litterateur filled to the bursting with the fads and the intellectual notions and patois and small change of his day, hiding behind the maze of a putative and a presumptive Moses.

At no time is one conscious, when reading these two books, that he is in the living presence of the man who liberated a people, who molded a nation, who gave the law of life to mankind. One rather has the queer feeling of being in the presence of two skilful necromancers who are trying to make the lips of this great dead hero repeat the shallow, clever, twentieth century words of

Louis Untermeyer and Lawrence Langner.

Now these two writers are seemingly aware that they are inadequate to their task; that they have not grasped Moses; that they lack preparation and penetration and understanding, and so they try to anticipate disastrous criticism by disavowing historical accuracy. Mr. Untermeyer says that his book has few pretenses to historical accuracy, that it is only a novel. That is true. While we need not look for historical accuracy in a novel, we are, I believe, justified in looking for psychological truth or psychological consistency when one is writing about an historical character and building his novel upon the story of the Bible. I am, for example, ready to forgive Mr. Untermeyer his absurd assertion that Moses was the son of the daughter of Pharaoh and of a young Hebrew. This is an invention of Mr. Untermeyer's, to be explained and forgiven on the basis of the rights of a novelist. I might even forgive him the manner in which he has this foundling Moses, the daughter of Pharaoh, palmed off on the court in the manner of a twentieth century Broadway bedroom farce.

One is ready to forgive Mr. Untermeyer the assertion that Moses received all his religious ideas in the palace from the Pharaoh Amenophis IV, who actually lived a hundred years before Moses. One is ready to forgive Mr. Untermeyer the purile rationalization of the miracles and the folk lore of the Bible,--the ten plagues, the crossing of the Red Sea, the many miracles which happened

in the wilderness. Mr. Untermeyer accepts this all, but rationalizes them all in the true eighteenth century style. These miracles were no miracles at all; they were merely happenings, coincidences, a succession of strange, unusual natural phenomena which Moses anticipated and which the wise men of Egypt did not anticipate, and it was because of these fortunate breaks which Moses got that he was able to emancipate the people and to lead them through the wilderness. Thus when the Nile was polluted the Egyptians, who didn't know anything about sanitation and hygiene, ate of the fish of the Nile and died, but Moses, who in the skilful hands of Untermeyer becomes a sanitary engineer, warned the people against eating shell fish, and so they were saved. And in the wilderness just when the people was about to rebel, you will recall the quail, when they crossed over the territory at that time inhabited by the Jews, happened to get tired just at that moment, and they settled upon the ground, and the Jews had enough flesh to eat, and so the rebellion is squelched.

Thus a member of the twentieth century intelligensia rationalizes the folk lore of the people.

I am ready to forgive Mr. Untermeyer the manner in which he has Moses organize the popular uprising with locals and unions and shows and mass meetings in the true Moscow fashion. One is ready to forgive Mr. Untermeyer the manner in which he introduces the inevitable triangle in Moses' domestic life, for a man writing for popular consump-

tion today must introduce into a novel some kind of a triangle, so that while Moses is married to Zeborah, as the Bible states, he actually has an affair with her sister. One is also ready to forgive Mr. Untermeyer the rather startling innovation that the Ethiopian woman whom Moses married was a sacred prostitute dancing at a popular exhibition in Moab. This is all rather thick, but of course when one writes for the edification of servant girls one must introduce such luscious bits or the book would not be a best seller.

One can also forgive Mr. Untermeyer such ghastly anachronisms as are found in his book. Some Jew in Egypt speaks of the Sanhedrin, an institution which was not established in Jewish life until fifteen hundred years after the time of Moses. Another one speaks of the Messiah, and the Messiah idea did not come into Jewish history until a millennium and a half later. One speaks of a host of angels and names, names which the Jews did not come to have until many, many centuries later, having borrowed them from the Pharaohs. One can enumerate dozens of such anachronisms which betray Untermeyer's ignorance of history, and more particularly of Jewish history.

But when one has to listen to Moses discussing the nature of miracles and the miracles of nature, or the miracles of natural law, in the words of Robert Ingersoll, or when one has to listen to Moses discussing pedagogy like Bertram Russell, or analyzing fear like Freud, or stentorious-

ly uttering the theologic doctrines of H. G. Wells, or the theories of an art of James Honaker, one is set adrift in a world where everything can happen and where actually nothing does happen. Thus Untermeyer makes of Jethro a sort of a duo-culture atheist, a renaissance of Mencken, and of Amenophis IV, or Akhnaton, he makes a pacifist, an anti-nomist, a sort of a Theban Jesus. Miriam and Aaron are disclosed to us in a room drafting the Ten Commandments just like some resolutions committee at a political convention. Moses is made to utter such prophetic twaddle as this: "Can't you believe in a time when it will not be necessary to make strictures, when men will formulate their own liberty with instinctive cleanness, a time when men will require no more directions than a tree obedient to the control of the central laws of being." Or this: "In the end there is nothing." But he sort of refutes denial with "because it is hopelessness of power to survive that strengthens the very will to disbelieve."

Moses is made to say these things. And the climax of Moses' career is this: that Moses becomes a philosophic anarchist like Tolstoi; that Moses loses faith in the efficacy of law for the moral improvement of the human family; that Moses is unwilling to enter the promised land because one man is as good as another, and the promised land is within you, and, anyhow, he does not want to possess any land; he wants to possess only his own soul. And the last thing we see of Moses in this story of Untermeyer is

Moses blessing the people, who are terribly impatient and restless and overly eager to go into Canaan. The Bible says that the people of Israel mourned for Moses forty days; that they loved him. Nowhere in this book of Untermeyer is there any indication of that affection which the people had for the great figure of Moses.

