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International Walther League

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AUGUST 1941

THE

# CRESSETT

Is This American?

Back to Medievalism

Citizen Kane

Check List of Books



A REVIEW OF  
LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 4

No. 10

*Twenty-five Cents*

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# THE CRESSET

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# THE CRESSET

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## Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

### Is This American?

"PUT none but Americans on guard!"

This old slogan is as timely now as ever. In the army and in the navy we could not think of having any but trustworthy Americans. The F. B. I. and other government agencies are even now busily engaged in ridding our country of spies and our defense industries of possible saboteurs. Only men and women who cherish American ideals are to be trusted in our national defense. But how about the President's Cabinet? How about sharp-tongued Mr. Ickes? With all his commendable fervor and industry, has he not in his public speeches been violating some of our most cherished American principles? Not long since he, in

a public address, branded Charles A. Lindbergh as a "stooge for Hitler." He has employed similar invectives against others. Now, the question is not whether Mr. Lindbergh is right or wrong in his opinions; in this discussion the question is not whether interventionists or isolationists are the more wise in their ideas as to which course our country should pursue. It is a question of free speech! The question is whether a citizen of the United States may hold and still publicly express an opinion at variance with the Administration without being calumniated by an Administration official and having his patriotism impugned. Moreover, when Mr. Ickes is not called to account by his Chief for adopting such un-American ways, what shall we think? Is this American to have



one of our "four freedoms" attacked by a cabinet officer?



### Scholarship and Character

To a student on the campus the relative value of a major varsity letter and a Phi Beta Kappa key is suggested by the difference in size between the two. But many a college graduate has found to his dismay that not only the glamour but also the commercial value of an athletic letter disappeared on commencement day. The important question has become: What qualities does the prospective employer look for in a college graduate?

The Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis makes an annual survey to determine the job prospects of the graduates. There are two striking features in this year's survey. The first is that our institutions of higher learning are meeting only about one-third of the demands for trained workers. Quite likely this is but a passing phase, due to the technological demands caused by the National Defense Program. The other, more striking and probably more permanent feature, is that employers rank scholarship and character as the two prime requisites in prospective employees. As revealed in this survey, the

judgment of employers places the desired attributes in the following order of importance: scholarship, character, adaptability, campus popularity, personality, athletic prowess, ability, alertness, extra-curricular activities, and dependability.

It is a bit refreshing to find that the trend of late has been toward more emphasis on character. That scholarship, or knowledge, has an immediate and practical value has always been recognized by men of affairs as well as by men of the schools. But the value of character has been rediscovered in the school of experience. What disappointments, what losses, what failures have had to be charged up to lack of character! Is it too much to expect that some day a similar survey will put character as the prime requisite, with scholarship second?



### Death of Paderewski

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI was more than a great pianist, more than a noted composer. For many years he was a figure of arresting importance in the strife-torn and weed-infested field of European power politics. It was not a craving for the limelight which prompted him to work tirelessly and to give without stint

for the establishment of a united and independent Poland. He had fame in abundance long before he put his hand to the plow of statecraft. Burning patriotism, uncommon courage, and a consuming desire to heal festering wounds and to right terrible wrongs induced him to devote himself with every fibre of his being to the cause of his native country. His maternal grandfather was exiled to Siberia for pleading the cause of Poland in a manner distasteful to Czarist Russia. When Ignace was but three years of age, he lost his mother during an uprising of the Poles. In the same year his father was led away to prison by the ruthless Cossacks of the Czar, his native village was burned to the ground, its inhabitants were beaten with the knout and put to the sword. Almost sixty years later Paderewski had a prominent place at the Peace Conference of Versailles. He had persuaded President Wilson to call for a free and independent Poland in the famous message of the Fourteen Points. Clemenceau said to him, "M. Paderewski, you were the greatest pianist in the world, and you have chosen to descend to our level. What a pity!" But the world-renowned artist reasoned differently. He valued the independence of his fatherland much

more highly than he valued his music and his huge fortune. Colonel House did not hesitate to pronounce him the greatest figure at the peace conference. It was due largely to Paderewski's untiring efforts that the Treaty of Versailles set up the ill-starred Republic of Poland—the republic which, two years ago, was beaten into the dust of the earth by the Nazi military machine, was shortly afterward partitioned by Germany in conjunction with the U.S.S.R., and is now the field of bloody fighting between the two marauders who have fallen out. After irreconcilable differences of opinion with the fiery Marshal Pilsudski had caused Paderewski to withdraw from active participation in the government of Poland, he retired to his villa at Morges, Switzerland, there to devote himself once more to his art. But he never ceased to labor for his native land. At the time of his death he was living in New York City and was busily engaged in raising money to relieve the sufferings of his brutally harassed countrymen.

As long as the world stands, historians will argue for and against Paderewski's achievements in the domain of statecraft; but there can be no dispute about his glorious career as a pianist. Those of us who have had the privilege



of hearing him in the flesh will always remember the uncommon magnetism of his personality, the wonderful beauty of his tone, and the extraordinary sensitiveness of his musicianship. Fortunately, his artistry is preserved for posterity in numerous recordings.



### Blitz Slogans

THE "blitz slogans" which have appeared in great profusion throughout bomb-blasted England prove that Hitler's most determined foe is able to "take it" with a sense of humor and without sinking into the depths of despair and defeatism. Outside the damaged shop of a greengrocer in Kensington passers-by saw a sign reading, TODAY: SMASHED POTATOES ONLY. In Manchester the public often found the notice, BUSINESS AS USUAL—ROTTEN. Shopkeepers frequently posted the following exhortation, NEVER MIND THE BLASTED WINDOW—COME INSIDE. The inscription, WE ARE OPEN—MORE THAN USUAL, is commonly chalked on bombed stores; and one place of business struck a note of undaunted defiance by declaring to all and sundry, CROCKERY BROKEN. SPIRIT UNBROKEN. "Perhaps," remarked the *Manchester Guardian*, "there are local slogans; Birmingham, Bris-

tol, and South Wales may have quips and slogans of their own, and possibly a survey of the small shops of Ancoats or Cheetham Hill would reveal jewels of home-ly wit unknown in Tranmere or Scotland Road. There would seem to be here a new outlet for the collector's instinct." Isn't it logical to conclude that a sense of humor—maintained in spite of losses and terrible suffering—will do more to preserve a country's morale than the hysterical shouting of a Hitler or a Mussolini?



### Horror in the Balkans

THERE is ample reason to believe that the world has never before seen warfare more terrible in all its aspects than that which is now raging in Europe, Asia, and Africa. We know little about what is going on across the oceans; but now and then there are meagre reports which give us a glimpse of some of the unspeakable horrors of the titanic conflict. Conditions in the Balkans—for many years the seat of bitter feuds and merciless bloodsheds—are said to be beyond description. A correspondent in Istanbul declares that Germans, Hungarians, and Bulgarians are vying with one another in an effort to exterminate the luckless Serbs. Since



the invasion and the subjugation of Yugoslavia mass executions are said to have taken a frightful toll. More than 50,000 Serbs are reported to have been "liquidated." The *Gestapo* has denounced them for taking part in demonstrations against Yugoslavia's adherence to the Tripartite Pact. Consequently, they have been killed in cold blood. Eighty thousand Serbs have been expelled at short notice from the territory seized by the Hungarians. Furthermore, it is said that the attempted "Bulgarization" of Macedonia has been so brutally thorough that the Germans have considered it advisable to intervene. The correspondent in Turkey asserts that large parts of the Yugoslav army are continuing to resist the invaders. According to his report, thousands of men armed with rifles, hand grenades, machine guns, and small field pieces are still carrying on guerrilla warfare in the mountains of Bosnia and Montenegro and in the neighborhood of Kraguyevatz, in Serbia.

Hitler's *Panzer* divisions and airplanes have won swift victories; but they have not succeeded in putting out the fires of nationalism and patriotism which burn with intractable fierceness in the hearts of thousands upon thousands of those whose countries

have been overrun with breathtaking speed. It is safe to say that the *Führer's* troubles have barely begun. What will he do with his conquests?



### Our Economic Outlook

TODAY even the most pessimistic person can no longer deny that more American citizens are receiving more dollars than at any time in the past twelve years. Since our government's spending in the National Defense Program has only begun to get under way, it is entirely probable that a yet greater number of American citizens will find their incomes growing in the months which lie ahead. If this were the entire story, the economic outlook for tomorrow would be very good, except for the fact that this prosperity results from the manufacture of instruments of death.

It is probable, however, that even this prosperity, coming from a questionable source, will be limited in yet other ways. Salesmen may join the ranks of the unemployed when their companies discover that orders come without salesmen or that the priority rights to certain materials on the part of defense industries make it impossible for them to fill the orders which the salesmen bring in. Factories, both large

and small, tooled and designed for the manufacture of items not needed in the defense program may find their sources of supply so cut off as to make operation impossible. It is not improbable, therefore, that certain communities within our country may eventually find themselves sorely suffering from economic need and want of employment while other communities in our land may be wallowing in the wealth produced by the manufacture of war implements.

What is more, the curtailment of production in the sphere of ordinary commodities may cause shortages to arise as a result of which persons whose pockets are full of defense program profits may begin to bid against one another for such limited stores as are available. If the government should fail to keep a close check on rising prices, many economists fear that we may enter a period of inflation the end of which may be comparable to similar situations experienced in other lands. Sons and daughters of God will seek earnestly to preserve their equilibrium in these days of prosperity and not allow the wealth of the moment to make them unmindful of their dependence on and responsibility to Almighty God. Days of God-defying mammon worship must otherwise end

in utter sorrow and bitter disillusionment compared wherewith the depression years of the past decade may come to appear as times of idyllic sweetness and joy.



### One Reason for Our Troubles

A REPRESENTATIVE of a very large company operating on a national scale calls the owner of a small company and tells him without any attempt at disguise that he must at once raise the price of a certain commodity or else "they will make it plenty tough for him." The point is that the large company has failed to lay in a supply of this commodity and now of a sudden must buy it at an appreciably increased price. The small business man had better vision. He has an ample supply on hand and could continue to serve his customers for months without raising the price. The company, however, operating on a national scale, can afford to spend millions, if necessary, to break this little business man unless he complies with its peremptory command. This is not an imaginary case, but one which is very real and only of recent occurrence. As long as big business continues to prove itself so unscrupulous and to undersell small business when it pleases and to



demand the raising of prices on the part of small businesses when it cannot meet these prices, it is not probable that we can have a truly sound and stable condition in our country. What is more, it is acts such as these which make it inescapably necessary for government to take over the control of an ever increasing number of areas in American life.



### The Last Straw

ALL persons whose alleged task it is to comment publicly on international affairs must find their hope of doing so in an intelligent and rational manner broken by the final straw of Germany's declaration of war against Russia.—This turn in world events came admittedly as a surprise to our own governmental authorities at Washington and left a whole regiment of newspaper columnists and political prognosticators hanging from the very end of a very thin limb.

Today we have this altogether irrational and hopelessly confusing situation that we of America are giving aid to the Russian government which has spared neither blood nor money in its avowed purpose to stamp out the four freedoms which we as a nation should like to preserve unto our-

selves and eventually share with all the peoples of the world. What is more, we not only find ourselves fighting for the most godless nation on earth, but we at the same time find ourselves fighting against little Finland, one of the most Christian nations on the earth and a country for the relief of whose suffering people we all made our charitable contributions but a few months ago.

It is becoming more and more apparent that God is wielding a terrible lash of war against nation upon nation for the purpose of scourging and purging His children here below who have defiantly lived in open rebellion against Him.

It would seem then that we as Christians would do well to spend less time in trying to guess what the next crazy move of some unpredictable warlord might be and more time in trying to discover what God's plans and purposes might be. Personal penitence, perseverance in prayer, and a missionary zeal which will outrival the unholy enthusiasm of the propagandists of communism will do more for the righting of human wrongs, the breaking of evil forces, and the improvement of international relationships than anything else which can be done in this world.



### Labor's Purge

MANY years have passed since those days in which industrial injustices first began to make necessary movements which were designed for the protection of the laboring masses. Out of the strife and the conflict between capital and labor during the past decades have come the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. Today these organizations possess tremendous power and the ability to enforce every legitimate demand which they might make. It is so unspeakably tragic, therefore, that so many influential positions in these organizations should have fallen into the hands of men who have blood-curdling criminal records and who today feast avidly on the flesh and blood of the helpless and unwitting victims in the unions which they lead. The Christian craftsman must, because of this situation, be all the more careful to let his conscience be guided not by the dictates of thieves and murderers, but by the directions of God's Holy Word. The quicker Christian workingmen and craftsmen and all the decent elements in the ranks of labor cleanse their bodies of the parasitical vermin by which they are now being consumed, the better will it be for them and for their children, and the more securely will stand the foundations

of a free America with its guarantees of religious liberty.



### Why Study Modern Foreign Languages?

ISOLATIONISTS there have always been. We are now thinking of those isolationists who vociferously assert that the learning of a foreign language seriously interferes with the student's efforts to master his native idiom, and who, therefore, disparage the study of any foreign tongue. But apart from the consideration that the reasoning of such isolationists is at complete variance with the experiences of linguists who master a number of foreign languages; that, furthermore, according to so famous a philologist as Jakob Grimm, "a person who knows no foreign languages knows nothing of his own idiom"; and that, finally, as Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, recently declared, "It is almost trite to assert that ignorance of the vehicle of expression of a culture obviously makes impossible a comprehension and adequate appreciation of the richness which that culture represents," there are very immediate reasons which ought to stimulate more Americans to acquire control of one or more modern foreign languages.

Would we promote a better understanding among the twenty-one republics of our hemisphere, then more and more Americans will need to study Spanish and Portuguese. Would we widen our sympathies toward European peoples now enslaved by Hitler, then more Americans will need to learn French, Norwegian, and even some of the Baltic-Slavic languages. Would we establish more intelligible relationships with peoples of the Far East, then more Americans will need to study Japanese and Chinese. Yes, would America deal more effectively with the Nazi and Fascist menace, then more Americans must be in a position fully to understand and truthfully to interpret the languages of Germany and Italy.

Years ago one of our professors, when asked by a student, "Which is the proper time to begin the study of a foreign language?" replied, "When the need arises." We have never agreed with that advice. The control of a foreign idiom is not to be acquired in so short a time as one can learn to play the mouth organ or the accordion. It requires many years of intensive application. We suggest that high school and college freshmen possessing an aptitude for foreign languages, when choosing their subject se-

quence this fall, seriously consider taking at least two solid units or twelve semester hours of foreign language work. Our interrelationship with all significant civilizations and our interdependence with many peoples whose language differs from our own ought to make Americans more and more aware that isolationism in the matter of language leads to pride, prejudice, bigotry, hate, and to a curtailment of America's share in international political and economic interests.



### The Reality of Romanticism

J. J. ROUSSEAU no doubt lost himself in romantic reveries when he saw in the French culture of his day nothing but artificiality and conventionalism, and when he made his rousing appeal to a return to nature. And perhaps all romanticists, with their desire to escape convention and to seek refuge in a world other than that which daily surrounds them, suffer from some mild type of psychosis. Yet the fact remains that every human longs for the opportunity to leave behind him, at least for a time, the little world in which he lives and to venture forth into other worlds. This explains, at least in part, the lure which forests, lakes, mountains,



and oceans have for the denizens of densely populated cities.

Who will, therefore, blame city folk for wanting to be up here in northern Wisconsin, Michigan, or Minnesota during part of the summer? Here nature is still at its best. Here there still are impenetrable, if not primeval, forests, wild animals, such as deer, pheasants, and porcupines, besides many inviting streams and lakes. Sheltered by tall pines and slender birches, a modest cottage looks out on a placid lake, comfortable, yet happily devoid of all those devices of modern culture which keep the nerves taut. For here there is no mail-box, no telephone, and no doorbell. Here there is no sound during the day except the song of larks and the piercing cry of loons. Here there is no sound at night except the rustle of leaves in the tops of trees and occasionally the stirring of dry foliage beneath the bedroom window caused by the timid tread of a bear or porcupine. Nothing to do up here but to bathe in the lake, to bask in the warm sun, to row the boat gently 'round the lake, to try—mostly unsuccessfully—for those big fish which inhabit this lake, to teach the family the mysteries of pinochle, and at 9:30 to be overcome by an irresistible drowsiness which scoots one off to bed.

Lying awake, thinking, planning, one feels at one with romanticists, past and present. One revels in nature's beauties, and one breathes a prayer of thanksgiving to the all-wise and almighty God. Here romanticism blends into reality, and idealism merges with realism. Here one vainly looks for words expressive of his longing for a home in these northern woods—words as poetic as those sung by the lonesome ranger:

O give me a home  
Where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope  
play—  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all  
day.



