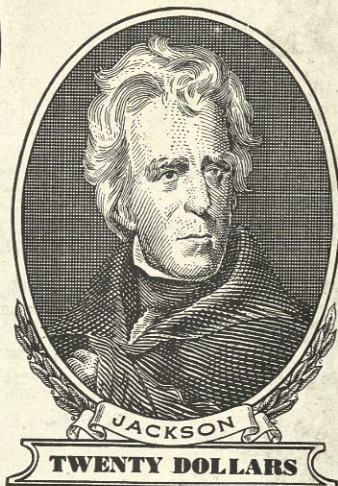
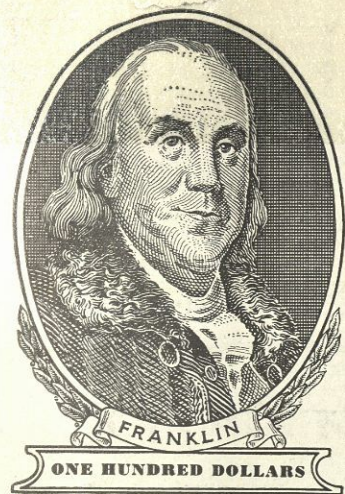




Men of Mercy...

THESE were great Americans. They are gone... but through you their power is still great. You have some of these portraits in your purse or in your billfold. They hold the power to spread compassion and comfort throughout the world.

There are children to be clothed in Russia... broken spirits to be mended in Greece... prisoners to be cheered and comforted in barbed-wire enclosures.

There are needy neighbors right here at home to be helped—many of them indirect casualties of this war.

There are torpedoed seamen to be warmed and fed on the docks.

There are wounded lying on the plains of China who need medical supplies.

Take some of these bills from your pocket now. Then

send as many of them as you can afford on an errand of great mercy... for war relief through the National War Fund.

When you give this month, to your community's war fund, you also give to the National War Fund. You give ONCE for ALL these agencies listed below. Your gift is divided in many ways... in proportion to the need! Some will go to the needy here in your own town. Some will go to relieve distress and sustain the morale of our allies. Some will go to provide the comforts and pleasures of home for our own troops, through the USO.

Look at the names of the agencies below. You have given to many of them before... small gifts perhaps when your heart was touched. Add up what you gave before... then double it. You cannot give too much. The need is so great.

Give *ONCE*
for *ALL* these

USO
United Seamen's Service
War Prisoners Aid
Belgian War Relief Society
British War Relief Society
French Relief Fund
Friends of Luxembourg
Greek War Relief Association
Norwegian Relief
Polish War Relief
Queen Wilhelmina Fund
Russian War Relief
United China Relief
United Czechoslovak Relief
United Yugoslav Relief Fund
Refugee Relief Trustees
United States Committee for the
Care of European Children

NATIONAL WAR FUND



TOMORROW

CHRIST IN THE GHETTO, by SHOLEM ASCH
TWO WORLDS, by ERIKA MANN

HOW TO WOO AND WIN A STRONG WOMAN, by DAVID COHN
HUNGER AND TUMULT, by CLARE LEIGHTON, and further articles and poetry

BOOK REVIEWS by PEARL S. BUCK, HERBERT GORMAN, JOSEPH FREEMAN,
KATHERINE WOODS, and others

Who Drives the Trucks?

"Who drives the trucks for you?"

"Who does what? We drive them ourselves. See that muscle?"

And Betty Doubleday, lately of Tryon, N. C., but now attached to an American Red Cross clubmobile unit serving an advanced American air base in North Africa, pushed up her sleeve, bent her elbow, and up popped a muscle that would compare favorably with that of almost any soldier.

The first question came from an uninitiated visitor to the Red Cross doughnut center. Not to be outdone, the three other girls attached to the operation displayed hardened muscles to indicate that driving two heavy clubmobiles each day to serve doughnuts and coffee to the field's personnel was no easy task.

But then this driving is only a very small item in the daily life of these girls who are doing so much for the morale of Uncle Sam's flyers in this advanced position. Although they are assisted in the making of the doughnuts by GI's attached to the unit, they usually do most of the serving in the field without help.

Day after day they start out with fresh clothing, clean hands and bodies, make-up, attractive hair-dos and bright, cheery faces. Day after day the girls return to the doughnut center with dust caked in their hair, which by now bears no resemblance to the carefully prepared coiffure of the morning; dust on their faces, on their hands, and with their former spic and span uniforms literally soaked with dirt and dust and oftentimes smeared with grease.

But that bright, cheery face is still there. It may look a little fatigued and the cheerfulness may have a hard time showing from behind the grime, but it is there, nevertheless.

Of course those uniforms are kept clean, the skin kept bright, and the hair-do kept intact when possible. But driving a heavy $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck, carting around heavy boxes of doughnuts, bags of sugar, and tins of coffee, and standing on a North African air field when the dust blows so thick at times you can't see who is standing next to you, doesn't tend to keep things clean.

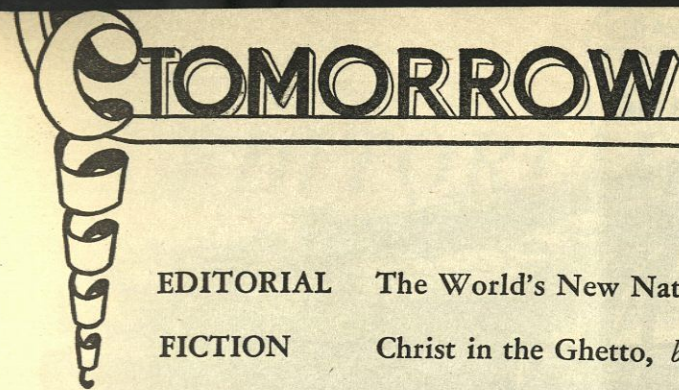
Why Not Coveralls?

You may ask why the girls do not wear coveralls, or other clothing more suitable to such work. If you do ask that, you aren't very well acquainted with the American soldier in North Africa. That soldier is working with men in coveralls all the time. When his group is visited by real, honest-to-goodness attractive American girls, he wants them to look the part. So, dress being essential, the girls wear skirts and blouses which make up their attractive Red Cross uniforms. They strictly adhere to this, dirt or no dirt, and regardless of where they go to serve their doughnuts.

As to the value of their work, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, upon returning from a tour of the war theaters with a group of colleagues recently, made the following statement on the floor of the Senate:

"One word with respect to the work which women have done in the war theater. It has a priceless value. The Red Cross workers have done more for the happiness and good spirits of our soldiers than I can describe. They endure the heat and dust of Africa and the cold of Iceland. They work long hours and are always cheerful."

American Red Cross
WASHINGTON, D. C.



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CHRISTMAS, 1943

EDITORIAL

The World's New Nativity

THERE ARE NOT MANY who do not realize that we are possessed of few noble moments, and that these only appear under conditions of stress. We do also know that war is not an idealistic process, but is rather a fiendish economic struggle to the end. That men's tongues are more deadly than the cannons of destruction we have learned to our bitter cost, as waves of propaganda continue to sweep over the world, destroying the will of the people.

The uncertain future has been sharply focussed by those worthy Senators who recently returned from a desolate and ravaged world to tell us what they had seen. One feels pity that they brought us these petty fragments of propaganda as their sole message at a time when we are so weary of words. It was too much to hope that they would go close to the front lines, where men live and die through burning moments of experience. Some word of beauty, of service, or of good cheer for those waiting at home would have been a far more just reward to those constituents who keep them in power. Had the Senators gone rather to Berlin and there had their emotions touched off by the common enemy, we might better understand their lack of interest in the hope and aspirations of their countrymen and of those others who have fought doggedly with only hope in their hearts to sustain them through the years. But there was nothing new in the Senators' reactions — for men will still be killing and plundering for the same values after those worthy gentlemen are forgotten. Yet one had hoped for more in a world where hope is today its only sustenance.

However, there are always compensations for great disappointments, and not long ago it was my privilege to be present when a group of women, all well known in the past for their inspirations for, and their belief in humanity, pledged themselves anew on behalf of all women to unite in a common bond for action *now*. It seems to me that this meeting gave more promise than most because on this occasion women frankly admitted their failure after the last war to keep faith with their own responsibilities. I was so impressed with what they hoped to do that I wish to share some of the hopes of the Women's Council for Post-War Europe with you:

We believe that the greatest challenge in history has come to women today: to serve this future peace as we are now serving this war. . . .

We believe that this peace can only be maintained on a just and enduring international basis, if women, who constitute half of the world's population, assume their equal share of responsibility in formulating and carrying out plans of action that will ensure a unity of purpose among the United Nations . . .

This is a people's war and all people are paying the price today for having allowed the roots of fascist evil to flourish until they well-nigh strangled the world. Women as well as men are responsible for this. Wherever women have obtained equal rights they must now assume the responsibilities consequent upon such achievement.

The victory song and the remembered hopes of the returning men, it seems evident, will be of little avail if nothing permanent has happened in the hearts of women that will make them demand their fair share of responsibility for the now uncertain future.

Gilead J. Sarnett

CHRIST IN THE GHETTO

By SHOLEM ASCH

Illustrations by Lewis Daniel

A GROUP OF JEWS was being driven through the streets of Warsaw, their torn prayer shawls draped over their shoulders. On this New Year's day, *Rosh Hashbonah*, while they were assembled in one of the small rooms which was converted into a Hassidic synagogue for the high holidays, the Gestapo had descended on them and herded them into the street. They had been at prayer, standing with tattered prayer shawls pulled over their heads; so they were driven out and led through the streets.

They had no idea where they were being taken. Probably they had been corralled for forced labor, or perhaps to be sent to a place from which there was never any return, as had happened to many of late. It made little difference to them who had endured and suffered so much already. But how astounded and frightened they were when the Gestapo guard took them to the Catholic church on Place Grzybowska, within the confines of the ghetto!

Fear of violent death, left in their blood by the heritage of martyrdom, gripped them. As prepared as they were for immediate murder, they were not ready for the kind of circumstance which had thus far been entirely absent in the martyrdom of their own day. They were afraid that they might weaken before the choice of survival that would be offered. Little time for contemplation was given them, however. The Gestapo leader shouted:

"Go in!"

The prodding of gun butts and the glistening of bayonets made the bass thunder of the guards' voices even more terrifying.

Driven by the impetus of dread, the Jews crossed the dark doorway and for the first time in their lives found themselves in the utterly strange surroundings of a Catholic church.

The Jews of the neighborhood were well acquainted with the church on Place Grzybowska from the outside. Pious Jews avoided looking at its classic Greek columns. Passing, they kept their eyes on the ground. More than once, the church had been the

scene of an incident, and frequently, during the Passover season, the cause of an unfounded scare. On Sundays, when the younger churchgoers poured out of the wide doorways on to the sidewalk, it was dangerous for a Jew in characteristic Jewish garb to show himself. And the residents of Place Grzybowska, for the most part, wore the characteristic garb. Now, with the walls of the ghetto barring Christians, the church was unused. The handful of "non-Aryan" Christians, or converted Jews, who had to live in the ghetto, prayed in the churches on Elektoralna, Lezno, or Chlodno. Moreover, in the bombing of Warsaw, the spire of the church had been shattered and a hole torn in its roof.

"Sit down!" a raucous voice commanded.

The Jews distributed themselves in the front pews, where the Gestapo guard led them.

Light filled the church. A magnificent autumn day, fragrant with the tang of apples and plums, permeated the nave of the structure as it did the air out-of-doors. The sun went its way, caring little whether it shone on beasts that devoured each other in the woods or on men who devoured each other in cities. Its rays fell on good and evil alike. In addition to the broad stream of light that drenched the church from the hole in its roof, narrow slats of sunshine seeped through the dark blue and red designs on the stained glass windows. Rows of shimmering dust hung here and there. All the light, from the bomb-hole as well as from the windows, centered on the altar which was directly under the gaping roof. The altar was deserted. The long table that held the host was bare, without crucifix, covering, or candlestick. But behind it, on the wall, in a dim corner, hung a carved wooden Christ on a crucifix. The figure was not old; all its ornamentations were machine-age products, and the figure itself did not seem extraordinary in conception or execution. It was an ordinary Christ figure, nailed to the cross with arms outstretched and feet crossed. In size it was enormous, taking up half the wall, and it had obviously

been carved especially for the church and in the Catholic tradition. The head hung on the breast; artistically imperfect, it nevertheless transmitted a sense of physical agony. The short beard was tinted blond. The body, partly covered by a painted cloth, was exaggeratedly thin, with ribs showing through the flesh. Exaggerated, also, was the redness of the blood that dripped from the wound in the side. In the brilliant light streaming in through the bomb hole, and in the softened glow from the streaks of shimmering dust, the colors were robbed of their intimacy, but the figure remained tragic. Rain which had fallen through the ruined roof had washed away some of the paint, leaving the wood its natural hue, like the ancient, moldy Christ figures seen on Polish roads. A bomb splinter, or a fragment from the roof, had loosened one hand from the crucifix, so that it had remained poised in the air, with the wound visible in the palm. The poised hand endowed the whole figure with life, as if the man on the cross wanted to free himself and go off somewhere. Bomb splinters, or again bricks from the roof, had also cut lines and gashes in the smooth red cheeks giving the face an heroic-tragic, heavenly expression that the artist had failed to achieve.

The Jews did not look at the figure before them. Their heads were bent. Some of them kept their hands over their eyes, as they did at prayer, but here they did not pray. They sat silently, with stifled hearts and tightened throats, waiting for whatever was to happen. Their immediate danger ousted other thoughts and made them forget their usual attitudes. A few, who even in danger could not subdue their human curiosity, tried to peer through their fingers at the Hebrew letters above the figure, but quickly enough looked away, that they might not be blinded.

But even if the Jews did not look at the figure on the crucifix, the figure looked at them. One might almost say that, hanging on the cross by one hand, the figure had raised its drooping head and turned its deep eye sockets on the misery-ridden Jews. The rains had riven two grooves on the cheeks, like two rivulets of tears dripping endlessly into the short beard that grew all around the face.

A short, brutish man appeared before the altar. His ruddy, apoplectic face topped a heavy torso quite devoid of a neck. His face looked nude, without a beard or eyebrows; his head was bald and seemed to be made of white rubber. Hoarsely he said:

"Which of you is the Fü —" he caught himself in



time — "which one of you Jews is the elder?"

No one answered.

"Answer!" shouted the Gestapo leader, a young man with a black waxed mustache and dark oily eyes, and waved his revolver over their heads.

"We have no elder. We are all elders," a voice replied from the rear bench.

"Who spoke?"

"I, *mein Herr*," said a Jew with a prayer shawl over his head, rising.

"You spoke, so you are the elder. Come here."

The Jew obeyed.

"Your name?" demanded the asthmatic little man.

"Judel Silberschlag," came the reply from under the prayer shawl.

"Take off that dirty sack!"

The Jew did not comply at once, and a Gestapo man ran over to tear the prayer shawl and skull cap from his head so that the Jew remained distraught before the round-bellied inquisitor, like a hen before slaughter.

If the little man had for a moment looked up at the wall, he would certainly have seen the terrifying resemblance between the Jew before him and the figure on the crucifix. Like the figure, the Jew was tall and thin, his face contorted in the same grimace of pain and pity. But what was most astounding in the resemblance was the expression in the eyes. Neither of the two, the figure on the crucifix or the rabbi, showed anger or bitterness, only heartrending pity that man had sunk so low. But the thick-set little man did not see all this.

"Your occupation?"

"Rabbi."

"Rabbi? Then you are the elder."

"The elder?" repeated the rabbi with a deprecatory smile. "We have no elders."

"Just the same, you're the man we want. Do you see that figure there?" He pointed to the crucified Jesus. "That's your enemy, isn't it? He's our enemy, too. You can do as you like with him."

Even before the little man had time to finish his sentence, a sound as of a breeze came from the benches. Shoulders were shrugged, heads shaken, beards stroked, hands wrung, groans stifled. Eyes glistened. Through closed lips came a murmur: "Father in Heaven. . . . God forbid!"

"Nothing will happen to you. You won't be punished. We have nothing to do with Christianity."

"Even if we won't be punished for it, we are not allowed to insult another faith. God forbid! Our religion does not permit it," said the rabbi, shaking to and fro as at prayer.

"Didn't you kill him yourself?" asked the little man, sarcastically. "Why this sudden unity?"

"Kill him? That's what our enemies say when they want to do us harm. We don't know what happened in those days," said the rabbi, with a frightened smile on his quivering lips. "But today it is the faith of millions and millions of people. How can we insult it, *mein Herr*?" he asked, pointing to the figure without looking at it. "Our faith forbids it. On the contrary, it instructs us to respect the faith of another. And even without that, how could we? Would that be decency, *mein Herr*? God forbid!"

"How beautiful! How noble!" the little man said, smacking his thick lips. "Your religion forbids it, eh? Since when? Hasn't he been your deadly enemy for two thousand years? Haven't you been cursed because of him? Where does this friendliness come from, this brotherhood with the Christian faith? Tell me, Jew, whether he hasn't been your enemy for two thousand years!" And he pointed to the crucifix.

"The Jews have many enemies," said the rabbi, shrugging his shoulders.

"Haven't the Christians persecuted you? Haven't they flung you into the dirt?"

"If Christians did it, He is not to blame. They probably didn't hold to what He said. If they had held to His teachings, they wouldn't have persecuted us. There are some people who don't believe in Him and who don't treat us any better," said the rabbi, ready for anything.

"I've argued enough with you, Jew. Your fellow-believers will be better Jews. Full-blooded Jews. Jews," he turned to those on the benches, "this church is being converted by the Reich police into a house for Jews. All this filth must be cleared out in two hours." He pointed to the figure of Christ and the other symbols. "You Jews will have to do it. Any Jew who volunteers will be relieved of forced labor and given an extra ration card for bread and potatoes. But you Jews will have to be properly dressed for the occasion. You'll have to be dressed like real priests. You can whistle while you work, you can sing, curse, or spit. You can spit out your two thousand year old hatred of Christianity. Well, Jews, get to work! Clear out the filth!"

From several sides at once Gestapo guards appeared mysteriously, carrying bags full of vestments. One or two of the Gestapo men tried to throw the garments over the Jews' prayer shawls.

"Well, Jews, hurry up!"

"No, Jews, God forbid! It's better to forfeit your own life than to injure the faith of another. This is our preparation for the Day of Judgment."

Before the rabbi could finish his sentence, a well-aimed bullet pierced his heart and stretched him out at the feet of the large crucifix.

"Well, Jews, hurry up! Clear out the dirt!" the asthmatic little man barked.

Neither blows on the head, nor revolvers at their temples and their hearts, had any effect on the Jews, nor did the bayonets with which the uniformed men



threatened to run them through. The Jews did not move. They sat as if made of stone, some of them already hidden under the vestments which the Gestapo guards had flung over them, others wrapped in their prayer shawls. They looked only at the rabbi lying across the steps to the altar, under the crucifix. They did not look at the crucifix or see the figure pendant on it, writhing in pain and sorrow like the rabbi on the steps below it. They saw only the rabbi, grandson of the great Moshe Binis, who had shared his bread and his clothing with his flock, and whose soul had now passed on to Judgment.

They did not notice that the wooden, rain-streaked face of the man on the crucifix had become sensitive and alive; his lips opened as if they wanted to speak. His free hand, pointing to the blood pouring out of the open wound in his side, now pointed also to the blood staining the bullet-pierced prayer shawl of the rabbi at the foot of the crucifix.

After an hour of shouting, threats, bullying, beating, and bayonet prodding — all of which availed nothing — the angry and frustrated persecutors, more bitter in spirit than their victims, drove the stubborn Jews in bloody prayer shawls out of the church, leaving the dead rabbi on the altar stairs.

The church grew quiet again after the tumult. Its doors were closed; it was emptied of men and spirits. The pews, in the pattern of a tremendous cross, stood bare so that the whole effect was that of a giant with outstretched arms filling the church. Blood-stained prayer shawls and vestments lay here and there, the only reminders of the tragedy which

had just occurred. The event itself had been lost in the silence and emptiness that held the edifice in thrall; like a thirsty beast, the silence swallowed every sound, every whisper, every breath that hung in the nave.

Only in one corner was there movement, quietly, without an echo, as if it were happening in a dream. The sunlight from the gap in the roof fell on the two figures — the Christ and the rabbi, and the figure on the cross had taken on more life. First the face had become mobile, then the whole body. The wood was transformed into human flesh, and the bright, painted spots in his side, his hands and his feet, into throbbing wounds, frothing with blood. Then the man on the crucifix freed his second hand from the nail that held it down, his feet moved away from one another, and he descended, leaving the cross empty except for the nails and the Hebrew words, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Now the living Jesus stood at the side of the fallen rabbi. He unclothed the rabbi and put the other's garments on himself — first the shabby satin holiday coat, which fitted him as if it had been made for him. Wrapping it around his wounded body, he girded it with its belt. Next he put his wounded feet into the rabbi's slippers, picked up the rabbi's skull cap from the ground and put it on his own head. Nor did he forget the blue and white armband, with its Star of David, the badge which the rabbi, like all Jews, was forced to wear. Finally he raised the prayer shawl. It was blood-stained. The crucified one shook it out and the blood disappeared, leaving the shawl

as white as fresh snow. Hiding his face in it for a moment, Jesus said a short prayer, as does every Jew when he dons a prayer shawl.

Now the face of Jesus was entirely like that of the fallen rabbi: the same sensitive, quivering lips, as if forever lost in prayer; the same brilliant, dark eyes, shedding benediction and gazing at distant worlds; the same long, thin neck, blue-veined, towering out of a thin chest that pounded with the compassion, the love, and the sorrow that glowed divinely from the face. With the rabbi's face, clothed in his garments, Jesus left the wall against which He had been nailed in the deserted church. Calmly and quietly he traversed the long aisle alongside the empty pews, and came to the massive church gates.

A rabbi went out into the ghetto streets. With his prayer shawl over his head, he came from a church. The first to see him were a group of Christians. Rumor had run through Warsaw. Jews had broken into the church on Place Grzybowska, donned priestly vestments, despoiled the crucifix, scoffed at the Christian faith and trampled the host under their feet. Hysterical women summoned their men to force their way into the ghetto in the name of the Catholic faith, and to save the Christian sacredness from Jewish fanaticism. Others said that they had themselves seen the Jews pulling the pews out of the church and carrying them to the synagogue. Still others said that this was not all. The Germans had given the church to the Jews; the Jews had destroyed the crucifix and put up a Jewish altar instead. A leader appeared who volunteered to get permission from the Germans to go within the ghetto walls, to save the Christian sacredness and to take revenge on the Jews. Soon enough the permission was granted. The mob had no need of forcing its way into the ghetto. The gates were open; no trace was seen of the German guard that customarily stood there. Now the intruders were joined by others, suspicious-looking individuals armed with sticks and shiny knives, led by hysterical women and men who spoke Polish with a German accent. The crowd streamed through the iron gates on Ulica Krolewska. Soon Place Grzybowska was black with people, and the living rabbi of Nazareth found himself surrounded by an excited, threatening mass. Shaking fists were directed at his head; hateful, furious glances at his face.

In the midst of the crowd could be seen the asthmatic, little heavy-set German who had not long before shot the rabbi in the church. He was sweating

with excitement, his fat white body pounded with anger. In Polish, with a German accent, and pointing his short, fleshy fingers at the rabbi, he shouted:

"There's one of them. Poles, Christians! You see for yourself that they broke into the church in prayer shawls and tried to turn it into a Jewish synagogue. They pulled out all the vestments they could find, they insulted the Holy Ghost, they wanted to despoil the crucifix. It's lucky that we found out about it in time, before they could do any damage, and drove them out of the church. Will you Christians leave them unpunished? You must defend your holy faith, which the Jews insulted. They wanted to crucify Jesus a second time, once was not enough!"

Now men, armed with sticks, knives, spades and iron bars, appeared and began to hand the weapons around, whether the people wanted them or not.

"Let's teach the Jews a lesson they won't forget!"

"Nothing will happen to you. The Germans know how to protect religion, and we won't take up for the Jews, who insult Christianity. Nothing will happen to you."

So the word was passed around, with the weapons.

"Nothing will happen," repeated the thick-set little man. "Haven't the Jews robbed and pillaged you for years? Weren't you slaves to Jewish bankers, merchants, storekeepers, doctors, and lawyers, who fleeced you? And the treacherous Polish aristocrats who headed the government let them do it. But not under our Führer. The Führer knows how to deal with the Jews. He has freed us of the Jews. He has freed us of the Polish bosses! We know who our friends are. Come on, Poles! Let us help the Führer! Let us kill the Jews!"

All the time that the little man was haranguing the mob, the rabbi stood wrapped in his prayer shawl, in the midst of the tumult and the excitement, his large eyes gazing at the crowd as a whole and at every separate member of it. It was as if his glance had been broken into hundreds of parts, reaching every person individually, linking themselves with every pair of eyes. Like open wounds, they sent out streams of sorrow and pity, pleading and prayer, and flaming hope. But not only his eyes; his whole face seemed to have been transformed into an eye, radiating sorrow and pity, his half-opened lips quivered, as if whispering a prayer, his short beard moved up and down on his sensitive, palpitating throat. One could see his heart beating against his coat and prayer shawl. His eyes, his lips, his beard,

his throat and his heart seemed to be voicing a passionate plea:

"Keep your faith! I bear life for you and you for me. Don't desert me at this moment of decision. Don't disgrace me before my Father in Heaven, don't put my agony to shame and to scorn before Heaven and Earth. I have built my house on you. Don't let it crumble. The Jews were witness for Moses; you must be witness for me!"

All the misery at human malignity that he had endured from the first day, all the nails with which they had pierced his hands and his feet, all the springs of light and love, of sorrow and pity, that had flowed through his veins in every generation, were gathered into his glance and sent like lightning into the hearts of those around him. His look became like a mouth that sucked into every heart and drew from it the last drops of judgment, perception, faith and religious love which the men and women had imbibed with the very milk from their mothers' breasts. In the eternal war between good and evil, between God and the devil, God was once more the victor. The eyes of the rabbi of Nazareth, like fountains from heaven, quenched the fires of hell. Here and there someone threw down an iron bar, a stick, a cleaver, which the instigators had distributed. Here and there someone said:

"Christians! Think of what you are doing!"

"The Jews are our comrades in grief. We are in the power of one destroyer."

"We know who is behind all this."

Anger and revenge began to fade from the eyes of the mob. A new light grew in them instead, a light of pity and of common sorrow.

"The Germans have done enough to them! Must we, too, sin before God?"

"No, a Pole will not stain his hands with murder!"

"Fellow Poles, remember that we are Christians!"

The crowd began to disperse. The little German was panting with the exertion of his lungs, drowned in layers of fat. He took a step nearer to the rabbi. Until this moment he had not seen the rabbi's face, for he had been in the midst of the mob, commanding his henchmen. Almost he had reached his goal. He had roused the mob, provoked them; they had grabbed the iron bars and were about to follow him into the ghetto, to kill and beat and slaughter. And suddenly they grew weak behind him, as if someone was quenching the flame. He saw the effect the rabbi's face had on them. He saw his whole scheme

of inciting the Poles to murder the Jews and of drawing the Poles into the ranks of the Reich's slaves, overcome by a Jew, by a Jew who had loitered in the church. Tearing his way through the crowd, with a raucous cry, the revolver which had not long ago fired a shot flourishing again, he came close to the Jew.

