

TOMORROW



JUNE • 1949

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EUROPE'S SEARCH FOR A NEW
CREDO

Klaus Mann

MODERN WOMAN'S INSECURITY

Theodor Reik

PREPARING PARENTS FOR
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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1949

EDITORIAL 3

ARTICLES

- Europe's Search for a New Credo • Klaus Mann 5
Modern Woman's Insecurity • Theodor Reik 12
Hometown Revisited:
10. Hancock, New Hampshire • Haydn S. Pearson 25
Preparing Parents for Adoption • Richard B. Gehman 37

STORIES

- The Round Giant • Calvin Kentfield 19
(Second-prize winner • College Contest)
A Summer with Yorick • Josephine Herbst 31

POEMS

- Furlough • Horace E. Hamilton 18
Our Torment's Crown • Hugo Manning 24
The Innocent • Oscar Williams 36
Chronos • Frances Frost 43

DEPARTMENTS

- Nightlife and Daylight • Harold Clurman 44
The Record Shelf • John Briggs 48

BOOKS

- Robinson Crusoe: Epic of the Middle Class • Irving Howe 51
Reviews in General 54
My Favorite Forgotten Book • Anne Fremantle 60
Reviews in Brief 61

CORRESPONDENCE

62

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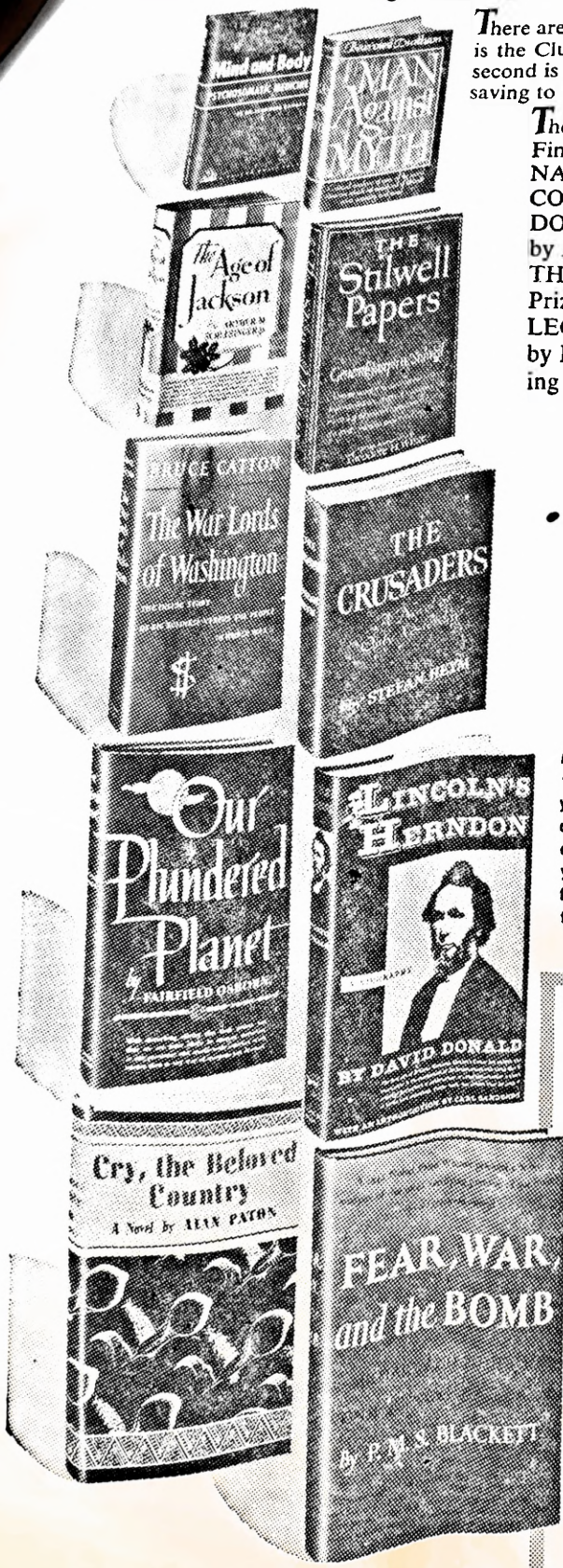
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THE BOOK FIND CLUB

T O M O R R O W

VOL. VIII, NO. 10

JUNE 1949

“...EACH AGE IS A DREAM THAT IS DYING OR ONE THAT IS COMING TO BIRTH.”