### War and Language

THE present war is generating a crop of new words that make rather unintelligible reading for the uninitiate, and many an English parent is mystified by the strange words that sprinkle the letters from a son in the service. For what is one to make of expressions like jeeps, peeps, hell buggies, doodlebugs, popsickles, and tubs. Our own boys in the service are fast coining new words and expressions of this kind, and,



thanks to a recent issue of *Army Ordinance*, we learn what they mean. Jeep means a command car; peep (son of a jeep) means a bantam car; a hell buggy is a tank, and so is a doodlebug; a tub is a scout car, and, as you may have guessed, a scatter gun is a machine gun, and a popsickle is a motorcycle. Also a gasoline cowboy is a member of the armored force; a sky winder is an Air Corps man; little poison is a 37-mm gun; iron horse is another name for a tank; jumping jeep is an autogyro with jump take-off, and gravel agitator is an infantryman.



### "In God We Trust"

IT was old Eli Putnam who in the dark days of the War of Independence coined the adage, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry,"—a maxim that seems to be all but forgotten in our day, or at least is considered inadequate for our present situation. Actually, it would be well if we as a nation adopted it seriously. It would be a fine antidote for the spirit of defeatism that prevails everywhere. We apparently have adopted instead the adage of the period prior to the French Revolution, "Après nous le deluge!"

At a recent church convention

we heard it voiced again and again, "Better collect funds now, we do not know what conditions will be ten years hence." The same spirit is current in all circles. "Inflation is inevitable." "Life insurance will go by the board." "We can't help ending up in a dictatorship, or some form of fascism." "Buy farms now and have at least something to eat when the crash comes," etc. *ad infinitum*.

Where will all this loose talk and loose thinking lead us if not into the very chaos that all seem to fear? Where is our trust in God? In the good judgment of our people? Have we really faith in our democracy? If so, then we surely ought first of all to live up to our national slogan, "In God we trust"—and, in the second place, "Keep our powder dry"—by working together to keep our national economy safely afloat in the storms that are encompassing us on all sides. There are many lessons to be learned from the past in this respect. Let our leaders find these and let us help them to help us to profit from them.



### Living Up to Advertising

RICHARD R. DUEPREE, president of Proctor and Gamble, in an address early this summer,

spoke on the theme, "Advertising is essential to the proper growth of the nation and its people." He developed his theme along these lines, "The more a man talks, the better things he does, and the more also he stimulates others to equal or better him." Thus competition begins, and the pressure on all parties to do still better and better is increased. He stated further:

"Go to the industries that for some reason or other are unable to make money, and see how uniformly and discouragingly backward they are in developments and improvements. And remembering this:

"I make the statement categorically: Any industry that is backward in development is costly to the public at large."

We grant Mr. Duepree's contention and firmly believe that judicious advertising has played a most important part in building up many of our large industries; but there is one thing that must ever be borne in mind, namely that advertising must be honest. That is the weak link in the chain of all the arguments for the use of advertising. The Eighth Commandment is too often set aside by advertisers. It is not necessarily the outright lie. It is much more the stating of half-truths and the concealing of certain defects and harmful ingredients in the product. For the judicious buyer the old adage still stands, "Caveat emptor." For the successful business man there can be no higher aim than to live up to his advertising.



Abraham Lincoln, while practicing law at Springfield, Illinois, wrote to a New York firm inquiring as to the financial standing of a fellow townsman: "First of all, he has a wife and a baby; together they ought to be worth \$500,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$1.50, and three chairs worth, say, \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rathole, which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln."

—EMIL LUDWIG, *Lincoln*.



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# The



# PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

---

I AM a guest in the abode of the Pilgrim. . . . Whenever my gracious host finds a little time to devote to relaxation, we "chew the fat" by the light of no less than fourteen or fifteen candles and to the accompaniment of background music. . . . Yes, the Pilgrim is inordinately fond of background music. . . . The lion's share is allotted to Johann Sebastian Bach. . . . But lesser lights sometimes have their say. . . . Bits of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky are mingled with selections from the works of George Frederick Handel. . . . Now and then even the late George Gershwin lifts up his voice. . . . Why not?

"If you take up my staff and walk my allotted distance in the August issue of *THE CRESSET*," says the Pilgrim, "I'll do *Music and Music Makers* for you later on."

"I do not fit into your garments," I return, "but I'll try to do as you suggest. Perhaps your

staff will sustain me as I limp along."



I am limping. . . . The Pilgrim has left the house. . . . I begin to muse in a helter-skelter sort of way. . . . Some weeks ago I listened to men much wiser than I as they discussed the desirability and the non-desirability of a revised version of the American Revised Version of the English Bible. . . . Will the King James Version ever be supplanted? . . . Should it be supplanted? . . . I don't think so. . . . I find little merit in the arguments of those who favor drastic revision. . . . The Authorized Version has many words and expressions that are archaic and obsolete; but will any reviser or any group of revisers ever succeed in giving us a translation one half as beautiful? . . . Some of the more recent versions have undeniable value; but they lack the grace, the power,



and the majestic sweep of rhythm contained in the translation prepared by the forty-seven divines who, from 1606 to 1611, toiled with loving care and with glorious success to make the Authorized Version what it is—the most beautiful book in the entire field of English literature. . . . I like what W. T. Young's excellent *Introduction to the Study of English Literature* (Cambridge University Press, 1914) says of their marvelous achievement. . . . Here are the words:

"They retained from the earlier Bible its simplicity, its unaffected archaism, its picturesqueness, its predominantly English wording, with occasional doublets, sin and transgression, and the like, and added some indefinable quality, never again to be attained; it is impossible to degrade the English of the Bible, and, apart from the fact that it is 'the anchor of national seriousness,' it has remained a permanent and undisputed standard of prose, the most powerful plea in our language for the virtues of simplicity and rhythmic grace in writing."

Is it necessary to enlarge upon the wide-reaching influence which the King James Version has exercised on English poetry and English prose?



All this leads me to forget momentarily about the folly of try-

ing to supplant the Authorized Version with new versions and, by the light of the many candles in the Pilgrim's abode, to reflect for a little while on the incontrovertible fact that much of the culture of the world, both in its moral and in its aesthetic aspects, would be radically different from what it actually is today if there had never been a Bible. . . . Throughout many centuries literature and the arts have derived much inspiration from Holy Scripture. . . . It is almost a commonplace to say that many masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture have been given to the world because their creators were inspired by words contained in the Bible. . . . Consider the part played by the Book of Books in bringing about the fearfully and wonderfully made tonal tapestries of Palestrina and Orlando di Lasso, Johann Sebastian Bach's awe-inspiring *Mass in B Minor* and the passions according to St. Matthew and St. John, Ludwig van Beethoven's sublime *Missa Solemnis*, and Johannes Brahms's overwhelmingly beautiful *Vier ernste Gesänge*.

Christians cherish the Bible as the Book of Books. . . . To them this collection of inspired writings is far more than a great literary masterpiece. . . . It is the Lord God's revelation to a sin-infested

world of the way of eternal life. . . . Even those who have no ability whatever to appreciate marvelous poetry or prose of unparalleled beauty find in the pages of Holy Scripture a message that brings comfort and unshakable hope into their hearts. . . . Thousands upon thousands of our fellowmen are not equipped with the keenness of intellect that grasps or attempts to analyze the fundamental differences existing between, let us say, the elementally powerful simplicity of the narrative portions of the Bible and the enthralling sublimity of its poetry; yet the thought-content couched in both styles of expression gives them rest for their souls. . . . Many may not be able to recognize the uncanny dialectical skill of St. Paul, the sublime poetic majesty of the Book of Job, or the primordial strength and lucidity contained in the historical sections; yet they derive solace and assurance from what the Book of Books has to tell them, and they gain from the Bible the peace that passes all understanding.



"It's time to get dinner," says the Pilgrim. . . . So Ted—who is likewise a guest in the Pilgrim's abode—our gracious host, and I make our way into the kitchen.

. . . . There three huge steaks stare us in the face. . . . The Pilgrim has bought them on his way home from the office. . . . They are still in the raw. . . . The Pilgrim serves notice that he will attend to the broiling. . . . I make a wry face and offer to give the steaks a preliminary pounding with the staff before they are subjected to the Pilgrim's culinary technique. . . . "Listen, you guys," says the man whose staff I am holding. "I'll broil these steaks in such a way that they will melt in our mouths." . . . Ted and I decide to wait and see. . . . But our fears vanish into thin air. . . . It is no flattery to the Pilgrim to say that the steaks actually do melt in our mouths; but some credit must be given to those who have attended to such minor things as timing, turning, and seasoning. . . . There is some delicious potato-salad. . . . It is the hand-me-down variety. . . . Nevertheless, there is a cry for baked potatoes. . . . Shall we bake them slowly, or shall we give them the works? . . . There are hundreds of books in the Pilgrim's abode, but nary a cookbook. . . . We decide to give them—the potatoes—the works. . . . They, too, melt in our mouths. . . . Ted stirs up the biscuit dough, pats it out as best he can, and cuts it into beautiful archi-



tectural patterns with the open end of a cheese glass. . . . The biscuits, too, melt in our mouths. . . . In spite of Ted's architectural skill I maintain that he who has attended to the timing deserves as much credit as he who has done the mixing, the patting, and the cutting. . . . Good old Bisquick! . . . . What would three broiled steaks be without three bowls of salad? . . . . I slice the cucumbers with a delicate touch, wash and cut the lettuce. . . . The Pilgrim "hunks" the tomatoes and pours on the dressing. . . . Meanwhile, Ted has gone shopping for some odds and ends. . . . The Pilgrim brews the coffee. . . . It's splendid. . . . At last we sit down to a dinner which is as delicious to the taste and as easy on the digestive apparatus as it has been fascinating to prepare. . . . Needless to say, there is background music. . . . We do not stack the dishes for someone else to wash. . . . Incidentally, we have been forced, willy-nilly, to operate with only one tablespoon. . . . I must not forget the peas. . . . They are not the buckshot variety. . . . They have come in a can. . . . We have seasoned them to the queen's taste.



Valparaiso University is conducting its annual summer insti-

tute. . . . The theme for discussion is, "The Old Church Faces the New World." . . . The twelve lectures lead to lively debating. . . . Much consideration is given to the totalitarianism which has reared its ugly head in various parts of the world. . . . I am enjoying my brief stay in the little Hoosier city. . . . The summer institute, with its timely topic, has given me much stimulation. . . . Indeed, I have been so intensely absorbed in the proceedings that a few hours ago, while playing the piano for the matins conducted by the Pilgrim, I—much to my disgust—inadvertently wandered from major into minor. . . . That pesky C sharp escaped my notice entirely. . . . Aberrations of this kind may be explainable; but one who tries to do the job of a music critic should never be guilty of such meandering.



As I limp along, I suddenly begin to think of the terrific impact which the internal combustion engine has made upon the civilization of today. . . . Its influence has been far-reaching and revolutionizing. . . . Need one speak at any length of the parts played by such things as automobiles, airplanes, and tanks? . . . The warfare of today has been thrown

into new patterns. . . . Age-old theories of strategy have been completely revised. . . . Gasoline has had much to do with the moulding of governmental ideologies. . . . Oil has reshaped the lives of millions. . . . The liquid gold will no doubt play an important role in the future development of literature and the arts. . . . It will speak many a significant word to the architects of tomorrow. . . . Bombs dropped from the air have preached sermons that shake the world to its very foundations. . . . The horrors of gasoline-driven warfare have been unspeakable. . . . Wily Hannibal and cautious Caesar would rub their eyes in uncontrollable amazement if they could see what is taking place on the vast battlefields of Europe, Asia, and Africa. . . . Yes, oil, with all its blessings, has given rise to more than one variation on the theme of "man's inhumanity to man." . . . Would that its use could be restricted to those things in our civilization that make for man's well-being!



I am still musing. . . . A few months ago a book representing a particularly crude attempt at realistic writing led to a consideration of realism and naturalism. . . . Every sensitive observer knows

that literature and the arts are frequently tinged and polluted with evil. . . . Realism has a rightful place in artistic expression; but when it is used to pander to the tastes of the gutter and the barnyard, it has nothing in common with genuine art. . . . Smut and salaciousness are by no means synonymous with true realism. . . . Fine-grained artistry has the ability to depict life without resorting to a sensational cataloguing of biological phenomena. . . . Can a writer produce an acceptable type of realistic literature when his vision is blurred by protracted staring in the direction of the galleries and the boxoffice?

Here is what J. K. Huysmans said of naturalism as employed by Zola:

"Naturalism was getting more and more out of breath by dint of turning the mill forever in the same round. The stock of observations that each writer had stored up by self-scrutiny or study of his neighbors was getting exhausted. Zola, who was a first-rate scene-painter, got out of the difficulty by designing big, bold canvases more or less true to life; he suggested fairly well the illusion of movement and action; his heroes were devoid of soul, governed simply and solely by impulses and instincts, which greatly simplified the work of analysis. They moved about, carried out sundry summary activities, peopled the scene with tolerably convincing sketches of lay-figures



that became the principal characters of his dramas. In this fashion he celebrated the Central Markets and the big stores of Paris, the railways and mines of the country at large; and the human beings wandering lost amid these surroundings played no more than the part of utility men

and supers therein. But Zola was Zola—an artist a trifle ponderous, but endowed with lungs and massive fists."

It's time to depart from the Pilgrim's abode. . . . I cut a notch in the staff and lay down my va-grant pen.



### Revenge!

A young lady schoolteacher was recently stopped in Detroit for driving through a red light and given a ticket calling for her appearance in Traffic Court the following Monday. She went at once to the judge, told him that she had to be at her classes then, and asked for the immediate disposal of her case.

"So," said the judge sternly, "you're a schoolteacher. That's fine. Madam, your presence here fulfills a long-standing ambition for me. For years I have yearned to have a schoolteacher in this court. Now," he thundered, "you sit right down at that table over there and write 'I went through a Stop sign' 500 times."

—*Maclean's Magazine*

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An analysis of a prominent Roman Catholic's conception of a "New State"

## BACK TO MEDIEVALISM

by AD. HAENTZSCHEL

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IT is easy to say that the times are out of joint and that something ought to be done about it. As a matter of fact, that is what practically everybody is saying. But when people are asked to specify just what is the trouble with our world, how it got to be that way, and what remedy is to be applied to it, there is far less unanimity and much qualitative difference in the replies. Some are ready to talk at length but to no particular purpose, others retail more or less faithfully what they have heard or read, and only a few—a very few—offer coherent and carefully considered conclusions of their own.

Among the few in this latter group must be counted Jacques Maritain, professor of Philosophy in the Catholic Institute of Paris and the Institute of Medieval Studies of Toronto. Prof. Maritain speaks, of course, as a Catholic; he is, in fact, as Montgomery Beligion put it, the general com-

manding "the ordered offensive of Thomism" in the western world. To him has fallen the task of presenting and commending to intellectuals, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, of America and Europe a Catholic conception of the present state of the world and of the measures that would make for a better future. What he says is, therefore, evidently important as revealing, if not the official position of Catholicism, at least the attitude of one of its chief acknowledged champions. Dr. Maritain's most recent book is *Scholasticism and Politics* (The Macmillan Company, New York. 1940. 248 pages. \$2.50). Another of his writings is *True Humanism* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1938. 304 pages. \$3.50). These two volumes (hereafter referred to as *S. and P.* and *T. H.*) have been laid under contribution for the following.

Prof. Maritain holds that the troubles which beset the nations



of the world at this time are rooted in the fact that modern man has more and more left God out of account in worldly affairs and has tried to build society on purely material, naturalistic foundations. He has put his trust in human wisdom, skill, and goodness (anthropocentric humanism). In this matter the Christian world must bear a large part of the blame.

In general it has shut up the truth and its divine life in a limited section of its experience—in the particular sphere of religious observance and, at least with the best men and women, in the interior life. The matters of social, of political and economic life it has abandoned to their own secular law; depriving them of the light of Christ (*T. H.*, p. 35).

We fully agree with this diagnosis. Surely, modern Christians have not zealously exemplified Matt. 5:13-16.

What does Prof. Maritain propose by way of remedy? That Christians begin to perform the duties in which they have failed in the past, that, while guarding all the rights and liberties of men, they bring home to them the primacy of the spiritual, the inescapable need of mankind for God in every department of life, and reorganize society on that basis (theocentric, or integral, humanism).

The time is ripe for Christians to bring things back to the fount of truth, reintegrating in the plenitude of their first origins those desires for justice and that nostalgia for communion (now so misdirected) in which the world finds comfort for its sorrow; thus raising a cultural and temporal force of Christian inspiration able to act in history and come to the aid of men (*T. H.*, p. XVI).

If this is done, he holds, it may still be possible to ward off the perils of disintegration and revolution which threaten the capitalist world.

Now this is by no means to be a work that is reserved to Catholics. These should, instead, labor hand in hand with Christians of the separated communions and even with non-Christians who are willing to co-operate to the desired ends. The plan

calls to work all men of goodwill, all those to whom a grasp more or less partial and defective—very defective it may be—of the truths which the Gospel makes known in their plenitude disposes to give their practical help . . . in the achievement of their common task (*T. H.*, p. 201).