"You damned Jew! You've just come out of the church. You insulted the Christian. . . ." He did not finish. Like a beam from heaven, the rabbi's eyes fell on him.

"What does this mean?" he had time to think. "That is the Jew that I have just killed."

In his mind's eye he saw the Jew, mortally wounded, lying stretched out on the steps leading up to the altar, under the cross. And here he was, that same Jew, looking straight at him. Was it the Jew on the steps under the crucifix come to life again? His thought stopped short. The blood pulsing heavily through his fat-laden veins congealed. In vain did his tired heart try to go on with its pulsing; it stopped. The oily white skin turned blue, the lips quivered, and a moment later the little man had dropped to the ground, like a pricked balloon. His short hands and legs had one spasm; his bald head, as shiny as a pot, hit the cobble-stones.

The crowd moved backward, leaving a space around the rabbi. A few sank to their knees. For another moment the rabbi remained standing, his glance still embracing the crowd, but with the light of joy. His lips trembled, now not with sorrow, but with a smile of immeasurable love. Tears filled his eyes, tears of happiness, and with these tears he washed the eyes and the hearts that were bound to him. The crowd felt as if something new had been born in them.

Breathless quiet hung over the square. Then the rabbi raised his hand from under his prayer shawl and made a sign over the crowd.

The people remained baffled, not understanding the sign. But an old man, in a voice that did not sound human at all, cried out:

"Look at the mark on his hand! Look at the mark!"

The crowd dropped to their knees and buried their faces in the cobble-stones.

The rabbi passed among them. No one dared follow him or even look after him. Everyone kept his face to the ground. Only the rabbi, his prayer shawl over his head, crossed the breadth of Place Grzybowska, and turned down a narrow Jewish street.

How to Woo and Win A Strong Woman

By DAVID COHN

AS A NATION we are enamored of problems, not the least of which have to do with women and love or with men and love. Nowadays there is much solemn talk about the problem of love as it affects the woman war worker. The premise is this:

The man who goes courting now or in post-war America will face hazards that he never knew in the days of peace. He has remained unchanged and is still the simple, susceptible creature that he has always been, with the result that almost any presentable woman who is out to get him can do so by the time-tested method of holding his hand and telling him how wonderful he is. But if the lady in the case has no designs upon him, or is indifferent, he will be more than ever baffled since the ninety pound woman who has been doing the work of a two hundred pound man in a shipyard, will not be the same woman that she was before. For a long time she will literally have worn pants; clothes and occupation strongly affect the personality; and she will go on wearing pants mentally long after she has put them away for frilly dresses. What then is a man to do? Let us see.

When our man's father went courting our girl's mother in the 1890's the problem was altogether different. In those days, for example, ladies suffered vapors and headaches and were invariably "nervous" because this genteel affliction served to distinguish a lady from females of coarser fibre who were so vulgar as to be in robust health and made a spectacle of themselves playing (with men!) a new game called tennis, or swimming instead of delicately bathing at the seashore. Then ladies wore rainy-daisy skirts three inches above the ground, numerous petticoats, and bone-crushing corsets. They were likely to regard themselves as hopeless old maids if their waists were more than fifteen inches in circumference. One who "painted" or used lipstick was looked upon as "fast," and if she accepted presents from her beau other than flowers, books, or candy, before she was engaged, the community shook

its head about her. Grandmother learned "accomplishments" such as elocution, burning designs of bleeding hearts on leather pillows, embroidering, painting on china, and playing the piano. She wore old-fashioned flower perfumes — heliotrope, violet, lavender, verbenia — and carried a tiny lace handkerchief which she nervously crushed in her little hands.

This gossamer girl was not, however, as helpless as she looked in the penultimate adventure of landing her man — because nothing is more likely to captivate a man than that very look of helplessness about her. The big strong man would protect the fragile little lady from the brawling world, and if he never knew that hers was a triumph of mind over matter — as when one sees a tiny Indian mahout aloft on the head of a giant elephant directing it with a goad — he was nonetheless happy in having her and in asserting his masculinity. But if the man turned out to be a particularly tough customer whose legs did not buckle under him as he looked at the bit of animated fluff swiftly and delicately embroidering humming birds on hand towels as they talked, she had yet another weapon in her armory which almost invariably turned the trick. Precisely at the right moment she got into his arms by swooning. There she was, a soft bundle of femininity dead to the world in his strong arms, fragile, sweet-smelling, and helpless; warmly close to him but innocent, and as the male instincts of protection were aroused in him, the little thing slowly revived and later in the evening ran upstairs to tell Mamma that she and Matthew were going to be married in the spring.

But what of the riveter-granddaughter of this woman of the nineties? Grandma had to get her man not only because, like all normal women of all times, she wanted a husband, home, and family, but also because she had to have what was then called a "provider" and is now more blatantly known as a "mealticket." Granddaughter, too, wants a husband, home, and family, but she can afford to wait and

not take the first man who comes along, since she knows from experience that she can earn her own living and often makes as much money as a man — doing a woman's work or a man's. Grandma lived in a sheltered world to which the man's world of bars, prizefights, night clubs, offices, and factories was strange and mysterious. Granddaughter, however, knows all the corners of that world because she has poked into them and neither it nor its tenants are at all strange or mysterious to her. Yet she also lives in a woman's world from which men, in the nature of things, are forever debarred; and consequently she knows all that they know and much that they can never know.

A woman who has spent months or years welding the plates of a destroyer or catching hot rivets on the wing and driving them into the steel sides of a tank, isn't likely to swoon into a man's arms. But she is a far more complex creature than her grandmother. She wears pants, it is true, but she uses lipstick and carefully slides a welder's hood over her permanent. Her hands are as callous as those of her male co-workers but for no reason that they can discern, she is not unlikely to sit down, have a tonic spell of crying, and return gaily to work. Men have always been baffled by women and expressed their bewilderment by saying, "No man can understand a woman," or, "A woman's a mystery to me." What chance, then, has a man of understanding this woman who can drive a rivet or weld a plate just as capably as he can, yet will cry for no discernible reason, or whose lunch, after a hard morning's work, consists of a thin sandwich and a glass of milk because she is thinking of her figure?

Men, generally speaking, are perhaps more imaginative than women. But not when they are in love. Then even the best of them tend to become calf-eyed, inarticulate lumps helplessly beating about the bush. And it is clear that in the presence of this new woman who lives in both a man's and a woman's world, they are likely to be more than ever bewildered. What are they then to do? What can they do?

It is certain that the modern but inarticulate and

HOW TO WOO AND WIN A STRONG WOMAN

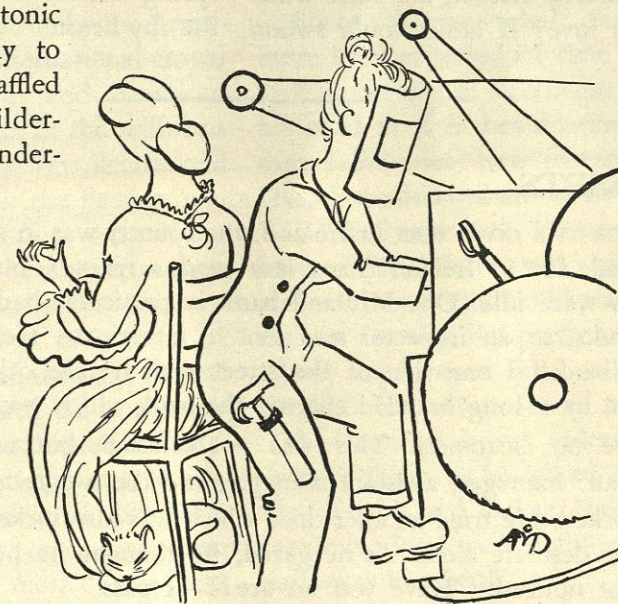
baffled lover cannot successfully resort to the methods that were used by his father. In the old days, a man in love but unable to say much about it to the little lady, might have tried to impress her by boasting of his skill: "And believe me, Maizie, I showed those fellows something at the plant today." Or he might have attempted to clothe himself with romance as he gave her a glimpse of the mysterious male realm in which he moved: "I wish you could have seen the way the boys acted at the stag in Joe's Place the other night." And if she still remained unimpressed, he could have expressed his business prowess in terms of his earning power: "Yep, I'm knocking out thirty a week now and if I say it myself, I know I'll soon be drawing forty."

Women have always listened to such male chatter and were impressed or pretended to be impressed by it. They knew that what the man was really trying to say was this: "Look here, my dear, I'm an all-around he-man who will make a first-rate husband for you and you won't suffer for lack of anything if you marry me." Then, at the appropriate moment, Maizie held his hand, looked wistfully feminine, told him how wonderful he was, and it was all over except for buying the engagement ring and telling the folks.

But nowadays it's different. Today's Maizie knows that there's no mystery about running a lathe nor is it a skill particularly difficult to acquire. She, moreover, has had her

own feet on the bar at Joe's place and has seen the run-of-mine lads who frequent it, most of whom, aside from loud talk, wouldn't hurt a fly. And she makes as much money as Bill. Consequently his boastings don't impress her, and unless he changes his tactics he won't get her.

Under these circumstances the obvious thing for Bill to do is to fall back on the principle of military



tactics which dictates that you must use to the best advantage whatever you have at hand. In a world of strong women it is pointless for him to pose as a strong man. Let him be the hurt and wounded boy for whom the world is too much to bear. He might come into Maizie's apartment looking pale and exhausted, throw himself on the couch, unbutton the collar of his shirt as though he were drowning and gasping for air, and in the weakest voice that he can summon, say: "I don't know how I'm going to stand it." Then since there are few strong women who can resist a weak man who appears to be in need of them, if Bill is a good actor it is most likely that, within ten minutes after his arrival, Maizie will have brought him some hot lemonade, placed a pillow beneath his head, and be seated on the couch beside him soothing his brow with her capable hands. Thereafter, if he is worth his salt, he will have her where he wants her because for every woman who wants a man to take care of her there are a dozen who want to take care of a man, and the more lost and forlorn he appears to be, the more does the strong woman want to pet and shield him.

Now all this isn't exactly cricket, but since when has all been cricket in love? If ladies could swoon

with honor into the arms of men in the 1890's when men kept alive the legend of women's inferiority to men, why can't men swoon with equal honor into the arms of women in the 1940's when fact has long destroyed the legend? If men were once strong and women were weak, why can't men now be weak and women strong seeing, for one thing, that this is but the swing of the pendulum and, for another, that you cannot stop the march of progress whatever you may do? If "all that changes is the same," why can't men now use the same methods to marry women that women once used to marry men? And in any event, the final determination of who shall wear the pants never comes until after marriage by which time Bill and Maizie will have one another and can happily fight over the question while Bill, Junior, and little Maizie are going to school and the mortgage on the cottage is slowly being paid off.

This is no time for unhappy, harassed men to stand on male logic which, in any case, is the death of love. But if they want to marry and live happily afterward, they take a tip from the dear enemy, woman, and use those methods of courtship which spring not from logic but from the promptings of the shy heart.

LIQUID ASSETS

SHORTLY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR in Ireland, the country was in a chaotic condition. Not that that mattered, for in Ireland chaos is a *modus vivendi*, but business was at a standstill. The banks were idle. One Midland bank in particular had not sent a report to headquarters for weeks, so an inspector was sent to investigate. He arrived at the usual county town with the bank on one side of the street and, on the other, the inevitable "Grand" hotel symbolised by a long bar. He entered the bank which was wide open.

There were no customers. This was not unusual, but what was unusual was that there was no staff: manager, assistant manager, and the two tellers — where were they? He tried a door. Locked. He tried another door which was also locked. Dumbfounded he turned and surveyed the desolate scene. As he gazed, he thought he heard voices coming from a door he had not noticed: "Have you an ace?" "I pass."

He went to the door and shook it. "I am the inspector," he called. A voice answered. "The meter's in the scullery." "I am not the gas inspector. I am the Bank Inspector." A voice said: "The books are on the shelves." Determined to teach these young miscreants a lesson and to bring them into the open, he pulled the fire alarm. Immediately a potboy came rushing across the street with four pints of Guinness foaming on a tray. He had pulled the distress signal.

My friend to whom I recounted this true occurrence said, "Anyway that bank had liquid assets which is more than can be said for some banks."

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY.

TWO WORLDS

By ERIKA MANN

THE ARAB TOWN OF X. is one of the oldest and finest in Morocco. Separated from the new French settlement by several miles, its thirteenth century walls, its narrow shopping streets, its magnificent palace, its sacred mosques and its bewitching smells — sweet, heavy, and indefinable — used to attract tourists from all over the world. Yet, in contrast to other renowned "curiosities," it has retained in full its genuineness and integrity, and its dark inhabitants keep living their exotic lives, undisturbed by the ever changing "white" influences about them.

Near the old city, the swanky hotel Y. opens its wide halls and stylish apartments to the sightseer. It was strangely fascinating to come back to the gorgeous old place now that it was run by the American military. Gone was the lazy international crowd I'd known there. Instead, British and American soldiers, Red Cross personnel, girls in the uniforms of the WRENS or WAAFS, and some few determined looking civilians, lacking utterly in the flawless elegance displayed by their predecessors, went about their business. And it had to be a vital one, at that, if it was to secure them a room at the Y.

Like most commodities, matches proved to be scarce in X. So I gratefully accepted the light offered me in the Y.'s lobby by a fair-haired lad in the uniform of the U. S. Air Transport Command. Twenty-year-old Lieutenant G. comes from Spokane, Washington. He isn't actually stationed in X; but then, he told me, it doesn't really matter much just where he is stationed. He is on the run most of the time, and the distances he covered during this past year are prodigious. Once he'd made 5600 miles in thirty-six hours: flying from somewhere in India to somewhere in Africa. And dozens of times he had crossed the Sahara, and throughout the whole Middle Eastern Theater of Operations he felt quite at home.

"Not at home, really!", he informed me, "I just know it all pretty well by now. But you wouldn't believe what a difference it makes to get back to one's own station once in a while, to sleep in one's

Conversations with an Arab Youth and a U. S. Air Transport Commander

own barracks with one's own photos on the walls, and to see one's own friends, makes all the difference in the world — even though it's still Africa one is coming 'home' to!"

He didn't care much for Africa, it appeared. What he cared for — and deeply so — was Spokane and the State of Washington. And it was indeed fortunate that his companion and superior, twenty-two-year old Captain C., also originated from there.

"No matter where we are," said Lieutenant G., "we keep talking of home; and nobody dare stick his head into our cockpit who won't admit that our State happens to be the best and finest on earth."

I wondered how long he had been over here.

About a year and a half. But he'd seen and learned more in that period of time than in the whole decade preceeding it. "To begin with," he said, shaking his head as if in bewilderment, "I'd never known, even faintly, just how fortunate we are over there. Gee, I wouldn't want to live anywhere but in the U. S.! And once back, I'll sure stay for good and for keeps. Why, I don't even want my family ever to go and visit any of these odd places around here! Funny isn't it? Usually, I'm pretty eager to have them share all my experiences. But not this time. I don't think they'd like it, either. It's all much too strange!"

And strange it was indeed, listening to this kid from Spokane, as he talked about Cairo and Jerusalem, Tripoli and Dakar, Irak and Syria, as if those far away places were nothing but bus-stations on his daily way to school.

"Bethlehem!" he said, again shaking his head. "We've been circling over that one, recently, for fifteen minutes solid: yet, there wasn't a thing to explain just why on earth Our Lord chose that particular spot. Was there anything extraordinary about it at the time? Was it pretty or anything?"

Clearly, Our Lord couldn't well have chosen non-existent Spokane; but in his, Lieutenant G.'s, opinion, there must have been some places somewhere in the world, even then, which would at least have

somehow resembled the real thing and would thus have been infinitely more suitable than dusty old Bethlehem.

"It's the dust that gets me!" he declared. "Even where it's green around here, it's still dusty and olive colored. The desert, of course, is the worst of all. If I'd ever be forced down in the desert, first thing I'd do would be to bury my gun and walk away from it just as fast as I could. I don't want to shoot myself, and I'm afraid that's exactly what might happen if I didn't get rid of the thing in time. I'm quite ready to die for my country, but if at all possible I want to live, see? I want to get home to my girl. I've been going with her ever since I entered high school, and we never even needed to get formally engaged. We always knew that we belonged to each other. You don't happen to have any small Portuguese banknotes, do you?"

Slightly startled, I produced a ten escudo note. Would I, please sign it for him? I did; whereupon I was shown the little treasure to which my modest contribution was to be added: a long flag composed of all sorts of paper money, from dollars and shillings to francs, liras, pesetas, dinars, and piasters, neatly fastened to each other with paste and covered with the signatures of all who had been the lieutenant's passengers at one time or another. Many a proud name could be found among the autographs.

"It's supposed to be my good luck charm," he announced, "but actually, it's for her. Think she's going to like it?"

Of this I was firmly convinced; all the more so, since no less a person than a captured Italian General figured among the signatories.

"He was a funny old dog, too!" giggled Lieutenant G. "Didn't seem to mind captivity a bit. And did he like those green life savers I offered him! Enjoyed them like a baby. So, I had him sign my lira note. But I wouldn't have that Nazi Lieutenant scribble his name for me for anything. He was a real bad egg, just as sneering and arrogant and repulsive as they show them in the movies. We've sure got to get rid of that type once and for all!"

"When shall we?" I asked. "Come on now, let's have some careless talk, *as well as* some idle speculation: when do you think the European show will be over?"

On this my friend had very definite ideas. "I've set up a little time-table of my own," he reported, "and so far, it's proved quite correct. Around

Christmas last, I decided that we'd have Africa cleaned up by the end of May. Now, that wasn't so bad, was it? I also predicted that Italy would collapse sometime in October, and that Germany would follow suit early next year."

He had it all worked out and explained to me, eagerly, why, to his mind, things would develop thus and not otherwise. Again I felt how strange it was, that I should be sitting here in this transfigured Moroccan town with this American youngster, who had never cared for world affairs, who had wanted nothing but to work in peace and in Spokane, Washington, and to set up house with the girl he'd been fond of since childhood. He looked exceedingly young, very neat, and very honest. His mother, I thought, must be rather proud of him. Then I wondered if his life had ever been acutely endangered.

He smiled. "Sure!" he said, "and not just once! Toughest time we had, though, was when one of our ships had been forced down by engine trouble on hostile territory. Since there didn't seem to be much hostile life anywhere near the spot, we decided to land, rescue the crew, and destroy their machine. The place wasn't really fit for a landing and we had to set her down on a mountain top which was flat all right, but didn't give us much of a runway. You can look far and wide for a bird that could have made it. Yet ours did, and everything seemed to go smoothly until those natives appeared in our rear, suddenly, and as if from nowhere. There they were, standing quite close to our plane, while we were burning the damaged one. Silly fools they were! Instead of getting busy on our ship, they opened fire on us. Even so, matters didn't look too rosy, for we couldn't afford a great deal of shooting for fear of hurting our plane. My captain managed to get behind them and shoot two of them before they knew what was what. The other three were so good as to turn around to see what the trouble was, and the battle was all over. Still, I don't think I'd like to go through that one again. It was a bit too narrow for comfort."



At ten o'clock sharp the Lieutenant bade me good night. We were to depart at seven A.M. which meant that he'd have to be out there at six.

I walked out into the warm night and toward the old city. No sooner had I passed the market place and entered the Soukes district, than I saw myself

accompanied by an Arab boy who disclosed that he was a guide, that his name was Mohammed Number Two, and that he would be delighted to show me around.

In his own way he was quite handsome, Mohammed, slender, graceful, and melancholy — his fine eyes several shades darker than his fawn colored skin, and his childlike face marked by the pensive fatigue of his ancient race. Despite the vague sadness of his gestures and looks, however, Mohammed was extremely talkative. He spoke French fluently and knew quite a bit of English. He'd been to Chicago he informed me casually, as well as to Brussels, Paris, and Amsterdam, — oh, not so long ago, perhaps two years, or four. I didn't believe a word of it all. Mohammed, I decided, must be smoking hashish, that intoxicating herb to which Arabs are sometimes addicted, and which makes them happy, unreliable, peacable, and also makes them inventive.

Would I care for some mint tea? Mohammed wanted to know. If so, we could go to a small terrace near here, from where one overlooked the town, and where we wouldn't be disturbed by either peddlers, beggars, or dragomen.

Presently I found myself up there, sipping the sweet and sharp liquid Mohammed had ordered, and listening to his pleasantly veiled voice. He was twenty, he told me; and I thought of Lieutenant G. who was just as old, just as exceedingly young. But how unlike they were, those two, how utterly incomparable! Fair, neat, and honest Flight Lieutenant G. knew this world to be small. Yet its children still differed from each other in a way both bewildering and enchanting!

Mohammed — fragile, deerlike, and iridescent — spoke of his wife to be, and I inquired when he expected to get married.

In three years from now, he said, adding that I might have known, since he'd told me his age. "We all marry when we are twenty-three."

My question as to whether he had already found himself a girl he answered firmly in the negative. Nor would he ever do anything of the kind. It was his parents who would present to him the bride and he wouldn't lay eyes on her until the day of their marriage.

"Do you think the war will be over by then?" I asked him, remembering the Lieutenant's time-table and schedule. Did Mohammed indulge in sim-

ilar speculations? But Mohammed merely shrugged.

"Patience!" he demanded gently. "We'll have to be very patient, and one day it will be over. For a long time there was three of us — three peoples in our town — Arabs, Frenchmen, and Jews. Now there are four of us, for now there are also Americans. We don't mind. They give us soap, and to those who work for them they give money. They are friendly, I believe — quite friendly and homesick. They, too, will have to be patient."

There was something very sweet and very wise in his words and in the way he said them.

Beneath us, a pair of American M.P.'s raced across the square on their motorcycles. The air was hazy and heavy with smells. As Mohammed paused for a moment to sip his tea, the murmuring of voices could be heard in some distance. Arabs — hundreds of them — had gathered in three wide circles around three men who were standing, while their listeners sat crouched on the ground.

"Our story-tellers!" said Mohammed. "They are very good. But one of them — the old one with the biggest crowd at his feet — is truly excellent. He's been telling the same story for sixteen years now, spinning it on and on, and inventing a new chapter every evening. And there won't be an end to it before he dies. Then, one of his pupils will take over and the story will never die. It's a religious story — they all are — based on some tiny anecdote out of the Koran. But to make such a small incident into a story that lasts for generations takes great talent and knowledge. Also, it takes great patience."

He saw me "home," Mohammed. Walking noiselessly in the shadow of the trees that fringed the street, he seemed to avoid the moonlight. Did he mean to spare me the "embarrassment" of being seen with him? When I prepared to remunerate him for his services he silently shook his head. And when I insisted, he grew very earnest.

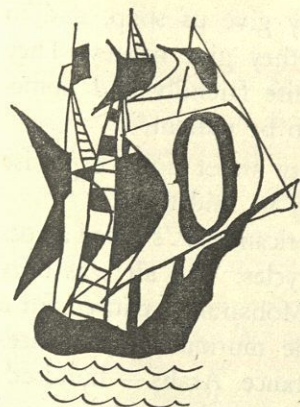
"Please," he said, "*please* do not now offend me! I've so much enjoyed this evening. And I shall never forget it!"

I yielded, and Mohammed, having bowed deeply, but with great dignity and grace, disappeared in the darkness.

His brother in age, Flight Lieutenant G. from Spokane, Washington, awaited us at the airdrome at seven A.M. Even then, the day was glaringly hot. The desert sent out its dry and sulky winds. Cloaked in a cloud of dust, we ascended.

The Real Robinson Crusoe

By HELEN AUGUR



UR war in the Pacific is building up the mightiest epic of all time, an epic of multitudinous conflict spread over thousands of islands and thousands of miles of ocean. This folk-poem is made up of individual sagas and tales narrated in news language

that has the terseness and sting of Old Norse. The tales reflect the heroic beauty of the men who are creating them, and each one seems to have a more bizarre setting than the last. Boys from small towns and farms, who had never seen more of the world than their state capital, suddenly find themselves embedded in jungles, marooned on coral atolls, or floating in the limbo of an ocean that seems to have no end, and no refuge from the evil cunning of the enemy. They encounter tentatively reformed cannibals, fourth-generation Baptists in grass skirts, cultivated planters, characters out of Stevenson or Maugham or Melville. Or perhaps they encounter nobody at all.

Many families with sons on the missing list have resolutely set them down as Robinson Crusoes who will manage to survive until they are rescued. This is not such a forlorn hope as it may seem, for even a coral reef may offer enough seafood and coconuts to keep a man alive. But even if a man is fed, can he endure complete solitude indefinitely? We are no longer sure what man, taken by himself or left to himself, is like. Certainly we were fooled about our own boys. A generation we feared was soft and spoiled has suddenly revealed itself as the new American race. And what has most astonished and humbled us about our fighting men is the fact that they have grown head and shoulders above the rest of us in the extent of their spiritual experience.

A generation we thought untouched by religion

is using the power of faith as honestly and directly as it uses bombs and American ingenuity. Boys whose only responsibility has been to accept the blessings of our rich and fortunate land have overnight turned into men, each in his single self accepting responsibility for this prodigious task of war.

Generally speaking, our soldiers came back from the last war hard-boiled on the surface and demoralized underneath — and that describes the rest of us in the post-war years. But, atrocious as this war is, it registers a profound spiritual change in the world. For this conflict has at last articulated the basic, persistent problem of human history: how are men to live together on this planet? As inert elements in the superstate, or as creatures capable of infinite variation and growth who join together in a free society and use the state as they use the postal service?

Obviously, it all depends on how you regard the unit man. He is a most mysterious creature. It is hard to study him in the midst of society, and artificial to study him isolated from all society. But if it tells us anything about the nature of man, it is worthwhile. Isolate man from his kind, and what is he like? Does he become a beast or an angel?

Daniel Defoe's idea of Man Alone is that he becomes a Rotarian in goatskins. We take his narrative down from the top shelf, and are bewitched by the old spell that caught us as children. Dear old Robinson Crusoe! How cozy he is, secure in his camouflaged castle, stitching away on a new coat, teaching Poll another phrase, counting his sacks of grain and his drying bunches of raisins and his doubloons from the last convenient shipwreck. He is a quaintly diverting figure as he plods his little kingdom under a goatskin umbrella, visiting his fields of corn and corrals of goats. Year after year he grows richer, and so he dares not stir abroad unless he is an arsenal staggering under fowling pieces and muskets, pistols and cutlasses, powder

and shot — and his ever present, protective umbrella.

And so it goes, for twenty-eight years of uninterrupted accumulation. Defoe craftily plays every variation on this prosperity theme, for the sublime hack in him realizes the reader will hang on to Crusoe as long as he prospers. Then the genius in Defoe realizes the tale is bogging down because its grand motif is human survival, and Crusoe is too secure. He gives us a moment of stark, primitive terror — the print of a human foot suddenly appearing on the sand.