Lawrence Langner is also conscious of his limitation, and anticipates criticism by saying that we must deal with the preconceptions of the theater (audiences). In other words, he will present not Moses as he knew him or wished him to be, not the true, historic Moses, but he will present Moses as the audience in the theater thinks Moses to have been. And so he presents a figure of Moses, a rather repellant figure, a cold legalist, a man who does not understand what is in the hearts of human beings but is only concerned with building up a host of legislation so as to control and rule human beings.

Mr. Langner, who is evidently very much impressed by our modern criticism of the prohibition law, and of the popular phrases that we can't make people better through laws, utilizes the character of Moses as a vehicle for the foisting or the presentation of these popular dissatisfactions with restrictions and prohibitions. Miriam, who in the Bible is a prophetess, becomes in the hands of Langner a professional advertiser in the court of Pharaoh and an exponent of art. You see, Langner has a grudge against Moses. Moses prohibited the Israelites from

making any graven images. Langner thinks this was a calamity; so he denounced Moses for being the enemy of art, and Miriam becomes the great champion of art. Aaron is represented as a fool, interested only in the color of his priestly robe, and in the play we come across such choice bits of knowledge as this: that a people that has only one God has an advantage over ^a people that has many gods, because it has more time for barter and commerce, and that is how the Jews gained the better of the Egyptians. The Egyptians were busy worshipping two hundred gods; the Jews, who were monotheists, had only one God to worship, and so they had more time for usury and greed, and it was only after they became very prosperous as a result of their monotheism that the Egyptians began to enslave them and to persecute them. That is how history is treated and historical characters repressed by the intelligensia of our day.

Now, who was this Moses? Who is the Moses of the Bible? Who is the Moses whom Israel created? Who is the Moses whose shadow has been thrown over the pathway of the human race for the last three thousand years? Only as one gets the full picture, the fuller personality of Moses, can one even approximate a delineation of this man. The Bible knows Moses, first of all, as the founder of the faith. Abraham became the founder of the people, the Father of the race; Moses was the founder of the faith. "I revealed myself unto Abraham and Isaac and Jacob by the name of

but by my name Yarveh I did not reveal myself unto them." Moses discovered the new name of God. Now a name is a quality, an essence. Moses discovered the new essence of Divinity. Moses discovered the new faith. Moses gave to Israel and to mankind the God who is Yarveh, the God who is the creator, the universal God of being. "I am that I am." Moses gave mankind monotheism, and with monotheism he gave them a code of morals. God revealed himself unto Moses as "a merciful God, a God full of compassion and love." This was the deity who Moses presented to Israel and to mankind. And unless one understand this contribution of Moses, one will utterly fail to understand the character of Moses.

The Bible knows Moses as the legislator, the law giver. Now it is all metaphysical balderdash to speak of life without law. As long as human beings will live in society they will require laws for the regulation of their mutual relationships. An isolationist, a man living by himself, a hermit, requires no law because he has no contacts with other human beings; he can be a philosophic anarchist. But human beings who live in a complex society require laws to guide them, to help them, to point the way, to protect the weak against the strong; and to criticize Moses because he gave the basic law to mankind is to criticize social life, civilization; and all this philosophic anarchism is a naive, primitive hankering after conditions of life which no longer exist.

Moses gave to Israel the Ten Commandments, or the ideas embodied in the Ten Commandments, and the Ten Commandments contain the seed of all moral law. Everything is derived from it; everything that we have today is an elaboration of these basic principles found in the Ten Commandments. There really is no progress in the moral ideas of mankind. It is all there already. The progress is perfecting the technique for the expressing of these laws; but the ideas, the principles, are already there. "I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not make any graven images to worship them"--of anything, whether these images be stone or whether they be gold or silver or positions or honor or dignities. "Thou shalt have a day of rest"--so that a man may not be a slave. "Thou shalt revere thy father and mother and the holy ties of family. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet." These are the foundation stones upon which civilization is built, and the genius of Moses gave them to mankind.

The Bible knows Moses as the great emancipator, the prototype of all the humanities, liberator, the first man who challenged serfdom, who broke the shackles of slavery from off the hands of a people, who set up as the goal of life freedom. "Thou shalt proclaim freedom throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Unless one knows this quality in Moses' character one fails, as these men failed, to understand him.

The Bible knows Moses as the leader, the man who is suffering from great handicaps; for he was difficult of speech, retiring, shy. When the word of God came to him to return to Egypt and speak to Pharaoh and demand the liberation of the people, he hesitated. "Send someone else. I am unable to do it." And yet he faced his mission ultimately and took on the burden, the cross of leadership. He was a leader of men. He had the courage to destroy, and he had the patience to build. He slew an Egyptian, nay, he slew thousands of his own people when destruction was imperative; but he patiently and heart-breakingly endured when patience was required. He was the leader of a race.

The Bible knows Moses as the "suffering man." You realize that almost the whole life of Moses was spent in the desert. It was in the desert that he saw God; it was in the desert that he wandered for forty years; it was in the desert that he buried his entire generation; it was in the desert that he found his own lonely grave. A turbulent life, a life full of rebellion and mutiny. He suffered. And very often the Bible speaks of Moses praying into the Lord. "Take away from me these burdens. I cannot carry them any longer." And yet suffering and enduring unto the end.

The Bible knows Moses as a man of supreme humility, the humility of greatness, the humility of great courage,--the highest compliment which the Bible can pay to Moses is "And this man Moses was the most modest of all

men." Neither one of these men who wrote of him caught that quality, that vast humility of this man in the presence of his tremendous mission which had been entrusted unto him. The Bible knows of Moses as the man who loved his people. Oh, how these would-be authors of the life of Moses missed that essential strain in his character. They speak of him as the stern law giver, as the uncompromising executor of the unyielding principle of justice, a cryptological notion, a figment built up by fiction apologists so that the character of Jesus may be compared by contrast. The Bible knew no such trait.