### A Feasible Plan?

Have we here, perhaps, a feasible plan of collaboration with Catholics in the social and political field, to achieve purposes which we share with them and

which do not trench on doctrinal differences? Is Rome, animated by a new spirit, reaching out the hand of friendly co-operation in these fields, or have we perhaps been mistaken in the spirit which we attributed to her heretofore? These are questions that deserve to be canvassed fairly and frankly.

There is, in Prof. Maritain's pages, a remarkable courtesy toward those who are not of the household of his faith. He is quick to find good points in them and ready to accord them a meed of praise. Everywhere he discovers noble purposes and the working of Christian influences, albeit distorted and corrupted by admixture with other elements. This is the case even with communism. Yes, he writes, *mirabile dictu*, "I am glad to be Voltaire's debtor in the matter of civil tolerance or Luther's in that of non-conformism, and for these things I honour them" (*T. H.*, p. 85). Such chivalry is disarming and heart-warming. Only once does Prof. Maritain's urbanity desert him, and then it is toward one of his own brethren, a Father Pedro Descoqs, who has sharply disagreed with him on a certain point. Poor Father Descoqs is handled without gloves (*S. and P.*, p. 61, footnote).

But more important matters claim our attention. The future

which he envisages Prof. Maritain discusses in relation to the state of affairs in the Middle Ages. Some of his evaluations of that period sound passing strange to us. Its polity, we are told, was a "consecrational one."

In the Middle Ages a communion in the same living faith of one individual with other real and concrete individuals and with the God they loved and the whole creation, made man amid a thousand misfortunes as fruitful in heroism as he was active in the pursuit of knowledge and the creative arts (*T. H.*, p. XV).

With the absolute ambition, the ingenuous courage of childhood, Christendom set to work to raise an immense stronghold, at whose summit God should be enthroned. It prepared a throne for Him on earth because it loved Him (*ibid.*, p. 7).

The Middle Ages "clearly distinguished the things that are Caesar's from the things that are God's" (p. 143)

Their aim was "the establishment of a social and juridical structure devoted to the Redeemer's service by the power of baptised men and a baptised polity" (p. 147).

"The mighty and sublime, too great and too sublime, conception of the medieval Papacy in the days of its plenitude" was a perfect unification of the religious, intellectual, and political structures (p. 142).

One cannot escape the impression that the author is nostalgic



for the Middle Ages—an impression for which further justification will appear presently. Hence his idyllic delineation of them, in spite of his own admission that “the saints had been crying out in vain for a reform of the Church three centuries before the coming of the great tempest of Lutheranism” (*T. H.*, p. 34, footnote).

And yet, it would seem, Prof. Maritain deprecates any idea of a return to medievalism. He is insistent that in the society to which he points the way “we must give up seeking in a common profession of faith the source and principle of unity in the social body” (p. 168). The state will be lay and pluralist: it will pursue its own secular ends without interference from religious authorities; it will practice “civil tolerance, which insists that the commonwealth respect the rights of conscience.” Catholics and others will work together harmoniously for the good of the community, for the establishment of social justice, for the relief of the oppressed and exploited. All this sounds as if the projected state were to be a true democracy, with, however, a strong emphasis on the application of Christian principles in public affairs. Surely, the prospect is alluring. But let us look a little closer.

### A Vital Distinction

Just how will the Catholic be supposed to act under this plan? To become clear on this point, a vital distinction must be kept in mind:

For one who considers things with attention, the activities of the Christian distribute themselves on three levels: the level of the spiritual, that of the temporal, and an intermediate level where the spiritual joins the temporal by relating it to spiritual objects and spiritual values (*S. and P.*, p. 195).

On the first level—the spiritual—the Catholic is, of course, under the full guidance of his church. On the second level—the temporal, or political—he is theoretically left to his own initiative, subject only to the rules of Christian morality.

And what of the third level—where the spiritual and the temporal join, where “politics touches the altar”? Here, since the spiritual takes precedence of the temporal, the Catholic is held to obey the directions of his church. But with what things is this third level concerned? With “the defense of the proper values of God’s city as it is engaged in temporal affairs,” with measures “efficaciously to compel the respect for religious interests by civil legislation” (*S. and P.*, p. 216). What will the state do when this compulsory respect has been gen-

erated in it? It will assist the Church "in the fulfilment of its rightful mission," will receive, "as an autonomous agent in free accord [*sic!*] with an agent of a higher order, the aid of the Church"

in integrating Christian activities in its own temporal work (e. g. in giving Christian instruction its just place in the scholastic curriculum, or in asking religious institutions of charity to take their rightful part in works of public assistance) (*T. H.*, p. 173).

"The Christian knows that the State has duties toward God, and that it should collaborate with the Church" (*ibid.*, p. 172). Accordingly, as regards the matters under consideration (mixed questions, touching marriage, education, etc.),

the Christian has to consider them primarily and above all, not in reference to the temporal order and the good of the earthly city, . . . but as they affect the supra-temporal good of the human person and the common good of the Church of Christ (p. 293).

To make doubly sure that the Church will get from the state all that it considers its due (it being, of course, the Church's business to decide what *is* its due), Catholics must not exclusively congregate in any one political camp, for that is not the best way to

achieve their purpose; "it is rather by laying *every political camp whatsoever* under the necessity of respecting these rights and values, if it does not wish to be fought by the Catholic masses" (*S. and P.*, p. 212).

Let us pause here a moment and look about us to get our bearings. Wasn't it a pluralist state that was to be established, one in which all denominations were to co-operate? And isn't it beginning to look now as if one of the main purposes of the new setup were to exact political privileges for the Catholic church? So it seems. As a matter of fact, it turns out that "the civil tolerance which respects the rights of conscience" is not all that some may have thought. Says Prof. Maritain:

To me this principle signifies that in order to avoid greater evils (which would be the ruin of the community's peace and lead to the petrification—or the disintegration—of consciences) the commonweal could and should tolerate (to tolerate is not to approve) ways of worship more or less distant from the truth (*T. H.*, p. 160) —

the truth being, of course, Catholicism. So the rights granted to dissenters are granted only on the principle of the lesser evil, "not in the least because of any neutrality, any idea of the claim that



the State should be neutral" (p. 175). In fact,

an earthly city which, without recognizing a right in heresy itself, assures the heretic his liberties as a citizen . . . will do less to promote the spiritual life of the citizens than one that is less tolerant from the point of view of the *object* of that life (p. 174).

The new form of state which Prof. Maritain commends appears, then, to be of the following type: a state which is not neutral between denominations but acknowledges the Catholic church as the only right one and hence employs its powers and means to see to it that that church gets its "rights" (which are anything it may regard as such), "heretics" meanwhile being tolerated in the interest of avoiding evils greater than this tolerance. Is one not, then, furthermore justified in supposing that this state of affairs is merely provisional, to be itself tolerated only till conditions permit other measures, more congenial to Catholic history and teaching? Prof. Maritain (*T. H.*, p. 166) denies this, but his denial does not carry conviction, being at odds with the letter and spirit of other utterances of his.

### The Use of Force

Such other utterances are especially certain passages that per-

tain to the use of force. One of the two notes that dominated the ideal of the Middle Ages was admittedly the idea of force in the service of God (*T. H.*, p. 137),

the use of the institutional forces of the State for men's spiritual good and the spiritual unity of the social body itself—for that spiritual unity whereby the heretic was not only a heretic, but one who attacked the lifespring of the socio-temporal community as such (p. 144) —

in other words, an enemy of the state. And what has our gentle Prof. Maritain to say on this?

I have no desire to condemn such a system in theory. In one sense an earthly order capable of putting to death for the crime of heresy showed a greater care for men's souls and held a higher ideal of the dignity of the human community centered in this way on truth than one which only looks to punish crimes against the body (*ibid.*).

A still higher ideal would presumably be that of holy inquisitors (since they are officials of the church) who lie awake nights devising more exquisite tortures for the benefit of heretics. We read also:

Earlier in this book we had to do with the use of human means, and we pointed out how in one epoch of our civilization the primacy was given to them for the defense even of divine things, *and that it was good that this experience should have been* (p. 245; our italics).

St. Albert the Great and St. Thomas explain by the diversity of states or ages of the Church the fact that in the time of the apostles and the martyrs it was not appropriate to make use of forcible means and that subsequently it became so. That in another age it will again be appropriate to make no use of them is explicable in the same way (p. 172).

On this showing the "appropriateness" of using force is conditioned by the ability to do so, and it is reasonable to assume that if in still another age it again became possible to use force in the service of Catholicism, that would again make it "appropriate."

Perhaps this explains the statement that the nature of the projected new state "does not in the least demand *in its beginning* a profession of faith in the whole of Christianity from each man" (p. 200; our italics). Here also seems to belong the assurance that

there is indeed nothing to prevent those devoted to a consecrational conception from admitting the hypothesis of an eventual cycle of culture in which it will once again prevail, under conditions and with characteristics which we cannot foresee (p. 204).

But, indeed, we *can* foresee at least the chief characteristics of such a "consecrational" order! Surely the author has not forgotten that he told us:

In the case of a civilization which is consecrational in form . . . the secular arm puts its sword at the disposition of the spirituality. It is then normal that the coercive force of the State should come into play to protect the faith and the community against disintegrating influences. . . . It may even happen that the intervention of the State in such matters will moderate and curb the excesses of spontaneous popular reaction; what more natural impulse to the crowd than to lynch the heretic? (p. 173.)

### Spontaneous Lynching Reactions

Frankly, we have no stomach for such a "consecrational" state of affairs, with its spontaneous lynching reactions among the pious and its high ideals among holy inquisitors. Because of this we can take no part in helping Prof. Maritain realize his ideal of a new state, for we cannot doubt that this state would tend as much and as rapidly as possible toward conversion into the "consecrational" form, no matter how much it might at first hide that tendency "in order to avoid greater evils." Indeed, it is our considered opinion that the gospel of Christ has freer course under the existing dictatorships than it would have under the medieval revival for which our author evidently yearns.



Yes, Prof. Maritain carries a deep nostalgia for the Middle Ages, and he would like to lead mankind back to them. He feels that he offers a "progressive" Christian position, a "true form of the democratic principle," and for this position and this principle he draws on—"St. Thomas" Aquinas! In that he is perfectly disingenuous, for to his mind the Reformation and "the unhappy adventure of the individualist democracy" (*S. and P.*, p. 86), "the fictitious democracy of the nineteenth century" (*T. H.*, p. 274), are regressive phenomena as against the glorious days of the Middle Ages, and this makes it necessary to "create something new in relation to these five centuries behind us," to "reassume in a purified climate all the work of the classical period" (the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) (*S. and P.*, p. 9).

We cannot accompany Prof. Maritain back to Aquinas, even though he dangles before our eyes such nuggets of his wisdom as these: "The hen not only loves its chicks and not only loves itself; it loves God more than itself. The stone gravitates towards the centre only by virtue of its natural tendency towards God" (*S. and P.*, p. 17); "... each angel being his own specific nature and differing from another angel as

the lion differs from man and from the oak" (*ibid.*, p. 61); "every intelligent creature aspires, in so far as intelligent, to know the cause of being such as it is in itself" (p. 16).\* As a Christian, we cannot accompany Prof. Maritain because he would lead us back into the Babylonian captivity from which God delivered His people through the Reformation. As an American, we cannot accompany him because we are not willing to exchange our American democracy, with all its shortcomings, for a recrudescence of what Sidney Hook calls "the oldest and greatest totalitarian movement in history"—Catholic caesaropapism. We part company with Prof. Maritain, though he spoke at times with the honeyed voice of Jacob (no intended play on *Jacques*), because, when we looked closer, we saw the familiar old hairy hands of Esau.

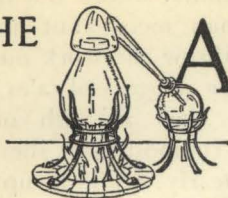
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\*An amusing application of the Thomist method of analogy is found in the following passage: "It seems to me quite remarkable that the two great ruptures in civilization which we see today appear to have taken their direction from the religious ruptures which occurred in earlier times, and which separated from the Catholic community, first the orthodox Oriental world, and then the Protestant Germanic world" (*S. and P.*, p. 242). This provides for Joe and Adolf, and the analogy obviously hinges on geography. That Benito, great rupturer No. 3, holds forth where he does, is, it seems, somehow *not* remarkable.

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THE



# ALEMBIC

BY THEODORE GRAEBNER

*"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."* —HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

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## PHILATELIC MYSTERY



They have celebrated our literary men on the U. S. A. postage stamps, and in the series were featured, of course, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne. I said, "Of course," but for the life of me I don't understand why one of these should be rated among the immortals as a poet and the other as a novelist.

It is only the fear of giving offense to the little ones—in this case to the boys and girls in senior high school—that has kept me from analyzing in public print this mystery, the position held in American literature by the author of *Hiawatha* and, what is worse, *Evangeline*, and by Nathaniel Hawthorne as a novelist. Either there is something fundamentally wrong with my definitions of poetry and of

the novel, or these men have been left by the tradition of the American mid-Victorian in a position to which they are not entitled. With Edgar Guest actually being mentioned among the "great poets" by readers outside the intelligentsia—and that means by some ninety-nine out of every hundred of my fellow citizens—it may no longer seem so great a sacrilege as if we had questioned the merits of Longfellow as a poet when our doubts on this subject first began to solidify into certainty. I started *Evangeline* four times and finished it only when compelled to do it as a teacher of English literature. It's part of the price we pay. I never did finish more than two-thirds of *Hiawatha*. Unfortunately, I had been brought up on the Lake Poets and on Tennyson and the period that lies



between. Six pages of Shelley were to me then what they are now, worth the collected works of any poetry written this side of the water except Walt Whitman, and the opening lines of the *Lotus Eaters* read the hundredth time awaken the same thrill as they did many years ago. Whereas *Excelsior* seems as funny now as it did when we first came across it in *McGuffey's Fifth Reader*.

But I hope to pay my respects to the poetry of H. W. Longfellow on some future occasion. I am now interested in Hawthorne, the novelist.

#### THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES REVISITED



I have just finished a second reading of Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous "romance." The only excuse I can offer for having done this romance twice is the recent acquisition of the book in a beautifully bound and well-printed edition. It runs to 378 pages. You read to page 335 before anything happens. Then an old sinner dies of apoplexy. After that the curse is lifted from the house of the seven gables, and all bodes well for the future.

Now this is called a "romance" by the author, and Hawthorne has gained the reputation of a

great novelist on the strength of it and of similar works. But there is more than mere want of incident to throw the work out of the ordinary category of tales and almost to class it with other forms of composition: the descriptive nearly swallows up every other characteristic. The dramatic element plays a comparatively insignificant part in any of Hawthorne's writings; but here its deficiency is carried to excess. The portraiture of poor Clifford's life and character, on which the author's efforts have been mainly expended, is produced by pages upon pages of unbroken description.

When Phoebe enters the story, there is an entire chapter describing the contrast between her nature and that of Clifford without a single word of dialogue or action, and then the romance continues with another chapter in which nothing happens and in which there is not a line of dialogue until you have read ten pages. Clifford hardly ever by deed or word himself shows us what he is. There is no self-manifesting quality in the characters. They have all to be introduced, taken to pieces, and explained as much as if they were but lay-figures or psychological wax-models.

I have expressed my misgivings

about the rating of Hawthorne among the immortals of the novel because I hold that he is no novelist at all and that were a genius of his type to arise on the American scene today, he would not attempt the novel as his field of literary expression. Far from giving us a portrayal or an interpretation of life, that which is characteristic of stories is the withdrawal of the whole scene from the atmosphere of actual life. Thus one of the most pervading and conspicuous qualities of his works is their highly ideal character. They are rightly named "romances." Hawthorne's personages do not generally come before us with that force and air of actuality that form the charm of more realistic writers of fiction. They and their doings are shadowy, remote, and beyond the sphere of habitual experience. Yet all is felt to be profoundly true—not only what might be, but what in its essential nature is, within the heart and conscience. The embodying forms may be intangible shades, phantasmagoria, but the inner life they express finds within us the unhesitating responsive recognition of kindred. They are veritable human souls though dwelling in a far-off world of cloudland and moonshine.

## THE SECRET OF TWO OLD MANSIONS



— And here, if you want to know, is the secret of Hawthorne's enduring fame as I might illustrate it from the *Old Manse* and from *The House of the Seven Gables*. It is the strange interpenetration of life and nature, of man and his environment. When other authors picture the effect of the environment on their characters, Hawthorne attempts the almost impossible task of picturing the environment—of natural objects, houses, furniture, even the domestic animals, as affected by the character of the persons with whom they are associated.