But, with minds purged by reading the daily papers, it is impossible to read Defoe today without gagging. For Crusoe is an insufferable bourgeois, self-satisfied, windily pious, and impossible to credit. And we find Defoe's thesis pretty sordid — that man, left to himself in a state of nature, grows rich and contented simply because nobody is around to rob and vex him. What Defoe produced was not a picture of Man Alone, but a bitter comment on society, which never allowed Defoe, or most of his readers, to lay up sixpence against tomorrow. The Crusoe legend, followed by Rousseau's *Emile*, took such hold on the mass mind that it helped to build up and emancipate the middle class. And Crusoe has influenced the popular imagination as no other figure except Don Quixote. The two legends describe man's conflict with society from opposite poles. Quixote, the supreme misfit, the height of impracticability, lived a dream life in the thick of

reality; Crusoe, on his dream island, lived a sensible and prosaic life. Both creations seem dated now, but probably they are immortal.

And so Robinson Crusoe doesn't tell us what really happens to a man alone on an island, or alone in the extremity of peril — which is in essence the same thing. Yet his legend was written about a real castaway, still alive when it was published in 1719. Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch buccaneer, had been marooned for more than four years on Juan Fernandez off the coast of Chile, and three authentic accounts of his experience had been eagerly devoured by anybody who could read: the stories of Woodes Rogers and Edward Cooke, buccaneers who had rescued Selkirk, and another by the great Richard Steele, who had long coffee-house conversations with the castaway on his return to England. Naturally, Defoe had to invent a new story — but he also missed the point of Selkirk's experience. It is worth retrieving today, because it throws a good deal of light on what is happening to our boys on the far side of the Pacific or in other places where they might find themselves alone.

Alexander Selkirk grew up in the fishing village of Largo in Fifeshire, and in his veins ran the deep tides of Celt and Norman and Norseman. By tradition, the men of Fifeshire were strongly marked individuals, and as a boy young Sandy Selkirk had more temperament than was convenient in a big family and a small community. He was the seventh son of a cobbler and tanner, and even the Scotch Presbyterians believed that a seventh son was en-



dowed with mysterious powers — which did not mean that they should spare the rod. He was once haled before the elders of the kirk for starting a family brawl, and was flogged at school for being unruly. In short, he seems to have been typical of his people — independent, forthright, passionate and repressed — with a rare gift for mathematics which was later to become the basis of his skill as a navigator.

By the time he was nineteen he went to sea, and, in 1703, at twenty-seven, he joined one of William Dampier's buccaneering prowls along the west coast of South America. If he was called "honest Selkirk" and praised by Dampier as the best man of the lot, that meant only that he had a gangster's code of loyalty to his fellows and zeal in plucking the Spanish pigeons. The buccaneers liked to hunt in pairs, and Selkirk was sailing master of the second ship, the *Cinque Ports*, commanded by John Stradling. The expedition was marked by less loot and more wrangling than the seadogs counted on, and finally Stradling broke with Dampier, and sailed down to Juan Fernandez to stock his galley with supplies of wood and water.

During the buccaneering days the English often stopped at Mas-a-Tierra, the most convenient of the three islands of Juan Fernandez which lie more than three hundred miles west of Chile. It was ideal for the prowlers — unpopulated, very rarely visited, offering an abundance of wild goats and seafood and herbs like purslane and wild sorrel which helped cure the crews of their perpetual scurvy. During the winter these rocky islands were full of hair seal and sea lions, and the meat of seal pups was considered as tasty as lamb. A century later our Connecticut sealers did a tremendous yearly slaughter on Juan Fernandez, and sometimes entered in their journals comments on the real Robinson Crusoe and the real Man Friday, whose tales then had a greater vogue than Defoe's narrative which brought them together on some incredible isle of the Caribbean. The original of Friday was a Mosquito Indian called William, whom the buccaneers had left marooned for three years on Mas-a-Tierra.

When the *Cinque Ports* reached the island, Selkirk's smoldering quarrel with Captain Stradling reached a climax. The galley was leaking and unseaworthy, and unless she was overhauled, Selkirk insisted, she would never make another port.

Stradling got his wood and water aboard the sieve, and then could think only of plunder waiting on the main.

At this, our Selkirk insisted on being set ashore with his sea-chest, evidently hoping to start a mutiny that would bring Stradling to his senses. But Stradling took him literally, dumped him ashore with his kit, and rowed off toward the galley. The one-man rebellion was over, and Selkirk waded out after the boat, imploring Stradling to come back to him. The captain jeered at him, and the galley sailed off. She soon foundered off the mainland, her men were sent to slavery or prison, and few of them survived.

The seventh son's warnings of doom were thus promptly fulfilled, but what of himself? He had no floating general store like Crusoe's to stock from. He had, in actual food, a day's supply. He was furnished with his clothes and bedding, one fire-lock with a modest supply of powder and bullets, a little tobacco, a knife, hatchet, kettle, navigation instruments and "practical exercises," a Bible and a few books. He was on an island with an equable climate and no dangerous beasts, where William the Mosquito had made out well for three years. But Selkirk was overwhelmed with terror, because he was alone for the first time in his life. He had grown up in a crowded family and been mewed up with seadogs for the last nine years. Now he was completely, desolately alone, perhaps forever. He was paralyzed with shock and all but overcome by hopelessness.

Four years and four months later, two British buccaneering ships called at the island. They were commanded by the able and rather cultivated Woodes Rogers, with Dampier along as navigator. As the pinnacle approached the shore, the buccaneers were astonished to see a man leaping along the rocks toward them, clad in goatskins, and, as Rogers put it, "wilder than the first Owners of them." On his bare, hardened feet he sped down the rocks and stood before them, probably the most superbly healthy, soundest-souled man in the two hemispheres. He tried to talk a language almost forgotten, "seeming to speak his words by halves." Finally Dampier recognized the man as "honest Selkirk."

Even in that brutal age the seadogs had the natural reaction. They could see themselves only as rescuers of a former comrade, and see the castaway only

as the most wretched of men, whose jubilation at seeing them was of course his relief at being delivered from his sufferings. They plied him with questions, they offered him rum and flip and ship's food and human clothes. None of these things seemed to attract him. His mind was wholly taken up with providing for the comfort and happiness of his visitors.

He seemed to lay all the delights of his island at their feet — its balmy fresh air after the stinking galleys, its perfumes of myrtle and aromatic trees, delicate grouper and crawfish and roasted kid after maggoty meat, herbs for the sick. The men began calling him "Governor Selkirk," without quite realizing why.

To them the wonder of wonders was Selkirk, the hunter. Years before, his ammunition had run out; now he simply ran after the wild goats and caught them. Could it be possible? He challenged them to a goat chase. Rogers sent ashore his best young sprinters and a prize bulldog, and off they started across the mountains. Even the great dog was soon outdistanced, and the exhausted sprinters had hardly got their breath again before Selkirk was back with his game across his shoulders.

Selkirk was no pedestrian Crusoe, visiting his fields and flocks sheltered under an umbrella. He had acquired no property, because each day had been too important and brimming with delights to spoil by thinking of the next. He had built two huts of fragrant pimento wood, one for the kitchen, one for sleeping. He had made a coat and cap of goat-skin, punching holes with a nail and using strips of skin for thread. When his knife wore out, he pounded some iron hoops left ashore into blades which served him.

And there his contrivances ended. As a cobbler's son he could have made shoes, but he found his own feet toughened quite enough. At first he missed salt, but didn't bother to make it from sea water as William had — he found the pimentos and a wild black pepper were savoring enough, and the pepper was "very good to expel Wind and against Griping of the Guts." He planted nothing because there was a good supply of cabbage trees, and somebody had planted a field of turnips years before—he needed no more. "After he conquer'd his Melancholy," Rogers tells us,

Selkirk then diverted himself sometimes by cutting his Name on the Trees, and the Time of his being

left and Continuance there. He was at first much pester'd with Cats and Rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each Species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The Rats gnaw'd his feet and Clothes while asleep, which oblig'd him to cherish the Cats with his Goats flesh; by which some of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon deliver'd him from the Rats. He likewise tam'd some Kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his Cats; so that by the care of Providence and Vigour of his youth, being now about thirty years old, he came at last to conquer all the Inconveniences of his Solitude, and to be very easy.

Only twice was his complete isolation really dangerous. Two Spanish ships slipped into the harbor when he was out hunting, and men were already ashore when he rounded the bare rocks. They fired at him, and then pursued him as he took cover in the woods. Wary as an animal, he hid in a tree, and finally the ships sailed off. The second narrow escape was when he was grappling with a goat, and fell with it from a high precipice, fortunately with the dead goat under him. He was unconscious for twenty-four hours, but that was all.

Woodes Rogers, oddly enough for a buccaneer, was conscious that Selkirk's temperance and healthy life were actually good for a man, and that religion played an important part in his happiness. For Selkirk read his Bible, sang Psalms, and prayed as part of his daily routine, and told the captain that "he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid he should ever be again." The more discerning Steele recognized the powers of mental discipline — and something beyond that really tells us about man in a state of nature. At first he was so lonely, says Steele, that he was

scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason and frequent reading the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigor of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful serene sky and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. . . . This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy on his hands; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous.

When Steele first talked with Selkirk, he still had his calm dignity and a certain "loneliness of aspect," though Selkirk had picked up his old buccaneering life with Rogers and Dampier. He had robbed the lovely ladies of Guayaquil of their jewels, "modestly" discovering trinkets concealed under their delicate silks and fine linen by feeling the damsels from head to foot, instead of ordering them to strip and deliver. He had helped to bring home the first Manila galleon with its load of brocades and pearls and precious spices. He had been arrested in a drunken brawl ashore, and found a lady of the port. He had collected his share of the expedition, and went home to Largo elaborately dressed in dazzling gold-laced clothes.

In Largo, where he stayed eighteen months, his family could not understand him. In their eyes he was now rich, and perfectly well—but they often surprised him in tears. Instead of recounting his adventures, he had little to say, and spent his time teaching tricks to his brother's cats, or crouching in a cave he made in the hillside, and for hours gazing out to sea. Sometimes he went fishing alone, or waded among the rocks at low tide catching lobsters. Often he bewailed the loss of his beloved island.

He found Sophia Bruce tending the family cow in Keil's Den among the ruins of Pitcruvie Castle, and perhaps he craved the peace in her heart. They ran off to London together, and he set up Sophia in style in Pall Mall, and in his will left his little fortune to his "loving friend." But soon he was at sea again, this time in the Navy, and he came back to Sophia only to desert her and marry a gay and rapacious widow in Plymouth—after making over his fortune to her.

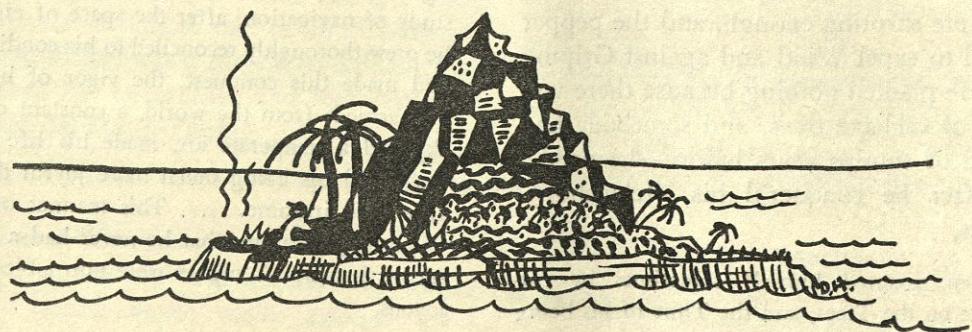
While he was staying in Plymouth he encountered Richard Steele on the street, and had to tell the journalist who he was. For Selkirk had lost his

radiance and pride, and a little later, still a young man of forty-four, he died on the most scabrous of all voyages—one to the African slave-and-gold coast—of the most wretched of all diseases, the "yellow jack." And Steele could remember what Selkirk had told him in the Plymouth coffee-house: that he had been a fool to return to the world, "which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquility of its solitude." And he told Steele, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

Defoe was, after all, right that the problem of the man on a desert isle is what he finds when he comes home. That is the problem we must think about today. For our fighting men are coming back with spiritual powers profound enough to outlast war and regenerate our society. It is hard for us to understand our new American race, but unless we do, we shall kill off its powers and lose the future.

It may help to think of young Selkirk who became an angel because he was the most successful animal on Juan Fernandez; a creature fleetier than the wild goats, more various in resource than all animals together, and yet as securely a child of nature as they; a creature who must discipline his mind with the exercises of abstract mathematics, and express his soul in the poetry of the Psalms and the old poetry of dance and song. Selkirk, if you like, was an expression of the eternal pagan spirit, capering like Pan among his white kids—but he had gone thousands of years beyond Pan, because he could celebrate the goodness of the God whose beautiful garment is this earth, and whose hymn is pastoral and exquisitely human. Yes, Selkirk had so far forgotten what man is that he rejoiced to see his brothers, and was anxious only to refresh and help them.

The trouble was, he sailed home with them.



A FAIRER WORLD

By DAVID MORTON

SEVEN CENTURIES have passed since Bernard Sylvestris said: "Nature brings to Mind a complaint of the confusion of primal matter, and demands a fairer world." The complaint has been presented to every century since; but to none with more acute insistence than to our own. And in none have the nature and behavior of man seemed so much like "primal matter." The "fairer world" that is demanded is not to be an invention, not a fabrication of fancy, not a pretty lie. We are too desperate for make-believe. It is not another world that is demanded of Mind; it is the evocation, the more active realization of that stable and ordered—that "fairer"—world which underlies "the whole sensible appearance of things."

What we see all about us is instability, disorder, confusion—a vision abhorrent and intolerable to the mind's instinctive passion for their opposites. The pain of our century, the tragedy of man in our time, is the defeat and thwarting of that passion as it contemplates the shape and movement of the world before its eyes. To look away, we dare not. To look steadily upon it, with a brave eye and with a memoried mind, is a more hopeful procedure. The eye needs to be brave: it is a vision of disaster. And the mind needs to be reminded of what it has known for true. The fruit of such gazing is the emergence of the "fairer world" underlying accidents of time.

It must be that many men shared an acute momentary experience of one of America's living poets in the first spring of the war. As he looked out over his own private garden in that spring, and seeing there the first daffodil and the first crocus at the edge of snow, and hearing the first bird calling from the orchard hill, he was touched with a mood of irony at this anomaly—that these sweet and usual things should be returning, so irrelevantly, in that dark and troubled time, as though, indeed, this spring were in no wise different from any other spring. And out of that mood, he wrote this quatrain:

*How . . . now . . . the irrelevant daffodil,
The ignorant crocus, as of old,*

*The sweet bird calling from the hill . . .
These, it must be, were not told.*

And, of course, they were not. But the great point is that it would have been no matter if they had been told. The minute disturbance of man on the earth's surface troubles no whit the stable structure and ordered movement of the universe.

And it is well that it is so. That ironic utterance of the modern poet was but the reverse of the coin: he was speaking out of our common and enduring love of these things. We loved them before we hated war; we shall love them, after; and we love them, it seems to me, with a peculiar intensity in such troubled times as the present. It is not merely that we turn to these shapes and colors of the earth for momentary solace; it is not merely that our eyes are pleased and our ears enchanted and our senses drugged in momentary relief from the ugliness and the horror. There is more to it than that. There is a subtle and profound persuasion in favor of eternal and untroubled order, exercising itself upon our feeling—and faith.

What this means, explicitly, is that the universe is in order; that man, for all his infantile and painful spasms, is cradled in a frame that is stable and enduring; that the life of the world moves steadily, uninterruptedly on through its grave and sweet progressions. It would be curious indeed if our minds were unaffected by the persuasion existing all around us that we live in a structure of enduring stability; that our lives participate in a continuity that is endless and ordered; that man's temporary and violent dislocations are absorbed in the untroubled patience of this pattern.

How much, I wonder, has man's thought down the ages been influenced—consciously or unconsciously—by this persistently attendant whisper at his ear? In periods of calamity, when men's worlds have collapsed about them, man has sought for some picture of stability, some image of order. It was all about him—in his fields and trees, in the seasons of his year. Such inducements played their part, no

doubt, in leading men's minds to a revelation of "a fairer world," subsisting above and below and within the world in which this death was the tragedy of their day.

This physical universe with its stable structure, with its ordered movement, is a projected picture and symbol of a moral universe, similarly established in law, the processes of which are similarly ordered and implacable and, in the final event, beneficent. There are no proper terms for the discussion of man's "progress," save in the slow and painful stages by which he may come to fit the pattern of his affairs into the immense design, and so learn, at long last, the meaning of security, and order, and peace.

This is the answer that "Mind" must make to the "complaint," in our time. It is a vision that is obscured in the fat years. But in history's stricken nights of agony, it has emerged to underline the terms of man's salvation. The stability, the order, the patience of that world have been the comforting vision of martyrs at the stake and on the cross and in the dungeon. It is Augustine's City of God, erected above the ruins of Rome; and Jerusalem the Golden; and the dream of Boethius in his cell, saying, "See where the stars keep still their ancient peace," a line which has in it the stability, the sweet order, the divine and waiting patience which are our hunger and our thirst — and must be our faith.

That is the indestructible world of moral verities and processes which the seers have glimpsed in momentary vision on mountaintops — and found no words for when they descended into the valleys. But even in their inadequate utterances, the lowliest of us saw a country that we know, to which we offered recognition. It is not to be blue-printed; no man but a fool will pretend to give its architecture and its lights and its language, in entirety. But every man who is not a fool knows that it is there, and knows its ways, in part. The race of man moves toward it and knows more of it today than yesterday, as he knew more of it yesterday than on the day before. We, in our contemporary night and need, see it now with a clarity and hope we could not have dreamed of, a decade ago, and see it as "more beautiful because of our longing."

Meanwhile, we shape our immediate affairs to the architecture of that vision. . . .

A few months back, the British Eighth Army in Africa adopted the mediæval emblem of the Crusaders who set out to win back a world long lost. It

was a provocative and imaginative gesture — and raised, inevitably, the question: what is the world that we have set out to win back?

I think it is a world in which the scientist in his laboratory may labor at his problems in pure science, free of an urgent and ugly circumstance which narrows and distorts his aims and lays an unhappy purpose upon his will.

I think it is a world in which the humane scholar pursues his quest of pure knowledge to the enrichment of human intelligence, free of a monstrous ogre which casts a shadow upon the validity of his studies and robs his will of its pulse.

I think it is a world in which commerce and industry serve the well-being of man, free of the perverted aims of swollen profits and unwholesome power.

I think it is a world in which the musician and the painter and the poet pursue the vision of excellence toward which the world yearns ever, free of the recurrent visitation of darkness which overwhelms all vision, shadows all excellence, and threatens to cancel all love, all joy, all beauty.

I think, finally, it is a world where young men pursue their preparation for life in happy confidence; a world where boy meets girl, and the two go wandering down a summer evening, their voices mingled in happy futures — free of the Tragic Irrelevance which, recurrently, obstructs all vistas and brings a silence down on happy voices.

This is a world that we were by way of building, a very little while ago; yet, already, it seems a long way behind us, so remote that when we speak of it, our voices turn nostalgic.

We do wrong to speak of it so. This is not a world of the calendar. It is a continent of the spirit, and has shone through every visitation of darkness that has come upon the race of men. It is shining, now, beyond this current darkness that is ours.

The restoration of that world — and in greater purity than it had before — is the immediate business in hand. Beyond that, is a better world, still — and a better, and a better yet. The vision moves always just beyond, forever unattainable, forever approachable, and never wholly lost from the aspiring vision of man. To the end there will be the "complaint" of primal matter and its confusion; to the end, the asking for a "fairer world." It is the Tragedy and the Triumph of man that he hears — and answers.

THE MINORITY IN MEXICO

By EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

HISTORY HAS PROVEN that the idealistic blossoms of revolution must be fertilized by the pollen of moderation before they can develop into edible fruit. No people have ever enjoyed any benefits of a violent insurge until the excesses and disorganization that inevitably follow in its wake have been restrained and balanced by the composing influence of an intelligent reaction aroused by the mistakes and cruelties inherent in every revolt — a reaction that may occur either in the opposition or within the revolutionary party itself. Until a saner and more healing regime controlled the brutal manifestations of the French Revolution, her people drew no real dividends from their sufferings and blood-lettings; and now that Russia is feeling the beneficent influence of a like reaction, her future begins to look brighter.

Mexico is no exception to this invariable rule. After more than a decade and a half of tragic strife and destruction, the forces of moderation are being felt under the broad-visioned humanitarianism of President Avila Comacho, and a trend toward national unification has begun which, if continued, will make possible a solution of some of her social, political, and economic problems.

Because the first act of any revolution is to cow or destroy the conservative element, its voice was smothered in Mexico and is only now beginning to be heard. What few echoes reverberated north of the Rio Grande were drowned by the vociferations of authors who presented in their books only the revolutionary side. As a consequence, the real opinions of the Mexican minority are practically unknown to us, for the Hispanic-American has so nice a sense of courtesy that he even calls an *embonpoint* "the curve of felicity," and dislikes to discuss questions that



may hurt a visitor's susceptibilities. But we are Mexico's geographical Siamese twin. Being indivisible we must agree, so it behooves us to listen to every whisper of complaint if we are to arrive at a sane, comfortable accord.

Unfortunately, her more conservative intellectuals blame the United States for many of the catastrophes she has suffered, and have developed an ingrained pattern of bitter grievances, founded on past history. It is summed up in their charge that in every Mexican crisis the United States has lent aid and comfort to the destructive and revolutionary forces of their country. This policy, they believe, was born of the North American's enthusiasm for his own form of government and his often naïve desire to see that its benefits were conferred upon other nations without stopping to consider whether its machinery was adapted to their particular needs or not. The United States, they argue, is a highly literate country and, in a way, homogeneous because her early immigration came from European countries that had interchanged cultures for centuries. For these reasons universal suffrage was practicable; but in Mexico's case the population was heterogeneous, composed of two and a half million pure whites, nine million mestizos, four and half million Indios. They use fifty-four different dialects,

and one million of these people can neither speak nor understand Spanish. Widespread illiteracy infinitely complicates the problem, for as late as 1940 some 60 per cent could not read nor write — a reduction from the 90 per cent illiteracy existing in 1910.

These intellectual moderates think that such factors make universal suffrage impractical for their country, and, as proof, they insist that no Mexican president has ever been elected by the ballot but has always achieved his position by manipulation of the machinery of administration through his control over the army. Thus, in reality, Mexico has been continuously ruled by a dictator who, since the flight of Maximilian, has sugared the pill by coating it with a thin veneer of democracy. They believe that the only form of suffrage practical for them is one limited by educational and property qualifications, to be gradually extended downward as illiteracy is eradicated, and the people trained to undertake the duties of citizenship.



This minority party is deeply embittered because it feels that the United States has never fully understood Mexico's problems and has always, by a system of pressure politics, frustrated their efforts to achieve the form of government that would best fit their people and insure the peace and advancement of their country.

They date the beginning of this interference to the days when Joel R. Poinsett became the United States minister to Mexico. He had been in Chile where he proved himself a flaming evangel of democracy and displayed an aggressive and impolitic tendency to mix in her internal affairs. When he arrived in Mexico, in 1825, to take his position as minister, he found the English firmly entrenched with President Victoria and his conservative supporters who were knit together by the bonds of Scottish Rite Masonry which the early Spaniards had imported. In order to offset British influence, and even more because he was by nature a flamboyant liberal, Poinsett introduced the York Rites, and his biographers make no bones about the fact that he organized lodges, instructed them in the technique of political opposition, and welded them into a powerful machine of insurgence. This became the nucleus of the so-called Liberal Party composed, for the most part, of mestizos who opposed the united forces of

the Creoles and Clericals who constituted the conservative party. These liberals or revolutionaries have ever since, so the moderate elements insist, sought the aid of the United States and have remained in power only through its help.

To prove their point, they mention endless instances of what they regard as examples of American pressure, and cite as typical the day Juárez was surrounded at Vera Cruz by the troops of President Miramón whose government had been recognized by the European powers. These troops were awaiting the arrival of ammunition to deliver the *coup de grâce* to Juárez. In his desperation, he appealed to the captain of a United States warship lying in the harbor who immediately set sail, intercepted the two vessels bringing the ammunition to President Miramón's men, and threatened to fire on them as pirates if they persisted in landing their cargo. This brought about the defeat of the government's forces.

Continuing their arraignment, they assert that when Lerdo was President of Mexico he refused to permit American interests to extend their railroads into his country because he believed in interposing a desert between strength and weakness, and that then the United States winked at the smuggling of guns to Díaz. In speaking of this incident an American historian said, "The attitude of the United States was henceforth to be a deciding factor in every Mexican revolution." He added that, since the Plan of Tuxtepec in 1877, no Mexican revolutionary movement failed when it was allowed to use United States territory as its base of operations; and none succeeded if the government north of the Rio Grande was unsympathetic.

Then came the influx of foreign capital — in which the U. S. played a great part — the syphoning of Mexican wealth abroad, and the interference of great corporations with the orderly process of her government through bribery and conspiracy, which drove a witty Mexican to say, "Mexico is a good mother to the foreigners, but a poor stepmother to the Mexicans."



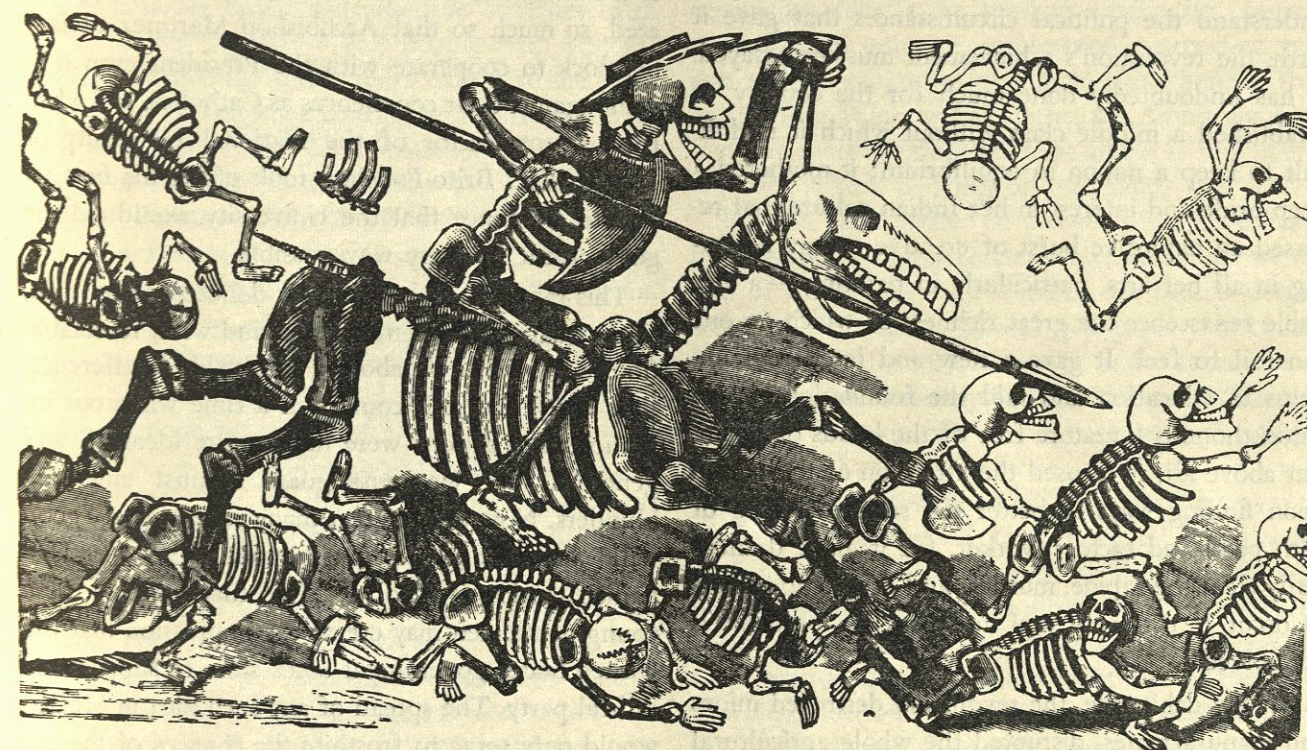
After mentioning many other instances of alleged meddling, the further accusation is made that the United States, when she occupied Vera Cruz in 1914, unleashed the forces of revolution that for a decade and a half took such bloody toll of Mexico and

defeated the troops that might have kept order. They argue that as the United States, by its intervention at Vera Cruz, had made it impossible for the Mexican nation to protect itself against internal destructive forces, the United States should not have withdrawn, announcing that the anarchy and bloodshed which followed were domestic affairs in which it had no right to interfere. These Mexicans, moreover, think this country had a moral duty to restore law and order instead of making the dictatorship of Obregon successful by providing him with ammunition. These same conservatives bitterly resented Ambassador Morrow's friendship with Calles. "Why," they

country has always given comfort to the destructive power of a dictatorship and never thrown her support towards national progress and development along truly democratic lines?