I read in the chapter this morning from the Book of Deuteronomy, where Moses pleads with the Lord. "Destroy not thy people and thine inheritance. They have sinned, they have committed wrong, but they are my people. Forgive them, and if not, erase my name from the book of life." And that is why Jewish tradition always in the ensuing centuries, when it spoke of Moses, called him "the faithful shepherd of his people," that quality of the shepherd which was Moses', which was in him, and because of that God, according to our tradition, chose him to be the leader of the people.

You will recall that beautiful legend. Moses was one day missed by his father-in-law. It was sundown and Moses had not yet returned and he sent men to hunt for him among the mountains, and they found Moses near a little stream of water. A lamb had strayed there, had broken its

foot, and Moses was nursing the lamb, tying its foot, giving it water to drink, and Moses took the lamb upon his shoulder and brought it back to the fold. And, says this legend, at that moment the spirit of God declared "a man who can thus tend his flock is the man to become the shepherd of my flock, Israel."

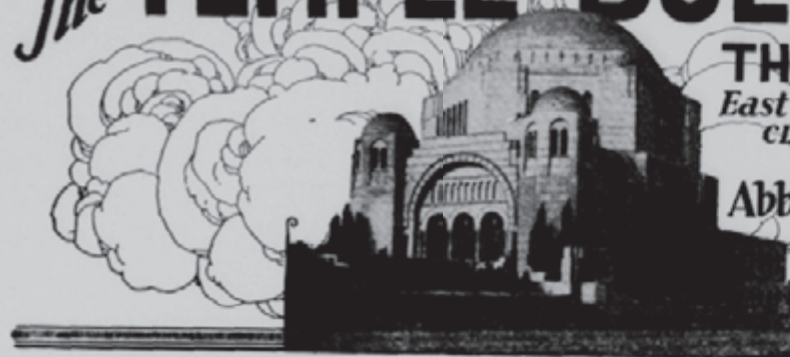
These are the qualities, my friends, which the Bible and subsequent Jewish literature found and extolled and revered and loved in the character of Moses. Moses died upon Mt. Nebo, and his body found a lonely sepulcher upon the mountain heights, but the flame which was the spirit of Moses, the soul of him that no tomb could enclose, and for three thousand years Moses, the leader, the liberator, the law giver, the prophet Moses, the greatest and the humblest of men, Moses the shepherd of his people, has led, has guided, has instructed mankind.

One would like to say to all those who approach the personality of Moses, in a desire to depict him in pigment or stone or words, "Remove the sandals from off thy feet, for the place upon which thou dost stand is holy ground."

--O--

*Sermon
284*

The TEMPLE BULLETIN



THE TEMPLE
East 105th St. and Ansel Rd.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Abba Hillel Silver, D.D.
RABBI

Rabbi Leon I. Feuer
Minister of Religious Education

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1928

10:30 A. M.

RABBI SILVER

will speak on

**"The Life of Moses in
Recent Literature"**

The Sabbath Eve Service
5:30 to 6:10

The Sabbath Morning Service
11:00 to 12:00

*Laurence Langner's Play
called Moses.*

892.42

L 26 M

The Temple Bulletin, published weekly from the middle of September to June, by Tifereth Israel Congregation, E. 105th Street at Ansel Road, Cleveland, Ohio. E. E. Wolf, Pres.; Emanuel Einstein, Treas.; Rabbi Leon I. Feuer, Editor. Subscription price, 50 cents per annum.

Entered as second-class matter, Dec. 11, 1925, at the Post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3 1879.

Music for Sunday Morning, November 25th

Organ (10:15 A. M.)

Prelude

Scherzo Pastorale....Federlein

Gavotte.....Gossee

Where Wild Judea Stretches

Far.....Stoughton

Postlude

Processional March....Stewart

Paul Allen Beymer

Baritone Solo

"Lord God of Abraham" (Eli-
jah).....Mendelssohn

Paul F. Kinnison

The Life of Moses

The wave of biographic writing which has swept over this country in recent years has also reached the towering personality of Moses. Within recent months Louis Untermeyer published his novel, "Moses"; Edmond Fleg of France, "The Life of Moses". Lawrence Langner has also written a play called "Moses".

Rabbi Silver has himself been asked recently to write a biography of this greatest of Jewish leaders and law-giver of mankind.

This Sunday morning Rabbi Silver will discuss the character of Moses as revealed in these writings.

"Liberalism at the Crossroads"

At the request of many friends the address which Dr. Silver delivered before The City Club and The Temple, "Liberalism At The Cross-

roads" has been published and may be procured by writing to the Temple office. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Silver's recent volume, "The Democratic Impulse in Jewish History", published by The Bloch Company of New York, may also be procured in the Temple office or at The Burrows Bros. Company and Laukhuff's Book Store. Price 75 cents.

Dr. Silver contributed the leading article to the November issue of World Unity, called "The One and The Many".

Citizens' Thanksgiving Celebration

As in previous years a Citizens' Thanksgiving Celebration will be held on Thanksgiving morning, Thursday, Nov. 29th, at 10:45, at Keith's Palace Theatre. This celebration is arranged under the auspices of a committee representing the Churches and Temples of Cleveland, of which Rabbi Silver is Chairman. Bishop Schrembs of the Catholic Diocese will be the speaker of the occasion. City Manager Hopkins will act as Chairman. The Orpheus Male Chorus will lead in the singing. The members of The Temple are urged to join with their fellow citizens of Cleveland in this Thanksgiving meeting.

Professor Sprengling

The Temple Monday Evening Lecture Course series on the Great Religions of Mankind continues this coming Monday evening with a lecture on "Mohammedanism", to be delivered by Prof. Martin Sprengling of The University of Chicago.

Prof. Sprengling is head of The Department of Arabic Languages and Literature at Chicago University. He is the outstanding English speaking authority on Mohammedanism and so recognized by Mohammedan scholars.