If Hawthorne makes so little out of eventful incident, it is because he aims above all at an embodiment of the operation and results of strange, involved, and conflicting combinations of moral and spiritual data. His pages are replete with mystery, hintings of an eerie presence, tokens of a power preternatural yet strangely in affinity with human life, repeated and repeated till a sense of unspeakable awe takes possession of the mind. But this mystery is never revealed; it is a presence without a form, an inarticulate voice, an impalpable agency. We are brought face to face with




the portals into the unseen and inscrutable. We are made aware of recesses in the human heart and brain where the light of consciousness falls but rarely and then only casts strange, unknown, and ghastly shadows; of possible properties in Nature, in wondrous accord and harmony with these dark forms within our own constitution which so seldom flit across mortal vision—properties that may lie latent all around us, imperceptible to our ordinary senses, yet exerting, or ready to exert, their influence on us every hour of our lives. Every object, every power, presents itself to him as striking its roots deep into a subsoil of mystery. Hidden associations link things the most improbable. The present and visible ever spring from the past and unseen.

To this we add the part which is played by the inalienable heritage that comes down to us from the characters and lives of our progenitors. The transmission, through generations, of the effects of human action and character, now slumbering though vital, again—on occasions the most inopportune or opportune according as we regard the question from the personal and self-ish point of view or from that of universal and moral government—breaking out into activity ever

fitful, defying prediction, yet ever in strict obedience to eternal law. There is a magnetism that exists between human beings and other classes of organic life and vibrates from one to another. A flower, for instance, as Phoebe herself observed, always began to droop sooner in Clifford's hands or Hepzibah's than in her own; and, by the same law, converting her whole daily life into a flower-fragrance for these two sickly spirits, the blooming girl "must inevitably droop and fade much sooner than if worn on a younger and happier breast."

#### GRIMALKIN AND CHANTICLEER

—When Phoebe came to the house of the seven gables, she was made welcome by the strange mistress of the old mansion, her elderly cousin Hepzibah. There were curtains on Phoebe's bed, "a dark antique canopy, and ponderous festoons of a stuff which had been rich and even magnificent in its time; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day." By the side of her bed she found, in the morning, a tall, stiff chair which looked "as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night and had vanished only

just in season to escape discovery." In the garden was a bush covered with roses—"a large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts"—and the soil "was unctuous with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay." In another room of the old mansion was a boudoir which had "on one side a large, black article of furniture, of very strange appearance, which the old gentlewoman told Phoebe was a harpsichord. It looked more like a coffin than anything else; and, indeed—not having been played upon or opened for years—there must have been a vast deal of dead music in it, stifled for want of air."

You get the idea. But even the domestic animals partook of the mysterious decay and the malignant air which brooded over the house. There was a hencoop in a far corner of the garden.

It now contained only Chanticleer, his two wives, and a solitary chicken. All of them were pure specimens of a breed which had been transmitted down as an heirloom in the Pyncheon family and were said, while in their prime, to have attained almost the size of turkeys and, on the score of delicate flesh, to be fit for a prince's table. In proof of the authenticity of this legendary renown Hepzibah could have exhibited the shell of a great egg which

an ostrich need hardly have been ashamed of. Be that as it might, the hens were now scarcely larger than pigeons and had a queer, rusty, withered aspect and a gouty kind of movement and a sleepy and melancholy tone throughout all the variations of their clucking and cackling. It was evident that the race had degenerated, like many a noble race besides, in consequence of too strict a watchfulness to keep it pure. These feathered people had existed too long in their distinct variety—a fact of which the present representatives, judging by their lugubrious deportment, seemed to be aware. They kept themselves alive—unquestionably—and laid now and then an egg and hatched a chicken not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not absolutely lose what had once been so admirable a breed of fowls.

This is the very perfection of Hawthorne's manner.

And at a later date, when doom was already about to break upon the wicked descendant of Col. Pyncheon, the mistress of the house looked out of her window into the garden and there she saw—a cat. Hawthorne does not call him "a cat" nor "a member of the feline tribe" nor a "tabby"; he calls him "grimalkin," using a word which has in both sound and meaning something sinister about it—"a strange grimalkin stole forth and picked his way across the garden."




Twice he paused to snuff the air and then anew directed his course towards the parlor window. Whether it was only on account of the stealthy, prying manner common to the race or that this cat seemed to have more than ordinary mischief in his thoughts, the old gentlewoman, in spite of her much perplexity, felt an impulse to drive the animal away, and accordingly flung down a windowstick. The cat stared up at her, like a detected thief or murderer, and, the next instant, took to flight.

This same cat looks into the room a day later when in the quiver of the moonbeams the corpse of Judge Pyncheon is seated on an open chair. A mouse has entered and looks up at the window:

Ha! what has startled the nimble little mouse? It is the visage of grimalkin, outside of the window, where he appears to have posted himself for a deliberate watch. This grimalkin has a very ugly look. Is it a cat watching for a mouse, or the devil for a human soul? Would we could scare him from the window!

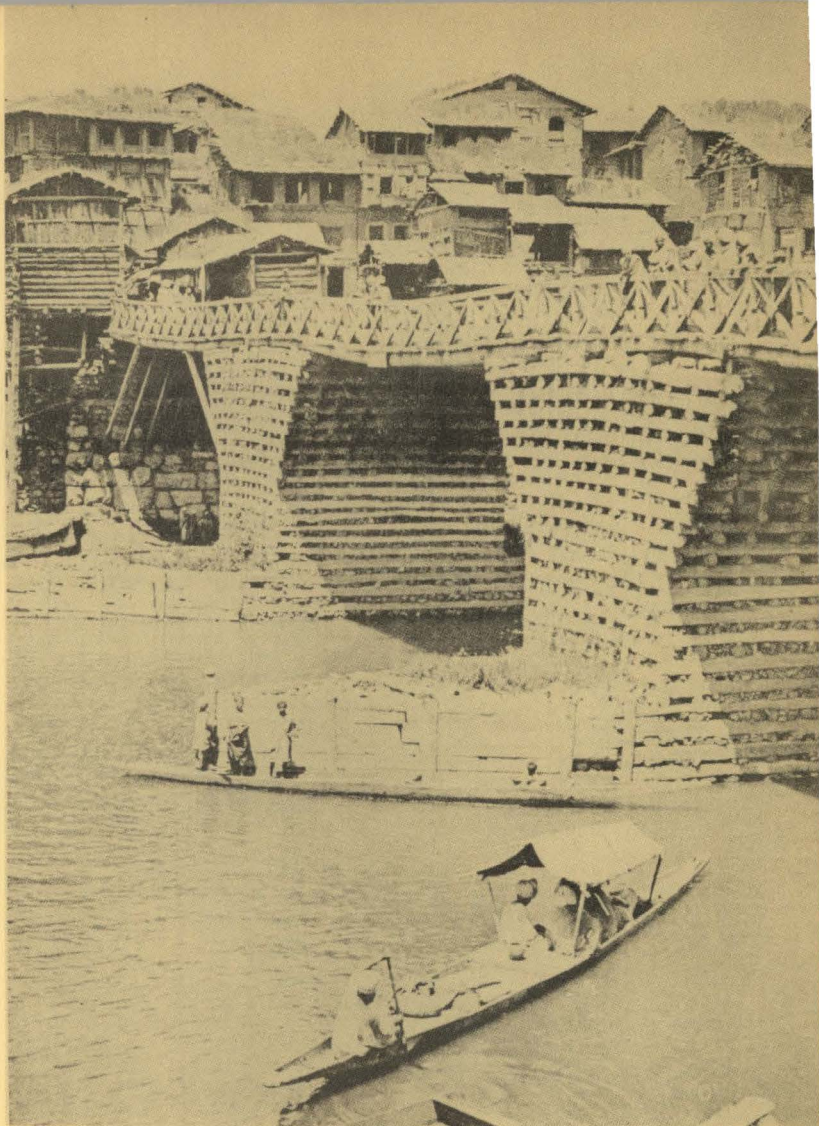
#### IS THIS HUMOR — OR WHAT?

 The critics have written much about the humor of Hawthorne, a quality which, I may grant, was often attempted both in the romances and in the essays but which, to this reader at least, has never seemed funny. Hawthorne could paint the ridiculous, but he never could joke.

Early in *The House of Seven Gables* he pictures the old maiden lady preparing to set up her shop for its opening day. Now this is the type of "humor" which characterizes our novelist:

She stole on tiptoe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm-tree, with intent to take her life. Stretching out her long, lank arm, she put a paper of pearl buttons, a jew's-harp, or whatever the small article might be, in its destined place, and straightway vanished back into the dusk, as if the world need never hope for another glimpse of her—and so on.

This is about as humorous as Hawthorne ever becomes. Sometimes his faculty of humor expresses itself in a piquant little touch as a kind of aside or passing comment or half-responsive turn with which a line of reflection is quietly but emphatically closed—like a single bright floweret at the end of a slender stem. But there is one remarkable instance in which it is extended through a long chapter. It is that in which the defunct Governor Pyncheon is a whole night long left undiscovered, the object of the gibes and appeals, the scorn and taunts of the author's fantasy, which gambols round the senseless clay like a jeering spirit from the abyss. The presentation, face to face, of the transient and



*Photo by Underwood and Underwood*

From most ancient times bridges, viaducts, and aqueducts have played a very important part in the progress of civilization. The present war is once more emphasizing the value and importance of bridges of every kind. We present herewith a series of bridges, ancient and modern from the famous Whitney collection.

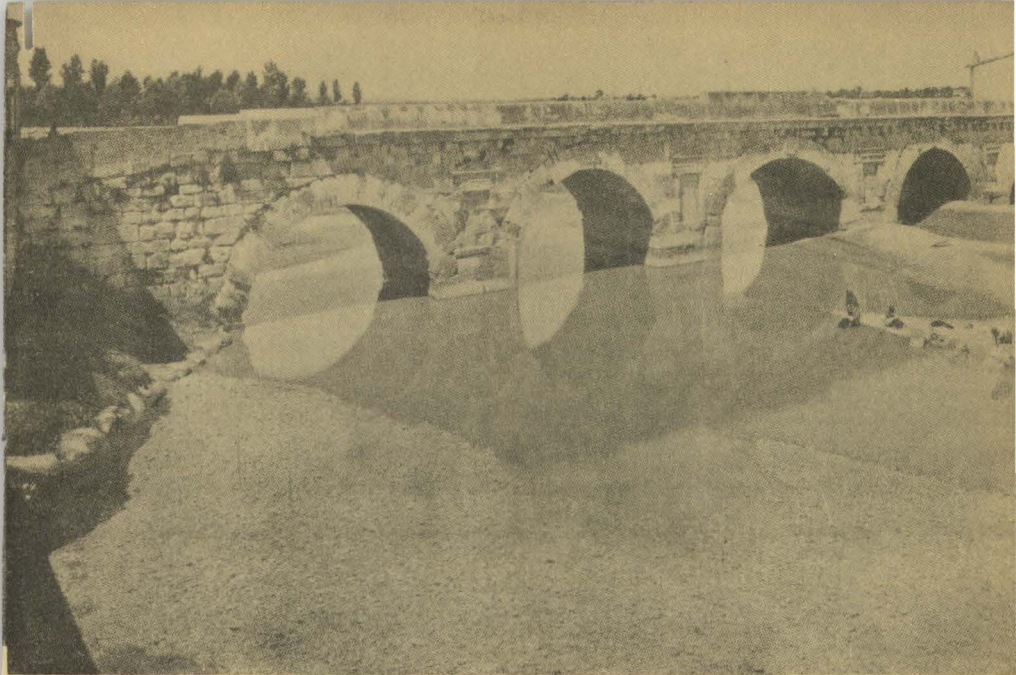
This is an ancient timber bridge in Cashmere, India.





*Photo by Fratelli Alinari*

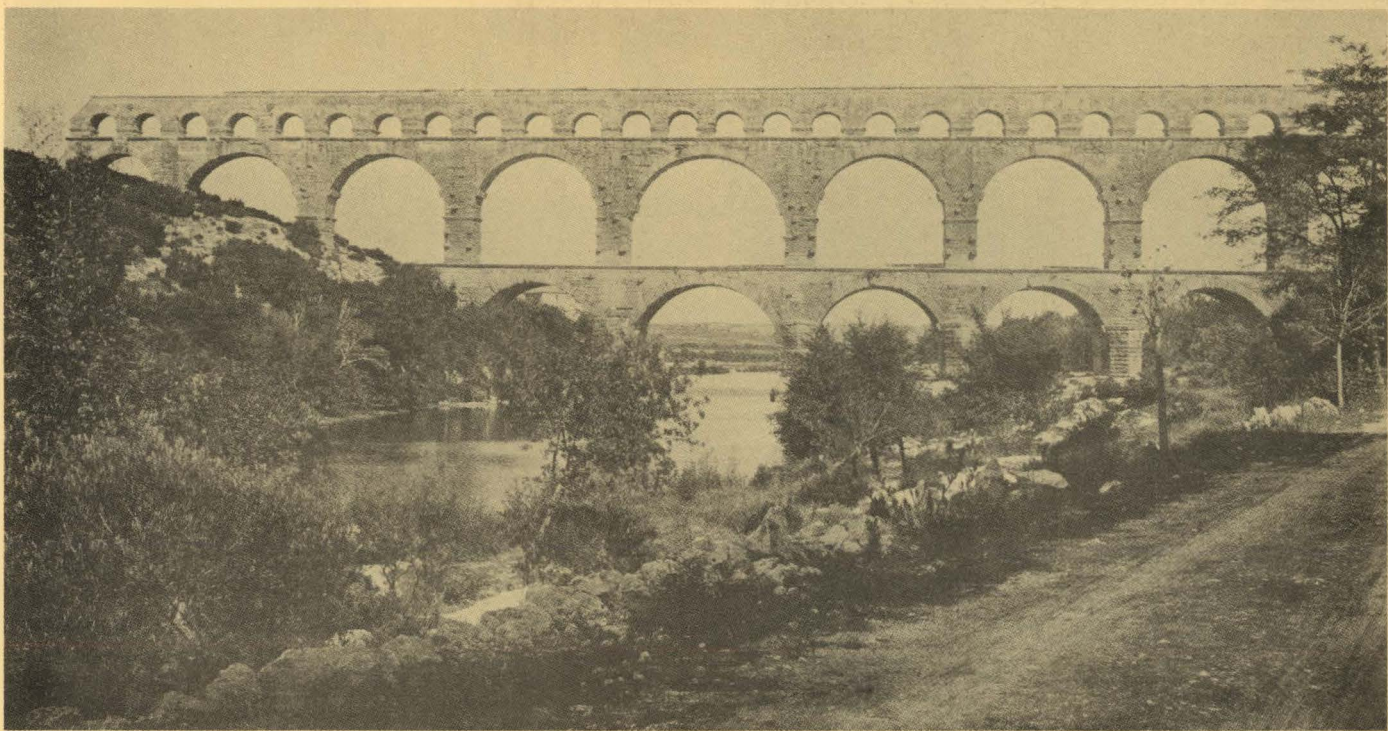
The Romans, because of their military strength, were also great builders of bridges. The Pons Fabricus in Rome was built and repaired by Fabricus about 63 B.C.



*Photo by Fratelli Alinari*

Another one of the beautiful and sturdy Roman bridges that have survived for two thousand years is the Pons Augustus at Remini. It was built about 20 B.C.





*Photo by Photoglob-Zurich*

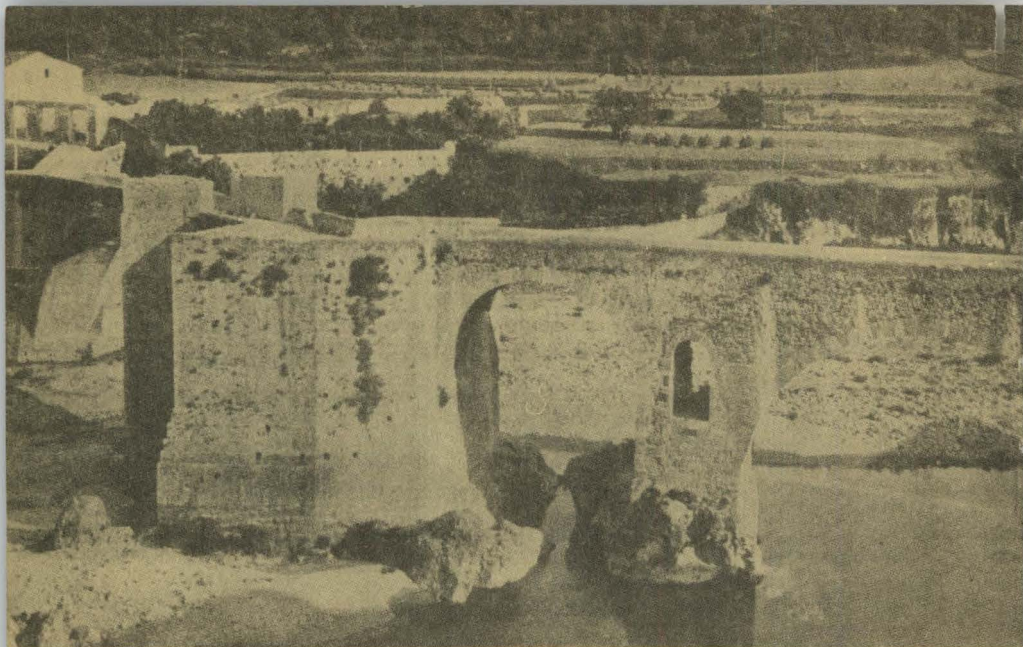
The finest of all Roman aqueducts is the majestic Pont du Gard which was built shortly before the birth of Christ to carry the water of two fountains to the city of Nimes. It consists of three arcades, placed one above the other, and is one-hundred and fifty-five feet high. It is laid completely without mortar.