Even intelligent Mexicans will tell you today, and they believe it sincerely, that Avila Comacho did not receive as many votes as his competitor, but that, in spite of this, he was seated in the presidential chair through the pressure politics of the United States who insisted that Cardenas be given a position in the present government.

I have tried to set down as accurately as possible, without criticism or defense, the opinions held by



BY THE FATHER OF MODERN MEXICAN ART: JOSE POSADA'S WOODCUT "CALAVERA," A FANTASTIC "DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA." THE BRISTLING ROOSTER ON PAGE 23 IS BY THE SAME ARTIST.

asked, "should the United States, that is always prating of freedom and democracy, ally itself with a government that permitted neither?" In their anger they were guilty of a futile gesture of irritation when they sent, anonymously, a coffin to the American Ambassador, intimating that that was where they would like to see him.

Even those who have consistently sought assistance from our governments to keep themselves in power have their grievances and wonder why, as American interference seems inevitable, that great democratic

a large group of Mexicans. Some of them are obviously based upon historical misconceptions, others are supported by facts, and I suspect that, as usual in human affairs, there is blame on both sides, and that the dollar diplomacy of the United States will be as reprobated by future historians as the lack of patriotism and integrity of some of the Mexican leaders who were, too often, willing to call on foreign aid and then to oppress and mulct their own people.

The truth or untruth of these charges, however,

is of small importance to this particular discussion. What really matters is that they are believed by a large number of the better educated Mexicans and therefore become part of that nexus of subtle psychological antipathies with which it is important that we become familiar if we are to act intelligently in our future relations.

Of course it is a sore spot that should be aired and answered, for just as this moment, we should tread with the greatest circumspection because Mexico is teetering on the edge of a tremendous opportunity which, if made the most of, will insure her peace and prosperity for a long time to come. To understand the political circumstances that gave it birth, the revolution's achievement must be assayed. It has undoubtedly done much for the country. It established a middle class without which it is difficult to keep a nation in equilibrium; it mothered a deep pride and interest in her Indian culture that released an explosive burst of creative energy flowering in all her arts, particularly in painting — a veritable renaissance the great richness of which no one can fail to feel. It gave a new and intelligent impetus to education and laid the foundation for an autochthonous literature free of the bonds of Spain. But above all, it focused the attention of the nation upon finding ways to better the scale of living of both peon and factory worker, for it made dramatically clear the rapine, murder, and destruction likely to occur if this very real and pressing problem is not solved.

On the debit side, the revolution destroyed mines and manufacturies, disrupted the whole agricultural system, and so far has, in only a minor degree, succeeded in elevating the economic level of the submerged classes.



Now, however, has come the golden opportunity when Mexico may be united to face her future as a completely integrated nation and not merely a congeries of warring, self-seeking elements; when the influence, good-will, and intellectual powers of the minority moderates — or even if you like conservatives (unpopular as that word is today) — may be

won over to help achieve in a practical way the true objective of the revolution, social betterment, which has been overlaid by a sediment of selfish politics and impractical attempts at solution. Through their material losses and long suffering, they have realized at last the impossibility of a return to the old regime, and they now appear quite willing to adjust to the new era.

In President Avila Comacho, the Creoles and Clergy expected merely another self-seeking *caudillo*, or petty chief, but instead he has proved himself a broad-visioned humanitarian who has done everything in his power to bring all parties into unity. It is an attitude that has been tremendously appreciated, so much so that Archbishop Martinez advised his flock to coöperate with the President even if it went against their consciences as Catholics, and when the present Rector of the National University of Mexico, Lic. Brito-Foucher, took office, his first act was to announce that the University would aid the government in every way possible.

This rapprochement is a very delicate matter, and, like a quarrel between husband and wife, reconciliation may be entirely aborted by outside interference. It is lucky that it is coming at a time when our intentions and actions were never more idealistic and generous; but we must guard against unwitting blunders. Now that a great many semi-official "good will" ambassadors are grasshoppering all over Hispanic-America, it is to be feared that some of these young gentlemen may create the impression that the United States government takes sides to support the radical party. The spread of any such idea in Mexico would only serve to frostbite the chances of the political accord upon which the future and happiness of the people may depend. In the conservatives it would arouse all their old suspicions of the United States, give them a feeling of frustration, of the futility of their efforts at coöperation; and would tend to persuade the radical party to ignore the necessity for further conciliation.

Our official dealings should be with the constituted government, but if we are unfamiliar with the opinions of a large minority group we may, unwittingly, only irritate their grievances. This is what makes the knowledge of what they believe a matter of such paramount importance.

DEAD OR ALIVE?

By PAUL F. BRINE

THE PIVOTAL POINT of a sharp political crisis has been reached this year. A cursory scanning of the daily newspaper drives home the widespread defeat of liberalism. The day-by-day record sounds like a continuous death-tolling. Race riots flame here and there; anti-semitism pushes its venomous roots deeper into our fertile soil; reaction stretches forth its hand over legislature and people with an ever surer grasp. Detroit and Atlanta ring with the same mob violence. The same lewd and vicious stories are whispered about the Jews whether you dine in Boston or lunch in Santa Barbara. The NYA and the National Resources Planning Board are killed by the will of a Roosevelt-hating Congress. A few voices cry out a warning; yet even they fail to call attention to the dangers in the future path now being traced. A Norman Thomas ineffectually bewails some publicized piece of mischief; a Henry Wallace dares to attack the paunchy symbol of a Jesse Jones, but loses his job thereby. Mr. Willkie and Mr. Stassen talk and write ardently for a better future; but despite the size of their audience, they seem but figures talking against a strong wind, half-heard and misunderstood.

The bitter fact must be faced that organized, purposeful liberalism today is but a thin shadow. Liberals themselves are silenced or confused, a large section of Americans with liberal tendencies has been discouraged. The newly-freed workman, the awakened soldier in foreign lands, the progressive farmer, and the honest average men of good will are bewildered. They sought ideas and weapons from supposed leaders; they have received stale epithets and empty slogans. To any outsider considering American liberalism at the present time, there are only chaos and retreat.

For more than a hundred years our English-speaking world has had a fairly clear conception of what liberalism was. The liberal was one who believed in the value of the ordinary man and his right to a life as ample as possible. He held that intelligence is awakened by universal education, and political participation is won by universal suffrage. He believed

that economic betterment is achieved by greater equalization of national wealth, as social participation is gained by more direct community awareness. He detested a society which favored the few at the heavy expense of the many, which, with a bland indifference, built serene country houses and obscene tenements. Ideally, he tried to ameliorate, destroy, or transform injustice, intolerance, entrenched evil, and all the indignities of human life wherever they exist. From Paine to LaFollette, we Americans have had our share of great liberals; and it is this liberal tradition which is dying on our hands this year.

For the past quarter of a century we have heard of left-wingers, New-Dealers, Socialists until we are sick of it all. We have watched the breach deepen between the various liberal groups in the United States. Gradually we have given to the term liberalism a perilous elasticity so that it now specifies any one of a dozen points of view. Instead of fighting the forces of reaction, we have seen fratricidal warfare develop. No matter how many great issues were at stake, regardless of how many reforms needed pushing, we were all so busy scoring against each other that we have lost all along the line. What has happened to us? For one thing, too many have become pseudo-religious followers of one or the other prevalent doctrines. We have grown doctrinaire and provincial during these past years. We have fallen into the vice of adopting tags and labels with a frightening recklessness. We have swallowed and repeated half-understood slogans and clichés until they became meaningless ritualistic mumblings. We have divided ourselves into little groups each with its own private stock of tags and labels which applied blame or praise almost automatically to any other group. There was no time for sane differentiation between individual positions. And all the shouting was loud but meaningless.

Liberalism is sick almost to death, and something drastic must be done about it. Harsh measures are needed, and they must be applied soon. Death comes to all things from a complex of causes, some simple,

*Liberalism the
Moribund*

some obscure. The split in the organic soundness of liberalism is surely one of the causes, but there are others. It is the duty of every liberal-minded man and woman to find some means of revitalizing the unhealthy body of liberalism in America.

II.

Who are the members of this near-corpse? What sort of people are they? They come from two chief sources: the so-called intelligentsia including the intelligent middle class, the professional educators and students, and other such people; and from the progressive agricultural and labor groups. Wherever these groups function separately or together, you will find a liberal movement. But, in our country, these people have failed to achieve unity or political power because they are scattered among the ranks of our two leading political parties. The domination of our American political life by the two-party system in its present form has destroyed the possibility of liberal unity.

Neither of these great parties has dared to formulate a platform devoted uncompromisingly to liberal requirements. Politically, socially, and economically their programs have been the result of a compromise, usually favoring the conservative elements of each party. As a result, liberals have too often pinned their hopes on individuals whom they believed to be liberals, or, at least, progressives. Consequently, social, economic, and political reforms with us have progressed with a sort of hop and skip pace, depending on the fidelity or interest of liberal-minded politicians, or the success of some pressure group. Our gains in these fields have been haphazard and unrelated. We have been hamstrung time and again by our separate political affiliations. The typical political party acts chiefly from motives of expediency, and its liberal members, after all, are only a minority within each party. Still, all the blame can not fall on the head of the two-party system alone. There are other sources for our failures which can be quickly limned without falling into the morass of conflicting liberal ideas.

The failure of Labor to produce political leadership has been a blow. Labor has not raised from its multitudinous ranks any man of sufficient political acumen to envisage national problems. It has won its gains by strikes, unions, pressure politics, and so forth. It has formed itself into a fairly homogeneous electorate capable of making its demands met by the

candidate it chooses to support. Philip Murray can confidently assert that the coming election will see a united Labor vote, and that Labor will bring its weight to bear on the present Congress. But the fact remains that it has been so engrossed in its own advantages and interests that it has become as narrow as the rankest sectionalism. Yet Labor is one of the greatest political forces in the country and should be a prolific contributor to political leadership. However, unless it lives up to the determination of Philip Murray and the fine words of the CIO Executive Board, it will cease to wield its tremendous power to any effective purpose.

The Socialist and Communist parties have failed to shake off their foreign origin so as to produce a program appealing to the deepest traditions of the American voter. The former relies too much on British and Continental theories. The latter has failed to make sense to the ordinary voter who could not understand its apronstring ties to a foreign source of money and ideas. His innate xenophobia and the antics of the Communists succeeded in making him regard them both with suspicion. Until these parties learn the importance of xenophobia in politics and the value of a home-made platform, they will not succeed.

By itself, the Communist Party has bred confusion and hatred among us all. For years it destroyed the possibility of unified action because of its failure to cooperate. It has had a devastating influence on liberal success. Its greatest disservice to our cause has been its vicious propaganda against all those who would not accept its iron-clad doctrinalism. It reviled and rejected those who disagreed with it so that bitterness and discord have marked its passage across the local scene. Its pseudo-religious infallibility has alienated scores of moderate-minded liberals. By a curious irony of fate, the Communist Party itself has undone and silenced some of the most vocal left-wing opposition in the country; and for us all there is a lesson to be learned from this debacle. Theoretical communism failed here, as it failed in Russia, because of its inflexible doctrinalism. The success, or workability, as Willkie calls it, of political communism in Russia lies in the faculty that Stalin has shown of adaptation to new forms and environment. He has known how to bend theory to practice and doctrine to reality without a complete betrayal of the basic socialistic tenets of the Marxian state. Here at home, the Party has never learned

flexibility. Nothing was more harmful to the liberals of the country than this doctrine of illiberalism.

In a different sort of way, the New Deal has been an obstacle to liberal success. Economic and social in its program, liberal in its leaders and intentions, it came to power by means of the two-party system. Its program was splendid; its accomplishments have been enormous; but it has had to stoop to compromises with political ruffians of the Hague and Kelly type. Because of its affiliation with an old political machine, honest men have seen appointment after appointment fall to incompetent and flagrantly dishonest men. More and more it has surrendered the strategic positions of power and influence to business men whose chief claim to liberalism is liberality to pet charities. Out of the despair and ruin of 1932, the promises and hopes of the New Deal came to all liberals like a great rallying cry. The financial brains had washed out, the manufacturing chiefs had overspawnd, the engineers had read the wrong books, and the regnant political leaders had made the sad error of following the engineers. Millions knew want and lacked jobs; all of us suffered our first national psychosis of fear. We were afraid, insecure, and angry.

It was to this stupendous national calamity that the New Deal offered a program which would not merely revive the good old days, but would bring to us all better-balanced new days. It saved the country, it gave us much that is new and necessary in our national existence, but it failed miserably in keeping the liberals united. The tragedy is that its political connections, its failure to carry through promised reforms, its creation of countless inept governmental agencies, served only to breed further discord among us. The New Deal failed to be quite new, and has grown to be more and more a deal with entrenched power and position. For a few months the war seemed to revive the old crusading spirit, the old valiant hope. But the flirtation with Otto, the anemic delicacy in handling Franco, the furtive secrecy in North Africa, and the mistrustful alliance with Russia have sickened many of us. Today we are suspicious rather than confident, and our hopes have been atrophied by cynicism.

These are the things which have left us not even a rallying-point, much less a program. Even the leaders, the Wallaces, the Stassens, and all the others are scattered and ineffective. What the liberals need for their own good is another Pieter Breughel to

paint for them a portrait of themselves—not of the blind leading the blind, but of the mute whispering to the deaf.

III.

The most intelligent question asked of liberalism is whether or not it can become a unified political party. Liberals are accused of being too individualistic to be drawn into any efficient unity. On the other hand, they are charged with being too prone to seduction by doctrine or theory. Therefore, goes the argument, liberalism cannot be compressed into a scheme of action elastic enough to gain the support of all liberals. The most abstract objection is that liberalism, after all, is merely a protest initiated by existing conditions. Therefore, change or destroy the conditions and liberalism can no longer exist. It is wrong to expect from such people a comprehensive national program, economic, social and political. And finally, the most serious problem is the ability of liberalism to overcome America's political headache, sectionalism. These three things constitute in sum a search into the nature of liberalism—not an easy search, but one that must be undertaken if we are to get ourselves out of the woods of apathy.

We all know that it is hard to define liberal or liberalism in a nice sharp Aristotelian sentence; the words as used simply express a state of mind and not a definite content of established patterns and identifications. Liberals are individualists and thereby are true to themselves. Each one sees many things to be done, many solutions, and many methods of solution. The real liberal is always finding himself in conflict with other liberals about the things to be done, about the primacy of the problems, and even about the existence of some of the problems presented by his world. The trouble, in a curious way, is that liberals are too tolerant.

In a way, this inner toleration and outer disagreement are the key to the difficulty of getting all liberals into one political party advocating an integrated platform. But on the other hand, the most strident of individuals have been gathered into some organization or other. A Paine and a Jefferson find common agreement in the same revolutionary movement. A priest and a rabbi meet on the same board to consider ways and means of combating juvenile delinquency. The world about us is full of such examples of diversity joined together by necessity or agreement on certain fundamental issues. The in-

dividual differences continue to exist, but there is mutual understanding along a relatively narrow line of action. Liberals, however individualistic, can be brought to a similar unity on principles and activity. If the peace is to be saved and the nation to be secure, unity of this sort must be hammered out in the shortest time possible.

That liberalism is simply a protest we can only agree. It is a revolt against things as they are, against conditions which are detrimental to the good of men. Now it is certainly true, also, that a protest or revolt is something dependent on pre-existing conditions. One can not protest against the nonexistent or the future unless one be a Kierkegaard. We grant the negative origin of revolt, but we must also concede that it can be, has been, and must be changed into positive action projecting itself into the future. In other words, a protest can be a unified program of ideas and principles so appealing and right that men will flock to it from sheer self-interest alone. The sign of the liberal mind is revolt against entrenched position, unjust use of power, rank inequality, and economic enslavement. It is this thread of revolt which, through the centuries, has bound liberal-minded men into one common bond. It is still present with us here in America, but it lies unraveled and unused. If we are to succeed in saving the liberal movement, we must pick up the strands and weave them together again.

IV.

The hardest problem facing liberals is also the worst curse of political life in our country. Congressmen are in Congress to represent their sections of the nation. They are elected by people from a certain area, and those people are interested primarily in the welfare of their region. This is sectionalism, a disease which saps national unity and vitiates national legislation. The section comes before the nation. The advantage of the part is more important than the good of the whole. Sectionalism fails to see that race riots in Detroit affect the whole nation; that economic exploitation in the South deprives the North of a better market. This is the rock which smashes so many liberal hopes.

Today America is in a state of flux such as has never existed before. Defense industries draw people from one section of the country to the other in numbers beyond computation. The Army and Navy have shifted millions of young men and women

from one part of the country to the other. The upheaval of population has been national. For many reasons it has not been possible for these men and women to bring many of their local living habits and ideas with them. We are in new places, new jobs, making new adjustments both here and — for millions of us — abroad, and we shall not be stabilized for years to come. This is our chance to destroy the peril of sectionalism. This is our opportunity for new political patterns to emerge. While the old ties are weakened or destroyed, before new ones can be secured, there is every reason to hope that a new national sense will come to us all. If that can be achieved, it must be wrought by the liberals. The shrewd powers of position and wealth, the strategy of what Henry Wallace calls the American Fascists must not be allowed to formulate or build any sort of reactionary world. Indeed, if the liberals do not act, the story of the future will be a fascist triumph.

The interesting thing about the possibility of creating the instruments for a liberal victory is that much is already in our favor. The great parties are no longer two distinct unities. Between them is the most curious sort of overlapping and confusion. Both parties are being forced more and more to seek a vote which is becoming independent of either of them. The fact is that to the average voter both parties have ceased to represent really divergent points of view. They appear to him to be mutual critics striving to get his attention.

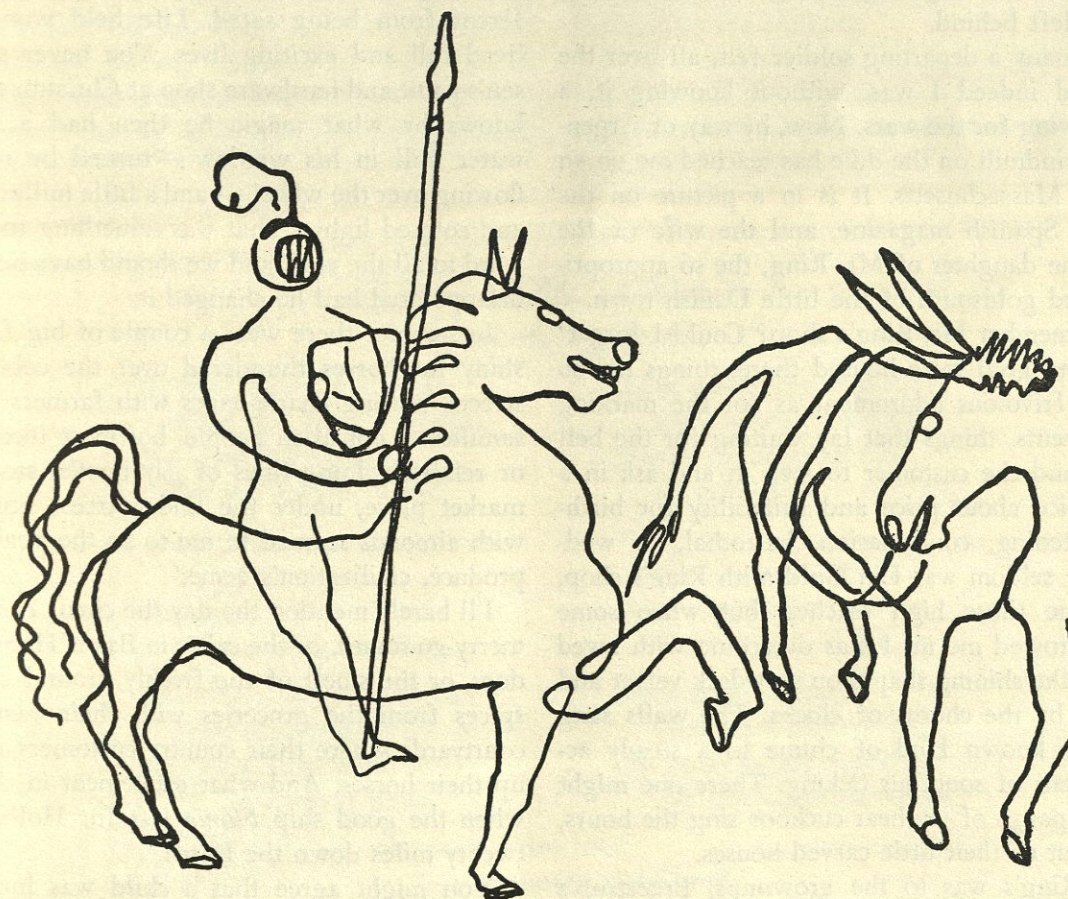
But within the party itself the picture is quite different. There is a very evident line of segregation within each party, and that line is liberalism. Each party has in its ranks and leadership liberal and conservative members. Willkie is the liberal leader of the Republicans, for example, while the Southern Democrats are the core of reaction in the Democratic party. The constant split in the voting of our chosen representatives is important to those liberals who want to wield political power. Here is evidence of the existence of a liberal group, already in power, who are interested in the same sort of progress. It overcomes and disregards party lines when common interest demands such a union. There is more than logrolling or mere political convenience involved here. There is an admitted determination to forward certain legislation of a liberal nature regardless of party tradition or policy. The significant thing about this to us is that it shows beyond question that party tags and labels are ineffective and unindicative.

They have grown to be mere conveniences adopted for the purpose of gaining organized party support, for identification purposes before the voters. This being so, there is a real opportunity for liberals.

If present conditions lend themselves to the destruction of sectionalism, a new national alignment must be made. The liberals must capture one of the parties with its old and established strength. They must force the capitulation or excommunication of the reactionary members. For example, Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie dominate our national scene at the present time. To the average voter, if there be such a creature, they seem to stand for many similar things. Internationally they have both advanced certain views between which there is little disagreement. Mr. Willkie has simply spoken a little more frankly, but then, he is the leader of the opposition. Nationally, they differ in their approach to reform in various fields, but it is not an irreconcilable difference. On the other hand, we have men like Mr. Taft and Mr. Hoover who easily find their

natural place beside a Farley and a Talmadge. In such a division there is all the possibility of a sound and realistic political opposition.

The liberals must make the attempt to create a truly liberal party. There is need of honesty in days like these, and with a major party definitely in the hands of liberals opposed to that of the conservatives, the voter could choose sides knowing what he was choosing. Foreign nations, depending on the election returns, could estimate with fair accuracy what sort of international policy we would pursue for the next several years. We could put an end to the world-wide doubt concerning our attitude and activity after the war. It would restore to the Executive and to Congress the trust of the people. They are distrustful and resentful because they are confused at the inconsistencies they find in both branches of their government. Give us a chance to vote like intelligent men, choosing between this or that honestly formulated political platform, and we shall have sound government.



BY ALEXANDER CALDER: ILLUSTRATION FOR "FABLES OF ÆSOP ACCORDING TO SIR ROGER LE STRANGE" IN THE MAJOR EXHIBITION OF THIS AMERICAN ARTIST AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NEW YORK.

A Little Danish Town

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

WHEN WE LEFT THE LITTLE TOWN by the fjord to move inland, I was a big girl — almost thirteen — but I pressed my nose flat against the carriage window as the train rumbled away, crying silently until I could hardly see the tower of the church or the windmill on the dike through my tears.

Yet they remain clear in my mind. I still see the two narrow slits high up in the old red tower following me like kind watchful eyes to the last bend in the tracks, and the dark wings of the big windmill slowly turning as if waving me a long good-bye. Then there is the last gleam of the fjord, the last smell of seaweed, and I feel again that horrible emptiness, as if everything that gave life meaning had been left behind.

So has many a departing soldier felt, all over the world, and indeed I was, without knowing it, a soldier leaving for the wars. Now, by way of Argentina, the windmill on the dike has reached me on an island off Massachusetts. It is in a picture on the back of a Spanish magazine, and the wife of the editor is the daughter of Mr. Ring, the so appropriately named goldsmith of the little Danish town.

Do I remember Mr. Ring's shop? Could I forget!

Silver and gold were housed there, things not so much for frivolous adornment as for the marking of vital events, things that lay waiting for the bell to tinkle and the customer to step in and ask in a solemn voice about price and suitability for birthday, christening, confirmation, betrothal, or wedding. Very seldom was I in Goldsmith Ring's shop, not for me those high reaches, but when some grown-up towed me in, I was overcome with awed delight at the shining shapes on soft dark velvet and still more by the chorus of clocks. The walls sang with every known kind of chime to a steady accompaniment of sonorous ticking. There one might even with pangs of joy hear cuckoos sing the hours, popping out of their little carved houses.

What Ring's was to the grownups, Braestrup's toy shop was to us. Three sisters kept it. We spent most of our pocket money there; we each had two

oere (half a cent) a week. For that you could get paper dolls or transformation pictures, and you could look at and mark whatever you hoped to be given for birthday or Christmas, the only two gift-bearing days in our lives. The Misses Braestrup were no slaves of the public. "Demand" was not their master. Sponges for school-slates were strung on a cord — no picking or choosing allowed — you took the one at the end of the cord. An aunt, pampered by the outside world, made a mild remark about the meager choice of playthings. She was dryly told that "the children of Nykobing have been satisfied with them for all these years."

This was the truth. We were satisfied, very different from being sated. Life held wonders. We lived full and exciting lives. You never saw Lauesen's paint and hardware shop at Christmas? Heaven knows by what magic he then had a miniature water mill in his window — turned by real water flowing over the wheel — and a little miller, and fish, and colored lights. That was something to look forward to all the year, and we should have been deeply disappointed had he changed it.

In summer there were a couple of big fairs when shiny fat horses thundered over the cobble-stoned streets, pulling char-à-bancs with farmers and their families — not alien people, but most likely friends or relatives. Long lines of gay booths stood in the market place, under the linden trees; honey cakes with almonds seemed to me to be the peak of their produce, civilization's acme.