Europe's Search for a New Credo

KLAUS MANN

THE economic plight of Europe four years after V-E Day is slowly being resolved, thanks in part to the generosity of American aid—but what is one to say of the intellectual dilemma of thinking men and women from Great Britain to the countries behind the Iron Curtain? I have traveled extensively throughout Europe since the end of the war, talking to artists, scholars, celebrities, and bright young men on either side of the Iron Curtain. They are a baffled, insecure group, these European intellectuals, divided and torn not only by the diplomatic struggle between Russia and the United States, but also by the war of ideas raging throughout the Continent.

What are the European intellectuals thinking in the spring of 1949? What are they to believe, especially those interested in a genuine exchange of ideas, after reading of the strange goings-on at last March's conferences of opposing intellectuals in New York—the Cultural and Scientific Congress for World Peace and Americans for Intellectual Freedom?

In the spring of 1949 the European intellectuals consider their inherited ideas questionable or irrelevant. So many slogans, once inspiring, now have a hollow ring. The European air reverberates with false credos, contradictory arguments, violent accusations. Many voices are

heard in Paris and London, in Prague and Brussels and Copenhagen, but there is no coordinated discussion to give the mass of intellectuals a basis for harmonious belief and action. The extreme leftists shout for the total socialization of the means of production; the fiery nationalists beat their breasts, believing their own countries could save the world if they had the opportunity; the apostles of science point to technical progress as the means of salvation, while the enemies of science oppose it as the archenemy of culture; the ardent Catholics point to Rome and its spiritual leadership as the answer; and the defenders of American doctrines clash with the Stalinist supporters almost daily, solving nothing, adding to the mental confusion which the traveler from America sees in every face on the European streets.

Many frightened and disturbed Europeans look for comfort in the ancient documents of Hinduism, in the writings of Lenin, in the Bible, in the existentialist philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre. Others quote the latest pronouncements of the Rumanian Communist leader Ana Pauker, or Einstein or General de Gaulle or that current European phenomenon, the American-born world-citizen Garry Davis. Still others find their solutions in the philosophy of Heidegger or Jung, or they quote with

KLAUS MANN, the son of Thomas Mann, is the author of *André Gide: The Crisis of Modern Thought*, and *The Turning Point*, an autobiography. His articles have appeared in *Vogue*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Town and Country*, and *the Nation*. Mr. Mann, who served in the United States Army during the war, is now living in the south of France and is working on a novel.

...will pitying satisfaction the great European Paul Valéry, who proclaimed, "L'Europe est finie."

As in America, the Europeans talk at great length about Kafka and sex and war and nuclear chain reactions. But unlike Americans, who have enough to eat and keep busy with their hustling optimism, the Europeans also talk about despair, "the Sickness unto Death," as Kierkegaard has called it.

What if the European intellectuals are too weak and dispirited to meet their ordeal? What if they fail, if they betray their mission? One of them, the French writer Julien Benda, has accused his own guild of high treason. And the European intellectuals remember Benda's inextinguishable formula, *La Trahison des Clercs*.

The French word "clerc," like the archaic English word "clerk," can mean a clergyman as well as a layman charged with minor ecclesiastical duties, or a scholar, or simply a person able to read and write. By his use of the term "les clerics," the French author clearly suggests that the intellectual's position in our modern world may be compared to one formerly held by the priesthood.