*Photo by Arthur Byne*

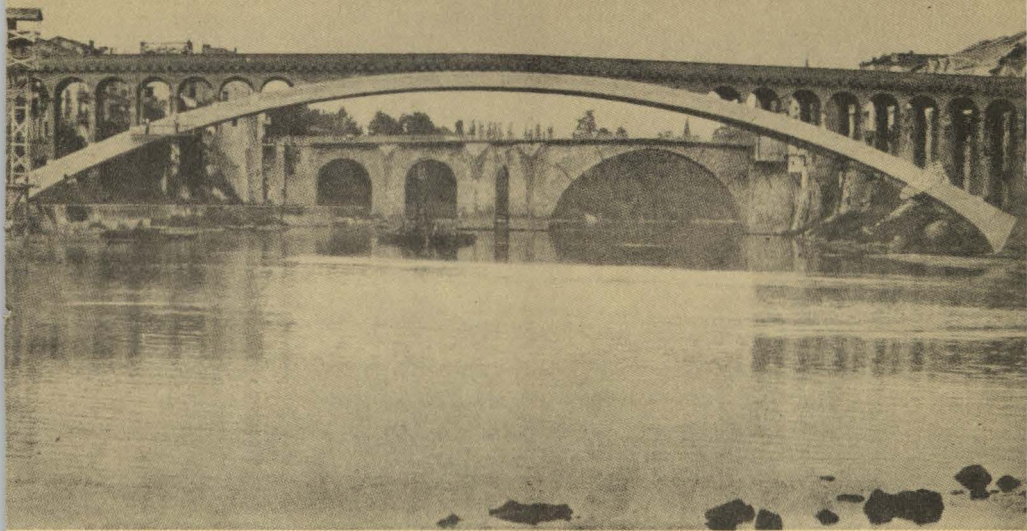
The Spaniards were also wonderful bridge builders. Many of their cities had fortified bridges as approaches. This shows one of the most ancient bridges at Arenas de San Pedro in Spain.





*Photo by Arthur Byne*

Since bridges had to serve for purposes of defense they were often built in rather odd designs. This medieval bridge at Besalu, Spain, is built on a zig-zag plan in order to facilitate its defense.

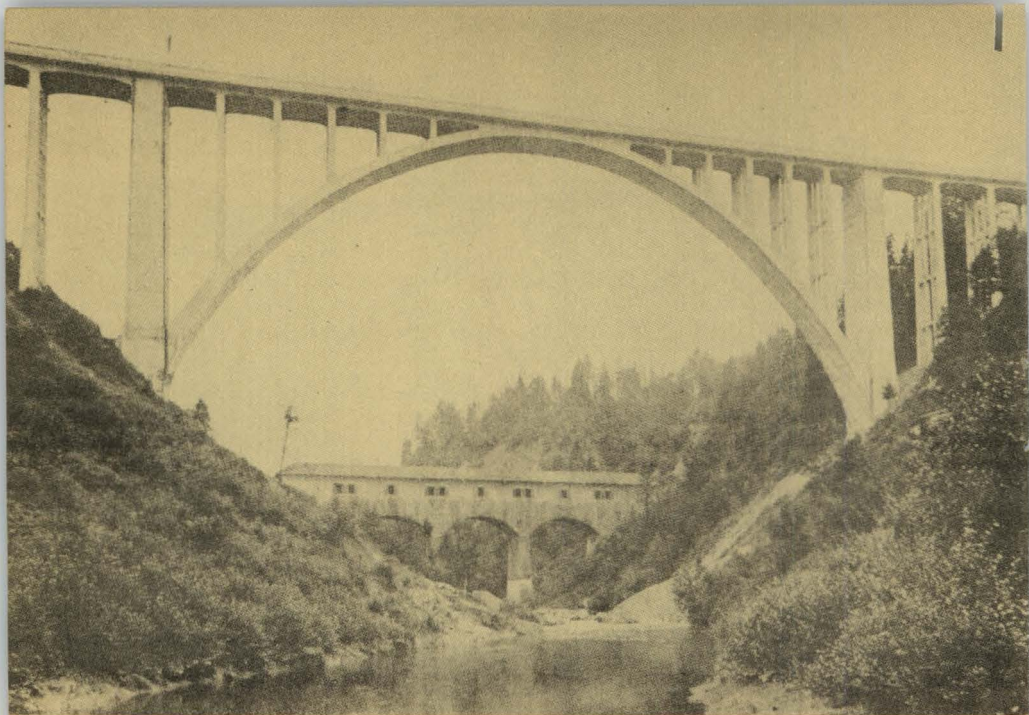


*Courtesy Limousin et Cie*

Fine contrasts appear in these two pictures of the old and the new as far as bridge building is concerned.

This picture shows the New Bridge built in 1919 with a 321-foot concrete span at Villeneuve-sur-Lot, France. The ancient Roman bridge is seen in the background.





*Photo by Photoglob-Zurich*

This great highway bridge was built in the Canton of Appenzell, Switzerland, in 1925. The center span is 236 feet. In the background may be seen the medieval bridge of former days.

trifling occupations and interests of this life with the mystery and solemnities of death and the unseen realities that lie beyond it, the grave reflection and unearthly mockery, the sustained power, the eerie subject, and the weird-like effects, are positively terrible.

Sometimes Hawthorne seems to mock the reader's love of mystery. A notable instance is the introduction of Clifford into the house of seven gables. Clifford is the strange wreck of an artist, Hepzibah's brother, a weird psychopathic case if there ever was one. He is about to come home to the mansion.

Phoebe asks, "Has he not been a long while dead?"

"Well, well, child, perhaps he had!" said Hepzibah, with a sad, hollow laugh; "but, in old houses like this, you know, dead people are very apt to come back again! We shall see."

Now, this is working a trick on the reader. A few pages later this is the manner in which the visitor is introduced:

While lighting the lamp in the kitchen, Phoebe fancied that her cousin spoke to her.

"In a moment, cousin!" answered the girl. "These matches just glimmer, and go out."

But, instead of a response from Hepzibah, she seemed to hear the

murmur of an unknown voice. It was strangely indistinct, however, and less like articulate words than an unshaped sound, such as would be the utterance of feeling and sympathy rather than of the intellect. So vague was it that its impression or echo in Phoebe's mind was that of unreality. She concluded that she must have mistaken some other sound for that of the human voice; or else that it was altogether in her fancy.

Now observe how the horror of an invisible presence is made to grow upon the reader:

The girl sat silently for a moment. But soon, her senses being very acute, she became conscious of an irregular respiration in an obscure corner of the room. Her physical organization, moreover, being at once delicate and healthy, gave her a perception, operating with almost the effect of a spiritual medium, that somebody was near at hand.

"My dear cousin," asked she, overcoming an indefinable reluctance, "is there not some one in the room with us?"

"Phoebe, my dear little girl," said Hepzibah, after a moment's pause, "you were up betimes, and have been busy all day. Pray go to bed; for I am sure you must need rest."

Then, with a touch worthy of Edgar Allan Poe:

She retired to her chamber, but did not soon fall asleep, nor then very profoundly. At some uncertain period in the depths of night, and,



as it were, through the thin veil of a dream, she was conscious of a footstep mounting the stairs heavily, but not with force and decision. The voice of Hepzibah, with a hush through it, was going up along with

the footsteps; and, again, responsive to her cousin's voice, Phoebe heard that strange, vague murmur which might be likened to an indistinct shadow of human utterance.

Clifford is home.



We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

—DANIEL WEBSTER, First Bunker Hill Oration, 1825

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# Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

*Symphonies Everyone Should Know*

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

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♪ César Franck's *Symphony in D Minor* teems with rare and unforgettable beauty. It is the work of a man whose greatness has been established firmly and incontestably. In its melodic, harmonic, contrapuntal, and structural aspects it reveals that kind of creative intellect which, by reason of profundity and incisive originality, breaks down barriers and asserts itself with irresistible power. Many critics find an abundance of religious mysticism in Franck's symphony. "His is the cry," writes Olin Downes, of the *New York Times*, "of the man who supplicates, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.'" (*Symphonic Masterpieces*. The Dial Press, New York, 1935.)

Neither during his lifetime nor on the occasion of his death did Franck receive the respect, the admiration, and the homage

which he deserved. The influential musicians of Paris were afraid that they would put their standing in jeopardy if they attended the modest Belgian's funeral. It is true that in 1890 a performance of Franck's *Quartet for Strings* called forth such enthusiastic applause that the composer was impelled to exclaim, "There, the public is at last beginning to understand me!" But let us not forget that this took place in the year of the master's death and that, only a short time before the heartening experience, pygmy-minded detractors had ridiculed him for using the English horn in the scoring of his symphony. No less a personage than the high and mighty Charles Gounod had thundered forth the verdict that in Franck's composition "the affirmation of impotence is elevated to a dogma."



In his *Symphony in D Minor*, his *Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano*, his *Quartet in D Major*, and his *Quintet in F Minor for Piano and Strings* Franck employs what is technically known as the "cyclical principle." This means that one or more themes are suspended, as it were, over an entire work to give it a high degree of unity and coherence. It is possible that the composer derived this method of writing from his careful study of the motif-system as used by Richard Wagner. Some believe that he was led to construct his larger compositions in this form because he was intimately acquainted with the impressive manner in which Johann Sebastian Bach caused chorales to hover, so to speak, over the passions, the cantatas, and the motets. Perhaps the thought was suggested to Franck by a consideration of the introduction to the *Finale* of Beethoven's *Ninth*, where themes occurring in the preceding movements are made to pass in review before the magnificent ode to joy is intoned. But even if contemplation of what others had done before his time inspired Franck to use the "cyclical principle," it cannot be denied that his way of applying this manner of writing in his symphony and in his chamber music was entirely new.

### Franck's Capacity for Work

Vincent d'Indy, Franck's pupil and biographer, tells us: "The moral quality which struck us most in Franck was his great capacity for work. Winter and summer he was up at 5:30 A. M. The first two morning hours were generally devoted to composition—'working for himself,' he called it. About 7:30, after a frugal breakfast, he started to give lessons all over the capital; for to the end of his days this great man was obliged to devote most of his time to teaching amateurs and even to take the music classes in various colleges and boarding schools.

"All day long he went about on foot or by omnibus, from Auteuil to L'Isle Saint-Louis, from Vaugirard to the Faubourg Poissonniere, and returned to his quiet abode on the Boulevard Saint-Michel in time for an evening meal. Although tired out with the day's work, he still managed to orchestrate or copy his scores except when he devoted his evenings to the pupils who studied organ and composition with him, on which occasions he would generously pour upon them his most precious and disinterested advice.

"In these two early hours of the morning—which are often curtailed—and in the few weeks

he snatched during the vacation at the Conservatoire, Franck's finest works were conceived, planned, and written."

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) was one of the most highly gifted of those composers who came under the potent influence of Franck. In the comparatively short span of his life he produced a number of works which are characterized by an incisive vividness of expression. As the years go by, one realizes more and more keenly that the beauty of his introspective music and the somewhat restless quality of his vigorous imagination have entitled him to a place of genuine distinction among the outstanding French composers of recent times.

One of Chausson's friends has described him as follows: "His attitude was very unpretentious; his face was kind, open, and clean-cut, with melancholy gray eyes, a mouth delicate and smiling beneath his mustache; a far-away, deeply veiled glance, however, contradicted his lively manner, his independent profile and carriage." His life came to a tragic end. While riding a bicycle on his estate at Limay on June 10, 1899, he lost control and was hurled headlong against a stone wall.

### Deep-grained Individuality

Those who are acquainted with Chausson's *Poems for Violin and Orchestra* will undoubtedly admit that the man had at his beck and call a rich fund of melodic and harmonic originality. Furthermore, it is evident that he was guided in his creative work by a vigorously assertive independence of spirit. The influence of Franck and Wagner is clearly discernible in his music; but if those who glibly declare that he copied with slavish and uncontrolled admiration examine his works with a greater amount of care, they will find many evidences of a deep-grained individuality. Chausson's alertness was not atrophied by close association with Franck. Isn't it reasonable to take for granted that his illustrious mentor, whose own originality of utterance had a pronounced tendency to irritate into feverish activity a widespread opposition, encouraged his gifted pupil to be true to himself?

Chausson's *Symphony in B Flat Major, Op. 20*, was completed in 1890. It exemplifies its creator's credo of beauty with pointed forcefulness. The first performance in our country took place in Philadelphia on December 4, 1905, at a concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Vincent d'Indy;



the score calls for three flutes, piccolo, two oboes, two clarinets, English horn, bass clarinet, three bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, tuba, three kettle drums, two harps, and strings. Why is it not heard more frequently in our land? In my opinion, it must be mentioned among the symphonies everyone should know.

Antonin Dvorak's *Symphony from the New World* deserves a prominent place in our list. In THE CRESSET of October, 1938, I wrote as follows about this magnificent composition: "It is brimful of wonderful melodies—melodies that warm our hearts and burn their way into our memories. We find tenderness in the symphony, sadness, gaiety, wild abandon, and, now and then, a splendor which is almost barbaric in its furious and elemental

sweep. It transports us into a land teeming with beauty. It is often dazzling in its tonal opulence. In this work the shy and modest Bohemian's skill in the technic and mechanics of composition is so strikingly deft and comprehensive that one is constrained, willy-nilly, to refer again and again to the somewhat trite truism about the art that conceals art. When all is said and done, we must admit, I believe, that the sheer simplicity of melodic utterance so evident on every page of the score is the element which, over and above all other ingredients, has breathed the breath of pulsating life into the symphony. It is a simplicity springing from the heart, arising from deep-felt convictions, and born of the promptings of genius."

[To be concluded]



If you have bitter medicine to take, rub your tongue with ice. The taste buds on the tongue scarcely function when they are cooled, whereas warmth stimulates them.

—DR. HAROLD TANGL, quoted in

*Journal of the American Medical Association*

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# The Literary Scene

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

*All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff*

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## “This Is Berlin”

*BERLIN DIARY: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent 1934-1941.*  
By William L. Shirer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1941. 605 pages.  
\$3.00.

THIS is the story of the rise of Nazi military power and conquest as seen by a journalist and radio broadcaster who spent the years 1934-1940 in Germany. Most readers of *Berlin Diary* will remember the voice of Mr. Shirer speaking from Berlin in 1939 and 1940 over the Columbia Broadcasting System; they here may read many things he was not permitted to say. Mr. Shirer was lucky in being where the news was made. He was in Austria when it fell, in Prague when it was lost to Germany, in Danzig when the Polish garrison was blasted out of the Westerplatte. What he saw from 1934 to 1937 he summarizes thus, “The shadow of Nazi fanaticism, sadism, persecution, regimentation, terror, brutality, suppression, militarism, and preparation for war.” He reported, after three more years, Germany’s course of con-

quest as due to the fact that “a small band of unprincipled, tough gangsters had seized control of this land, corrupted its whole people, and driven it on its present course.”

As we read this volume, two thoughts arose to plague us. The one is: How much of this story, of these impressions, predictions, are actual diary jottings, and how much is literary embroidery—shall we say fictitious? Mr. Shirer admits that some original notes were lost and had to be rewritten, the story reconstituted from memory. On the whole it makes the impression of a genuine diary. The second question is this: How much can we believe of the picture of German conditions, of the Nazi system, and Hitler morality, presented by this American correspondent? Even some readers of no pro-Nazi leanings will discount the entire 600 pages of *Berlin Diary* as “war propaganda.” Specifically the pages descriptive of the mercy deaths and of the activities of the Gestapo will be called the invention of a partisan to fan American feeling against Germany into a blaze of war.



I don't think that such a construction will bear critical examination. I don't believe that a reputable journalist and radio commentator employed by one of the greatest news agencies in the world will lie. Your reviewer is fully aware of the charge which will be levelled against him for expressing so trustful an opinion—he will be called gullible, credulous, himself a victim of anti-Nazi propaganda. And against this there is no defense except—*history*, and by that I mean the future, as it will know what is happening in Europe now, and also the past.

For one thing, this reviewer knows from professional contacts how news agencies value as a pearl above price their reputation for veracity, how unremitting their efforts to get at the truth. False reporting is their death sentence. Next, one cannot fail to recognize in the story told by Mr. Shirer the identical picture drawn of the Nazi system by Hermann Rauschnig and others who have been on the inside. It agrees with the story told from 1939 to 1941 by observers in Norway, the Low Countries, Slovakia, Austria, Greece, Yugoslavia, France, Poland—and there is not a dissenting voice. Only one totally unacquainted with the spirit of journalism and the technique of reporting can believe that such agreement on the Nazi use of deception at home and of treachery in neutral countries can be attributed to collusion. For one thing, such wide-spread collusion in telling a false story of events in three continents would be impossible without leaks, betrayals, and confessions. Even errors in judgment are

fatal to journalism. We know that the *Literary Digest* collapsed after a single misleading poll. And, besides, there is no evidence for any such collusion.