I'll barely mention the day the circus came, or the merry-go-round, or the cakes in Baker Hansen's window, or the smell of the freshly ground coffee and spices from the groceries with their vast cobbled courtyards where their country customers could put up their horses. And what excitement in the harbor when the good ship *Fionia* left for Holbaek some twenty miles down the fjord!

You might agree that a child was lucky to be living in Nykobing (meaning Newtown), but what about the elders? Didn't it crib them? I don't think

it necessarily did. My father edited a daily paper which had a circulation in town and county; he had a keen, well-educated mind, and he literally ransacked the globe for stuff for his paper; he learned Esperanto to get correspondence direct from foreign countries. And there were, in this town of about two thousand, two other daily papers representing real shades of political opinion, as well as two book stores, one of them very well stocked indeed.

But besides and beyond all this, little Nykobing, resting white and red in the green fields by the blue fjord, had through hundreds of years evolved a personality. Although it had a station, it was not a "station-town," mere appendix to a railway. In mediæval times, it had obtained its city charter and coat of arms — a slim new moon and stars, no one now knows with what significance. On its own scale, it had cathedral and government palace, heart and brain of the organism that is a real town. As old as the town, the church lay there, lofty above the low houses, history written in its architecture and within its walls. Much later the city hall had come, close to it; and across from there, on the same square, the house for county officials. Still later came the school with its library, joining the same company, but all the buildings were simple and serene, set in gardens as the church was set in its vivid flowering church yard.

In that little square could be felt the corporate being of a free, dignified community. Children grew up safely here, old people were tenderly cared for, harsh poverty was non-existent, and if the young felt the urge to burst on the world, they could and often did.

Some time ago news came to me that Nykobing had barely avoided a catastrophe. Fishermen, curiously innocent, had found a German mine on the shore and had left it outside the city hall to be investigated. There it lay, a queer object, enticing beyond resistance to the boys. They rolled it around a bit. Whether the town's lone policeman woke from his slumbers or not, I don't know, but the game was stopped. Copenhagen engineers arrived and soon announced bitterly that there were enough explosives in the intact and infernal apparatus to have blown up the whole town.

They seemed to think it was past belief, it was outrageous, it was positive blasphemy against mechanics that the town had not been pulverized from the church to the windmill while the mine was being jolted in the fishermen's cart or treated as a giant football by the children.

But to me it seems a proper and justified miracle, and with affection's queer lack of logic I say to myself: Denmark too will be saved — that little town among the nations.

SONG FOR TODAY

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

THEY entered the flesh
With the flash of bombs,
But they saw nothing
But the dark of tombs.

They broke through the bone
To get at the soul,
But the memory stayed
Of the body as whole.

They betrayed the children
They slaughtered the youth,
But seeds kept gathering
In the loins of truth.

They mined the meadow,
They uprooted the tree,
But the ground held on
To fertility.

They drove at courage
To its last heartbeat,
But they could not kill
The triumph of defeat.

Such futile doings
With such useless things
As modernized brimstone
And metals with wings,

Must drive the need
Into the heads of the herds
Of dropping their cannon
And resorting to words.

Do You Know Your Weather Bumps?

By WANDA BURNETT

NEXT TIME you wake up in the morning feeling as limp as a left-over pancake and you simply haven't the elbow strength to cope with packed busses, jostling crowds, or the long hard war job ahead of you, think twice before you call the boss or run for a thermometer to check a temperature you probably don't have.

First, look at the barometer. Consider the state of the weather. Is it hot or cold, windy or calm, stormy or unusually humid? Has the barometer skyrocketed or suddenly gone into a power dive? The chances are you have been hit — and hit hard — by a "weather bump." The invisible commandos of infection very likely didn't invade your system during the night, as you suspect, nor do you really want to quit your job. This feeling of complete futility and fatigue may be nothing more than your body's peculiar way of reacting to the fickle mood of the weather. It may be nature's warning that an unseen saboteur is tampering with your physical and mental processes.

"But the weather doesn't bother me!" you say. You beat your chest, inhale, exhale, and repeat your boast. That's what you think! Meteorobiologists — those new scientists who study the effects of weather on man's ills and aches — know differently.

Dr. William F. Petersen of the University of Illinois, College of Medicine, and America's leading meteorobiologist, says the weather does affect you — especially when it changes. After more than twenty-five years of clinical observation and careful research on the relation of weather changes to man's physical and mental health, Dr. Petersen says that the weather exerts an extremely significant, but little suspected, influence on man from conception till death.

Every change in temperature, every fluctuation in barometric pressure, every movement of the winds, calls for a quick, if barely discernible, bodily adjustment. Some individuals react to these atmospheric changes almost immediately. Others experience a "biological lag" of from twelve to as many as seventy-eight hours. And what is vastly important, says

Dr. Petersen, is that no two individuals will ever experience quite the same reaction since no two individuals are ever quite alike, and no two weather episodes are identical, for the air in which we live is constantly changing.

Violent storms roll over the country only to be followed by days of bright, clear air. Warm, humid weather is trailed by cold, dry weather. Light air masses may trip along on the heels of heavy air. And every change in the character of the air means an actual change in the weight of that air, and a change in every physical and chemical function of your body. There is not only an alteration in the blood pressure, but in the chemical balance of the blood. Among numerous other things, there is a change in the heart action, and the kidney and stomach functions.

When a cold wave moves in, the air is relatively dry and heavy. The barometric pressure increases and the weight of the atmosphere pushing down and in on every cell and blood vessel, squeezes your body with a pressure often reaching sixteen and a half tons. You are caught and squeezed like a rubber ball in the tight grip of a giant's hand.

But since the air is unstable, constantly shifting, the weight of the air, too, changes. The cold wave with its heavy stimulating air passes on. Warmer, lighter, and more enervating air takes its place. The barometric pressure drops. The giant relaxes his grip. The pressure on your body is lifted often by thousands of pounds.

Every weather change involves an adjustment on the part of every individual. Some can make this adjustment; others can't. For the majority of people the most difficult time is during the transition from warm weather to sudden cold. One of the most important rhythms of the body takes place with this change. The quick shift to cold calls for more heat production on the part of the body — and more energy. The metabolism suddenly increases — the body fires burn faster. The blood pressure increases, and the blood soon becomes relatively acid.

When the blood pressure begins to fall from this weather-induced high peak, the vessel walls through which the blood has been racing become moist and sticky. The blood pressure may even drop so low that it interferes with normal circulation, and blood passing through may even stagnate and clot. Deaths due to thrombosis — a blocking of the blood supply by a clot or plug — may occur. Such deaths are predominantly seasonal. They are decidedly more pronounced with weather disturbances and reach a peak in the month of February.

With this particular weather episode there is also a definite lessening of resistance to all bacterial infection. A siege of colds, sore throats, acute appendicitis cases, earaches, toothaches, and numerous other upsets follow in the path of these cold waves.

If weather changes are not too frequent and not too severe, they may offer just the right amount of zip to keep you on your toes — alert, aggressive, and a leader. But if they are repeated too often and the "bump" is too pronounced, you may pass from this desirable state on to one of over-fatigue and sickness.

On the other hand, if the weather should continue unruffled for days and days (this never happens in the northern latitudes) you might find yourself settling down to a comfortable, cabbage-like existence — placid, sluggish, and we might even say, a bit "lazy." You wouldn't have the energy to compete with your weather-stimulated friends.

WHAT TYPE ARE YOU?

Now what the weather actually does to *you* depends upon the type of body you have — whether you are sick or well, thin or fat, and where you live.

If you live in "Storm Track" United States — and most of the densely populated cities fall within this region — you have to meet and adjust to at least two hundred dramatic changes in the weather every year. These are real "weather bumps." A drop of thirty degrees or more in temperature in a single afternoon is not unusual.

This weather belt cuts across the United States from the Pacific Northwest. It sweeps eastward across the Rockies, over the semi-arid plains states, continues through the Great Lakes region, and finally blows out over the Atlantic by way of the New England States.

In these Storm Tracks are busy, full-speed-ahead war plants, great cultural and industrial centers, and the bustling, energetic, weather-whipped cities of

Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Boston, Washington, and New York.

The effects of weather changes on the population in this weather-stimulated band are evidenced in the great number of outstanding individuals, geniuses, and leaders. These are the people who met, were stimulated to the optimum, adjusted, and survived. Coincidentally, in this same region there are more epidemics, suicides, malformations, insanity, general breakdowns, and sudden deaths. These are the effects on the individuals whose bodies couldn't adjust.

If you are a fairly normal person, with all of your cells working in perfect harmony, you are a *normsome*. You can take the "weather bumps." Adjustment will be more or less automatic. The "inner man" takes care of this problem for you. The weather change may be reflected in your moods only. When it rains you may feel low and depressed — partly because your blood pressure has been lowered — or you may want to air your pet peeves. You may feel mean and grouchy. But when your body speed is quickened and your blood pressure lifted by a sudden cold snap, you may feel keyed up and exhilarated, and then just as suddenly slump into a tiredness where you hardly want to move your little finger. This is true weather-fatigue.

If you are sick, these "weather bumps" may be extremely serious. For weather changes affect the sick more than the well — the thin more than the fat — and strangely, the men more than the women. The stimulation of the weather shock with its resulting chemical alteration in the body — the change in blood pressure, heart action, and metabolism, for instance, may prove too much for the sick man. It may be the final blow which helps push him over the brink to death.

Now if you are thin, with a body built for speed (not endurance) you are what our meteorobiologists call a *leptosome*. Cold and rain are your enemies. Spring is your danger period. You are the quick-moving, fast-burning individual "living on your nerves." You have no fat padding to act as a shock absorber, no buffering to ward off the weather blows. You are relatively "acid," and all weather changes will leave their mark.

You are the type who eats and eats but never grows fat. Your body stores nothing and burns up everything. You have a tendency to lose your vitamins, calcium, iodine, and other minerals. You lose them more readily in the spring, after the chemical

change in your body and the shift toward a relative acidity caused by repeated weather shake-ups has "sieved" them away. But, as the weather medics point out, this is a tough time for everyone. Spring is the time of year, according to Dr. Petersen, when the entire population of Storm Track America leans toward the "acid" side — when there is a general depletion of vitality, when deaths are highest and susceptibility to disease greatest.

At this time, you, the thin man, will be most affected by rain and cold. You may swing from a sudden high and pleasant mood to an equally sudden depth of depression. You will become easily fatigued both mentally and physically.

Long rainy stretches or abrupt changes in the weather may even bring on a psychosis and this psychosis will more often be of the schizophrenic or split personality type. If you have any suicidal inclinations, you may "jump" when the cold has gotten into your bones or when you have become depressed during or immediately after a long rainy spell.

Dr. S. A. Levinson, of the Cook County coroner's staff, Illinois, found that more slender individuals actually committed suicide during the first half of the year and when the individual as well as the population at large, battered about by winter storms, had become relatively acid. The second half of the year, with general weather stability, showed more stout individuals suiciding.

Dr. Petersen, after lengthy study, considers Abraham Lincoln the classic example of the *leptosome* type. Lincoln's reserves were easily exhausted, his blood pressure was often low. He became fatigued and relatively acid with every temperamental change of the weather, with emotional upsets, and with physical work or exercise. He was known as a many-mooded man. These moods were so obvious to everyone that they accepted them as weather-induced.

Cold and rain depressed Lincoln probably more than any other weather phase. These depressions were accentuated in the spring. But Lincoln, running true to form, felt better in the summer and the autumn. Warm weather and stable barometric pressure seemed to dissolve his "blues." He regained his confidence and became more optimistic.

ARE YOU WELL BUFFERED?

If you are the fat, broad type, you are a *pyknic*. Your body is well buffered — sometimes too well buffered. Your complexion shows the ruddiness of

an ample supply of blood. You generally have plenty of ambition, energy, and smooth-going good will. You are less weather sensitive, and as a rule you are neither rocked nor shocked too severely by sudden weather changes.

You store and save while the *leptosome* burns and spends. You store fats, carbohydrates, calcium, vitamins, and water, and your fat padding serves as a perfect shock absorber. Generally, you sail through youth unscathed, but you may pass from perfect health and general stability to the fixation of middle age. Then, and sometimes suddenly, you find you can no longer make the necessary adjustments to the weather changes. You've lost your elasticity. You "wear out." You may develop heart disease, diabetes, arteriosclerosis. Your psychotic tendencies, if you have any, will lean more toward the manic-depressive type. You may not live as long as the *leptosome* whose youth is usually spent with many symptoms and diseases, but who, as he ages, becomes more elastic, and more able to swing along at peace with the weather.

Heat and humidity — summer and autumn — are your dangers. With prolonged heat or increasing humidity, your system becomes relatively "alkaline." A sudden change to cold may also bring about the same reaction. Like the *leptosome*, your blood pressure will increase with shifts from heat to cold. But unlike the thin man who feels fatigue rather than stimulation from this change, you may feel "fit as a fiddle." But this feeling of buoyancy may soon pass on to one of definite irritability. You may develop a migraine headache, or, if the phase is pushed too far and the irritability too marked, you may even commit suicide or murder.

Thunder storms, with their abrupt changes in barometric pressure and increased humidity, are also clinically important for you as a weather victim. The *pyknic* will be more susceptible to this change than will the *leptosome*. At this time there is a sudden increase in "heart failure" deaths. And you may hide under the old feather bed, plug your ears to keep out the thunder, but your whole nervous system and all the chemical factors of your body will still reflect this weather change. Thunder storms leave a long string of disorders in their path. Mental illnesses are more pronounced. Cerebral hemorrhages come to the fore, and migraine, epilepsy, glaucoma and other eye infections suddenly appear.

Adults, our meteorobiologists say, are generally

more pessimistic and quarrelsome on days of low barometric pressure and children are often more restless and irritable. There is a marked feeling of futility. Even fish lose interest when the barometer falls and refuse to feed.

The German poet, Goethe, felt the effects of the weather—"the mysterious forces of the atmosphere." "I work best," he said, "when the barometric pressure is high — and on those days when the barometer is falling I have to put forth much more energy to accomplish the same amount of work."

In Italy, the linking of crime and weather was recognized long ago. When the hot sirocco wind blew over Italy from the parched African desert, a man was no longer considered responsible for his actions. The wind temporarily "took away the mind."

The convulsions of Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia, were accepted as being weather-conditioned. The attack which brought about his death came in the autumn, as do many epileptic seizures, with a change of the seasons and a change of the winds.

But the association of weather and health goes back even further. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, who lived more than two thousand years ago, said that if a man would study medicine, he must first study weather. "With the seasons men's diseases, like their digestive organs, suffer change," he said.

Even the old horse and buggy doctor of rural America recognized the effects of weather on his patients. He knew that at certain times of the year, in certain weather, he would be kept busy driving from farmhouse to farmhouse. In the spring Grandma would be nursing her rheumatism, and old Bill Perkins would have an attack of indigestion or ulcers, and Mary, an acute appendicitis.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

So the weather is the culprit, you say. But what can you do about it? It's true, you can't change the weather. Not exactly. But there are a few things you can do when the weather gets you down.

Recognize what the weather does to you. Know your own particular "weather bumps." And if you are too thin, too easily shaken up by the fickleness of the weather — gain weight, keep warm, and avoid mental, emotional, and physical fatigue. Fatigue, like the weather, tends to push you deeper into the "acid" trough, and thus make you more susceptible to disease. If you are too fat — do something about it, but not too much. Don't reduce to the point where

you lose all your buffering or shock absorbers. Keep calm, and keep cool.

If you are sick or run down or just plain tired, and you feel you can't put up with a weather that doesn't know its own mind — move, if it's possible. That's what your doctor would probably tell you to do. That's why, in peacetime, California and Florida beaches are jammed with northerners in the winter. That's why people with heart ailments and other serious disorders are sent to warm, constant, and even-tempered climates — away from the winter's blows and snows. That's why we take cruises to the Caribbean. That's why in the summer we have air conditioning and in the winter steam heat, as both attempt to equalize the temperature and normalize the individual.

Even so, with all these efforts in your behalf, you will never completely escape the weather. Even persons kept indoors in perfectly air-conditioned rooms react, though not quite so violently, to the various changes in the barometric pressure, and all the rest of the complex factors that make up the weather. And if you take your asthma, for instance, to the pleasant land of Florida and a sudden cold snap of weather hits you in that delightful climate, you may still have an attack, but it will be less severe.

Climate, of course, is not synonymous with weather. You may have a hurricane in the balmy Caribbean or unusual weather in California's sunny climate. Weather is the day to day, often hour to hour, change in the atmosphere. In a mild climate, however, the weather is not frequently or violently altered. So, if you can't take the weather in an area where such changes occur often, causing heavy drains on your system, maybe you should locate in a more stable zone.

If, on the other hand, you are a slightly sluggish fellow in a non-stimulating atmosphere, maybe you need the stimulation of weather changes. Maybe the weather-restless Storm Tracks would give you just the right amount of stimulation to make you the energetic executive you've always wanted to be.

If the weather-quiet south is your preference, however, prepare to relax when you do go there. You will anyway. For in such an equable zone you will run the risk of simply, but pleasantly, becoming a kind of vegetable. That depends, according to Dr. Petersen, not only on your wishes in the matter, but upon the way your body is built and works, and more importantly, responds to the weather.

Imagination in Science?

By LINUS PAULING

ISAAC NEWTON'S MIND was so unhampered by restraint and convention that he was able — in a burst of inspiration — to tie together the apocryphal falling apple and the earth treading its path about the sun. He was able to identify the force which pulls the apple toward the earth with that which pulls the earth continually toward the sun; and in so doing, he started off a whole new scientific era.

The scientist, if he is to be more than a plodding gatherer of bits of information, needs to exercise an active imagination. The scientists of the past whom we now recognize as great, are those who were gifted with transcendental imaginative powers, and the part played by the imaginative faculty in his daily life is at least as important for the scientist as it is for the worker in any other field — much more important than for most.

A good scientist thinks logically and accurately when conditions call for logical and accurate thinking — but so does any other good worker when he has a sufficient number of well-founded facts to serve as the basis for the accurate, logical induction of generalizations and the subsequent deduction of consequences.

From the careful observations of many astronomers who labored faithfully at their instruments — especially those of Tycho Brahe — Johannes Kepler drew the inductions regarding the orbital motion of the planets about the sun which are expressed by Kepler's laws. In the formulation of his laws of planetary motion, Kepler was without doubt aided by his imagination. The apparent motion of a planet as seen from the earth — with planet and earth each describing independently its elliptical orbit about the sun — is so complex that it would have been very difficult for the analysis of the data to have been made by straight-forward methods. However, once the imaginative picture of the solar system in terms of elliptical orbits had appeared to Kepler — with his imagination stirred no doubt by the well-known interesting properties of the ellipse — its test

by comparison with the observational data would have become an easier, though still a most laborious, task.

Kepler's flight of fancy was as outstripped by Newton's as is the hedge-hopping flutter of a hen by the soaring arc of an eagle. The simple law of universal gravitation, the mutual attraction of every pair of material particles in the universe, eluded lesser men than Newton, men whose minds were confused by the multiplicity of observed physical phenomena or whose imaginations were enfeebled by disuse.

Newton's great feat of the imagination consisted not alone in his formulation of the law of universal gravitation: he had, in addition, to find the mathematical laws which govern the motion of a body under the influence of impressed forces, and even to invent a new kind of mathematics, the calculus, in order to make suitable comparison between his postulates and the observed behavior of the physical world.

We have now become so accustomed to the wonders of nature, that it is hard for us to appreciate how great a feat of the imagination is the concept of action at a distance displayed in the attraction of the sun for the earth over the intervening space of ninety-two million miles. The difficulty of accepting this concept, let alone of originating it, is so forbidding that for more than two centuries scientists clung to the idea of a medium, the ether, with the aid of which the gravitational forces were thought to be exerted. The quietus was given this idea by another giant, Einstein, whose imaginative powers in our era are comparable with those of Newton in his.

The Irish Fitzgerald and the Dutch Lorentz were Einstein's Kepler. They had shown that the puzzling results of Michelson's and Moreley's experiments on the independence of the velocity of light in the solar system or galaxy could be accounted for by assuming that their apparatus and measuring rods changed their dimensions as their velocity through the ether

changed. The explanation of this puzzling conclusion from the experimental facts followed from Einstein's amazingly original and revolutionary theory of relativity which abandoned the idea of the ether, the idea of absolute motion, the idea of an invariant time-scale, and other ideas which held earth-bound all but the young, active, uninhibited imagination of the twenty-five-year-old Albert Einstein.

Closeness of observation and care in investigating even very small indications of something new are essential in good scientific work. The discovery of the positive electron by Carl Anderson illustrates this truism. Anderson was photographing the cloud-chamber tracks produced by cosmic ray secondary particles in a Wilson chamber placed between the poles of a magnet. The heavy particles, atomic nuclei with positive electrical charges, produced dense tracks bent by the magnetic field to the right, whereas the light electrons, with negative electrical charges, made fainter tracks bent to the left. On one of his very many photographs, Anderson saw a faint track bent to the right. Instead of ignoring this, he looked carefully into the technique, eliminated the chance of error, and finally postulated the existence of a new kind of matter, the positive electron or positron.

A most striking example of an imaginative idea which has had great scientific and practical consequences is that of the cyclotron. Its giant magnet causes the ions in the split cylindrical electrodes between the pole pieces to describe semicircular orbits of increasing size with such increasing speed as to arrive at the region where the accelerating electrical impulse is effective at just the right time to experience its effect. The concept of the cyclotron must have burst with blinding brilliance in the brain of Ernest Lawrence, though he could hardly have hoped that it would lead to as great advances in the treatment of disease and in the study of the structure of the atomic nucleus as have been made with its aid in the eight years since its discovery.

A large part of the science of chemistry and of chemical industry deals with the so-called aromatic substances, substances which are related to benzene. Benzene was discovered by Michael Faraday, and, before many years, was known to contain in its molecule six carbon atoms and six hydrogen atoms. Progress in aromatic chemistry became rapid only after the discovery of the manner in which these

atoms are bonded together. This was done by Kekule, who, in a moment of inspiration after a long period of unsuccessful analysis of the facts known about the chemical properties of benzene, saw that these facts are all compatible with a structure of a completely new type: a hexagonal structure in which the six carbon atoms are bonded together in the structure of a ring.

Fritz Pregl of Vienna was imaginative. Twenty years ago the determination of the chemical nature of substances with physiological activity was greatly hampered because rather large quantities were necessary for a satisfactory chemical analysis: the job of isolating this much was often effectively insuperable — vitamins and hormones, present and active in extremely small amounts, are cases in point. Pregl dreamed of a chemical laboratory on a micro-scale — beakers and flasks and pipettes and burettes containing single drops of chemical solutions instead of cupfuls, balances a thousand times more sensitive than those which the chemist was accustomed to use. He developed his imagined technique of micro-analysis, and thus provided the world with a chemical tool which has made possible many of the recent chemical discoveries in biology and medicine as well as many discoveries in pure chemistry and in chemical technology.

Credit for Charles Darwin's great contribution to knowledge must be given to his imagination as well as to his industry and perseverance. That part of the great mass of observational material in the field of biology which finds its ready explanation only in the theory of the evolution of species was waiting for interpretation long before Darwin's time, and his own additions to it, while important, were not essential.

The development of the theory of quantum mechanics, the discovery of vitamins, the mapping of genes in chromosomes, the determination of the constitution of the stars, the planning and the execution of methods of manufacture of synthetic textiles and plastics — in short, all of the scientific and technical advances which have been made during the present century, are due more to the imagination of scientists than to any other attribute. Each surprising new scientific development of the accelerating sequence serves to emphasize anew the great importance of the imagination in scientific work.

HUNGER AND TUMULT

By CLARE LEIGHTON

Illustrations by the Author



THE THIN LITTLE WOMAN pulls the black shawl closer around her. The January wind is bitterly cold and there is no warmth in her old wool coat. She has been standing here so long that she cannot feel her legs. How long has it been, she wonders? A rough voice sounds at her side. It is a Boche guard.

"Keep moving," he commands.

"But I do," trembles the thin little woman, below her breath. She looks up at the shops on this street in Paris. It is true, she does keep moving. When she had joined the food line this morning—how dark it had been, in the winter dawn, how dark and wet and cold—she was standing against Monsieur Giron's food shop. She turns her head backwards, seeking the shop. The Boche guard is watching her. . . . Yes, it was Monsieur Giron's food shop, though the shutters are up and nothing remains but his name painted above the window.

"Food!"

The word corkscrews its way into her brain and splits into images. Images of food. Images of meat, butter, cheese. . . . Suddenly her whole world is the image of cheese. The heads of the women in the food

line have changed into cheeses. The cobble-stones upon the road are cheeses. Why cannot she stretch out her hand and snatch at one of these cheeses? Why does she not bend down to the cobble-stones and pull one up, to eat it? But she feels so tired. She feels more tired these days, doing nothing, than she used to when all her babies were little and she was working in a laundry and rushing home to feed them. . . . What milk she had had for Lulu! Her breasts had been painfully full and the baby had sucked and grown fat.

Automatically the woman opens the black shawl to feel her breasts against the old wool coat. But they hang scraggy and dry, like the teats of her grandfather's sow when the young pigs were weaned. . . . How good it tastes, the young pig they have roasted to celebrate her sister's betrothal. . . . The farmhouse kitchen is filled with warm smells and she, little Marie, has gone into the fields of Provence with Grandmother to gather herbs for the feast. . . . The young pig looks so pink, waiting there to be roasted. It tastes good, with the beans fresh from the garden, and the long crisp bread warm still from Monsieur Bonnet's bakehouse. He has come up the hill himself with the bread, knowing the family is busy preparing the feast. And Grandfather has said it is the custom to have roast pig when any Vassolo girl is betrothed. . . . The potatoes are good to eat, dug fresh from the earth. . . . And there is wine—dark wine, rich wine; it seems as though Grandfather is always going to the cellar for more wine. . . .

She is being pushed, and angry voices shout to her: "Move, won't you, there? Get along with you!" She is being pushed on all sides.

With difficulty she leaves the feast of her sister's betrothal in the mountains of Provence and finds herself in a line of women upon the pavement of a

street in Paris. It has started to rain and the wind tears at the black shawl she has wrapped around her shoulders. There is a space in front of her, and suddenly she understands the pushing. The food line has moved, and she, back in her mind in the mountains of Provence, has forgotten to move with it. She brings one of her feet forward, and it seems as though she walks on air. She is so tired.

But they push her still. She turns. It is the Boche guard, always shouting, always pushing. With the irritability of hunger she turns on him. But she is too tired to fight. And then, just as she wants to strike him, to bite him, to kick him, suddenly she sees an enormous dish of roast pig in front of her, crackling still from the oven, smelling of herbs from the mountains of Provence. She steps forward, but the crackling meat is just beyond her reach. She steps yet further forward, but the meat moves with her. She bangs into the woman in front of her.

They must be killing the young pig down in the mountains of Provence. She can hear the screams. They are almost like a baby's screams. Yes, they are exactly like a baby's screams. . . . In banging against the woman, she has wakened the baby in her arms. The infant screams now to be fed, beating its tiny hands against the woman's dress. In the wind and the rain the woman opens her dress to give her baby the breast. But the breast is sagging and withered like the teat of a stripped sow. Terror comes into the mother's face. The baby sucks, but there is no milk. Animal panic stands in the mother's eyes. She is like a trapped doe, unable to succor her young.