In times of undisputed religious authority the intellectual has no function, no *raison d'être*. It is only when the priests lose control that the independent, critical minds take over. That is what happened in Hellas and Rome after the dethronement of the Olympian gods (Socrates, the great question-asker and dialectician, was an intellectual in the most exacting, most sublime sense of the word). It happened again at the time of the Renaissance following the Dark Ages; and the Humanists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, consciously and proudly free from clerical tutelage, may be regarded as the founding fathers of our modern intelligentsia.

Today's intellectual, then, is something in the nature of a layman priest inasmuch as he, too, is primarily interested in spiritual values, not in material success. The intellectual, like the priest, is supposed to judge life and society according to certain ideals, rather than from a purely utilitarian or "realistic" point of view. But while the priest may rely on a given ethical and metaphysical system, the intellectual—belonging to a race of explorers and nonconformists—has to discover his own moral code, his own truth and gospel. The real intellectual takes nothing for granted. He questions everything. His main characteristic is an infinite *curiosity*. He is in love with novel ideas and hazardous experiences. In contrast to the priest who enjoys the guidance and protection of a powerful hierarchy, the intellectual leads a vagrant, uncertain life—every day a new adventure and experiment, a new ordeal.

But however independent the ideal intellectual may be, he must remain loyal to certain voluntarily accepted basic standards and supreme principles. The true leaders of European thought, from Erasmus to Voltaire, from Montaigne and Spinoza to Heinrich Heine and Victor Hugo, were not only great skeptics and iconoclasts but also great believers. They believed in the Divine, the Good, the

Beautiful, in Man's intrinsic nobility, in the superiority of culture over barbarism. They believed in Progress. Without this confidence, the European intellectuals could not have prepared and initiated such enormous events as the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, however, the intellectual captains began to lose their sense of measure and direction. Nietzsche's frantic attacks on Christianity, his insane self-deification and self-destruction; Kierkegaard's abysmal guilt complex, his desperate striving for "Purity of Heart"; Baudelaire's diabolical grimaces and blasphemous paradoxes ("The man of letters," he said, "is the enemy of the world"); Tolstol's denunciation of art and his rigid asceticism; Dostoevski's pathological ecstasies and remorse; Oscar Wilde's defiance of bourgeois hypocrisy, resulting in his spectacular ostracism and scandalous martyrdom; Strindberg's fierce misanthropy and persecution mania; Richard Wagner's ruthless ambition; Tchaikovsky's morbid nostalgia; Flaubert's withdrawal into the icy realm of detached aestheticism; Verlaine's deadly intoxication with prayers and absinthe; Rimbaud's flight to the African wilderness, his abdication as a poet, the terrible message of his silence; Van Gogh's escape into madness—all these individual tragedies foreshadowed the general crisis now shaking our civilization.

THE intellectuals delved too daringly into the secrets of the human soul, of society, of nature. What they brought to light from the depths was as dreadful as that gorgonian face whose glance is said to turn the beholder to stone. Was there nothing safe or sacred any more?

The bold experiments and speculations of modern physicists—particularly Einstein's theory of relativity—revolutionized not only practical science but also man's vision of the universe, his fundamental ideas about the character of time, space, matter and energy. Karl Marx discovered the class struggle as the predominant motive behind all historical and ideologic developments. Another great intellectual, Sigmund Freud, explored the shadowy recesses of our unconscious, which he found teeming with the specters of inhibited desires, the evil ghosts of parricidal and incestuous impulses.

Western man, the *Homo Occidentalis*, who had thought of himself as a basically rational creature, turned out much to his own horrified surprise, to be still possessed by demons, driven by irrational, savage forces. The sinister forebodings, the most gory fantasies of nineteenth-century pessimists were surpassed by the appalling reality of the twentieth. The Antichrist, whose gestures accents Nietzsche had once sacrilegiously aped, now came into actual existence and proved his devastating power. Gas chambers and high explosives, venomous propaganda and organized exploitation, the outrages of the totalitarian regimes and the fiendish tastelessness of commercial entertainment, the cynicism of the ruling cliques and

stupidity of the misguided masses, the cult of high-ranking murderers and money-makers, the triumph of vulgarity and bigotry, the terror of ignorance—these are the weapons and methods the Evil One uses. With them he seeks to subjugate the human race, to establish his reign over our accursed species.