A HUNDRED reputable correspondents and editors will not risk their lives and spend millions of dollars to pervert history with the absolute certainty of being found out. I repeat it, one who can hold such a conception does not know modern journalism and does not recognize the fact that large-scale historical phenomena cannot be faked. What Shirer tells in *Berlin Diary* I hold to be the truth, supported by a huge mass of independent corroborating evidence.

I believe that Shirer is right in his characterization of the German leaders in whose vicinity he spent four years. When he quotes from the *Voelkischer Beobachter* he quotes headlines which this reviewer has seen. He (page 592) predicts the war on Russia as a test of his analysis of the Nazi system. He quotes with absolute fidelity the passages from *Mein Kampf* which announce the plan of world domination by conquest. The horrible mercy killings which Shirer describes, and the motives for which he analyzes pages 569 to 575, are confirmed by other, unimpeachable evidence.

On the other hand, one is permitted to distinguish from verifiable facts the analyses which Mr. Shirer presents, of individuals and of the German nation, as when Shirer describes the German as characterized by "lack of balance, a bullying

sadism when he is on top, a constitutional inability to grasp even faintly what is in the minds and hearts of other peoples, his feeling that the relations between two peoples can only be on the basis of master and slave and never on the basis of let-live equality." Likewise not conclusive, but interesting, is the manner in which Mr. Shirer accounts for the fact that as late as December, 1940, the German morale was still good, in spite of much disappointment and deprivation due to the lengthening of the conflict. This will-to-win he accounts for on three propositions: (1) For the first time in history Germany feels the supreme elation of a nation fully unified. (2) The defeat of 1918 is wiped out, and if victory comes, every German will have a share in an immense prosperity. (3) The frightful seeds of hatred which their tanks, their Stukas, and their *Gestapo* men have sown in all of Europe are fully realized, and the struggle is to the death. And so "these people, ground down and cheated though they may be by the most unscrupulous gang of rulers modern Europe has ever seen, will go a long, long way in this war."

### A Fable for Today

*THE TRANSPOSED HEADS: A Legend of India.* By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1941. 196 pages. \$2.00.

**T**WICE within his lifetime Thomas Mann has seen the world in upheaval. He has heard the funeral

knell of great nations, and he has observed the sufferings to which many of his fellowmen have been subjected by those who are bent on spawning a "new order." He has seen the dark pinions of war black out much of the continent of Europe; he has heard the cries of hungry, homeless human beings; he has been sickened by the stench of death which hovers over bomb-shattered communities. Mann has seen a soulless creed of intolerance batten on the misery of enslaved millions, and he is disturbed by the conviction that the hopes and the dreams of all men lie in the balance. For those who have eyes to see and ears to hear he has written a timely fable.

*The Transposed Heads* is based on a legend of ancient India. The story of the Hindu youths Shridaman and Nanda and of the girl Sita explores the whole wide range of human emotions. With devastating irony it portrays the never-ending I and My struggle of puny earthlings. The relentless whirl of life, with its "six waves" of hunger and thirst, age and death, suffering and illusion, is described with pitiless candor. We see "how close together are laughing and weeping; so that it is an illusion to make any distinction between pleasure and pain, and like the one and hate the other, when, after all, both can be called good and both bad." The philosophy of self-styled hermits or ascetics—"vanquishers of desires"—is subjected to a searching and hilarious analysis. "In short, asceticism is a bottomless vat; because the temptations of the spirit are mingled therein with the



temptations of the flesh, until the whole thing is like the snake that grows two heads as soon as you cut off one."

A strong plea is made for the cause of humanity. "For in the madness and divisions of this life it is the lot of human beings to stand in one another's light, and in vain do the better-constituted long for an existence in which the laughter of one need not be the weeping of another." Must it always be so? Or can mankind rise above the weakness, the futile evasion and vacillation, the lust for power and the shocking disregard for human values which threaten to change this enlightened century into another dark age? Shridaman, Nanda, and Sita turned for help and guidance in their perplexities to the altar of Kali, the dark Mother, the Inescapable, the Death-bringer-Lifegiver. We can and must turn to another altar. Here we will find emblazoned in letters of living fire the challenging words, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In a brief dedicatory inscription Mr. Mann acknowledges his indebtedness to the distinguished Indian scholar, Hans Zimmer, for the plot and the background material of his new book. While lecturing in Switzerland three years ago, Dr. Zimmer made use of the legend of Shridaman and Nanda in a discussion of Kali, the Mother Goddess of India. The tale itself is a simple one; but from the moment we meet the Damon and Pythias friends, Shridaman and Nanda, and the golden-bronze maiden Sita, until we see the small

Samadhi lay the torch to their common funeral pyre we are under the spell of a story-teller who is a master-craftsman, a sage, and a seer.

ANNE HANSEN.

### Maid in America

*JUNIOR MISS.* By Sally Benson.  
Random House, New York. 1941.  
214 pages. \$2.00.

JUDY GRAVES, Sally Benson's volatile young heroine, bids fair to become America's favorite adolescent. *Junior Miss* was the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club for June, and Broadway and Hollywood have already begun to dicker for stage and screen rights. Mrs. Benson candidly confesses that she finds her book's popularity rather bewildering and "a really wonderful surprise." Those of us, however, who have laughed our way through *Junior Miss* find its success neither bewildering nor surprising. The author has a decided flair for comedy and satire, and, in addition, she has invested her portrayal of Judy with an appealing charm and with refreshing and beguiling naturalness.

Our Judy is a trifle fat, more than a little awkward, and—wholly lovable. Her spirit has the priceless elasticity of youth. At heart an unregenerate tomboy, she can, on occasion, become an alluring Madame la Marquise. Although the death of Pink Beauty, the mouse who "was too little to live," brings the hot tears to her eyes, our heroine, in a spirit of calm renunciation, can "see her ashes blowing in the wind and

floating gently over the blue waves, lost and separated forever." (This, of course, is far in the future, after Judy's death at the age of ninety, when she had grown very small and very lonely because she "was the only one left.") Silk hose, perfume, jewelry, and much-coveted lounging pajamas are welcome gifts on Christmas Day; but nighttime finds a child crouched under the gayly decorated tree, gently rocking the cradle of the tiny twin dolls her older sister had given her "just for a joke." Judy is keenly aware of her responsibility to posterity. She keeps a "Memory Book," which contains important and thought-provoking items of information, such as—"In memory of the time I had the mumps—November, 1937." Her autobiography proudly boasts that she is "Partially Pirate."

For a time Judy's admiration for the incomparable Mrs. Bates makes her impatient with the dull routine in her own well-ordered house; but, taken by and large, she finds her parents fairly satisfactory. Finance and "Dear Daddy," too, receive due attention and consideration. It seems superfluous to add that the aforementioned are inseparably linked together. Last but not least, Judy is interested in "Art." Anyone who can read the hilarious account of her realistic enactment of the role of Stephano in *The Tempest* without giving way to unrestrained laughter is a better man than I am, Gunga Din—unless, of course, he is just plain "liverish."

In conclusion I should like to add a word of warning. Do not attempt

to read *Junior Miss* in the midst of a preoccupied family circle. If you do, your first faint chuckles may not cause more than a gentle lifting of the eyebrows; but when you break down and really roar, you will be firmly and not too gently invited to go from there—but quickly. I know. I did—and I was.

ANNE HANSEN.

### Stop Hitler!

*THE TIME IS NOW!* By Pierre van Paassen. The Dial Press, New York. 1941. 80 pages. \$1.00.

THE author of *Days of Our Years* is an outspoken opponent of war. Nevertheless, in *The Time Is Now!* he urges the United States to have "recourse to arms" against Nazi Germany. Why? Because "in our waking hours we see the spectacle of black night descending upon the world, of one nation after the other passing under the yoke of the new slavery, and of the great majority of the human race threatened with reduction to the rank of coolies." Pierre van Paassen is convinced that "power such as no human can support, power without limit, over life and death," has led Adolf Hitler and his fellow-dictators "to feel that they owe responsibility to no one, neither to God nor man." He declares that "only in 1941 did it become clear that Franco's early victories in 1937 had laid the ground for Hitler's final blow to Great Britain's Mediterranean position in 1941." "The Nazis," he says, "are operating according to plan." Hitler's "conquests in Central



Europe, of the Scandinavian and Low Countries, of the Balkans and the Near East are but stages in a campaign that will not stop until every knee in the entire world is bent in humble subjection." Mr. Van Paassen tells us that the Geopolitical Institute of Germany, which has been in existence since 1897, is a "planning academy" for the purpose of developing "a long-range project for the domination of the world," that it is "a huge collective brain center that guides Herr Hitler's every step."

NATURALLY, reasons the author of *The Time Is Now!* "Germany must defeat the British navy" before she can reach her goal. But how will she be able to accomplish this gigantic task? The late Kaiser tried to overcome Britain's sea power by building a mighty fleet of his own. He failed. Hitler, on the other hand, is executing a "march around the oceans"—a march "to those shores from which the shipping lanes of the world can be dominated." He is pitting his army against Britain's navy. This calls for an alliance with Italy; control of the Spanish coasts, Albania, France, Spanish Morocco, French Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Libya, and Egypt; and, in addition, for "the establishment of at least two continuous overland routes from Germany to the shores of the Old World's sea, for instance, through France and Spain, through Jugoslavia and Greece, or through Turkey and Palestine." "The conquest of the Mediterranean is not an end in itself, but

rather the beginning of the Battle of the Oceans."

Mr. Van Paassen is sure that "those who are seeking to tranquilize the American people by the consolation that time is working for the British Empire are holding up a mirage" and are "playing with fire." Hitler, he holds, is well on the way to success, and "the assumption that the Battle of the Atlantic is the pivot upon which world history turns is false"; for, as he sees it, "the great battle which will decide the fate of the British Empire will be fought out in the triangle of Alexandria-Haifa-Basra." The book points out that the isolationists of our country blind themselves to pertinent facts. Their attitude toward the Hitlerian menace substantiates the statement of Hermann Göring, who declared, "*Die Amerikaner, das wissen wir, sind ja die ahnungslosesten Leute in der Welt*—the Americans, we all know it, are the most unsuspecting people in the world."

*The Time Is Now!* was written before the military might of Nazi Germany was set in motion against Russia. Mr. Van Paassen did not foresee the sudden falling-out of Hitler and Stalin. In fact, he declared that "to hope the Red Army will clash with Hitler's Panzer divisions before Britain is defeated is to cherish an illusion." But, to the thinking of your reviewer, this miscalculation on the part of the author in no way invalidates the cogency of the reasoning with respect to the Führer's ultimate designs.

"Hitler can be stopped," says Mr.

Van Paassen, "only if his path to Dakar is blocked." "*Keep Hitler out of Africa!* should be the slogan of a genuine America First Committee." "Hitler must be prevented from marching around the oceans." The United States must move heaven and earth "to prevent the encirclement of this hemisphere." The Cape Verde, Canary, and Azores Islands must be kept out of the clutches of the Nazis. Even if all this "means supplementing our industrial war against Hitler with military action, we can no longer afford to wait." "We know," says Mr. Van Paassen, "that the conflict raging in the world today is not 'that war over in Europe' but actually the limbering-up exercise of a ruthless foe for what he calls 'the duel of hemispheres and continents,' the preliminary for 'the last great battle that must be waged in the Western hemisphere' before '*das Weltreich der Deutschen*, the world empire of the Germans,' is established 'for the next thousand years in history.' Knowing this, we must realize in the first place that aid to Great Britain, the mighty bulwark in the enemy's path to our shores, is American self-defense, American self-help. In short, that in aiding Britain America is fighting for its own safety." The book, which is worthy in every way of the careful attention of every redblooded American, then proceeds to give a succinctly detailed outline of the steps which, in the author's opinion, must be taken to call a halt to Hitler's cautiously planned march toward world domination.

## Hunted Humans

*FLOTSAM*. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German by Denver Lindley. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1941. 436 pages. \$2.50.

IT is an axiomatic truth that Nazism, with its sadistic persecutions and the meticulously planned control of every phase of human activity within its far-flung sphere of influence, has done much to throttle freedom of literary expression. Able writers in the Third Reich and in countries under Hitler's heel dare not give free rein to printed thought unless they sing hymns of praise to the governmental credo or unburden their shackled intellects of productions which, in the judgment of the powers that be, can in no way be interpreted as giving aid and comfort to Nazidom's many foes.

But it is equally true that Hitlerism—as well as Stalinism and Mussoliniism—has given rise to an ever increasing literature of protest and revolt. Writers who have succeeded in eluding the secret police of the dictators and have found refuge in countries in which their thoughts are not—as Shakespeare says—cabined, cribbed, and confined have used their pens with scathing effectiveness to unmask the tyrants and to tell the world at large of the terrible horrors afflicting the European continent. Many of their books and articles are ephemeral, to be sure; many are utterly devoid of any trace of literary value. But now and then works are produced which deliver their message with such incisive power of rea-



soning and with such beauty of expression that they must be numbered among the literary masterpieces of this sorely troubled age.

Erich Maria Remarque is by no means a man of one book. Those who have read his *The Road Back* and his *Three Comrades* may have concluded that he had all but written himself out, so to speak, when he gave to his native Germany and to all the world that gripping and unforgettable novel, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Will they feel constrained to hand down the same verdict after coming under the potent spell of *Flotsam*? To me, for one, such a pronouncement would be indicative of judgment sadly out of joint; for, as I see it, *Flotsam* is a masterwork in no way inferior to *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

REMARQUE detests war. Because *All Quiet on the Western Front* depicted and denounced the savagery of the conflict which raged between the Central Powers and the Allies from 1914 to 1918 and because it pointed out the utter futility of that bitter struggle, it was banned from Germany shortly after Hitler came to power. How could a regime which was bent on renewing warfare of nerves and warfare of arms as soon as the time seemed propitious countenance the widespread reading of such a book? The novel was consigned to the flames together with many other works distasteful to the cock of the walk in the Third Reich, and the author went into exile. In 1938 Remarque was formally deprived of his German citizenship.

*Flotsam* is the story of men and women who are exiles from Germany because of the cruel persecution-lust of a party which has waded to absolute power through the blood and the tears of thousands of innocent victims—victims who, in numerous instances, had a far higher appreciation of pre-Nazi Germany's invaluable contributions to civilization than Hitler and many of his subservient satellites could ever hope to have. Some of the exiles about whom Remarque writes are Jews and, as such, are the scapegoats of Nazi terrorism; others are what the pseudo-ethnologists of the Third Reich call "Aryans." The Jews, of course, have made the mistake of being born into the world as Jews; and the "Aryans" have committed the unpardonable crime of presuming to be out of sympathy with the tenets and the tactics of the Nazis. Were they to remain in Germany, they would be put to death or hurled into the hell of concentration camps. So they have sought refuge in flight. "We're living in a time when all standards are torn upside-down," says one of the unfortunates. "Today the aggressor is the shepherd of peace, and the beaten and hunted are the troublemakers of the world. What's more, there are whole races who believe it!"

The countries adjacent to the Third Reich have troubles of their own. They have their own people to feed; they do not want to be overrun with refugees—with the flotsam and the jetsam from the Nazi ship of state. As a result, the unfortunates are shunted about from border to border and from city to city. Often

they are forced to resort to trickery and crime in order to eat and live. "Starve, legally or illegally," declares one of them, "or get in trouble with the law." Even France, traditionally more hospitable to political exiles than most other lands, must impose restrictions that are brutally severe.

The heartrending adventures recounted in *Flotsam* take place several years before the dogs of war are finally unleashed. Remarque, an artist to the manner born, has created characters that live on and on in the memory of the reader. His book is not wordy; even in translation it has the life, the virility, the beauty, the briskness, and the conciseness of style that make for masterful writing. Surely, the curse of totalitarianism cannot be more truthfully or more poignantly expressed than is done in the words of the refugee who exclaims with cutting irony: "Long live the destruction of the individual! Among the ancient Greeks thought was a distinction. After that it became a pleasure. Later a weakness. Today it is a crime. The history of civilization is the story of the sufferings of those who have created it."

### These Last Twenty Years

*MEN AND POLITICS: An Autobiography.* By Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1941. 672 pages. \$3.50.

THE term "autobiography" does not apply to this book in the usual sense. There are no chapters on ancestry, nativity, childhood, early impressions, education, and the like.

Only by putting together a few stray remarks here and there does one gather that Fischer was born and reared in the Jewish quarter of Philadelphia and had "a long and intimate acquaintance with poverty," hunger, and want. The volume opens with the author's first trip to Europe, in 1918, when he was twenty-two. He would probably say, if asked, that it was then that he really began to live.