The little woman with the black shawl scarcely notices the terror of the mother before her. Hunger has robbed her of humaneness and the vision of possible potatoes awaiting her at the end of the line is stronger than maternal sympathy. Had she talked with this panic-eyed mother she would have heard about the three children at home in bed, too, too tired to get up and play. She would have been told of the long nights broken by cries of hunger, and of the mother's gratitude to the darkness that hides from her the look in her children's eyes. And, if the mother had grown more confiding, she would have heard about the father of this family who had traded his liberty for food, and exchanged the strength of his limbs for a bowl of Nazi soup.

For hunger does not make man heroic. It breaks down the cells of the spirit, even as it destroys the cells of the body. It cannot be romanticized, for the

starving man is less always than his normal self. Brotherly love fades, and the craving for food battles against the warmth of the human heart. Man will steal for food, and woman will sell her body without shame for one slice of bread. And hunger, like war, murders compassion. For hunger and want and fear goad man to unworthiness.

So, as they stand here, these obscure women of Paris, as they move forward little by little in the food line, reaching with each tired step nearer to the potatoes that may await them, as they stand here numbed in the rain and cold of a day in January, their minds are not filled with heroics. They do not see themselves part of the cruel pattern of war, sisters to starving women of Holland, Greece, or Yugoslavia, comrades of panic-eyed women who watch their children die. Their spirits are not valiant with dreams of freedom. One idea rules their world, and that is food: food for themselves, for their babies, for their old people. And, when the hunger grows worse, gnawing at their empty bodies, the circle of concern narrows, and the demand is for food, for themselves alone.

The streets of Paris are quiet. The streets of Toulon are quiet. The streets of little towns and villages all over Europe are quiet. Starving children do not shout or play. They huddle together with matchstick legs and bloated bellies, joyless and tired.

As the thin little woman in the black shawl stands in the food line in Paris, craving food, she thinks with longing of the Vassolo farm in Provence. She sees it as the land of plenty of her childhood days, with wine from the vineyards, pork and veal from her grandfather's farm, milk and cheese from the goats that leapt the rocks among the olive trees. She remembers her aunts planting the haricots upon the terraces in the valley, with the big straw hats they wore and the warm wind lapping their bare legs as they bent low to the ground. And dreaming herself back into this early life, she does not realize that it has vanished. Peasant-born, she thinks of earth as something that passes from father to son, in trust for posterity. She knows that she is hungry; she knows, too, that there is earth down there in Provence, and that out from the earth comes food. Bewildered, she stands in a line in the streets of Paris, waiting hopefully for a few potatoes.

But the body of the earth of Europe is like a great unfilled womb. The land in France and Holland, in Denmark, Yugoslavia and Greece, is unsown. The

fields of Russia lie shell-pitted and trampled, and the sowers of the seed drive tanks instead of tractors; their harvest is less beautiful than golden grain.

Over the map of Europe the torn fields lie empty, and the people cry for food. Over the map of America the fields are uncratered still by bombs and shells. Those monsters that chug their way across the stretching miles of American earth are not tanks to destroy all life before them; they are benign monsters that we call tractors, and, like slow shuttles, they move across the loom of the land pulling their brown thread after them. They weave into the fabric of the world the pattern of a well-nourished people.

For all food belongs to all men, and the earth, from which all food comes, must be at the service of mankind.

"What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" The people of Europe are nearly too tired these days to ask us for bread.

But the people of Europe need this American earth. They will need it long after the last bomb has been dropped and the last shell fired. They will need it that the possibility of true living may be restored to a war-sickened world. For within each man, whether he be English or German, French Italian, Pole or Greek, within each one of them lies a need to sow seed upon his own fields. The man who has been torn from his land carries an unrest that is beyond the pain and want of war. He has been cheated of his harvests and deprived of the care of his flocks. Deep within him, man longs to watch the sprouting of the grain in his fields, or to feel once more the excitement of awaiting the birth of the calf that must be in the belly of his cow. Over from America they must go, those sacks of seed grain; cool potency for the waiting earth of Europe. Across the Atlantic ships must carry dairy cows and bulls, that seed may

be kept alive upon the face of the entire earth.

But there is something else this America must do, this Ark upon Mount Ararat. It is something that cannot wait until the guns are silenced and the seas unmarked by periscopes. Hunger enfeebles even the desire to fight for existence. Despair spreads with famine. And a people that drops from weakness in the streets of a city can have no vision. Neither can starving children make worthy builders of a new world. The thin little woman with the black shawl in a food line in Paris will not be nourished by thinking of a farm in Provence. The baby in the arms of the mother in front of her cannot grow fat from sucking at a shrivelled breast. If we are to help the world to see visions and dream dreams, first we must feed the people of Europe.



America does not find it easy to imagine want. It has lived in abundance so long that the memory of the struggles of pioneer ancestors has grown dim, and even Thanksgiving has lost the magic of its origin. But time plays strange tricks, and can telescope happenings while we are yet unaware. Was it only a year or two ago that the young Austrian farmer sitting beside us at that inn near Landeck wished us "*Mahlzeit!*"

as the dishes of steaming soup came to the table? Perhaps he lies now where he has no need of food. And that waitress in Perpignan who said "*Bon appétit!*" as she placed the chicken before us in a shining brown casserole; where is she now? If she lives, the pretty creature, is she not haunted in restless dreams by images of food? And has she the strength, in her hunger, to wish for a better world?

It has all happened so quickly, within the waxing and waning of a few dozen moons; a mere moment against history. It has happened with the violence and abruptness of a storm that destroys a farmer's

crop in one night while he yet sleeps. But as the farmer whose harvest has been washed out by the storm pits himself against the elements and plants another crop, so we, seeing the devastation around us, must not lack the spirit of the husbandman. We must sow our new crop, and this seed is a world of well-fed people. And as the harvest of corn is food, so the harvest of this great world crop is peace. For a well-fed people sheds despair. It sheds bitterness, and the will to power. It is unaware of hate. Its mind can reach beyond fear to beauty and rhythm of living. And it can shout for joy.

If she is still alive, when this war is over, the thin little woman with the black shawl — if she has not fallen from starvation upon the cobble-stones in Paris — we would like to be able to tell her that the Vassolo farm in Provence will soon be the land of plenty of her dreams. We would like to be able to laugh with her at the way the silly goats leap from

rock to rock among the olive trees, and grow serious with her as she discusses the exact flavoring for the roast kid. We would like to say "*Mahlzeit!*" to the spirit of the young Austrian farmer at the inn near Landeck, and feel no qualms in accepting food from unknown peasants in the mountains of Yugoslavia. For our seed must spread across the countries of the world, heeding neither frontier nor race.

This seed may take a long time before it is ready to be harvested, for growth can not be hurried and is never as rapid as destruction. Whether it be growth of goodness in the land or in the hearts of men, it must needs be gradual, and at its own pace. War-scarred grain lands do not regain fertility in a few weeks, and war-scarred man must be coaxed back to faith. But time is not what matters. The only thing that matters is that we may be certain of the nature of our seed. For the harvest we plan must be of the stuff of which dreams are made.

THE WORLD IS A WEDDING

By JOHN BRINNIN

For Delmore Schwartz

Not in the softness of white ritual
Is our appointment, nor in the ceremony
Of wheatfields and the fruition of houses
Blessed for a boy; but on the armored shore
Where hanging corpses turning listlessly
Put to the time their bitter question marks.

We meet on the morning of the crime and counter-crime
Where justice shapes its final symmetry;
As the resource of poets in its wide
Perspective would forever bring to bed
Death the dark husband and his sunny wife,
The ground is salt whereon the feast is laid.

How may invader and invaded know
Their deadly wedding has a gift in it?
Wearing the stitch of horror in his heart,
Who can so dispossess himself to say
"At the crux of war, there is a brotherhood,"
And be not damned, and be not self-accused?

Shakespeare, retired from all tragedy,
Does not weep but, with a grim and rakish eye,
(Guns and the images of guns resounding)
Walks through our suffering at the side of Marx,
For world is a wedding whence shall issue forth
The sons and metaphors of many marriages.

Nicolás Guillén and Afro-Cuban Poetry

By H. R. HAYS



CUBA TODAY can boast one of the most important modern poets and one of the most interesting literary movements in the Western Hemisphere. The poet is Nicolás Guillén, leader of the school of Afro-Cuban poetry which, during the past ten years, has become one of the most significant expressions of Cuban culture.

Guillén is notable for a number of reasons. Firstly, he is a representative of a new social element, a blending of Negro and white traditions. Like other Spanish-American countries, Cuba was originally dominated by a purely Spanish literary tradition. But, unlike the situation in Mexico and much of South America, the aboriginal Indians could not survive European domination and entirely disappeared by the sixteenth century. Instead, the large imported slave population became the modifying factor.

It has been estimated that today perhaps one half of the Cuban population is pure Negro. When one considers that even a small trace of white blood makes a Cuban technically white, one can realize how much of the other 50 per cent is composed of various mulatto blends.

The rise of the Cuban people as a democratic force in recent years as well as the increased political power of the labor movement has brought the Negro element to the fore. In Guillén's own words: "And Cuba already knows she is mulatto. . ."

In this island, therefore, where a new people is developing almost a new race, the pure Spanish tradition is already obsolete. Parallel with the blending of color, a synthesis of cultural elements is tak-

ing place. Along with European scholarship and literature flourishing in the schools and the university, African folklore is still a living thing. The primitive drumbeats of the Congo echo in all Cuban music, and the folksongs of the people derive from magic and ritual.

The new Cuban poets (and notably Guillén) are conscious of all these things. The same fusion of African and European elements is taking place in their work, and from this combination of technical sophistication and primitive emotion arises a vital movement.

Nicolás Guillén was born in Camagüey, Cuba, in 1904. He studied at the University of Havana and began, but did not finish, a law course. He has been a journalist, an editor, at times in the government service, and, during the Machado regime, was even in jail for a short time because of his liberal opinions and writings. Himself a dark-skinned mulatto, it is natural that his work should express the protests and aspirations of an underprivileged people. Indeed it is the social consciousness, the contemporary awareness of economic problems, which gives his writing much of its international importance.

In 1940 Guillén ran for mayor of his native town and rolled up a surprisingly good vote, setting a record, in fact, for a mulatto candidate. But, despite his political and journalistic activities, Guillén is primarily a poet and devotes most of his time to poetry.

Many influences have gone into his work. Like

all Latin-American countries, Cuba has had its symbolists, its introspective artists of the Samain school. But it also has had Martí, the poet-revolutionary whose memory keeps alive a more militant tradition. Guillén has completely avoided the neo-symbolists. His search for a more heroic, more rugged tradition has lead him to Rimbaud, Baudelaire, and Villon. He is perfectly able to use the high style. The ring of the best French tradition is in such lines as:

*They are ruled by their bellies and by sullen
nights
And by melancholy afternoons on the brilliant
avenues
And by explosive tomorrows
When day awakens with its alcoholic eyes.*

But a more primitive impulse is strong in his work, much more so than in the poetry of our own Negro poets who have been absorbed into an industrial civilization. It is interesting to compare Countee Cullen's rather self-conscious *Heritage* with Guillén's *Sensemayá* or the *Ballad of the Güije*. In fact, our Negro poets have been less fortunate in the influences that mould their style, most of them having been nurtured on the easy rhythms and shallow pathos of Vachel Lindsay and the weakest work of Carl Sandburg. Guillén, like Lorca, has returned to the early Spanish romances and ballads. In them he found other forms which he uses with a bitter intensity.

*Ah, reveille, you shall ring out
At dawn, some day,
Your tocsin of rebellion,
Ah, reveille, you shall ring out.*

*You shall come to the hardest couches
Where rotting beggars lie
And friend, friend! you shall cry.
You shall come to the hardest couches.*

Guillén, unlike Lorca, does not lean with a certain sadistic relish on scenes of blood to give his poetry force. His energy and his drive come from a more broadly human and a more deeply social understanding. It is the starving sugar worker that spurs him to anger, and his sharply pointed ironies hark back to the heroic scorn that Rimbaud used to heap upon the *bourgeoisie* of his time. When Guillén calls his compatriots servile *maracas*, rattling for the edification of the tourists, or when he mocks the white-skinned mulatto for looking down upon

his darker brothers, he shows the keenness of his wit and the breadth of his intelligence.

His first book, *Motivos de son*, published in Havana in 1930, had an immediate and wide success because it was filled with songs that struck a popular note. The Cubans are a musical people. Even the elaborate and beautiful street cries of Havana are testimony to this characteristic form of expression. Just as the North American Negro slaves developed their popular balladry, so the Cuban Negroes have kept alive their own poetic forms. But with this difference: many of the Cuban folksongs are much nearer to African origins. They are full of African words: a charm to kill snakes, for instance, harks back to the Congo. Today, African words are still used by the modern poets, often when the meaning has been lost, for sound values alone.

Many of Guillén's poems have been set to music by leading Cuban composers and by the Mexican, Sylvestre Revueltas. A *son*, *Negro Bambon*, was recorded and enjoyed considerable popularity as a dance tune.

Much sensational material has been written about voodoo worship in the West Indies. Actually, the Caribbean Negroes still practise dances which have come down from ancient ritual, but today the forms have lost most of their original significance, the melodies have assumed a Spanish character although the rhythms remain violently primitive. The dances themselves are spontaneous entertainment at festivals. Until recently, the Cubans have been inclined to be a little ashamed of such activities and have tended to be seduced by the movies and American dance records into adopting American jazz. And American jazz has already had a diluting effect on genuine Cuban music. But the modern appreciation of primitive African sculpture, and the general awakening of interest in Negro art has had its repercussions among Cuban intellectuals. Undoubtedly, it has had much to do with their newfound interest in their own folklore.

To Guillén, such an interest represents a kind of exploration of his racial subconscious. It is also a healthy recognition of pagan appetite, a celebration of the dance as a ritual of bodily enjoyment.

This element has been picked up by most of the other Afro-Cuban writers. Ramon Guirao's anthology, which covers the period from 1930 to 1940, presents a dozen interesting poets, the most dis-

tinguished of whom, next to Guillén, is the able Emilio Ballegas.

But it is also true that among the lesser poets there is a tendency to exploit Negro sexuality. Their work at times has an exaggerated, sensational quality that begins to look like sophisticated thrill-seeking. This is particularly true of writers of predominantly white blood who have gone in for the new style. In addition, the minor poets tend to rely overmuch on superficial tricks such as resounding African refrains and mere local color.

Guillén, however, has continued to change and develop, and out of the variety and scope of his work the outline of a major poet begins to emerge. *Motivos de son* was followed by *Songoro Cosongo*, Havana, 1931, and *West Indies Ltd.*, Havana, 1934.

In the latter book his social awareness deepens. The title poem, a work some fifteen pages long, has epical intentions. He, himself, considers it transitional in quality. It unites passages of the high style with a new kind of folk song full of irony and protest.

*West Indies! Cocoanuts, tobacco and raw spirits.
This is a country, impotent and obscure,
Liberal and conservative,
Where cattle graze and sugar grows,
Where, at times, much money flows
And where it is always hard to live.*

*The sun here diminishes all things
From the mind down to the roses.
Beneath our shining suits of drill
We are wearing loincloths still.*

He lashes the local snobs:

*I laugh in your face, aristocrat of the Antilles,
Ape, hopping from tree to tree,
Clown, in a sweat for fear you'll put your foot in it
And you always do — up to your knee.*

He does not spare the Americans:

*Here are the servitors of Mr. Babbitt.
Here are those who educate his sons at West Point.
Here are those who say 'Hello Baby!'
And smoke 'Chesterfields' and 'Lucky Strikes.'
Here are the ones who dance 'fox trots,'
The 'boys' of the jazzband
And the vacationists from Miami and Palm Beach. . .
And the poem swings into a son:*

*They kill me when I'm not working,
Working, they kill me, too.*

*Always they kill me, they kill me,
Always they kill me!
One day I saw a man watching,
Watching the new sun rise.
And that man was sad and sober
Because he had no eyes.
Ay!
The blind they live in darkness
When the sun comes up. . .*

In this poem he has synthesized Cuba's difficult situation and tragic history. There are political violence, poverty, frustration, tropical color, and ironic contrast between corrupt officials and a poverty-stricken working class. Guillén has extracted the essence of a colonial situation and made it into poetry full of lyric indignation and noble invective.

On the technical side, Guillén is not an innovator. Rightly so, for the poet who seeks to be widely read must use easily recognizable forms. Hence his ballads and popular songs are written in simple rhyming couplets. Sometimes he uses the octosyllabic narrative line which has remained alive in Spanish literature since the Middle Ages. He even uses forms equivalent to our Tin Pan Alley lyric, or he occasionally returns to the classic sonnet form. Only in his earlier work and in *West Indies Ltd.* does he use fairly free irregular lines.

Likewise his images are seldom of the decorative literary order, but come closer to the proverb or else display the direct sensuous quality which is characteristic of most Negro sensitivity. He is likewise alert to his environment; luscious Cuban fruits, palm trees, and the sea figure in his poetry. Especially in his earlier work does this richness predominate when he speaks of tropic light:

*Traversing
With a great red arrow
The heart of the forests
And the flesh of the rivers.*

Or:

*Fists that you give me
To crack cocoanuts like a little angry god,
Eyes that you give me
To light up the sleep of my tigers,
Hearing you give me to listen for
The sound of distant hoofbeats
On the earth.*

In such poems a certain lushness sometimes runs away with Guillén. Images are piled up more associatively than the fundamentally logical structure

of his poetry can bear. It is to his credit that such faults progressively disappear.

His development continues in his last important work, *Cantos para Soldados y sones para turistas*, published in Mexico City in 1937. The first part of the book is a series of songs against the military tyranny and bloodshed to which Cuba has been so often a prey. The second part of the book is a group of satires in which José Ramon Cantaliso sings to the tourists, painting a picture of that part of Cuba which they never see from Sloppy Joe's and the Havana Club.

Cantaliso (literally rendered, "singer of truth") is a ragged Negro minstrel with a guitar, a kind of modern Villon, and indeed the series of songs often echoes the bitter Villon ballads. By thus taking the familiar figure of the native musician, whose function is to amuse tourists, and letting him sing "songs that no one can dance to," Guillén achieves a tragic irony which he exploits to the full. Like a master of ceremonies Cantaliso introduces the sick, the poor, and the hungry; and, like the prick of conscience, he relentlessly reminds the tourists that what they spend on rum in one evening would cure Juana's tuberculosis or pay the rent on the miserable room in which Louis, Carlos, Noberto, and Pedro all live together. Cantaliso is a lyric embodiment of under-privilege, and the whole series is masterly both for the ease and spontaneity of the form — which cries out for guitar accompaniment — and for the sharpness of the statement. Guillén has made the popular song dramatic; he has once and for all cast off the subjective self-pity that often weakens writing of social inspiration, and created something hard and crystal clear.

Because of his many-sidedness, his success in marrying traditional technical mastery with emotions close to the people, because of his double heritage of two racial strains, the Cuban critic, Marinello, considers Guillén the most Cuban of contemporary poets. And he adds, "There is something else, a crowning achievement in this book: a poetry which truly merits the epithet of classic; classic by reason of its feeling for the multiplicity of life, classic by reason of its sustained and lofty tone, classic by reason of the integrity of its purpose and the sovereignty of the will."

The book, too, is worth discussing for its success in welding together subject and form. Guillén is facing the same problem that most poets face

today. The strongest heritage from the past is French symbolism. But symbolism, magnificent as its contributions have been, today seems to many writers insufficient to express the emotions and problems of the present age when politico-economic systems are locked in a death struggle. Currently there is a feeling that poetry must regain stature or degenerate into a parlor game. There are various attempts to solve this problem. The search for a popular form without retrogressing from the great poetic achievements of the past is the preoccupation of those writers whose social awareness is their most urgent inspiration.

This is Guillén's position. "Poetry," he says, "can no longer be subjective." He has read the surrealists but does not find them of value as far as his own work is concerned. On the other hand, he deplores the overexploitation of the picturesque in Negro art. A style, simple but dignified, which can be popular but which does not sink to the level of the merely commercial is his ultimate aim. Certainly Guillén, as much as any poet today, has demonstrated that simple and artistically satisfying poetry can still be written.

Sones para turistas marks an evolution in his work. From the youthful sensuality and mocking gaiety of his early poems, he has developed into a social critic of power and intensity, and, although he used a different medium, he deserves to be ranked alongside our own Richard Wright as an interpreter of the Negro race.

But Guillén does not wish to be classified as a purely Negro writer. He is aware of his dual heritage, articulately so in the poem, *Dos abuelos*. He feels he is in a position to interpret emotions common to both racial strains. He says himself, "I wish to write Cuban, not Negro poetry." And indeed he has been an inspiration to all the Spanish-speaking populations of mixed blood. He speaks for the other Caribbean islands as well as Cuba, and he has stimulated other poets such as Palés Matos of Puerto Rico.

Guillén's poetry brings us the feel of the West Indies and dramatizes their problems more concretely and memorably than any number of factual studies. He interprets the feelings of his people and contributes a psychological understanding which should be of profound interest to citizens of the United States. He is a national poet in the best sense of the word, and a mature artist from whose continuing development we can expect still finer things.

BOOKS

Book reviews in a magazine's Christmas number naturally suggest books as gifts; and we hope that such suggestions are made in adequate Yuletide variety here. But surely no mind can dwell on books at this Christmas season, in the world's vast struggle and question and hope, without realizing the association between books and the meaning of our holiday. Today as never before, perhaps, we understand that the Christmas promise is of peace on earth when men shall have set their will to good, and turned away from the desire for dominance, the casual greed and arrogance, that are themselves evil: the promise is of a peace that can bless the earth only when men are free, when men live in justice with their fellows, when men are brothers. The realization of man's need for freedom and justice and brotherhood is implicit in most good books today. It is no less implicit in the fact that there are books at all.

And to come back to gifts: new editions, as well as new books, are fine things for Christmas; and here are two which are unusually important: Airman's Odyssey, which contains Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's three epics of flight, and the immortal Green Mansions of W. H. Hudson.—KATHERINE WOODS

MY NATIVE LAND: Yugoslavia, 1933-1943

By Louis Adamic

Reviewed by Pearl S. Buck

LOUIS ADAMIC has written a book about his own country which is classic in its scope and detachment. *My Native Land* is not always an easy book to read, although there are many pages which are easy and delightful, full of life and color. But Yugoslavia is not an easy country to understand in its stormy history, both past and present. It has been a meeting place of peoples who, in their struggle to find their own unity, have been continually hampered and prevented from that unity by outside forces, destructive, sometimes sinister, and always selfish.

The story of Louis Adamic's native land is important today because it is essentially the story of democracy in the world. The spirit of the people anywhere is typified by the Partisans fighting under Tito, in healthy rebellion against the figurehead Mikhailovitch, that puppet set up by the reactionary forces who now rule in the world. I am not familiar with Louis Adamic's country, and much of what I read in his book is new to me, but I cannot but be stirred by this deeply exciting and meaningful record of the deathless determination of people for liberty.

The book opens with the story of two young persons in love, an intelligent, sensitive, noble pair, who had consecrated themselves to their country through the study of medicine, with the hope of relieving the ravages of disease, the result of long years of distress and malnutrition. Before their education could be finished they were caught

in the war and became fierce guerrillas. Both were killed, but their spirit lived on in the increasing band of courageous men and women who took to the mountains and fought against fascism, both native and foreign. Against prejudice and scorn from Axis and United Nations alike, they fought on, reckless of such opinion, determined only on freedom. Today they are recognized as the stronghold of democracy in Yugoslavia.

From this symbolic beginning the author proceeds to a swift recounting of his country's history, and this is in essence simply a recapitulation, long drawn out, of the present. It has been a country never free from the intrigues of the Great Powers, a people never let alone to work out its own destiny. Against these intriguers the people have continued to struggle without the least abatement of their determination for freedom to work out their own union. It is obvious that even their so-called allies have tried to undermine efforts at union, and it has been in spite of such maneuvered division that the movement for democracy has continued. It does not make one very proud of what the stronger nations have done. Division in order to rule is an old story.

But what is encouraging and brave and full of hope for all peoples is the fresh and undaunted spirit of the people. One has the feeling, as one reads, that Louis Adamic's native land has always been a bubbling fountain of democracy. The pool was often sullied and fouled, but in its midst there has continued this upspringing of pure water. The single-mindedness of the people has been extraordinary.

The story has no end as yet. The end depends on three men, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin, and what between the three of them they decide the world shall be. It is

plain that if Empire continues as the ruling principle of the future there will be no peace in the Balkans, any more than there will be in Asia. The Balkans have suffered too much from the British Empire, which, Mr. Adamic says, "has always been inimical to the interests of the Balkan people," through persistent confusion of democracy with communism.

He offers a solution for the present — the establishment of a federation of peoples in the Balkan area, within which they could work out their own impulses for democracy. This federation would be a buffer state between Europe and Russia, leaning toward Russia socially and politically but with strong economic connections with Europe. The possibility of such a solution depends upon the resolution of the present unknowns in the world. There is a conflict in every country between the forces which tend toward the new democracy, and the old withdrawing tendencies of reaction away from democracy.

Like all the rest of the world, the peoples of the Balkans wait, and meanwhile they continue the fight upon their own soil.

Harper & Brothers, \$3.50

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURES OF TYL ULENSPIEGL

By Charles de Coster

With 100 Woodcuts by Frans Masereel

Reviewed by Louis Zara

ORIGINALLY, Tyl Ulenspiegel was a wit, native of Bruns-
wick, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century. A vagabond peasant, he indulged in clumsy and often vulgar pranks, and was celebrated as a "people's clown." Accounts of his escapades appeared in Low Saxon in the fifteenth century, in High German in the sixteenth, and in French, Dutch, English, Danish, Latin, Swedish, Polish, Russian, and Yiddish in the centuries that followed. In English our buffoon was known as "Howleglas" and "Owlglas"; the Germans made it "Eulenspiegel."

In 1869, however, Charles de Coster, a Belgian official and sometime teacher of French literature, published his amazing masterpiece, *The Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel*, which Pantheon Books has now re-issued.

Since the word "epic" was drafted by advertising copywriters to describe expensive perfumes, thrilling horse-races, over-long movies, and department-store sales, one hardly dares apply it to a literary work of heroic proportions and grand style. But *The Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel* is the epic of Flanders, and no other word will describe it so accurately.

The legendary Flemish rogue had not the genuine wit of the *Khoja* of the Turks, or of the *Herschel Astropoler* of Jewish legend. Ulenspiegel was not a student, as was Candide, or even a hearty lecher, as was Pantagruel; nor had he the naïveté of Don Quixote. He did have that pettiness which characterized Peer Gynt, plus the sardonic humor which does not arouse Homeric laughter but which tickles one quietly.

But Coster took the endless pranks and antics and constructed upon them a nationalistic prose-poem in which he portrayed the struggles of the Low-Country provinces against the rule of the Flemish-born Emperor Charles V and his Spanish son, King Philip II. Using the sixteenth century for his backdrop — and what a backdrop it is, with Pope, Emperor, Landgrave, and Inquisitors! — Coster paraded his hero across Flanders, through Germany, and into Italy and back, painting little vignettes of the cruelty, of the piety, the gluttony, the startling hatreds of the times.