As civilization tumbles under the assault of streamlined barbarism, what can the intellectuals, the artists do but echo the general anxiety and anguish? Who can describe or rationalize a nightmarish world of Auschwitz and the comic strips, of Hollywood films and bacteriological warfare? The images of our poets and painters disintegrate



along with our social order. Picasso's genius evokes the flashes and thunderbolts of apocalyptic tempests. Franz Kafka reveals, with uncanny insight and accuracy, our innermost apprehension. James Joyce invents a new idiom to vocalize the unspeakable. The masters of the word stammer. "I can connect—Nothing with nothing," admits T. S. Eliot, visualizing the decay and doom of a polluted creation.

The poet, the artist, the intellectual no longer pretends to understand. He shudders, whimpering over the "falling towers" of the great cities of the world. The ordeal, having increased in magnitude and momentum ever since the beginning of the first world war, is now approaching its final, decisive stage.

The current crisis—or, to be more precise, the permanent crisis of this century—is not limited to any particular continent or any particular social class. In this shrunken world of ours, all nations and all classes have to face the same problems and dangers. But if it is true that an intellectual is more keenly aware of the critical world situation than, say, a baseball champion or a chorus girl, it is also true that the European intellectuals are more directly, more vitally affected than their colleagues in Brazil or Australia or the United States. For it is one thing to meditate on the possible breakdown of civilization; it is an entirely different matter to see it happen. Certain apocalyptic events which may seem almost incredible to the student of philosophy in Kansas City or the poet in Johannesburg, are only too familiar to the people of Berlin, Warsaw, Dresden, Rotterdam. In Vienna, Athens and London, the "falling towers" which T. S.

Eliot saw in *The Waste Land* are not just poetic symbols any more. In the midst of ruins, in view of crippled men and starving children, no adult, clear-sighted person can overlook or belittle the deadly seriousness of the permanent crisis.

No wonder, then, that the European intellectuals are today the most crisis-conscious people in the world. Also, they are more consciously *intellectual* than their fellows in other continents; and they have become more emphatically *European* than they were prior to World War II. Common suffering has the power to unify. In spite of national and ideologic conflicts, there is in Europe today (especially among intellectuals) a certain sense of continental solidarity. If the Czech patriot hates his Hungarian neighbor, if the Belgian cannot bring himself to forgive the German, they still belong to the same tragic, but proud and distinguished clan. I met many Europeans who spoke contemptuously of both the United States and the Soviet Union—the two colossi endowed with material wealth and military power, but lacking wisdom, refinement and cultural tradition. It is the same melancholy arrogance, the same weary disdain, with which the sophisticated literati of decadent Hellas may have referred to the vulgar toughness and efficiency of the Roman conquerors.

Even the English, once so haughtily detached and insular, seem to have renounced their splendid isolation. They, too, have suffered; they, too, are poor, and face an uncertain future. Why should they not join at last the proud and pathetic brotherhood of crisis-ridden Europeans?

A well-known young English composer said to me, after a concert in Amsterdam: "I've only just come back from America where I had to spend a few weeks. It was all right, it was interesting; but I don't think I'd be happy there, in the long run. No intellectual tension! No awareness of the great issues and problems! People are too well-off. Preoccupied with their new cars and television sets, they seem to miss the real drama of our time."

HOW do the European intellectuals meet and master these great problems dominating the drama of our time? I found most of my intellectual friends high-strung and irritable. One bright young man told me, "We don't know what to believe. We're all mixed up." And a venerable professor said at the end of a conversation, "We're all mixed up. We don't know what to teach."

The grand old men are scarce in Europe today. There are not many left of the powerful generation which produced Anatole France and Freud, Bergson and H. G. Wells, Maxim Gorki and Paul Valéry. As for the survivors, some of them, like Einstein, Stravinsky, Schoenberg and Thomas Mann, have migrated to the other side of the Atlantic.