The eighteen years from 1921 to 1939 Fischer spent almost entirely in Europe, chiefly in Russia. He went abroad with the hope that he would be able to support himself with writing. At first he had to create his market as he went along. In the course of time, however, he became one of America's best-known foreign correspondents, contributing most frequently to the *Nation*. Fischer's success was due to the fact that he made himself intimately acquainted with European conditions and movements and the causal factors operating through them, that he usually managed to be on the ground when important things were taking place, that he gained entree to most of the leaders of European affairs and won the confidence of not a few of them by playing fair with them, and that, out of all this, he was able to spin a rather faithful and dispassionate account of European events and trends for those who read what he wrote.

In *Men and Politics* Fischer weaves together what he saw, heard, and lived in Europe during those eighteen years, in an effort to show how the present came to be what it is.



He traces the rise of Hitler, recounts the changes that came over Russia, describes the Spanish Civil War (in which he took part), and analyzes and interprets the diplomatic policies and moves of European statesmen which helped the second World War to grow out of the first. That Fischer can often speak as an eyewitness, or even participant, makes his account all the more vivid and human, nor need it, for that, be any the less factual. An account of personal experiences in a German "pension" in 1921, in a Spanish village just before the outbreak of Franco's revolt, at the Barcelona morgue after an Italian air raid, or in Moscow during the great purges may throw a brighter light on conditions than pages of impersonal exposition.

Though the book is strung on the pronoun "I," the author does not obtrude himself. He conciliates the confidence and good will of the reader by sticking to his knitting as chronicler and interpreter and remaining temperate in his judgments. There is a refreshing absence of the hysterical denunciation and the literary fustian that infect so much of what is written today. Fischer is a Jew, but he has little to say about Jews and never becomes melodramatic about them. Though he has definite convictions of his own, he does not deal in mere blacks and whites but tries to understand why people act as they do and to apportion praise and blame accordingly. When he went to Europe he was very friendly to communism (though he never joined the Party), but events gradually disillusioned him.

In 1939 he broke with the Soviet regime though he was "chided by certain people, including a great lady who writes a syndicated column, for not delaying longer."

A thoughtful reading of *Men and Politics* should not only help one to gain a clearer picture of the history of the world during the last two decades and a better understanding of the forces that were, and now are, active, but it will probably also cause one to feel that Louis Fischer has shown ample reason for writing near the close, "I have lived in all the major dictatorships—Russia, Germany, and Italy. My experience teaches me that democracy, with all its faults, is better than any of these."

A few quotations, picked for one reason or another, may be of interest:

Poland before the second World War was a one-story hut with no facilities. The Poles thought they were a great power. But you cannot be a great power when more than half of your 27,000,000 inhabitants live in straw-thatched huts with walls of mud and floors of dirt. The Poles' national vanity was in inverse proportion to their government's ability.

Europe was sick, and Germany was its sick heart.

A medical examination of school children in Berlin [in the '20's] showed 15.7 percent normally fed, 17.1 percent well-fed, 67.2 percent underfed. Children frequently fainted in class. Germany's light was going out.

The American stock-market collapse and the subsequent economic slump had more to do with the advent of Hitler than the Treaty of Versailles.

There is a tendency among intellec-

tuals, Marxist and otherwise, to substitute glib generalizations for careful study, and aphorisms for facts.

By force of circumstances and inevitably, Zionism is tied to the apron strings of British imperialism.

No generalization about a nation is correct.

All politics is a choice between two evils. Those who can stand no evil are not in politics.

## Magister Scientium

### THE BASIC WORKS OF ARIS-

TOTLE. Edited and with an Introduction by Richard McKeon. Random House, New York. 1941. 1487 pages. \$4.00.

A GOODLY number of years ago your reviewer attended a seminar on Aristotle. The professor in charge was an outstanding Aristotelian scholar from a Western university. At the first meeting he started off about like this: "Who built this university? Who determined its curriculum? Who established its scientific laboratories? Who organized its library? Who developed its teaching methods? The answer is, All these things were done by Aristotle."

That was an effective (if slightly extravagant) way of bringing home to the group the surpassing importance of the great Stagirite to our whole civilization. Aristotle belongs in the order of gigantic things, so that in trying to characterize him one has difficulties somewhat like those that one must face in an effort to describe the Grand Canyon or to give an idea of the contents of the British Museum. Dante called him "the master of them that know." Cicero wrote, "In my opinion Aris-

totle stands almost alone in philosophy." Eusebius, the church historian, said of him, "Aristotle, nature's private secretary, dipped his pen in thought." Goethe declared, "If now in my quiet days I had youthful faculties at my command, I should devote myself to Greek, in spite of all the difficulties I know. Nature and Aristotle should be my sole study. It is beyond all conception what that man espied, saw, beheld, remarked, observed."

Fuller, in his *History of Philosophy*, outlines the universality of Aristotle's genius briefly and well: "Mathematics, physics, astronomy, biology, physiology, anatomy, botany, natural history, psychology, politics, ethics, logic, rhetoric, art, theology and metaphysics were all explored and mapped by him. He is probably the only human intellect that has ever compassed at first hand and assimilated the whole body of existing knowledge on all subjects, and brought it within a single focus—and a focus, at that, which after more than two thousand years still stands as one of the supreme achievements of the mind of man."

Now what of the writings of Aristotle? Seventeen works of his which are commonly accepted as genuine have come down to us. A few others that are attributed to him are in question. Still others are certainly, or almost certainly, spurious. What we have of Aristotle is only a small part of what he actually wrote, as is made evident by a catalogue of the library at Alexandria from the year 220 B. C., which lists 146 works of his that are lost to us. In this con-



nection it is, however, comforting to know that the writings of Aristotle which are extant are on the whole his most important ones.

Goethe wished he could devote himself to Greek so that he might occupy himself with Aristotle. A careful, scholarly translation, such as is offered in this volume, compensates as far as is possible for inability to read the original text. What is presented is taken from the monumental Oxford translation of Aristotle, completed in 1931. Seven works are reprinted complete: *The Physics*, *On Generation and Corruption*, *On the Soul*, *Metaphysics*, *Nicomachean Ethics*, *Politics*, and *Poetics*. Of the *Organon*, three books are given complete, and three in part. There are portions of six other works.

Dr. McKeon, who carried the burden of editing, is Dean of the Division of the Humanities of the University of Chicago. Random House deserves well of all who have the interests of scholarship at heart for adding this volume to *The Dialogues of Plato*, *The Complete Greek Drama*, and *The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers*, which it has published in recent years. We already have evidence, however, that the binding of the book is too flimsy for its size and for the hard use which it must expect of those who really study it. The wish to keep down the price is no doubt responsible for this piece of false economy.

So that is the book. And how about the reading of it? Well, those whose mental digestion will bear only light food and those who must gobble everything in a hurry are

solemnly urged to seek other pabulum. The same advice is respectfully offered to those who open famous books only in search of a few bright feathers to stick behind their long ears. For others, a word of caution is in place, to forestall unnecessary disappointment. The ancients often referred to Aristotle's "golden flow of thought," but that expression probably referred to the popular dialogues which he wrote and which are almost entirely lost. The works which we have show little beauty of form. They are heavy, sober, terse, often dry, jerky, and repetitious. They are for the most part really nothing more than the notes from which he lectured to his students or notes on his lectures taken by students—not material prepared for publication. And yet, under this unpromising surface, for those who will dig for it, lies the untold wealth of the thought of one of the mightiest intellects of all time.

Dr. McKeon, in his introduction, gives valuable information on Aristotle's method and good advice on the most fruitful procedure in reading him. We would add the suggestion that those who have as yet no acquaintance with Greek philosophy first orient themselves in the developments of the period preceding Aristotle and also study a good summary of his teachings as a whole. If then they have the sustained interest and the patience for prolonged labor in the quarries of the great master's thought, they will be richly rewarded with some of the purest gold ever produced by the unaided mind of man.



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## A SURVEY OF BOOKS

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### DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS

Edited by Lawrence Fernsworth.  
Robert M. McBride & Company,  
New York. 1941. 375 pages. \$3.00.

EVERYONE knows that the thoughts and the acts of individual leaders have much to do with the making of history. For this reason it is both instructive and fascinating to learn all we can about the lives and the philosophies of the men who, by the powerful impact of their personalities, their persuasions, and their deeds, have led, and are continuing to lead, the wild dance of today's world-shaking events. Naturally, our vision and our understanding are often blurred by our own pet convictions and by biased or incomplete information. It is not yet possible for any one of us to speak of all the currents of contemporary history with that clearness of view and perspective which makes for interpretations that are wholly objective and dispassionate.

Interviews with prominent persons tend to mold a large amount of the thinking—explanatory as well

as quasi-explanatory—with which men and women are trying to analyze the cataclysmic happenings of these turbulent times. Many representatives of the press have talked with the influential world-figures of our day and, on the basis of first-hand discussions and observations, have written and sent out into the world numerous specimens of that type of journalistic description which—to borrow from the language of the movies—may be called a “close-up.” Excellent! But not every reader bears in mind that it is always wise to examine the interviewer as well as the interviewee. Here, for example, is a newspaperman named Mr. X. His editor instructs him to seek out Benito Mussolini and to learn from the dictator's own mouth what the Fascists believe with respect to, let us say, the freedom of worship in the corporate state. Mr. X successfully pulls the wires that make an interview possible, listens intently to what *Il Duce* has to say, and then writes an article. If he is a journalist of unassailable integrity, he will do all in his power to make his presentation



truthful and altogether impartial; if he has an ax of his own to grind, he may, here and there, resort to some clever twisting and distorting in order to "slant" his report as he sees fit. Perhaps *Il Duce* has made several statements "off the record." In that case Mr. X will not be permitted to give a complete story. Perhaps *Il Duce* has said, "I'll talk with you, but I insist on seeing your article before it is published." In that case Mr. X may be forced to change or to delete parts of what he has written. There are, in short, many elements which, either by chance or by design, may cause the printed account of an interview to be misleading.

Lawrence Fernsworth declares that *Dictators and Democrats* is more than an anthology of interviews—an integrated work on world politics from the source of those politics, containing numerous articles especially written for it. Journalists and writers home from their tours of duty abroad have sat down and brought up to date their reports on the words and the doings of the men about whom they speak. Other pieces are historical interviews that have already appeared but that still have a vital significance today.

Dorothy Thompson, H. R. Knickerbocker, and Lothrop Stoddard write on Adolf Hitler. Mildred Gilman and Beach Conger deal with Herman Wilhelm Göring. Paul Joseph Göbbels is interviewed by Mr. Stoddard, Benito Mussolini by Emil Ludwig, Galeazzo Ciano by Clare Boothe, Winston Churchill by Mr. Fernsworth and Ralph Ingersoll,

Ernest Bevin and Herbert Morrison by Patricia Strauss, Eamon de Valera by Thomas Fingal Healy, Henri Philippe Pétain by Jay Allen, Aristide Briand by Clarence K. Streit, Marshal Lyautey by Pierre van Paasens, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Alexander of Yugoslavia by Louis Adamic, Josef V. Stalin by Eugene Lyons, Leon Trotsky by Julius H. Klyman, Kemal Atatürk by Isaac F. Marcossou, Prince Fumimaro Konoye by W. B. Courtney, Henry Pu Yi by Edward Hunter, Chiang Kai-Shek by Vincent Sheean and Randall Gould, Manuel Quezon by Wilbur Burton, Franklin D. Roosevelt by Arthur Krock, Cordell Hull by William Walton, Mackenzie King by Frederick Griffin, Manuel Avila Camacho by Francis Sill Wickware, Lazaro Cardenas by Joseph Freeman, and Fulgencio Batista by Carleton Beals.

Since the editor of *Dictators and Democrats* realizes that the reader will want to know something about the interviewers, he has inserted numerous prefatory notes concerning the men and the women who have written the reports. The book has much value; but it must be taken for what it actually is—a collection of impressions and pictures tinged more or less with the views and the feelings of thirty able writers. It would be unfair to say that the volume pretends to present completely objective evaluations of the words, the deeds, and the significance of the personages with which it deals; it would be equally unfair either to impugn the motives of the journalists or, for any reason at all, to deny

that they have done their jobs with uncommon skill.

### NOT BY STRANGE GODS

*Stories by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.* The Viking Press, New York. 1941. 244 pages. \$2.50.

A FINE collection of short stories from the pen of one of America's foremost woman writers. As always, Miss Roberts' work is distinguished for the sheer beauty of its lucid prose. There are six stories in the book—"The Haunted Palace," "I Love My Bonny Bride," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Holy Morning," "The Betrothed," and "Love by the Highway." Of these, "I Love My Bonny Bride" and "Holy Morning" seem to me to be the most appealing and the most admirably wrought. Eighteen years have passed since the publication of a small volume of verse, entitled *Under the Tree*, heralded the advent of a new and noteworthy voice in the literary world. Miss Roberts then turned to the novel form as a medium of expression, and in this field she has been singularly successful. *The Time of Man* and *Black Is My True Love's Hair* have won for her a place of high honor in American literature.

### THE ARMY OF THE FUTURE

By General Charles De Gaulle.  
Foreword by Walter Millis. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. 1941. 179 pages. \$2.00.

IN 1934 an army captain and instructor at the military college of St. Cyr wrote about the army of the

future. His name was Charles De Gaulle. Today he is the leader of the Free French. The things he wrote about in 1934 came to pass with a horrible suddenness. Had France followed his advice in 1934, mechanized its army, and developed a force which moved on caterpillars, Germany might have remained back of the Rhine. De Gaulle pleaded for a professional army which would utilize all the latest industrial developments in technique and production. His description of the manner in which tanks could be used is startling. The book provides an hour's melancholy reading.

### THE UNTAMED BALKANS

*Their Turbulent Past—Present Plight—and a Key to Their Future.* By Frederic W. L. Kovacs. Modern Age Books, New York. 1941. 248 pages. \$2.00.

AFTER retracing in brief "the story of the Yugoslav and Greek collapse in the fateful weeks between the end of March and the end of April, 1941," Mr. Kovacs, who has had extensive newspaper assignments in most of the Balkan countries, discusses the "geographic situation, historical events, the strange mixture of nationalities, and the perpetual intervention and competition of the Great Powers" as they have "shaped the fate of the Balkans and made out of them the 'powder keg of Europe.'" The book is inscribed "to the soldiers of the great underground army in the Nazi-occupied countries—Germany included—to the victors of tomorrow."



## JOAN OF THE TOWER

By Warwick Deeping. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. 1941. 399 pages. \$2.00.

WARWICK DEEPING takes us back to the days of the signing of the Magna Carta. The excesses and the brutalities of Angevin John, the second of the Plantagenet kings of England, made of this ruler's name "a great and stinking sore. The whole country holds its nose because of the stench." Inevitably a ravaged and despairing people left off holding its nose and rose in furious and uncompromising revolt against the despoiler. Under the leadership of the powerful Barons of England they met and defeated King John at Runnymede on the Thames and, on June 19, 1215, forced him to sign the

Great Charter which forms the basis of English civil liberties.

Into this rich and colorful background of historical fact has been woven the fanciful and romantic tale of the young runaway monk, Pelleas; of Joan, the lovely Lady of Birchhanger; of the treacherous Isabeau of Red Tower; and of King John and his gross and insolent henchman, Goliath. Their story is essentially the age-old account of the struggle between good and evil. Mr. Deeping's exposition of the place of religion in the life of man seems to me at best confused and groping; he wanders about in a maze of speculations, platitudes, and cynicisms. Eventually, of course, the plot of *Joan of the Tower* resolves itself into a reiteration of the author's oft-avowed credo—the ultimate triumph of "love, courage, and compassion."



## America

America, my own, my native land!  
 A barefoot boy I trod thy fields of green,  
 Thy forest fair, and brooks with golden sand;  
 And thy broad bosom was a joy serene.  
 Thy storied pages bore a solemn pride,  
 In death heroic and devotion deep,  
 That broke thy bonds and set thee on the tide  
 Of time, with hope and freedom in thy keep.  
 Alas, my poor beloved country! How  
 Low fallen now from thy once high estate!  
 To alien lands thy vagrant children vow  
 Their fealty and leave thee desolate.  
 True hearts forlorn at thy sad altar pray  
 That time will come and turn thy night to day.

—WALTER DEFFENBAUGH

# Check List of Books Reviewed

February 1941 to July 1941

SEVERAL times a year THE CRESSET presents a check list of books reviewed in the columns of the journal over a period of four or five months. This list may serve as a reminder to our readers as well as a brief survey of the books THE CRESSET for one reason or another has considered worthy of notice.

The following system of notation is used: ★★★Recommended without reservation. THE CRESSET believes these books have exceptional and lasting merit. ★★Recommended—with reservations. The reservations are indicated in the reviews and are usually concerned with errors in morals or in facts. At times a book which is good enough in itself receives only two stars because its value is ephemeral. ★Not recommended. Reviews of these are printed in our columns for negative and defensive reasons. Usually they are almost entirely without merit.