"THE CASSILIS ENGAGEMENT"

A TEMPLE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION

Tuesday Evening, November 27th, 8 P. M.

"The Cassilis Engagement", by St. John Hankin, is a delightful three-act comedy of English life and manners. Produced by the Temple Theatre Guild, the quality of whose work in the past has been of such fine artistic merit, the play ought to prove an unusual evening's entertainment for all who attend.

The cast is a large and capable one, including such well known Guild players as Miss Babette Devay, Mrs. Harriet Friedman, Miss Pearl Marcus, Mr. Al Brown, Mr. Bailey Ozer, Mr. Alvin Fineman, and Mr. Ray Wasserman. Mrs. Martin Heydemann is dramatic coach of the Guild.

Admission is by Alumni season ticket or 50 cents for single admission.

TEMPLE MONDAY EVENING LECTURE COURSE

on

**The Great Religions of
Mankind**

presents

Prof. Martin Sprengling

of

The University of Chicago

speaking on

"Mohammedanism"

Monday Evening

November 26th, 8 P. M.

MAHLER HALL

Single Admission

35 cents

PARENT-TEACHER SUPPER

**FOR THE ENTIRE
RELIGIOUS SCHOOL**

Wednesday, December 5th,

6:30 P. M.

MAHLER HALL

Program by the Children

All parents of children in our school are urged to attend this interesting meeting and meet with the Rabbis and teachers of their children.

Reservations are \$1.10 per person and should be sent in with the children.

Temple Women's Association

The Temple Women's Association held its first open program meeting of the year last Wednesday afternoon in Mahler Hall. The address was delivered by Dr. Edward N. Schoolman, eminent psychiatrist of Chicago, who discussed a number of problems in education and child-raising. The lecture was clear and stimulating and well received by the hundreds of women who were present.

The next meeting of the Temple Women's Association will be held jointly with the Temple Men's Club on Wednesday evening, Dec. 12th. An unusual type of program is being arranged for this evening.

Gifts to the Temple

A beautiful oil painting, "The Finding of Moses", was presented to The Temple by Mr. Louis Sands. The painting will be hung in the Temple Parlor.

The Temple Wishes to Acknowledge with Thanks the Following Contributions:

To the Floral Fund

Mrs. Lillian Baylis and daughter Mildred In memory of husband and father, Joseph Baylis

To the Library Fund

The Third Grade Class of the Temple High School In memory of Morton Seidman

Mrs. Henry H. Weiskopf In honor of the birth of a granddaughter, Rosalyn Miriam England

To the Scholarship Fund

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Baker

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Bloch

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Scheuer

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Finsterwald

Mrs. Adolph Frankel

Mrs. J. M. Politzer

Mrs. Adolph Wollaston

Mrs. A. L. Benediet

In memory of Mrs. Caroline Emrich

In memory of Mrs. Caroline Emrich

In memory of Judd Stein and Mrs. Caroline Emrich

In memory of Morton Seidman

In memory of brother, Jerome D. Levy, and son, Dudley L. Benediet

Mr. Arthur A. Neiger donated to The Temple a small organ which will be used in one of the kindergarten rooms.

Temple Religious School Report for the Week

Total enrollment, including the High School—1404.

Number of pupils, Kindergarten to 9th grade, inclusive—1257.

Average attendance for the week, 94.5%.

The following classes had 100% attendance: 1B, Miss Kopperman; 3A, Miss Markowitz; 4F, Miss Bernstein; 5A, Mrs. David; 5D, Miss Gimp; 6F, Miss Wertheimer; 7A, 7B, Miss Gimp; 8A, 8B, Miss Copenhagen; 8C, Miss Rosen; 9C, Miss Krause; 9E, Miss Ruben.

Torah Shield Dedicated

At the last Sabbath morning service the children of the Religious School dedicated a beautiful shield for the Torah which they had presented to the Temple in honor of the birth of Daniel Jeremy Silver.

1. Bizarre ascription - son of daughter - woman
 2. Received rel. ideas from Tutankhamun -
 3. Rationalizes miracles.
 4. Org. popular uprisings
 5. Quantable triangle -
 6. Ethiopian woman.
- This is all rather thick - unpleasant

1. Best to have to listen (1) nature of miracles.
- (2) Pedagogy (3) Fear (4) theologic doctrine
- (5) theories of art.

Is this -

Akhmation -

miraculous & human -

miser - trouble - Tolerant - loses faith
in law - Promised land - closing
drama

1. Biography - Books on biography have become very popular in recent years. Every body is reading biography. The great and the near great are being remembered year after year in resting places, and exposed to a new and often too friendly a scrutiny and appraisal. The particular kind of biography which is popular to-day is the subjective, personal, analytical kind, the biog. of motives and secret intentions. - The scholarly historical study has for the time being given way to the gossiping, ^{back-stage} scandalous, defamatory, superficial type, in which the writer's chief aim is to be an unconcealed revealing of bad instincts, shaking or concocting quinnis, but never and causally the private past of a man, like a detective in search of evidence for a chance trial, and leaving in his wake ruin and ruin - Charles E. Russell has called this age "The Age of defamation". In a recent article he thus summarizes the present temper of present day biographic writing - (Quote)

2. The tidal wave has washed the exalted personality of Moses. Within last year 3 books have washed me. A novel by L. Hunt - "Moses"; A drama - by L. L. - "Moses and a life of Moses by E. F. - Moses has for centuries served as the theme of ^{stage} poems, drama, song, sculpture and painting, it is too young and full and dominant a personality to not to challenge the skill of the artist in whatever medium he wished - But whereas all attempts hitherto to delineate Moses were made in a spirit of reverence and awe for this colossal figure whose thoughts beckoned like mountain peaks over the

Left
~~Left~~ of mankind, the recent attempt by ^{seemingly} less
gifted and capable ~~to~~ men, ~~men~~ ~~to~~ are charged
with a certain the sophistication of the bookishness,
and the shallow cleverness of the worldly un-
wise.