Of course, there is always Shaw, pouring out *bon mots* and paradoxes with indefatigable gusto. But for all his

...age and sagacity, old G. B. S. has ceased to influence the intellectual vanguard. Since he considers it his privilege to ridicule any serious cause, people no longer take him very seriously.

Somerset Maugham, while gradually assuming the role of an illustrious old-timer, hardly aspires to moral or intellectual leadership. Nor does E. M. Forster, even though his great prestige would entitle him to such ambitions. There can be no doubt that the author of *A Passage to India* enjoys more respect and authority than any other living English novelist since the death of Virginia Woolf. But his fame is of a purely literary, almost esoteric, nature, and is limited to the English-speaking countries. In Germany, France, Spain and Italy, not even the professional men of letters are acquainted with that exquisite critic and narrator.

Bertrand Russell certainly deserves the rank of an intellectual leader, although his somewhat noncommittal agnosticism and unimaginative common sense may not be particularly attractive to some of the more fastidious minds. Benedetto Croce, the great scholar and upright liberal, is admired far beyond the frontiers of his native Italy. But when visiting him in Naples, some time ago, I felt myself in the presence of a magnificent relic, a live memorial of past exploits and forgotten principles. Ortega y Gasset, the outstanding philosopher of modern Spain—living today in Madrid as an exile in his own country—is more deeply versed in the crucial questions of our time. His brilliant speculations in the *Revolt of the Masses* have helped clarify the tumultuous events of the past decades. But however significant such shrewd comments may be, the perplexed youth of Europe want more. They want guidance and comfort, new ideals and hopes.

"Whenever young people come to me for advice, I feel so shamefully incompetent, so helpless, so embarrassed!" So declared André Gide, the greatest writer living in Europe today, after I had a long talk with him. "They keep asking me whether there is a way out of the present crisis," he said, "and whether there is any logic and purpose, any sense behind the turmoil. But who am I to tell them? I don't know myself."

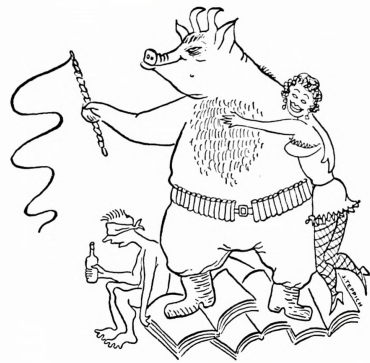
He, for one, offers something more precious than mere advice: the splendid gift of a durable lifework, and the example of a complex, yet serenely balanced and bravely consistent personality.

NOT many intellectuals have the faith and fortitude, the uncompromising integrity and obstinate independence of Gide and Croce. German writers were not the only ones to accept the atrocities and anti-Semitism of Nazi-Fascist control. In France, the triumph of barbarism was applauded by literary celebrities like Céline, Paul Morand, and Henry de Montherlant. In occupied Norway, that nation's outstanding novelist, Knut Hamsun, became a traitor to his country and to civilization.

And those who collaborate now with the Russians, who

preach and propagate the Communist gospel—are they, too, "traitors"? Some of them—especially in the Iron-Curtain countries, including the Soviet-occupied parts of Germany—may have become Marxists out of opportunism and cowardice. Others, however, are of unquestionable sincerity and good faith. A man like Louis Aragon—formerly a leading surrealist, now the "Red Pope" of French letters—does not think of himself as a traitor but as a gallant patriot, a stout-hearted champion of peace and progress. Nor can an earnest and generous woman like Madame Irene Joliot-Curie, or a truly inspired poet like Paul Eluard, be labeled simply as "Bolshevist agents" or "fifth-columnists."

It would be a grave mistake to underrate the determination of the pro-Soviet intelligentsia in western Europe today. There are, all over the Continent, men and women



of stature, who firmly believe that a world revolution is both inevitable and desirable. To them the Soviet Union is the mighty rock of freedom and enlightenment in the midst of capitalistic darkness and decay.