- ★★★*Jimmy Hare, News Photographer*.....By Cecil Carnes
- ★★★*Washington and the Revolution*.....By Bernhard Knollenberg
- ★★★*John D. Rockefeller*.....By Allan Nevins
- ★★★*Not to Me Only*.....By Caleb Frank Gates
- ★★★*Ultima Thule*.....By Vilhjalmur Stefansson
- ★★★*Tragedy in France*.....By André Maurois
- ★★★*Constitutional Chaff*.....By Jane Butzner
- ★★★*Daily Life in Ancient Rome*.....By Jérôme Carcopino
- ★★★*Zachary Taylor*.....By Holman Hamilton
- ★★★*Alcoholics Anonymous*
- ★★★*Quest: The Evolution of a Scientist*.....By Leopold Infeld
- ★★★*Test Tubes and Dragon Scales*.....By George C. Basil, M.D.
- ★★★*Blood, Sweat, and Tears*  
.....By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.
- ★★★*Night Over Europe*.....By Frederick L. Schuman
- ★★★*Our Contemporary Composers*.....By John Tasker Howard



- ★★*What Then is Christianity?*.....By Charles M. Jacobs
- ★★*Oliver Wiswell*.....By Kenneth Roberts
- ★★*The Best Pictures 1939-1940*  
.....Edited by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
- ★★*Seven Mysteries of Europe*.....By Jules Romains
- ★★*Embezzled Heaven*.....By Franz Werfel
- ★★*On the Long Tide*.....By Laura Krey
- ★★*Information, Please!* 1941 Edition.....Edited by Dan Golenpaul
- ★★*Sapphira and the Slave Girl*.....By Willa Cather
- ★★*The Life and Times of Johann Sebastian Bach*  
.....By Hendrik Willem van Loon
- ★★*Philosophy, Education, and Certainty*.....By Robert L. Cooke
- ★★*Mind Through the Ages*.....By Martin Stevers
- ★★*Make Bright the Arrows*.....By Edna St. Vincent Millay
- ★★*Nansen*.....By Anna Gertrude Hall
- ★★*Things in the Saddle*.....By George Norlin
- ★★*Out of the Night*.....By Jan Valtin
- ★★*America Next*.....By Peter Markham
- ★★*The Heritage of Hatcher Ide*.....By Booth Tarkington
- ★★*The Giant Joshua*.....By Maurine Whipple
- ★★*Short Days Ago*.....By Renée Brand
- ★★*Passion and the Sword*.....By Harald Hornborg
- ★★*Life for Life's Sake*.....By Richard Aldington
- ★★*Random Harvest*.....By James Hilton
- ★★*Checkers*.....By Millard Hopper
- ★★*Kabloona*.....By Gontran de Poncins
- ★★*An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth*.....By Bertrand Russell
- ★★*Mill Stream*.....By Hortense Lion
- ★★*Ambassador Dodd's Diary*  
.....Edited by William E. Dodd, Jr., and Martha Dodd
- ★★*Strange Malady*.....By Warren T. Vaughan, M.D.
- ★★*The Shaker Adventure*.....By Marguerite Fellows Melcher

- ★★*City of Illusion*.....By Vardis Fisher  
 ★★*The Soviet Power*.....By Hewlett Johnson  
 ★★*The World of the Thibaults*.....By Roger Martin du Gard  
 ★★*You're Only Young Twice*.....By Doree Smedley  
 ★★*That Men May Understand*.....By Harold Rugg  
 ★★*Freedom of the Press Today*.....By Harold L. Ickes  
 ★★*The Redemption of Democracy*.....By Hermann Rauschnig  
 ★★*The Man Who Stayed in Texas*  
 .....By Anne Nathan and Harry I. Cohen  
 ★★*Manhold* .....By Phyllis Bentley  
 ★★*The War: First Year*.....By Edgar McInnis  
 ★★*A Pocket Full of Clues*.....By James R. Langham  
 ★★*Between Two Worlds*.....By Upton Sinclair  
 ★★*The Wounded Don't Cry*.....By Quentin Reynolds
- ★*The Voyage*.....By Charles Morgan  
 ★*Winston Churchill*.....By Rene Kraus  
 ★*Aftermath*.....By Jules Romains  
 ★*Ida*.....By Gertrude Stein  
 ★*They Went On Together*.....By Robert Nathan



We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on the hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more.

—MARK TWAIN, *Following the Equator*



J U L Y

# M A G A Z I N E S

*Each month THE CRESSET presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers*

## Fortune

### SOVIET INDUSTRY

This study of Russia's industrial situation was made before the beginning of the Russo-German War and naturally gains in interest and importance because of that struggle. The conclusion arrived at was that Russia's most acute problem was to stay out of war since it appeared to have little or no industrial reserve for a sustained war effort, the record showing that her industrial system was forced to operate on an all-out basis in peacetime, just to keep itself going. Judged by capitalist standards, four key factors especially point to Soviet weakness: (1) oil—on which both industry and agriculture depend, but the production of which has consistently fallen below plan, while 85 per cent of it comes from the Caucasus, which is exposed to

military attack; (2) transportation—which broke down so badly in the Finnish campaign that there was a food shortage in Moscow, rolling stock being antiquated and rails and roadbed inadequate for even normal traffic; (3) the iron and steel industry—huge, but badly integrated, crudely operated, and concentrated almost entirely in the exposed western section of the country; (4) the slow-up in production—which resulted from the purges, penalties for low-quality production, a lapse in labor discipline, and various effects of the European war before the Soviets themselves became involved.

### HOW MANY SHIPS HOW SOON?

One of the biggest jobs being undertaken in America at present is the one to which the Maritime Commission is bending its efforts

—the job of providing ships to keep Britain afloat. Early in the war Britain, counting some 7,000,000 tons of allied and neutral shipping, had at its disposal 23,300,000 tons. This might seem enough for all purposes. But when reductions due to sinkings, damage, troop transport needs, loss of time in convoying and because of destroyed docking facilities, etc. are made, the situation is far from bright. Already more than a fourth of all American shipping has been pooled at the President's order to make up for British shipping losses. The Maritime Commission's main effort is to speed up the building of new ships to the full limits of possibility or, rather, to "accomplish the impossible" in this respect. Many difficulties stand in the way, but the Commission bids fair to profit from the famous Hog Island undertaking of the first World War, which, after an expenditure of \$300,000,000, resulted in the delivery of the first completed ship on December 3, 1918, nearly a month after the signing of the armistice.

## Harper's

### HOW TO DO BUSINESS WITH LATIN AMERICA

By R. H. McClure

Some of the major difficulties which Latin Americans meet in having their orders filled in the United States are here detailed. These difficulties are the poor excuse that the defense program makes it impossible to fill the order, the inability to understand orders given in liters and millimeters, and the fact that the orders are usually in Spanish, Portuguese, or French. To obviate these difficulties the author suggests the training of more men in the mastery of the foreign languages involved, the supplying of conversion tables, concise information regarding products, processes, and methods, and the preparation of foolproof order blank forms. The author explains how some of the present barricades of price, exchange, and credit can be surmounted, and mentions England and Germany as examples of successful cultivators of the Latin-American market.



*Dictatorship:* A system of government where everything that isn't forbidden is obligatory.

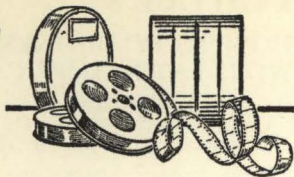
—*Manchester Guardian*



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The



Motion Picture

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

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### CITIZEN KANE

*Citizen Kane* will either become the greatest step forward in the motion picture industry or it will mark the end of certain things that all of us have looked for in that great educational agency for years. Just what Orson Welles has achieved in this great movie perhaps only the years can tell. It is certainly one of the greatest things that has ever been done from a technical viewpoint. The shots have been glowingly described in a full-length article in *Life Magazine*. Everything that was said there from the technical angle had been noted and observed by this reviewer. He is quite proud of the fact that he noticed some of these things and, being interested in amateur photography, had tried to work out just exactly how some of them were done. He was wrong about most of them.

The story is, of course, a thinly veiled take-off on the life of Wil-

liam Randolph Hearst. The great estate is moved from California to Florida—which may please the Californians or not. Orson Welles does a very convincing job of being young and growing old along with the great newspaper empire. The peculiar part which is played in the life of this man by his background—snatching him away from the old gold claims out in the West, transplanting him to fancy schools in the East, having him travel all over the world and develop a kind of supercilious attitude about everything in the world, makes interesting, if not always completely entertaining, movie shots. Every once in a while the feeling comes over you that nothing could be quite so ponderous and stupid as the life of those people who knew him—the mansion of the great man in Philadelphia who had collected all manner of things about this young citizen Kane—the man who campaigns for governor of a great

state, then allows himself to be smashed down, simply because he wanted his own way about a certain woman whom he never loved but whom he collected along with his other bric-a-brac in order to ornament his great house—a great castle with nothing but emptiness inside.

All over the world the man's fingers reached for that which was beautiful and precious—piling it into a great castle such as the world was not going to see again. And always in the background he kept one little thing, which must be a secret from you also, because you'll not understand the picture until you see that in almost the first sequence and again in the last there is just one thing which bears the name "Rosebud." That one thing is a key to the driving restlessness of this great man who broke himself because he was bitterly lonely.

The reactions of those who are Christians will be sharply defined at once. The gross materialism, the crass disregard of everything which is honorable according to the standards of Christian love and decency will make you revolt. However, the bitter loneliness of the man, his God-forsakenness, the fact that he has no hold even though he has accumulated everything that the world might call desirable, will make you want to

do something about, not only the lost poor, but the lost rich—who are perhaps worse off than anyone else.

One thing is certain, you will leave the theater profoundly moved. You will be stirred to the depths—you will have to think about other people who are in the same condition, even though they are in it to a lesser degree and perhaps with less fault on their own part. But whatever it is, you are going to be stirred. Something will have to be done about people like that. And nowhere in all the world will you find a better chance to do it than just now in our own country. No more timely film has ever appeared than *Citizen Kane*, and certainly the group of actors that Orson Welles collected for this great picture is to be complimented on actually presenting a performance in which no personalities ever obtrude themselves—but where there is a continuing flow to the story, a driving action which is as completely a part of the actors' life as anything that we have ever seen on stage or screen. You may debate the merit of the story—you may debate the utter worthlessness of a life such as *Citizen Kane* lived, but there is value in presenting such a story to the world. The film's new technical development in photography, the use of people who



were trained to the stage and who are not the ordinary demagogues of the movie world is certainly setting a precedent which we hope Hollywood will follow more frequently. The way in which this company breaks down and actually acts with supreme disregard for what they look like or what people may think of them shows that they have lost themselves completely in the story and are willing to do anything in order to make one realize what is going on in the heart of *Citizen Kane*.

#### SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS

PARAMOUNT's *Shepherd of the Hills* is the Harold Bell Wright classic somewhat revamped. A ridge-running opus of the Ozarks, the picture assumes new poetic overtones in the hands of the scenario scribes. The usual hill-billy local color is there, of course, superstition, feuding, moonshining, or what have you, but there is a great deal more fancy talk about the dark whispers in the trees and the floating clouds and twining shadows, too weirdly musical and poetic to ring quite true.

The cast is excellent, with Betty Field and John Wayne doing the boy-girl routine, and Harry Carey, the shepherd, as the father who returns to the hills with his pockets full to spread happiness

where he had once brought pain. Buelah Bondi is a good super-meany; her double immolation is one of the gruesome high spots of the picture. The Technicolor embellishment added to the natural charm of the Ozark region produces an effect nothing short of magnificent. The hills and the valleys and the somber forests, the pathos and the tragedy, the omens and hexes and gloomy full moon may prove depressing for some. A trifle more humor between the bleak scenes would have helped somewhat. The *Shepherd of the Hills* is a satisfactory picture, but not a masterpiece.

#### THE BRIDE CAME C. O. D.

HERE are talents wasted on a silly plot and another racy Hollywood melodrama, 1941 vintage. When night-hacienda maestro Brice whirlwinds a shallow, spoiled heiress through a four-day courtship and elopement, marriage comes in for more than its share of farcical treatment. Pilot Collins (Jimmy Cagney), the hero of the story, kidnaps the impetuous Joan Winfield (Bette Davis), promising to deliver his feminine cargo by air to her dissenting "Pater" C. O. D.! When Joan seeks to escape from the plane Collins loses control. Where else would they nose-dive except in the midst of a deserted ghost

town! The lone resident (there usually is one) plays patron to both. Joan's distress signal is mirrored into the sky, and army pilots relay the word to a world that has sought her for days. The father and her fiancé race in out of the clouds. A marrying justice slips the knot—ostensibly. (His Nevada license is invalid in the California ghost town.) Little Joan is “rescued” by Pilot Collins, who collects his “freight charges.” As usual, he wins the favor of the flush and pompous “Papa” Winfield, and (didn't we warn you?) the love of the temperamental child. Here is a commentary on the fly-by-night morals of high society and the entertainment world which Hollywood has conjured up in the public mind. Marriage, divorce, engagement, parental consent are playthings for the plot. Seamy quips and scenes on the shady side are insertions without point but fit in easily with the raciness of the picture. Definitely adult entertainment, and even then . . . . No! Bette Davis, while she does a creditable performance, and Jimmy Cagney might also be used to better advantage by Warner Brothers in some plot of real merit.

## BLONDIE IN SOCIETY

ANOTHER “Blondie” trifle flits across the Columbia celluloid, and this time it's *Blondie in Society*—and *what* society! Dagwood's all adither about the new family addition, a Great Dane, large, unintelligent, and hungry! About the only thing to be said in favor of the animal is that its digestion rivals Dagwood's. Why, the “beastie” himself lasts through one of the ghastly sandwich perpetrations for which the head of the Bumsteads is famed! Dagwood gets into trouble so badly he literally ends in the dog-house. The frenzy arises when he brings this dog home as security for a loan, and there are petitions from the neighbors and tears from Blondie. Opportunity knocks when a rich dog fancier the boss has been trying to sell takes a shine to Dagwood's dog. There's a show, with the Great Dane an easy winner, and a rabid scramble for possession of the poochie. Why we like the “Blondie” pictures is simple: they hold your interest; they are good clean fun; no elaborate staging, chorines, “triangles,” spies—just every-day life in an every-day home. Good for the whole family.





Few groups in the modern scene offer a more consistent and integrated philosophy of life and history than the Roman Catholic Church. They may be wrong, but they are at least consistent. During the past two decades they have developed a number of first-rate philosophers who are adjusting the world view of Thomas Aquinas to our troubled age. In our leading article this month Ad. Haentzschel presents a careful analysis of the leading exponent of the Catholic conception of the present state of the world. Dr. Haentzschel is Head of the Department of Philosophy and Sociology at Valparaiso University. We are certain that his sharp analysis of Jacques Maritain will be appreciated by our readers.



It should be noted that this month *The Pilgrim* is conducted by our erudite music critic, Walter A. Hansen. As he notes

in his column, the editor has promised to conduct the Music Column at some future date.



Our guest reviewer this month is Anne Hansen (*Junior Miss, The Transposed Heads*).

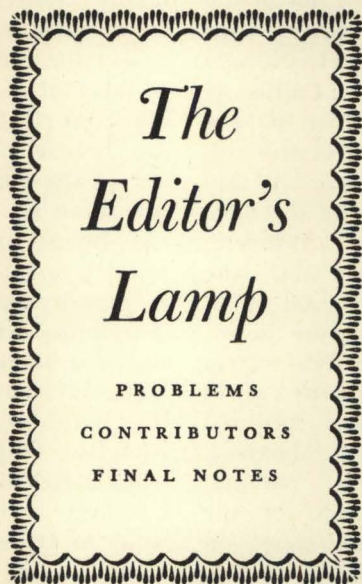


The program for THE CRESSET for the next six months looks unusually interesting. We hope to present a series of observations, both historical and literary, which may be of unusual importance in an evaluation of our times. We are grateful to our

readers for their comments and contributions.



This month Dr. Theodore Graebner devotes his widely read column, *The Alembic*, to a discussion of a topic of particular interest to students of American literature.



## Forthcoming Issues

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I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

THE WORLD TODAY

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

THE BRONTES' WEB OF CHILDHOOD

.....*Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford*

PATRIOTIC ANTHOLOGY...*Introduced by Carl Van Doren*

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.....*A. J. Cronin*

THE AMERICAN AND HIS FOOD

.....*Richard Osborn Cummings*

BATTLE FOR THE WORLD.....*Max Werner*

MEN AT THEIR WORST.....*Leo L. Stanley, M.D.*

A GUIDE TO BETTER PHOTOGRAPHY.....*Berenice Abbott*

SHELTER .....*Jane Nicholson*

FATHER OF THE BLUES: An Autobiography

.....*W. C. Handy*

WHISTLE STOP.....*Maritta Wolff*

JAPAN INSIDE OUT.....*Syngman Rhee*

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