Ulenspiegel himself was drawn with cap-and-bells in the first section, but he appears as a more serious individual in the later parts. Indeed, the reader's pulse quickens as Ulenspiegel dedicates himself to his country's fight for freedom; thenceforward, his adventures have greater meaning. Such scenes as the torture of Ulenspiegel and Soetkin are unforgettable. The madwoman Katheline's repetitive phrase, "The soul wants out," is almost a primary theme, expressed in an anguished cry. For it is the soul of Flanders that "wants out," to be free from every oppression and cruelty. Today it is not merely Belgium but all of Europe that utters the same cry: "The soul wants out. . . ."

Withal, Charles de Coster's *Ulenspiegel* is a truly remarkable creation. Drawn with equal power are Claes the father, Soetkin the mother, Nele the sweetheart, and Lamme Goedzak the good companion. It does not minimize Coster's labors to say that *Tyl Ulenspiegel* contains more crude realism than imagination. Because it was based on folk-tales, and deals with the very spirit of Flanders, it is earthy and solid and rich; many of the locutions are so unusual as to delight any sensitive reader. Even the endless brawls and the gluttonous feasts are important in this story of proletarian suffering and rebellion. Because it harks back to the persecution of the Netherlands it is bitter against the Church of Rome of that day, and it is intensely patriotic.

The architecture of the novel is unusual. The different episodes wind about *Ulenspiegel* like a steep staircase about a Gothic carved pillar. Each page fits into Coster's blueprint; each story is satisfying to the ear and to the mind.

Allan Ross MacDougall, who did this able translation, eschewed the archaic, and made as modern and vigorous a version as Samuel Putnam did of his *Rabelais*.

The word "Ulenspiegel" means "owl" and "mirror"; the central character here is certainly owl-like, and the book itself is the mirror of an earlier century of brilliance and cruelty. But the Pantheon Books edition is also a mirror of genius, for it includes not merely Charles de Coster's prose, but also Frans Masereel's startling woodcuts. Familiar though I have been with Masereel's work, I was deeply excited over his illustrations for this volume. Frans Masereel takes the night, cleaves it with lightning, and imprisons his inspired images into the wood. Through the centuries other artists have made the wood-block talk; Masereel has made it weep and laugh and sing. His woodcuts for *Tyl Ulenspiegel* are breath-taking. And this edition is, therefore, that unusual creation, a masterpiece in both the literary and artistic mediums.

Pantheon Books, \$3.50

JOURNEY IN THE DARK

By Martin Flavin

Reviewed by Joseph Freeman

THIS YEAR'S HARPER PRIZE NOVEL is by a writer who has had an unusual career. Martin Flavin has been manufacturer, playwright, and novelist; in all three fields he has been markedly successful; now he has poured the skill and wisdom of his rich experience into a book which makes exciting reading and radiates profound meaning. The impact of the narrative is enormous; every line vibrates with sincerity and authentic knowledge; the characters are alive and true. At the end of the absorbing drama the reader has a great deal to remember and think about; he has lived intimately with a score of essential Americans, and through them has seen America and the world evolve in the great saga of the past six decades.

But first and foremost *Journey in the Dark* is the story of Sam Braden, an average American, neither genius nor scoundrel, with all the hopes, ambitions, and prejudices of the average American. He grows up in the Middle West and makes his fortune during its greatest expansion. Born poor, he wants money and makes six million dollars. He wants to marry Eileen Wyatt and move in the highest social circles; he does. Above all he wants to emulate Neill Wyatt, whom he admires and envies with all his heart, and in a way he does even that.

Yet through all his outward success Sam Braden is inwardly a failure, and he knows it. He is a decent human being with fine instincts, but there is something basically wrong, something which no financial success, no social climbing, no marriage can cure. Sam is always lonely. That loneliness is there through sixty years of exciting incident, conflict, surprise, and emotion as Sam moves steadily from the friendly, democratic world of the Mississippi in the Eighties to the caste system of Chicago and New York, and on to this war, when he sees fences coming down everywhere and something like the old, friendly, democratic feeling coming back in a new way, at least for the duration.

Everything happens to Sam Braden. There are episodes which rend the veil from aspects of American life which most novels ignore or falsify and show us the heart of man in all times and places, like the affair with Cassie, or the Christmas present he gave his mother, or that rarest of all scenes in American fiction which tells the truth about making money. Here the author is magnificent; he knows what money is and what the men who make it are, and he knows the difference between a mere six millions and what it takes to make a tycoon.

The novel is the story of an American will strained to the utmost to batter down adverse circumstances. But once the conquest is made, Sam is through. There is no joy in it, no real triumph. Sam is without dream or ideal; he is all will. And perhaps that is the secret of his loneliness. He conquers and acquires, but does not love. Mitch tells him the truth about that: Mitch who sees with one eye more than others with two; Mitch, the other kind of American, the one for whom ideas count, who chases truth

as passionately as Sam chases money. Mitch says it bluntly: things belong to Sam but Sam belongs to nothing and nobody.

At the end, after all the tragedies and redemptions, Sam realizes that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Through the final great loss, through the insight he gains in the war, above all perhaps through the superb moral beauty and integrity of his son and Natasha, it comes to him. Despite the handicaps of its flashback technique, this extraordinary novel makes it clear. Sam has been lonely because he could not love. Now that he loves he can never again be lonely.

Harper & Brothers, \$2.75

A CERTAIN MEASURE

By Ellen Glasgow

Reviewed by Katherine Woods

WE FIND, in a certain measure, what we have to give, if not what we seek, both in the external world about us and in the more solitary life of the mind."

The last sentence in the volume of Ellen Glasgow's collected prefaces may almost — not quite — be taken as summation, or at least keynote. But that it is a summation of threefold aspect is perhaps the first thing that the general reader should be told about the book. *A Certain Measure* is before all else "an interpretation of prose fiction," as its subtitle states. It is also a brilliant scrutiny of that social history of the South — specifically Virginia — from 1850 to today, with which Miss Glasgow's novels are concerned. And inevitably it is at the same time an autobiographical study of rare individual importance.

To say this is to say considerably less than enough. But no one who has read even one of Ellen Glasgow's novels (and who ever read one without reading more?) need be told of this book's wit, capacious suggestiveness in pregnant phrase, cadenced clarity. When wisdom is borne on the iridescent wings of the comic spirit, its most profound enrichment comes with the scintillation of delight.

From this enriching commentary one would like, in such delight, to quote repeatedly. Yet even its resonance and barbed felicity should be savored — and must certainly be assimilated — as a whole. Almost at random one may pick out such echoing sentences as, "It is the fashion nowadays to subordinate art to utility, and philosophy to invention, at the very moment in which we are elevating emotion above reason and instinct beyond intellect," or, "It is well to have an American outlook; it may be better to have what is called an international attitude of mind; but the truth remains that great novels are not composed of either an outlook or an attitude." But these are parts of a whole — even in such a comprehensive statement of vital truth as, "The universal approach is not without but within; and the way to greatness leads beyond manner, beyond method, beyond movement, to some ultimate dominion of spirit. Even style, the essence of all great literature, is not a manufactured film but a vital fluid."

Ellen Glasgow has always been a realist, a rebel, an

artist of complete independence working in solitude. She began her rebellion against Southern sentimentalities forty years ago; and in these prefaces she elucidates those sentimentalities and traces the course of Southern writing in and beyond them. She is a rebel now against the evils of industrialization, against self-contentment in immaturity, the abrogation of intellect, the glorification of power and the confusion of weakness; and she turns her weapon of intellectual force that is sharpened and polished by wit (in her own famous phrase, "blood and irony") against all this, here. Thus one of the most arresting features of this book is its constant compelling disclosure of the oneness of perfectionist and realist, of solitary artist and open-eyed, broad-visioned rebel — that is to say, critic. In the whole procession of Miss Glasgow's intertwined study of Southern society and individual character, literary principle and personal aim and work — down to the last detail of historical or geographical fact, down to the last clarion assertion that "character is fate" and that "tragedy lies not in defeat but in surrender" — in all this we read the obligation of the creative artist to inner and outer, particular and universal, truth: "Even with a novelist of philosophy rather than life there must be a fourth dimension in every fiction that attempts to interpret reality. There must be a downward seeking into the stillness of vision, as well as an upward springing into the animation of the external world. For the novel, and indeed every form of art, no matter how firmly rooted it may be in a particular soil, must draw nourishment from the ancient instincts, the blood and tears, which are the common heritage of mankind."

So, as she writes of the genesis and development of her novels, from 1897 and *The Battle-Ground* to 1940 and *In This Our Life*, she is looking back to the course of both literature and life for almost a century. The first book began the "social history" in 1850. And certainly there could be no more comprehensive realization of our own life on the eve of world tragedy than is set down in the last-named preface: "Yet on this isthmus of time, or narrow neck of eternity, while hostile forces thundered in the air, on the earth, or within our hearts, the few isolated free peoples, violent but unarmed, threatened with empty hands as they grasped frantically at the running shadow of happiness." Precisely as she has never regarded authorship as a trade, never written by formula, never "photographed" her characters, never sought an easy way, precisely as she has kept the purity of her artistic dedication in the "total immersion" that is the practice of her art, precisely so has Ellen Glasgow worked far from any ivory tower, and precisely so can she hand on the essential "interpretation of prose fiction" to readers and writers. So does her own art become the profound communication of life. And so it is that her book of "prefaces" is at once an intellectual autobiography, a critical analysis, and a commentary, full-packed. In being all this, it becomes a testament of immeasurable value in American literature: a book to be read and studied, and re-read, and studied again, now and through years to come.

Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$3.50

THE DUKE

By Richard Aldington

Reviewed by Herbert Gorman

TO COMPRESS THE CAREER of Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, into about 350 pages and yet leave no impression of scanting is no small achievement in itself; yet Mr. Richard Aldington has done it, and in the doing he has provided us with a thoughtful and readable interpretation that is marked particularly by lack of any extreme partisanship. He likes his Duke, there is no doubt about that, and he leans somewhat backward in extenuating the rabid Toryism of the Old Hero; but, by and large, this is as fine an introduction to Wellington as has ever been written.

We are too apt to think of the Duke, if we think of him at all, as the victor of Waterloo (that battle which has yet to be exactly described, in spite of Victor Hugo and all the rest of them), and secondarily, perhaps, as the general who fought the long Peninsular campaign and made half a dozen of Napoleon's marshals run for their lives. Mr. Aldington reminds us that the Duke's achievements were more than that. Roughly speaking, Wellington's long career falls into four parts: his service in India; the Peninsular campaign; the Waterloo campaign and occupation of Paris; and the endless years of Tory politics. In the military field, which makes up three parts of this four-part career, the Duke mounted from glory to glory and quite properly won the plaudits of half the world; but the fourth and final part of the story is quite different, and there was a time when Wellington was perhaps the most hated man in England.

Yet, as Mr. Aldington shows, the Duke was always himself. He was a Tory, a Royalist, a King's man, from beginning to end. His biographer explains: "He had been 'conditioned,' as we should say today, by his birth and upbringing, by his profession and career and interests, to complete identification with the aristocratic party and a firm (if naïve) faith that they and they alone made the strength, safety, happiness, and glory of the realm." So we find him during the last thirty-odd years of his life fighting Parliamentary reform, opposing the repeal of the Corn Laws, presenting an iron face to anything that smelt of "radicalism." To be consistent with himself he had to do these things. After all, was he not *nimmukwallah*?

The Duke was a "character" as well as a great general. Literary graces he had none. Socially he must have been difficult at times. And in his advanced age he ossified into a sort of National Monument. Yet there was always red blood flowing through that spare figure, and sometimes it became unduly hot. With becoming reticence (unusual in a contemporary biographer) Mr. Aldington touches only briefly on some of the manifestations of this hot blood. The Duke, for instance, was a great chaser after pretty women. But there is enough included here to give a rounded picture of the Duke, and show that he was a man as well as a monument.

We discover (what we always knew) that he could

lose his temper terribly, and we also discover (what we did not know) that he could keep it under the greatest provocation. We understand better why he was a great general, and we have a clearer picture of the difficulties he surmounted. A few of our Congressmen, by the way, might read the accounts of the Duke's troubles with the Government amateur strategists, in brocaded chairs back in London, with profit. In a way, parallels between our own time and that of the Duke offer themselves, but it might be just as well for the reader to work them out for himself. The Duke had a fortress called Europe to crack and he cracked it. It is testimony to his profundity that he did not regard Waterloo as the greatest moment in his military career. He thought that was the moment when he led his troops from Spain across the Nivelle to invade France. He was in the very land of the Dictator. . . .

The Viking Press, \$3.75

THE DESIRE TO PLEASE

By Harold Nicolson

Reviewed by Kathleen Coyle

HAMILTON ROWAN, whose high-spirited story is told in this book, was Harold Nicolson's great-great-grandfather. He was a Hamilton; the surname Rowan was imposed upon him by the will of his maternal grandfather, together with an income equivalent nowadays to £20,000 a year. This will forbade him to visit Ireland (where he was conceived) before he was twenty-five years of age, and to take a degree at either Oxford or Cambridge. His grandfather hoped by this "device" that he would "prove an honest, learned, and sober man, and live unbribed and unpensioned, loyal to his King and zealous for the rights of his country, and a true Protestant without bigotry to any sect or religion." This was a fair-weather program for a boy born into the England of 1751. It should have preserved him from every menace, including that of the gallows. He lived until 1834, and it preserved him from nothing.

It is impossible in a review of this length to give anything like a real list of the things which Hamilton Rowan ought not to have done—and did. He went to Ireland (clandestinely, before he was twenty-five). He had a genius for revolutionary associations. Any rising anywhere drew him like a magnet, even in its incipiency. Before he completed his education he topped off a long vacation with the sudden whim to go to South Carolina with its Governor, Lord Charles Montagu, who had been summarily recalled by Lord North from an indefinite leave; things had begun to take shape there, and Hamilton Rowan was in with the shaping. He returned to Cambridge three months later. He went to Holland, another determinant center. He went to France: France at the time of Necker. Mr. Nicolson suggests that he got his real taste for conspiracy by joining the freemasons: the Grand Orient was founded in 1772, with Philippe Egalité as Grand Master; their slogan was Liberty and Equality (the term "Fraternity" was added later by the Martinists). He spent two

years at Rouen with Count O'Rourke, an Irish refugee. Then he went to Paris, where he bought a Thames wherry, and, on one occasion, joined the retinue of Marie Antoinette, sailing down the Seine to Fontainebleau. Marie Antoinette's comment was scathing. In Paris he also acted as second to George Robert Fitzgerald in a duel.

When Benjamin Franklin came to the French capital Hamilton Rowan obtained an audience with him, and then tried to enlist Englishmen in the American forces against their own country. Seven years later he was back in Ireland, dressed "like the Paris beaux," and enlisting in the Irish Volunteers in the Killyleagh (his father's castle) forces, which his father commanded.

The Volunteers, according to Grattan, were organized "to defend the property rights of the Irish Nation," and Flood declared that they would hold together until these rights were "secured." In the Volunteers, Hamilton Rowan was brought close to Fitzgerald again, and to all the leaders, including Wolfe Tone. It led them all to the gallows. Hamilton Rowan himself made a very close escape, to France.

In his tolerant and balanced and delightful fashion, Mr. Nicolson seeks to discover what Hamilton Rowan's motivation was. His book is an analysis of Hamilton Rowan: a man who crammed into a single existence just about everything.

Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$3

A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN

By Lloyd Morris

THE FINE LINE between apophthegm and invective is easily crossed by those whose lives have been largely dedicated to that contemporary form of Boswellianism which consists not in dedicating themselves to reporting the verbal wit of a single character, but rather to the diffuse collecting of memorabilia derived from the "headline" great in the world of arts and letters.

Mr. Morris has written an autobiography in the tradition of *The Education of Henry Adams*; that is, he has invoked those influences of family, teachers, and friends the impingement of which on his growing mind he believes to have been formative. The author has excluded those personal data—other than recording the bare physical facts of residence and travel—which normally constitute a biographical document. In doing so, he leaves himself free to characterize and depict—often wittily, often cruelly—the many personages whom he has collected in the past thirty years.

The result is a book brilliant in detail but extraordinarily diffuse in the whole. A critic will find it difficult to evaluate the author either as a person or as a personage; he will, however, find much that is perspicacious in the author's trenchancy. There is fairly conclusive evidence of his literary and artistic catholicism, and perhaps enough to depict him as the consistent liberal.

CHARLES P. CHADSEY

Harper & Brothers, \$2.75

THE WAR AGAINST GOD

Compiled, with Foreword, by Carl Carmer

Reviewed by J. V. Moldenhawer

MR. CARMER has done painstakingly and intelligently a piece of work that really needed doing. Those slippery memories of ours are always losing their grip on things that ought to be kept in mind with obstinate tenacity. Even the first dozen pages of this remarkable anthology are enough to make us thankful that, with this book at our elbows, we shall not be permitted to forget what for the sake of our reverence to God and our respect for our fellow men we are in duty bound to remember, which is simply this, that the great war has indeed set the sheep on one side and the goats on the other. A good half hour of this excellently disposed material acts like a sharp breeze of clear air through a musty room.

We are among other things happily persuaded that our instinctive feeling about the sufficiency of being on the right side in this crisis is altogether sound. Not that we care less than we should about perfection. But it is good to get solidly fixed in our minds that even imperfect beings can love the ideal and fight for it. As they are doing now, yes—and dying for it too! A man can, it seems, be on the side of the angels without being an angel himself. And that is magnificently reassuring. All the starchy doctrinaire pedantries about our unfitness to fight incarnate diabolism merely because we ourselves have sinned, all such pious-sounding nonsense is tossed into the wastebasket by the strong good sense of those who, as in the title of Stanley High's grand chapter, are indeed sons of God going forth to war.

To return to the title for a moment, the book deals with the War against God. And there is plentiful evidence offered that this is what the war is, and that this is what it is intended to be by those who brought it upon the world. The citations from the speeches and writings of the masterminds of Nazi Germany are well chosen and altogether damning. And we should be glad to have such a body of them in one volume. But it is well to remember that it is not the scattered semi-lunacies of the Rosenbergs and the Kerrls, or even the choicest heroic rantings of Goebbels and Hitler, that count most heavily in supporting Carl Carmer's indictment. What sets the whole Nazi movement, like the conspiracy of the Japanese warlords, in its proper light as an assault against the deity is its self-confessed and proclaimed inhumanity. No Christian worthy of the name could doubt that here was the work of Anti-Christ, from the moment when the first fierce blast of hatred against the Jews was blown. And it is well to hold fast to this fact, that for a Christian not one shred of further evidence was needed. No Church, Catholic or Protestant, could find other than wicked and intolerable the suggestion that any tribe or nation could be put on a black list and excluded from the privileges of fellowship. The other side of this evil medal is the claim of Aryan supremacy. And that to sane men everywhere, and to Christians particularly, is simply the same cruel falsehood seen from another direction.

Yes, says Mr. Carmer, they are fighting against God right enough. And haven't they at last succeeded in stirring up God's mighty men of valor against them! So the evidence piles up as document follows document to show that we are not all dumb dogs. On the same high level with Stanley High's article, which has already been alluded to, are chapters by Dr. Coffin, Vice-President Wallace, Bishop Manning, Cardinal Dougherty, Lynn Harold Hough. But one voice rings above all these—how could it be otherwise—and that is the voice of Pastor Niemöller in his sermon on the supreme authority of Christ. Here is a witness who is indeed a martyr.

It is a matter for fervent thanksgiving that the time of shamefaced mumbling and blushing about our religion has come to an end. It seems that once again a man may be proud to be called a friend of God.

Henry Holt & Company, \$2.75

OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET

By C. S. Lewis

IF YOU LIKE FANTASY that combines unpredictable events with ironic commentary, and is soundly based on real thought, here is your book. In *Out of the Silent Planet*, C. S. Lewis, Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, has spun a yarn in the exciting tradition of the early Wells. But when the philologist Ransom has been kidnapped across the heavens to Malacandra, the "monsters" whom he meets on that far planet do not fulfil his dreadful fears. The furry *brossa* who ply their boats and sing their songs in the narrow valleys, the tall solemn-faced *seroni* who pursue knowledge on the precipitous heights, the frog-like *psitttriggi* who work gold with exquisite care and can't be bothered with practicality—all these strange creatures are neither evil nor savage, but masters, instead, of noble and extremely interesting philosophies. And when he makes his way at last to Meldilorn and meets the ruler Oyarsa, Ransom learns that it is his own planet that is "silent" in the galaxies—and why.

All this is followed out in the best tale-telling style, with plenty of adventure, as in the kidnapping, air-voyage, arrival, terrified escape across the amazing Malacandrian terrain and meeting with the Malacandrian inhabitants, and later ardors and endurances, as in the fight with the *bnakra*. There is rare imaginative charm of description, too, from Ransom's first glimpse of the purple forests to the culmination of beauty on the island of Meldilorn. And there is fine succinct imaginative interest in the specific and convincing details about the creatures of Malacandra: their speech, their characteristics, their ways of life.

C. S. Lewis is already known to an enthusiastic American public through *The Screwtape Letters*, those brilliant and significant epistles of counsel from the elderly devil Screwtape in hell to the young devil Wormwood at work on earth. Here is a writer whose originality is at the service of profundity, subtlety, and importance.

K. W.

The Macmillan Company, \$2

THE NOVEL AS CREATIVE COMMENTARY

A Review by Katherine Woods

BEFORE ME ARE TWO NOVELS, published three days apart, which throw the illumination of brilliant commentary upon one of the world's urgent problems, and which do this wholly in the terms, poised and veracious, of creative art. One of them is a finer work of art than the other, a more moving human realization; and its illumination glows from an intenser flame. Both are excellent: significant, important, engrossingly interesting.

The books are *The Promise*, by Pearl S. Buck, and *Indigo*, by Christine Weston. They are concerned with the myth of racial superiority and the fact of racial subjection, one in China and Burma today, the other in India in years before and after the turn of the century.

Pearl Buck's new novel carries on the story—that is, the passive and active resistance—of the Chinese farmer's family that we came to know so well in *Dragon Seed*. And as active resistance here is concentrated in the experience of the youngest son, Sheng, in the Burma campaign, the story becomes the story of that campaign's failure, as the Chinese lived and died in it: becomes searing tragedy.

Perhaps "tragedy," however, is not the right word. I have read and heard several reports from, comments on, the British defeat in Burma, the futile feckless Chinese sacrifice not only for but by their white allies; I know none so profoundly stimulating, through all its bitter disillusionment and heartbreak, as this. The bell does not toll for fate's unending doom, at the end; it rings out as tocsin. What Pearl Buck is saying is that we must remake our conception of our world. The former things have passed away. We are reaping their dreadful harvest of evil, but we see now the seed from which that harvest has sprung. What was wrong with the British in Burma was not that they were wicked, or even consciously selfish and greedy. "They were good and they were honest," Mayli remarked to herself, thinking of the three English soldiers with whom she had made her desperate escape, when everything had been offered up, and sacrificed, and lost; and she added, cryptically, "It would be easier for those who live under their yoke if they were all evil men." No, it was not wickedness which kept Britain's Chinese allies waiting on the border of Burma until there was no hope of victory in the fight, which for generations had so antagonized the Burmese that the Japanese could easily win native aid for invasion, which unthinkingly destroyed the bridge when the white men had all crossed it, and left the handful of Chinese survivors trapped: it was only unconscious racial arrogance, ignorant, unadaptable, unlearning, blind. "Allies!" cried the Chinese who had hoped for help from the traditionally all-powerful white men. "They were not allies but burdens to add to all the other burdens. . . . They are not cowards, but are they fools?" Yet at swift moments when there is comradeship instead of folly—as Flying Tigers swoop to rescue over the Burma Road, as exhausted Englishmen greet their allies' arrival with the Chinese' own war-cry—what glimpse of a possible new world such moments hold!

As some one has pointed out, this story is "not pretty." It certainly is not pretty; but it is beautiful. It is beautiful in the intensity that is part of Pearl Buck's deep-freighted simplicity in style; it is beautiful in its compassion, its human understanding, its story of young courage and love; and, yes, it is beautiful, too, in its very descriptions of battle and vanquishment and suffering and death. And, written at white heat as it is, it is profoundly beautiful none the less in its justice (it will be a petty and stupid mind that calls this book "anti-British!")—the justice that not only makes plain its warning but brings us its hope. We can learn now, all of us. We can come out from the old purblind darkness to a new attitude toward mankind. We can, and we must. And I wish that every one of us, American and British, might read this book as the new campaign in Burma takes shape.

Then, India, in a masterly novel whose subtlety is an instrument of power . . .

Christine Weston was born in India, and lived there until her marriage. Her novel focuses its incident in a provincial town and an indigo plantation; and to say that it is outstanding is to say that it is unusual, as well as excellent. It is a fully, and interestingly, peopled story, though much of its "plot" centers in three "heroes": the aristocratic and highly educated Hindu Hardyal, son of a distinguished lawyer; an English youth whose father is a soldier of gentle nature and liberal mind; and the French heir to the indigo plantation that gives the book its name—a sensitive boy who feels no arrogant separateness from the Indian peoples, yet has unconsciously lived upon their exploitation, just as others have done. It is plain, so, that the story is one of individual racial confrontations, contrasting racial customs, ideas, and ideals. Yet these are never bludgeoned. Neither individuals nor conditions are presented as all bad or all good. Characters who are meant to stand for types are also living human beings with personal complications of their own. And experience is not sharpened to a point of doctrinaire exposition, but presented as it comes, in the round. So much the stronger is the impact, then, of Hardyal's crystallization of patriotism under the shock of the English engineer's uncontrollable disdain, and the clear significance of the charming girl Bertie's answer to Jacques's anxiety about Hardyal, "After all, he's only a native."

And the story gains convincing life—and will stay in our memories—not only because of portraiture and suggestion, but because of the amazingly vivid re-creation of the Indian scene. Like Kipling before her, Christine Weston is too deeply immersed in that scene to explain it; instead, she presents, she evokes, she takes her readers there. Seeing, hearing, smelling, we come to know. . . .

Such are the uses of creative art, in novels whose realism is pregnant with interpretation of the issues of today.

THE PROMISE, by Pearl S. Buck
The John Day Company, \$2.50

INDIGO, by Christine Weston
Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50

IN SEARCH OF MATURITY

By Fritz Kunkel, M.D.

Reviewed by Lola Kinel

THIS IS A QUIETLY ILLUMINATING STUDY of man's slow, halting, yet inexorably progressive march toward higher integration and faith. And it is the author's conception that these two must inevitably meet.

Dr. Kunkel makes his first approach from the historical angle, as he traces the rôles which psychology and religion played and failed to play in various cultures. He analyzes epochs of "religion without psychology" and "psychology without religion," and comes to 1900 and Freud's monumental discovery of the unconscious. But theology "rejected Freud and Freud rejected religion. To him Christianity was an illusion." Next, Adler "ignored the deeper unconscious layers and therefore did not reach the destructive and demoniac forces which endangered our proud civilization.

"Finally it became clear, at least to some observers," the author continues, "that Christianity, only, was in possession of the key which would unlock the door to new life and new culture, both for the individual and for nations. But the key did not yet work. The people to whom it was entrusted . . . knew the key, but not the lock, and . . . were unable to enter the basement of the human mind where the powerful dynamos operated." Then came Jung, who "knew enough about the lock. . . . His theories are not mechanistic, and only to a small extent naturalistic. . . . They are becoming more and more Christian."