(3) of the 3 books ^{names} only one is worthy, the subject-
the one, G. Heg. He understood that you
can do but one thing when attempting ^{to}
tell the story of Jesus, & the recent faithful
the Book of Matthew - for no new matter ^{leaving} the
life of Jesus has been discovered in the last 3000
yrs - a revelation which is hardly necessary - for
we can improve on the epic style of the Bible.
or tell the story of Jesus as the ages see Spain
it as legend wrote it; as the low grade
embellished it - in other words tell the story not
of the historical Jesus but the idea
history - This is precisely what Heg did!
He reconstructed the Jesus Jesus of our liberation
the apoc - the talented - the Widow, and
with the rich material there discovered - he
reconstructed the Jesus of the people - the people
whom Jesus wished to save for himself -
The legendary Jesus is no historical Jesus -
it is not meant to be historical truth, but
psychologic truth. The legend works the idea
to the essential truth of Jesus as depicted
in the Bible. They fill them with light. They
prolong them; they fill them in the light
by light & shade & color. When one finishes

reading Hegel, we feel that I have read a 1000 yrs.
commencing with Hebrew times, reaching illuminating
completing. When our present books & papers are
filled that he has been watching a 20 C. Liberator
filled to bursting with all the ^{important papers} ~~facts~~ ^{of the day} ~~palaces~~ ^{small change} ~~small change~~ ^{hiding}
behind the mask, ^{anyone's a presumption} ~~at no time~~
~~is our own~~ ^{being in the presence of a}
man, their man is his ^{own} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~own~~
The bygone man, is still, then, ^{valued}
of the valuable. ~~at no time~~ ^{at no time} we
feel that he is in the presence of the man
who liberated a people, redeemed a nation,
and just renewed the law of life. Always
are we reminded that unskilful redemption
are trying to make the life of a poor dead
bees say with the shallow human of
a lawyer is an unhappiness —

(*) Then writers are apparently conscious
conscious of their lack of ability to cope with
the enormous task which they have set for
themselves. Their lack of equipment,
& penetration, ~~so~~ So that V. knows us at
the outset that his work is not few references
to historical accuracy — that it is only a work
well & good we shall not ask of the historical accuracy
But we are justified in expecting even a
novel built around the life of man or reflected
in the Bible — psychological accuracy — the inner
truth — we are ready to perceive the another

his blessing to an important ~~and~~ crowd of Jews
all two days to march us to Canaan -
Bible has it - people wait for them today.

[illegible]

He adapts the pop. contract bet. law & Court - and
had some one say to Moses - "If you say it
people to love -) as Moses not need so
many laws" —



Mr. who married to 2 people her an
affair with her sister. This is all
Latter think - but we may join a work
much - esp. on who was to jazz up
his literary productions for popular taste.
On way also join the appalling
anachronism - "sacred" - "memorial" -
"metaphor" - Turkish -

But to back to letter to Mr. saying with course
about the nature, manner & the moral, natural
law - like that Russell; discussing pedagogy
like Bertrand Russell; psych. analysis as fear
like Jung & Freud; ^{Sept 1914} ~~theology~~ the theological doctrine
of H. S. Wells, & the ~~theology~~ of J. M. Keynes, is to be set adrift in a world
where every thing can happen - and nothing
actually does happen - Father is
law & man is a credit atheist - and talk
like Merleau - Akhen - or Egypt. Pharaoh
is a poet, an aesthetic, an auto-nomist - a
Theban Jesus ^(only) ~~Hyb. part of Egypt is an~~
~~atheist~~. Men is made to repeat such
twaddle as this (quote). At the climax, his
life, Men, the law, Men, because a philo. auto-
chist - like Tolstoy - loses all faith in the value
moral laws for the guidance of men -
refuses to enter the promised land - because
the land is not another of the order of Men
no land - ^{the promised land is without son - as the Jews} ~~but only~~ ^{the promised land is}
and the great dreamer, to show with the power

we are shown into a room where Aunt
Mina is drafting the co. com. - like a
resolutions com. at a pol. convention



perversion of the Bib. facts and his many unaccountable
 inventions. I am ready to join the bizzare ~~ages~~
 assertion that M. was the son of the day, the Pharaoh
 and a Hebrew youth and the ~~is a~~ ^{is a} ~~account~~ ^{where}
 he has M. pulled off as the corrupting key-
 which reads like a busy bed-room page
 (2) that M. received his rel. ^{in the place his photograph} from the Pharaoh
 Akhenaton - who actually lived 700 yrs before
 the time of M. - concerning which ^{days} I know nothing
 except a bygone which has been attributed to him
 or (3) the manner in which he rationalizes on
 the all the Bib. miracles - the 10 plagues - the
 crossing of the Red Sea - the burning bush - in the
 old-fashioned S.C. style. The miracles according
 to ~~the~~ ^{these} were no miracles, really - but a fortunate
 succession of unusual natural phenomena - which
 M. anticipated while the Egypt did not. U.
 makes M. get all the lucky breaks - and
 by means, there is enabled to redeem the people
 from Egypt. The Egypt - fish-die - M. not treat
 the people with 2 assistants engineers mail
 (4) the manner in which he proceeds to
 up. the popular uprising through local
 - unions + 3 men + man working as the best
 approved present technique or (5) that the Pharaoh
 whom he named according to Bib. account
 became in the debt and several pages W.
 a great rel. just like a man in the book.
 (6) the mental triangle which the man
^{not only in 200 years}
~~as the~~ ^{is the} ~~introduction~~ into the Jewish life of M.

This is I guess among the most ludicrous
interp. of an ambiguous text please to avoid
scandal for servant girls —



"Can't you believe in a time when it will not be necessary to make structures, when men will formulate their own liberty with constructive channels? A time when men will require no more directions than a tree, obedient to the central laws of being?"