This is a crucial passage. From this point, Kunkel deals with the nature of the "dynamo"—man's unconscious—and its relation to religion (particularly Christianity) and behavior (especially collective behavior in revolution and war), and with the growing necessity for controlling it and directing its force into creative activities. Christianity is Dr. Kunkel's answer to the problem of controlling this power. True, this is not the Christianity of a mere theologism divorced from life—but a new, revitalized faith fortified by the subtlest modern tools of our mind: the so-called "depth-psychology," alone of all sciences adequate to deal with sin, disease, madness, all the deviations of man's higher power turned to negative channels.

The author takes us by the hand, as it were, and shows us the how and why of our various misbehaviors, angers, addictions, as well as of collective outbursts—war, revolution, mass psychosis. In spite of these aberrations and devious escapes, says Dr. Kunkel, we do grow and develop and become individuals. But pure individualism is not the goal of mankind. The rugged individualist is, more often than not, egocentric, and therefore irritable, full of tension and fear. Individualism has to be balanced by unification and integration. Only then the power, our dynamo, can do good and become constructive. "Our duties toward ourselves and our social environment coincide. Indeed there is only one duty, namely: to grow mature."

Previous books by Dr. Kunkel have already dealt somewhat with these problems of depth-psychology, character,

Must we abandon the
"Century of the Common Man"
for an

American Empire in Asia?

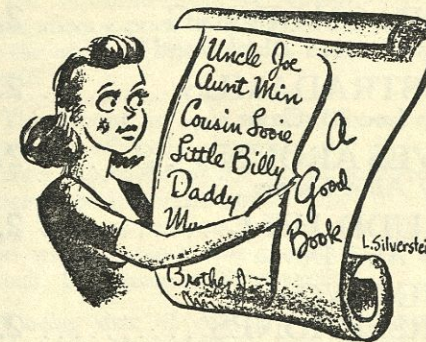
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and religious growth. This volume, however, represents a kind of summation. Since Jung's last two books no other study on the subject of man seems to compare with it in depth and penetration. To me it seems, in spots, almost too compressed, considering the import of the message and the wealth of material. But on the whole the book's dominant quality is of clarity and depth. The style is quiet and simple, so that a layman can understand even very complex concepts and explanations. Apart from the fascination of the original treatment, the subject is more than timely in these days of war and spiritual fermentation.

Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.75

SWORD OF BONE

By Anthony Rhodes

Sword of Bone is a war book by one of England's "bright young men." But Anthony Rhodes is a bright young man in a serious and far-reaching sense — without quotations. He has, moreover, the charm, the breeding, and the intelligence popular conception assigns the Varsity man. Above all, however, he is a writer. And this sets his account apart from so many war books which, in reality, are more often than not a matter of expanded journalism.

With these qualifications, he has written an honest, uncritical account of the war from the autumn of 1939 through Dunkirk. Its very lack of criticism, its genial acceptance of the dreamlike indeterminateness of that winter, its relaxed skepticism — all manage to imply a biting condemnation. As stores officer, he arrived in France expecting mud, mud, and mud. Instead, it was superficially more like a vacation trip to the Continent. Champagne was fifteen francs a bottle, accommodations were comfortable, the ladies accommodating — a vacation lark, indeed, with even a trip to Paris thrown in. True, there were chores, mainly the business of maintaining a steady flow of bricks for the erection of so-called fortifications. But, again, the French business men with whom he had to deal were delightfully leisurely, complacent; and the French transportation system itself behaved with a complicated whimsy of its own. With Georges, the French liaison officer, he led the pleasant, yet the tragic life of the phony war.

The dream was to end with the greatest nightmare twist of our times — Dunkirk. Here, Rhodes has written one of the most vivid, effective descriptions of that hell upon earth — understated, unembellished, anti-heroic. It is moving, and it is unforgettable. He has successfully met the challenge that Dunkirk puts to all creative writers: he has avoided melodrama, and made the thing itself real and horrible.

Some may object to Rhodes' easygoing, bemused worldly wisdom; but there is subtlety in it, and in the subtlety lies honesty. *Sword of Bone* is a tragicomic record of that tragicomic winter — there was comedy — by a sensitive, alert young man. Thanks to his very subjective, very civilized point of view, he has created both a document and a piece of literature destined to outlast the lifespan of the usual "headline" war book.

COLBY WALWORTH

Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$2.50

THE FRUITS OF FASCISM

By Herbert Matthews

Reviewed by Mario Rossi

HERBERT MATTHEWS, author of *The Fruits of Fascism*, is now covering the Italian front for the *New York Times*. His dispatches are interesting, often inspiring. But there was a time when Matthews was one of the foremost propagandists for Fascism, and a great admirer of Mussolini. He admits this himself in his book, and explains his change of mind.

Whatever this, however, may be worth, the book is an honest one, well written and well informed. But perhaps a more appropriate title would have been *The Philosophy of Fascism*, because this is what the author tries to expound.

Matthews has an excellent knowledge of Italian psychology and of life in Italy. And he shows how Fascism was utterly unsuited to the Italian mentality, which is perhaps one of the most individualist in the world. Fascism had to fail in Italy, this author says, simply because Italy was not Germany. Fascism was not made for Italy.

This excellent knowledge of the Italian mind is the most interesting feature of the book. For an Italian reader it is also gratifying to see the deep affection the author has for the Italian people; but, more than that, it is only with such deep affection and understanding that a newspaperman can truly speak about a country. We should naturally have expected Herbert Matthews, who had the opportunity of collecting so many valuable facts on Fascist Italy, to say more about his experience as a foreign correspondent in Rome and less about fascist doctrines, which have been exposed with more authority, and a deeper knowledge of background, by such authors as Salvemini, Borge, Sforza, and Megaro. It is interesting to note — particularly at this moment — that Mr. Matthews was deeply disgusted by the attitude of the Italian Royal House, and of King Victor Emmanuel especially. He remembers how the King took pride in being the principal instrument of Mussolini's ascension to power, and how he supported Mussolini in all his adventures. Matthews also shows his disappointment with the Vatican, which, after having condemned fascist doctrines in theory, did nothing to fight those same doctrines.

The first part of the book, which exposes all the transformations undergone by Mussolini in order to achieve power by force, is particularly good.

The Fruits of Fascism was completed while Herbert Matthews was a correspondent in India, that is, long before the invasion of Sicily and the fall of Mussolini. It has therefore lost something of timeliness. There are also points — only minor ones — in which this reviewer disagrees with the author. But in the main this is a valuable book. It can be read with profit by all those who are not as yet wholly convinced that the fruits of fascism are death, misery, and destruction.

Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$3

"A masterpiece of characterization."

—N. Y. Times Book Review

None But the Lonely Heart

By Richard Llewellyn

Author of *How Green Was My Valley*

"Richard Llewellyn is a novelist of the first rank, both in ability and conscience. On this foundation, *None But the Lonely Heart* towers far above its charming predecessor. He has written a masterpiece of shattering realism. It is timeless, like the humanity it penetrates and portrays."—Katherine Woods in *Tomorrow*.

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Closing date of contest will be December 31st, 1943. Manuscripts or inquiries about the contest should be addressed, as soon as possible, to the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, Inc., P.O. Box 1627, New Haven, 6, Connecticut, in cooperation with which committee the contest is being conducted. The judges will be Hubert Herring, Director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, and Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett, Editor of TOMORROW Magazine.

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THE ANATOMY OF NONSENSE

By Yvor Winters

Reviewed by Stanley Edgar Hyman

IT IS NOT LIKELY that more than a few people believe Yvor Winters to be our greatest living critic, but he must certainly be generally conceded our cockiest. His new book, *The Anatomy of Nonsense*, is—though not quite on the level of the unfortunate title—about as polemic a piece of critical writing as has appeared in years. It consists of four long essays—"Henry Adams, or the Creation of Confusion"; "Wallace Stevens, or the Hedonist's Progress"; "T. S. Eliot, or the Illusion of Reaction"; "John Crowe Ransom, or Thunder Without God"—along with a statement of Preliminary Problems and some Post Scripta.

Winters makes it clear that, for various reasons, he has a good deal of admiration for the four men he discusses at length; and yet he mercilessly flays every one of them. He describes Adams as a man who believed in an Ockhamite universe (in which everything stems from God and is explicable only in terms of God) without believing in God; and he attributes to this chaotic philosophy Adams' "decline" as an artist from what Winters believes to be his great work, his early biography and history, to what Winters believes to be his bad, dangerous, and detestable work, the *Education*. Adams' is the "radical disintegration of a mind," and Wallace Stevens', in the next chapter, is an equal, poetic, disintegration: from a few early poems which Winters regards as "great" to what he regards as eventual trash—this time all as a result of his philosophy of "hedonism."

Eliot and Ransom are treated just as roughly. Eliot is seen as a bad poet, a foolish and contradictory thinker, a man pretending to be a traditionalist and reactionary who really is not, and in general, like Adams, a vicious misguider of the young. Ransom, who has had the effrontery to criticize Winters, is set down as a hedonist like Stevens; and although he lacked Stevens' great early talent, his small talent was as thoroughly destroyed, and what he says is as arrant nonsense.

For the rest of the book, the Preliminary Problems raise a number of central questions regarding criticism—particularly that aspect of it which is concerned with the comparative evaluation of works of art—without ever answering them satisfactorily in the text; and the Post Scripta, in a page or two each, achieve the following: assassinate Parrington for falsehood, distortion, and lack of interest in art; beat Bernard Smith over the head with Parrington's bloody remains; attack American literary criticism and American literary history in general; defend the teaching of English in the universities; and praise a few poets by name, giving the titles of the poems he likes.

Winters' position, as he makes repeatedly clear, is a moral and philosophic one, and from it he judges literature and criticism. He describes himself as a non-Christian reactionary, and is at least the latter with a vengeance. He writes always from a fixed Tradition, and the sins of

the writers he attacks are invariably due to their departing from that Tradition or ignoring it. When they write in it, their work is good or great; outside it, their work ranges from silly to monstrous. Writers stylistically out of the Tradition Winters has little interest in, dislikes, and either fails or refuses to understand. His characteristic behavior is that of an early Church Father hunting heresies, and the heresies he finds—hedonism, determinism, relativism, and monism, among others—he pursues with wild shrieks and howls.

One of the most interesting facts about Winters is that, although still a comparatively young man of forty-three, he has changed almost not at all in at least fifteen years. In the third *American Caravan* (1929), there appeared one of his first published critical essays, a piece with the terrifying title, "The Extension and Reintegration of the Human Spirit Through the Poetry Mainly French and American Since Poe and Baudelaire"—and it is amazing to note how little different that is from the new book. In his late twenties, Winters was fully as dogmatic then as now; and capable, for example, of mentioning Eliot's "one passage of major poetry" and then quoting nine lines. He harped on the same individual poems and examples he harps on now, and ended the book by listing the few living poets he could tolerate: Lawrence in England; Valéry in France; Robinson, Williams, Tate, and Crane in America. As the new volume's constant references to his first book make clear, Winters was written out in *Primitivism and Decadence*, that first book. He said, in that, all he has to say; and now he can only quote from it approvingly, push it to greater extremes, and add more examples.

Yvor Winters does a few things excellently. He writes well, is often exciting and always stimulating reading. He is a keen and perceptive analyst of specific texts, and some of his paraphrases in *The Anatomy of Nonsense*—particularly those of Stevens' "Anecdote of the Jar," and some of Tate's verse quoted by Ransom—are as good as any done. He is a courageous, if frequently dogmatic and vastly foolish, comparative evaluator of works of art, with a timeless taste that skips over centuries, and a genuine sense of the tradition (small T) and continuity in art. His faults, however, far outweigh his virtues. He is capable of fantastic dogmatism (he thinks, for example, that Adelaide Crapsey is "one of the greatest poets of our century," and thought some time ago that T. Sturge Moore was the greatest living poet and Robert Bridges frequently the equal of Shakespeare; and as the contemporary poetry he likes best he lists roughly fifty poems, by seventeen authors, of which at least half is third-rate and a good percentage utter trash). He is probably more blind to new artistic possibilities, particularly in form and style, than any working critic. He is frequently petulant.

He is, finally, as hard-bitten a young tory as can be found in criticism; and to the extent to which he can convince his readers or his students that the best art must be the most "civilized," and that all the modern ways of thinking and writing are heretical, he is a profoundly dangerous one.

New Directions, \$3

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THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH

By Katharine Butler Hathaway

THIS IS A BOOK of finest fibre like a furtive ray of sunshine filtering through green leaves, or a glow after sunset that outlines and spiritualizes familiar scenes but does not change their essential characteristics. The "Butlers' poor little Katharine," as the neighbors called her, was a gallant mystic whose invalid childhood was spent tied to a "rope and halter" to straighten a crooked spine, yet she knew the ineffable charm of life, the intense awareness of beauty, and the joy of making things with her hands even when moored to her bed beside the window that framed the tulip tree at Salem, or, during the fleeting summer months, the scene at Stowe, Vermont, where the family went for vacations. She knew the magic of transformation, that ability to change and intensify things, and by the force of her will she trained her fingers and mind for this amazing talent. For years she loved objects in minuscule — things she could play with when the length of her arm was the periphery of her world. She put together intricate little boxes of paper, "making something precious out of something of no account," and as her days multiplied her transforming creative urge brought wider interests into her life.

The Little Locksmith is autobiographical, but specifically it is a panegyric on buying a house; for as Katharine Butler grew older and was freed from the extreme invalidism of her youth, she felt she must be freed also from the encapsulating solicitude of her doting mother, to have time to pursue, unhindered, the poetry and literature that had come to mean so much to her — to become more an individual and less the weak member of a protecting family. Always in constant, if at times mild, rebellion, she suffered more from a tortured mind than a crumpled body. So when she decided a home of her own and independence were what George Meredith called "arterial words," her days took on zest and vigor.

When she and the house came together for the first time, after months of patient hunting, it was with an "astonishing joy" quite out of keeping with her size and spinsterhood. She adored the large rooms and high ceilings, the fan-light over the door, and pink brick walks that led up to it. Whether she lived in her old house long enough to realize her hopes one isn't told, for the book ends in another setting — when matrimony moved her into an "upstairs workroom in a sea-coast village on the north Atlantic" where her husband, Dan Hathaway, is introduced as a new character in her story.

There are many readers who will think *The Little Locksmith* over-sentimental; almost too minutely analytical and repetitive. But it is a life chronicle, and as such it must have great latitude or lose all individuality. It is begun in a gray sameness of melancholy, yet through the strange alchemy of Fate it finishes on a triumphant note of days beautifully and majestically lived, with human courage and fortitude rarely found.

FRANCES TINKER

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THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF

By Captain Ralph Ingersoll

AS A PUBLICIST, Ralph Ingersoll is generally as skillful as he is sincere; and he knows that to convince different types of readers he must adopt different tones. Thus as editor of *PM*, writing for New York's liberals, he spoke in the somewhat messianic tone of a frustrated reformer; and now, writing as a soldier to incite the American public at large to the greater efforts which the war will require as it inevitably grows tougher and costs more lives, he adopts the familiar tone of a football coach. For the American public, he feels, "watching the war in which it is so vitally concerned, is still like a young girl watching her second football game."

Ingersoll writes, following Clausewitz, that "the ultimate objective of an army is to impose its collective will on the enemy." As an example of how this is achieved, he describes brilliantly his own first battle, the engagement at El Guettar, on the Tunisian front, in the course of which Ingersoll's battalion of engineers and a force of Rangers drove the enemy from reputedly impregnable positions in a crucial mountain-pass which led from the hills to the plain and thence to Sfax and the sea. He describes this action very much in terms of good intelligence work, sound morale, good equipment and good training. And he concludes that our Rangers are perfectly trained, have an excellent morale and are very adequately equipped. But the Rangers are merely ideal infantrymen, not a special branch of the service; and better training and morale must be achieved by all our infantry for the great land offensives that alone can bring Germany to her knees in military defeat.

Captain Ingersoll argues, quite rightly, that the home front's morale must improve too, since our citizen-army draws much of its morale from the civilians; and to achieve this, the average American must learn to want to smash the enemy and destroy all that he stands for, just as our Russian, Chinese, and British allies do, instead of merely wanting to "get on with the job" and then return victoriously to the bucolic routines of peace.

EDOUARD RODITI

Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$2

BEYOND EVERYDAY THINKING

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS, Paul Brunton's work has been a development in form in the areas of philosophical and metaphysical thought, and *The Wisdom of the Over-self* adds new symmetry to the creative pattern of that form.

The core of the book is a metaphysical conception of mind — a world-mind which, like a fifth dimension, includes and inheres in all possible aspects of being and consciousness. Dr. Brunton centers this concept in his theory of "mentalism," and develops it philosophically through an extensive analysis of physical, mental, and psychic states.

It is now a freely accepted concept that thoughts are things; Dr. Brunton posits the correlative concept — not



YOU ARE FRANCE, LISETTE by JEAN LYTTLE

The author of *TODAY THE SUN RISES* takes as her central character Lisette, a French peasant girl, and as her theme the faith of the French people, looking toward the day when France will be free again.

Quietly, movingly the simple tale unfolds. As the time passes, Lisette—like so many of her countrymen—finds a new faith, a new courage, while enduring the Nazi yoke. She escapes to England, and there finds again the English Colonel Rennie who had been billeted on her father's farm, and whose wounds at St. Valery, in the British withdrawal from France, had left him blinded. From the time they re-meet, their lives begin to run a strange parallel, in which each draws strength from the deep reservoirs of the other.

Most memorable in the reader's impression of this story will be the portrayal of the continuity of daily life under wartime stringencies, that aggregate of the small things which spell survival and ultimate happiness—even in exile.

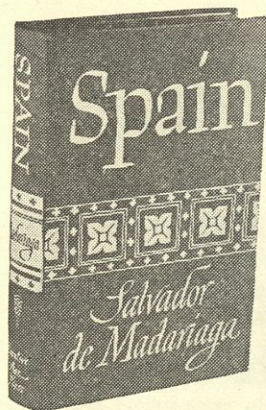
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new, but here elaborated and clarified—that things are thoughts, thus completing a perfect unity in the realm of mind. The rationale of the book depends on the doctrine of karma. Broadly speaking, the western world recognizes karma only at the surface level—a relation existing between cause and effect; but Dr. Brunton gives this ancient Eastern teaching a place of basic importance in his thesis.

The countless differentiations of consciousness and manifest forms are accounted for, and the author adds: "The hidden meeting point of the World-Mind with each conscious being has a special existence of its own and must therefore be given a special name of its own." This name is "the 'Overself.'"

No more than a suggestive intimation of the coherence of Dr. Brunton's treatment of mentalism can be given here. The theme is immense in scope and at the same time filled with subtleties. The author has his following, for whom this volume will be a welcome capstone (for the present) to the structure of his teaching.

The book contains material for the practice of meditation; and students in psychology, philosophy, mysticism, and occultism will find here refreshing and illuminating material for their deepest interest.

In *Hypnotism* Dr. Estabrooks has issued a book whose outstanding effect, for the reader, is anticipation. Unfortunately, the book never quite satisfies the anticipations which it rouses. It is suggestive rather than declarative, and at many points—especially the chapters on *Hypnotism in Crime* and *Hypnotism in Warfare*—one senses that the author would like to say more, but feels that to do so would not be politic under present conditions.

Dr. Estabrooks is Professor of Psychology and Director of Placement at Colgate University, and the author of *Man, the Mechanical Misfit*. His present volume reveals the prejudice against hypnotism which exists in the United States, and it is to be hoped that this book may help to clear the way for the legitimate use of this increasingly serviceable psychological technique.

I have just received a small pamphlet-like book of thirty-six pages, which is titled *The Will to Create*, and is the reprint of two addresses delivered by Lucien Price, at the Berkshire Musical Center, Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1942. The book treats of the true sources of creative capacity, and of the unitary significances of creative work. Normal to its theme, it takes form in a sequence of prose rhythms; to the reader of current writing, both its substance and its form may seem to be almost classical. It is mentioned here because of the refreshing continuity with which it stands steady in the hurly-burly of the present, and maintains the integrity of the past for the integrity of the future. The small reprint has value.

WILLIAM CUMMINGS

THE WISDOM OF THE OVERSELF, by Paul Brunton
E. P. Dutton & Company, \$3.75

HYPNOTISM, by George H. Estabrooks
E. P. Dutton & Company, \$2.50

THE WILL TO CREATE, by Lucien Price
The Old Corner Book Store, Boston, \$1

THE GOLDEN SERPENT

By Ciro Alegria

THE MARANON is the vital fluid in the rocky backbone of Peru. Its source is the eternal snows of the Andean Cordillera that overlooks the Pacific. It plunges and roars, twists and bends along its sinuous, terrifying way until, somewhere below the ancient port city of Iquitos, it pours its substance into the yawning gullet of the Amazon.

To Ciro Alegria, biographer of the Peruvian *cholo*, or half-breed, it is *The Golden Serpent*, casting its hypnotic spell on the dwellers in its valley. They listen to its voice "with an alert ear," and they take life as it comes "because they are men and for them life is the river—full of turns and rough crossings."

This is the story of men who forever wage two wars—one with the elements outside and the other with the counter-currents in their own souls. For the Peruvian *mestizo* or *cholo*, being the offspring of two opposing races—the docile children of the Sun and the dauntless sons of Iberia—combines the best and the worst of both.

Nowhere perhaps in all the Americas was life changed more violently than with the conquest of Peru. After four hundred years the children born of that violence are still struggling with the cross-currents. "And there is always some little sorrow sticking in the throat like a fishbone."

The Golden Serpent lacks the continuity and sweep—and the bitterness as well—of *Broad and Alien Is the World*, which won this author the 1941 award in the Latin-American Prize Novel Contest. This is a short book, not really a novel, but rather a series of folk tales. But these tales are lashed together as skillfully and tenderly as the logs in Arturo's raft, and, like the raft, they carry their burden of life and death, joy and despair—and the reader with them—up and down the restless Marañon and back and forth from Shicun to Calemar.

Old Matias and Arturo, Don Osvaldo, Lucinda, Florinda, Adan—these are counterparts of all the rivermen, their wives, children, and neighbors who have fought the Marañon for four hundred years and who will continue to fight, win or lose, until the *cholo* realizes some of the dreams of the author of this book.

Harriet de Onis has done splendid work in translating from the original Spanish. She has preserved the quality of simple nobility with which the author has imbued his *cholo*, who ruminates ideas as he ruminates his wad of *coca*, pondering the mysteries of life and death, even the death of the birds. For the *cholo* is not content with hearsay reports of scientists. "Oh, yes, they say they know, but it is not the same to know that a thing is true as to have seen it with your own eyes."

Reading *The Golden Serpent* makes one contritely aware that all the rivers of America do not lie on our side of the Equator. The saga of the Marañon is as important a contribution to Americana as the saga of the Mississippi or the Columbia.

STELLA BURKE MAY

Farrar & Rinehart, \$2

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AUTHORS

SHOLEM ASCH, who has followed *The Nazarene* with the equally important and successful *The Apostle*, here makes his first contribution to this magazine.

HELEN AUGUR, whose articles and reviews usually pursue some interesting point in American history, is a writer well known to *Tomorrow's* readers.

Lieutenant PAUL F. BRINE, U.S.N.R., is a member of the Department of English and History in the faculty of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

WANDA BURNETT, who worked for some time with Dr. Petersen, meteorobiologist, in Chicago, is a member of the staff of the *National Geographic Magazine*. She is the sister of Whit Burnett, editor of *Story*.

DAVID L. COHN, whose most recent book is *Love in America* and who is a contributor to *Atlantic* and other magazines, appears for the second time in these pages.

H. R. HAYS'S most recent publication is the anthology, *Twelve Spanish-American Poets*, which he compiled, edited, translated, and supplied with biographical introductions and critical notes. He is also the author of a novel, *Stranger on the Highway*, published last spring, and has for some years been a regular contributor of poetry and criticism to *Poetry*, *Decision*, *Common Sense*, and other magazines.

CLARE LEIGHTON, artist and writer, has a new book just out, *Give Us This Day*, which bears the subtitle of "A Psalm of Food." Her last publication before that was the richly illustrated *Southern Harvest* last year.

ERIKA MANN, daughter of Thomas Mann, has just returned from a journey of observation and study in Europe and the Near East. She made a similar journey after the outbreak of war in 1939, and in 1940 and 1941 went through the Blitz in London.

DAVID MORTON'S published volumes number ten books of poetry, as well as a critical study of the sonnet and a book on the Irish Renaissance. He has taught poetry at Amherst College for many years.

LINUS PAULING is Chairman of the division of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering, and Director of the Gates and Crellin Laboratories of Chemistry, at the California Institute of Technology.

EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER, author of several books of scholarly research, in both French and English, was sent last year to the universities of Mexico, as visiting lecturer on American literature, by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. His first official mission to that country took place a number of years ago, when as a lawyer on the staff of District Attorney William Travers Jerome he met Don Porfirio Diaz and most of the *cientificos*, and came to know the haciendas' semi-feudal life.

SIGNE TOKSVIG, who was on the staff of *The New Republic* in its early years, has never lost touch with her native Denmark, and with her husband, Francis Hackett, spent a great deal of time there just before the outbreak of the war.

REVIEWERS

PEARL S. BUCK makes her second contribution of *Tomorrow's* leading book-article in the same number in which her new novel, *The Promise*, is reviewed.

KATHLEEN COYLE, Irish novelist now living in this country, is welcomed for the third time among *Tomorrow's* reviewers. Her latest book is *The Magical Realm*, the memoir of her Irish childhood.

WILLIAM CUMMINGS began his literary career with the publication of two novels, but for some years past has been a student and adviser in the fields of practical and spiritual psychology.

JOSEPH FREEMAN, critic, former editor of *The New Masses*, and author of the monumental novel of man's fight for freedom, *Never Call Retreat*, appears for the second time in *Tomorrow's* Book Section.

HERBERT GORMAN, who is both biographer and novelist, and critic of all types of literature, follows a fiction review in the November magazine with the review of a biography this month.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN is on the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*, and contributes book reviews to a number of periodicals.

LOLA KINEL, who was born in Russia of Polish parents and grew up with English as a third language, has written for *Atlantic*, *Story*, *Common Ground*, and other magazines.

STELLA BURKE MAY has specialized in the Latin-American countries, in her writing for both children and adults, and has spent much time in travel and study in the southern republics. Two of her most recent books from this general locale are *The Conqueror's Lady* and *Our Neighbor, Mexico*.

Rev. J. V. MOLDENHAWER is minister of the historic First Presbyterian Church in New York City, and a writer on both religious and literary subjects. His two latest publications are *Fairest Lord Jesus* and *The Voice of Books*.

EDOUARD RODITI, who was born in Paris of American parents, and studied in France, England and Germany before completing his education at the University of Chicago, is employed as editor for short-wave broadcasts in French. He has published two volumes of poetry and one of literary criticism, but he is also interested in military strategy.

MARIO ROSSI, Italian historical scholar now living in this country, was a friend and student of Guglielmo Ferrero. He has been working for some time on short-wave broadcasts to his native land.

FRANCES TINKER, who was born in New Orleans, is co-author with her husband, Edward Larocque Tinker, of four novelettes published under the group title of *Old New Orleans*.

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