"In the end there is nothing but the spirit that refutes denial, that gives hopelessness power to survive, that strengthens the very will to disbelieve".

and when he wakes we say: - "We have been miserable too long. From this day on we must use force to the uttermost -"
I could just hear the wall resound
with the words of William Wilson —

As Israel Men Moses a bold leader, here

- ① Founder of Faith - Abraham - - 3600 - 2000 B.C.
- descended new name - unful. concept - 2100 - Quater - the
universal for Monotheism + Ethics 1100 B.C. to 500 B.C.
"I am that I am"
- ② Legislator. No one without law - lawless in. or of the
vain, impl. faith of unfulfilled even virtue -
who are concerned with per. salvation - not world
Ten Commandments - old seed, all moral deed.
In all time - no progress.
- ③ Evangelist. The prototype of all human liberators.
- ④ Leader ① Drove to free his mission
② slavery - slaves Egypt. ③ Shew his our faithless one.
④ Food meeting. ⑤ a leader -
- ⑤ The Patient Sufferer - His whole life practically spent in the
desert for God in desert - wandered to free - know of
his own persecution - to himself found nameless
past in desert -
- ⑥ Humble - 1st old world.
- ⑦ Shepherd - 2nd old world -
"The people have sinned; forgive them, and if not,
erase my name from the book."
- ⑧ A lonely seer - but his flame no separable
can hold - In body, whip, severe real is his
known - and the world listen to ideas -

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
MAGAZINE

Section XII

Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor
 Sunday, November 18, 1928

Thirty-two Pages



The Idol Smashers

Drawn for the Herald Tribune by J. Scott Williams

The Age of Detraction

By Charles Edward Russell

Author of "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas"

NAPOLEON was a boob. He never planned a battle; all his successes were won by his generals. Washington as a soldier was a comical joke, and no good at anything else. Mirabeau was no orator. His voice squeaked like a wry-necked fife, and all he uttered was bosh. Hoche wasn't commander of the French armies at twenty-five. He only pretended to be.

Newton didn't discover the law of gravitation, and

there isn't any such law, anyway. Thomas Jefferson was an ignorant demagogue whose alleged ideas were stolen goods, and worthless at that. Patrick Henry was a shyster, and never made that remark about treason. Benjamin Franklin's chief claim to recognition is that he had a friable code of personal morals.

Samuel Adams and James Otis were not patriots. They were soreheads, incensed because they hadn't won the offices they wanted. Besides, they were a

couple of cowards. When warrants were out for their arrest for treason they didn't wait to be hanged, but beat it to a place of safety. Nathan Hale was a notoriety seeker, and willing to go to his death for the sake of the dent he would make. Paul Revere didn't make his alleged ride to arouse the countryside, and the men that rallied at Lexington and Concord were not heroes; only bandits.

You thought that when Washington refused a third

term as President he was actuated by motives of unselfishness and patriotism. Oh, foolish person! He was looking for a chance to get into real estate.

Thus in all things we have arrived at emancipation from tradition and the disgusting past. Hurrah! and Hooroo! Everybody that was on the stage before our time was a flub and a saphead if he wasn't a forger and a swindler. Probably he was all four. If he pretended anything good he was also a hypocrite and meant only to flim-flam somebody.

Victor Hugo wasn't exiled as a champion of liberty, but battered at Napoleon III for personal reasons. John Brown wasn't a hero and martyr, but a posing play-actor, half mad for the limelight. Henry Ward Beecher never had an honest thought, never knew an honest motive and never did a decent thing. The American Abolitionists weren't really opposed to human slavery. They were only annoyed by the competition of slaves with their own paid labor.

The French Revolution was not a great forward push of mankind struggling for freedom. It was only a bloody drama staged at Paris by a gang of homicidal maniacs.

The American Revolution had nothing to do with any principle. It was only an insurrection of tax dodgers. The Declaration of Independence is a joke. The men that made it didn't mean it and anyway it is only a jangle of guff.

The Civil War in America was the world's prize-winning contest for idiots. Vicksburg was any man's battle and Gettysburg a Northern defeat.

Grant was no military commander. He was too stupid to set even a squadron in the field. Sherman was a dull pedantic theorizer. Sheridan? A skirmish or two, but naught to the purpose. Thomas? Don't make me laugh.

There was no brave man; there never were brave men. Anthony Wayne wanted to run away at Stony Point and Chastellard wept and mammered on the scaffold.

Everything in history that you have ever believed to be true and good and fine is a lie. Everybody in history, literature or art that you have ever respected was a failure, a liar or a faker.

This is as far as I have ever been able to follow the Bright New Day in book making, but no doubt those better acquainted with it can supply the omissions.

What was at first only an amusing adventure in verbal extravagance has become successively a fashion and a passion. When a new book of history or biography appears we pick it up with perfect assurance that it will shatter a line of men and events and show us again how simple we were to believe in anything good.

The Anvil Chorus has become nearly a national hymn. What we want is blows, well laid on and disposing of something we used to have faith in—Longfellow, Shakespeare, Browning, Lafayette, John Hampton, any old thing. An outsider might believe we have become like the infuriated mobs of ancient Rome. All night we run madly about plucking down statues. We don't know why, but into the dirt with them anyway! Here is one that looks particularly good and clean. Run for the hammers, batter it to bits! If you can't smash it, smear it.

There is no end of mud in the gutters. Has the silly old world ever crowned any man for anything? Be sure he never deserved it. Snatch the laurels from his image and then go and spit on his grave.

If a certain part of current literature is an index, this is the age of disparagement—formulated as an art. Mud-slinging is our favorite indoor sport. Not at contemporaries that can sling back—at tombs, shrines and reputations. It does no good to tell me that each generation is prerogated to view its own ideals and standards as final and its

predecessor's as comical futilities. I know that well enough. What I mean goes a million miles beyond that. And it does not meet the case to say this is youth and the fossils naturally can't get the youthful viewpoint.

The fact is, literature seems to be under a spell. It is buffaloes or hypped or something; the wine of Circe has gone to our heads. The Lady Vivien has come into her own. She rules the hour, if any unclean spirit ever ruled anything. We have a new cult, the worship of malice, and she is its titular goddess.

Now, as of old in Brocelande, she lets her tongue rage like a fire among the noblest names, defaming and defacing, till she has left not even Lancelot brave nor Galahad clean.

What is the reason for all this obsession and why, for the time being, at least, has the taste of slander become thus sweet in the mouth? Fashions in literature we are familiar with; they come and go like fashions in hats. Now it's all Kipling and next it's all Conrad. But this goes beyond fashion and seems to reach down to some primitive nerve persisting out of the jungle. There must be a joy in mere destruction.

Those old Cornishmen that used to hobble a donkey at night, tie a torch to his back and drive him so that ships would think him another ship and come in and be wrecked—if we knew the truth, they had more pleasures than that of plunder. It was fun to smash up a work of man's hands, rend plank from plank, frustrate skill and art. When the barbarians chopped up the Roman forum for their churches they found something more than the making of building stones in that work.

It is like children breaking their toys and ripping dolls to get the sawdust out.

Once in the South Seas I saw a monkey steal a beautiful silk robe, escape up a tree-top with it and there sit chattering rhapsodies while it tore the silk to tatters.

It is fun—to the immature mind—and safe as ping pong. No sport was ever safer. "Dead men don't talk," remarked Mr. Billy Bones, that accurate observer. No, nor bring libel suits, neither. In only one state of the Union do the statutes provide for damages against libelers of dead men, and that doesn't count.

It is not only safe but dead easy. The essentials of its achievements belong to the world of mechanics and with a little oiling the apparatus would run itself. A child could almost make the old thing work. First you select the life you are to write about and then decide what style of rascality you will exhibit in it. Then you run your finger along the chief incidents in that life and flip out those that support your theory. By a little underlining of these and erasing of others you will soon see your villain emerging from the mud, as a sculptor sees his statue, and in a few weeks can show the world what a simp it was ever to have thought this was a good man.

About the gods I don't know, but there isn't a human being that ever lived on this earth whose life can't be made to look fairly rotten by this process. It's infallible.

Take a look at the wheels in operation and see how nicely they go. Detractionists always love a shining mark. Books about shining marks are the best sellers. We will take for an example one that shines most brightly and persistently.

A few years ago in a new life of Lyman Trumbull there appeared a letter written by Lincoln at some date between his election, November 1860, and his inauguration in the following March.

This letter contains a statement utterly at variance (let us say) with a statement in the Inaugural Address. It is not necessary to go into details here; every Lincoln student will know what I mean. By taking the strange lapse shown by these two statements, fitting it to other incidents such as that of the Pinkerton detectives, then by showing that Lincoln had no deep-seated convictions against slavery, since he actually ran away from an anti-slavery meeting, it would be perfectly easy to construct a Lincoln totally different from the figure the world has accepted and revered, and still a Lincoln perfectly documented.

This is the fabrique—dependable, speedy, safe. The only reason its operation has not been applied to Lincoln in just this way is because Lincoln's popularity is so great the operation would not be commercially desirable. But you can apply it to nearly anybody else that is in the grave and sell books by it—seven or eight editions, if your publisher is alert.

There is no doubt that it harvests coin and (for the time being) draws much attention. A man walking on his hands around Herald Square and twiddling his toes in the air would have everybody looking at him and might pick up several dollars. But when he was done you would not think he had added anything to the realities of human existence, and it would puzzle you to say wherein you were the richer for the performance. There is yet another phase of this matter that comes home more sharply and to an interest vital to the nation—much more vital than battleships or armies, for instance.

According to formula and accepted belief, of all earth's children the most boastful is the American. "Bragging is our national sin." So often has this been repeated from pulpits and by eminent authority that it ought to be set to music so we can sing it. The typical American is supposed to be a loud-mouthed, swaggering Ancient Pistol that goes around the world roaring out to other people the unapproachable grandeur and matchless virtues of his native land.

Many years of observation of my fellow countryman abroad have not borne out this notion of him, but who am I to disturb a conception so useful to moralists and so handy for hammer throwers? Nobody. I may perhaps mention that if you were ever at a week-end party in England with two or three other Americans you would have a different belief about chauvinism as inherent in our blood; for there the anvil would be in the midst of them and the sound of it strong and unceasing in your ears.

But let not that unhinge the formula. We are, say the reproving English, inordinately fond of our own country. Take that verdict as correct. Well, then, how do you account for the fact that all the detraction that marks these days for its own, the chief center swirls around American history and we submit without a protest while great gobs of slime are sloshed over every American image?

Suppose some one should try to introduce into Italy an account of the Italian struggle for independence written by an Austrian and upholding the Austrian point of view about that immortal conflict. What kind of a welcome do you think he would have from the Italians? Say that he tried to picture Mazzini as a demagogue and Garibaldi as an idiot. How long do you think his version would last in Italy?

Suppose some alien should go to Holland and try to teach the children there that William the Silent was a despotic

able mountebank, the defenders of Leyden a mob of madmen and the war they waged a blot on history. How do you think the Hollanders would receive him?

Suppose some outsider should go to Switzerland and try to teach the Swiss children that the heroes of Morat were rascals and Arnold von Winkelried was a fraud. What do you think the Swiss would do to him?

Suppose he should go to England and instruct the school children there that Havelock was a snivelling hypocrite and Charles Napier a coward. What do you think the enlightened and moderate British press would say to him?

But books written by aliens and other books founded upon these, books that ridicule, decry and besmear the story of America, circulate here amid great applause and run into many editions. The more they attack the American tradition and American heroes, the more they sell. They even get into the public schools where many a sober-browed educator blesses them and approves them with a text—errors and all.

Of all the strange features of the Age of Detraction this is the strangest, for assuredly there is no precedent on earth for a nation that assists at the destruction of its own memorials.

But you have not yet the full measure of the amazing substance of this performance.

In the last fifteen years a flood of books has appeared in this country about American historical epochs and historical men. Most of these books have managed among them to cover with an oozy contempt the whole of our story, from the landing of the first settlers to the entry into the World War. Apparently, this country never did a decent thing and never produced a worthy man.

The American Revolution originated in the most contemptible of motives and was carried on by the most contemptible of creatures. The men we have honored have in fact deserved mostly our loathing. In every war we have been either worsted (and deservedly) or we have escaped by the merciful intervention of Great Britain. All that we have been taught about these things has been absurdly wrong. Receive now the light of truth—at \$3.50 a volume, fifteenth printing.

Thus they go on, fresh volume after volume and we not only tolerate these essays in Slander as a Business, but eat them up.

Can you beat this?—for a chauvinistic nation, I mean.

The mechanics of the process are even more remarkable than the machinery of Derisive Biography, which we have just examined. As observe:

Any new discoveries on which to base the conclusions that the Revolutionists were fakers and frauds? Not one. Any fresh documents, any previously unearthed archives? Not a trace. Any reason to think the American authorities now discarded were liars? None, except that they were Americans. Well, then, what is it?

Two tricks. Nations, of course, are like individuals; they flounder and they go right. These historians run their finger nails along the record, pick out the places where the national toe stubbed and print these in full face, double-leaded, twelve point. The good things with the explanation of the errors go into the discard.

Just as by this process you can cause any man to look like a murderer, you can cause any nation to look like a pirate ship.

That is one way. The other is still more breath-taking for sheer impudence.

There are four chief authorities upon which these books are founded. One is Jacob Galloway, a renegade and escaped Tory, who testified before the British Parliament about the American Revolution, and was subsequently repudiated and chased out by the same Parliament. Two others are George Trevelyan and



AN Abstract From The Address
THE LIFE OF MOSES IN RECENT LITERATURE
RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER
THE TEMPLE, Nov. 25th, 1928.

The tidal wave of biographic writing which has swept over this country in recent years has now reached the exalted personality of Moses.

Moses has for centuries served as the theme of story, poem, drama, sculpture and painting. He was too vigorous and full and dominant a personality not to challenge the skill of the artist in whatever medium he worked. But whereas attempts heretofore to delineate Moses were made in the spirit of reverence, almost of awe, for this colossal figure, he towers like a mountain peak over mankind. The recent attempts seem to be charged with the sophistication of the boulevardier and the shallow cleverness of the worldly unwise.

"The Life of Moses" by Edmond Fleg is the only one worthy of its subject. Mr. Fleg has reconstructed the history of Moses from Biblical accounts and from the rich legendary embellishments of later ages. Thus he gives us not an historical Moses but the Moses of history. His "Life of Moses" is not a falsification of history for it is not meant to be historic truth but poetic or psychological truth.

Louis Untermeyer's "Moses" is frankly a novel and does not pretend to historic accuracy. But even in a novel built around an historic figure, we are justified in expecting inner truth. Untermeyer's "Moses" is far less real than Fleg's legendary Moses, in spite of the labored efforts to be realistic. At no time do we

feel that we are in the living presence of the man who liberated a people, molded a nation, and gave mankind the Law of life. Always are we reminded that the unskillful necromancer is trying to make the lips of a dead hero utter the shallow truisms and the intellectual small change of a modern esthete and intellectual.

Untermeyer's "Moses" is full of distortions of the Biblical narrative, of unwarranted inventions and bizarre anachronisms. One may forgive these. But to have to listen to Moses arguing with Aaron about the nature of miracles and the miracle of natural law in the fashion of Bob Ingersoll, uttering the stentorian theologic doctrines of H. G. Wells or of the theories on art by James Huniker, is to be set adrift in a preprosperous world where everything can happen and where nothing actually does happen.

Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses is depicted as a bucolic atheist and talks like Mencken. Amenophis IV, the Egyptian Pharaoh is presented as a pacifist, ascetic, an anti-nomist, in fact a Theban Jesus.

Meriam and Aaron are disclosed drafting the Ten Commandments like a resolutions committee at a political convention. At the close of his life Moses, the law-giver becomes a Tolstoyan philosophic anarchist, loses all faith in the value of laws for the guidance of men and refuses to enter the Promised Land because one land is as good as another and the Promised Land is really within one.

Lawrence Langner in his drama "Moses" depicts Moses as the embodiment of stern unyielding law. He does not understand what is in the hearts of men but he would rule them through law.

Langner visits upon Moses his resentment against all laws nurtured

by a particular resentment against the United States Prohibition Amendment. Meriam, the prophetess is portrayed as an exhibition dancer in the court of Pharaoh and as the champion of art. Aaron is described as a fool, interested only in the color of his priestly robes. This is how moderns reconstruct history for the edification of this age, which has been pointedly called "the age of detraction."

Mankind however, reading the original sources in the Bible, will continue to think of Moses as the founder of the monotheistic faith, the great legislator whose code of moral laws are indispensable to society, the emancipator who has served as the inspiration for all the liberators of mankind, the leader who dared to face his mission, the patient sufferer who faced rebellion and mutiny, the humblest of men and the kindly shepherd who loved his people and who when they erred prayed for their forgiveness; "Forgive them and if not erase my name from Thy book."

Those who attempt to rewrite the story of Moses should approach it as Moses approached the burning bush; - "Remove the sandals from thy feet for the ground upon which thou dost stand is holy ground."