In Copenhagen I talked to the white-maned dean of contemporary Danish literature, Martin Andersen-Nexo, whose novel *Pelle, the Conqueror* has long been an international favorite. The aged master assured me, gently but positively: "The future belongs to Communism. Communism is peace. Communism is prosperity. Communism is culture. Whoever fails to see those basic truths must be blind or bribed by American warmongers."

In Berlin the famous German writer Anna Seghers, author of *The Seventh Cross* and other successful books described to me her recent visit to the Soviet Union as "a wonderful time." No, she maintained, there wasn't any censorship. Soviet artists and scientists enjoyed perfect freedom, as long as they respected the fundamental principles of truly popular, truly Socialist culture.

I talked to intellectual advocates of Stalinism in Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Brussels, Paris and Milan, who said: "What's all that excitement about reprimanding Shostakovich, Prokofiev and Khachaturian? If the Russian people don't care for atonalism and cacophony, then our gentlemen have to produce more understandable, more appealing stuff! That's simple enough, isn't it?"

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EUROPE'S SEARCH FOR A NEW CREDO

In the company of my Marxist friends I was often reminded of those angels who, according to William Blake, "have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning." Some of them seemed a little uneasy, though. A talented young writer I interviewed in Prague, even while professing his ardent faith in Communism, could not quite conceal his apprehension. "Of course, the case of Shostakovich and his friends has rather . . . disquieting implications," he said, with a furtive glance about the room. "If the same kind of regimentation were to be imposed on the intellectuals in Czechoslovakia—well, that wouldn't be so good! Naturally, I have the greatest respect for the Soviet Union, and I *do* believe in Popular Democracy. But I'm not particularly fond of goose-stepping, you know. . . ."

Discreet complaints and ominous intimations were voiced by the German novelist Theodor Plivier, whose *Stalingrad* is generally regarded as one of the major contributions to the literature of the second world war. At the time I went to see him in Weimar, in the Russian-controlled zone of Germany, he seemed to be on excellent terms with the Communists. In fact, Plivier, with Anna Seghers and two or three other writers, represented the *crème de la crème* of party-line intelligentsia. Considering the opulence of his home and the grandeur of his social position, I assumed he was pleased and satisfied. But when I congratulated him on his good fortune, he shrugged and mumbled: "I have plenty to eat, all right. But, believe me, it's no fun to live as a prisoner—even if it's a golden cage they keep you in. . . ." A few months later, Theodor Plivier escaped from the Russian zone and was given refuge by the Americans.

If the Communist intellectuals dislike all non-Communists, they really loathe the deserters and apostates who were their former comrades. This violent animosity on the part of the Stalinists is understandable when one considers the renegade's natural tendency to vilify the cause he once embraced. Among the many shrill, hysterical voices heard in Europe today, none is more offensive than that of the ex-radicals who have turned into fanatical red-baiters. In their eagerness to prove the sincerity of their conversion they resort to the most absurd and infamous practices. Even Arthur Koestler has alienated many of his admirers by the violence of his anti-Russian obsession. Another prominent ex-Communist, André Malraux, once a fighter for the freedom of the Spanish people, has now become the prophet and propagandist of General de Gaulle who, if he came to power, might well deprive the French of their democratic constitution and their liberties.

And so the Communists shout "Traitor!" at men like Malraux and Koestler, and the ex- or anti-Communists scream back at men like Aragon, Picasso, Eluard, Bertolt Brecht, Martin Andersen-Nexoe: "Filthy agents of the Kremlin!"

Thus the accusations and counter-accusations are hurled

to and fro, throughout the tormented Continent. As East and West threateningly face one another, the battle of ideas claims and absorbs the finest European minds. Detachment, wisdom and objectivity are considered high treason. The intellectuals must take sides. They must become partisans and fight as soldiers.

IS there no "Third Force" mediating between the two hostile camps? Certain writers may try to maintain an "unpolitical" attitude. One of them, Jean Cocteau, told me recently that politics, to him, is "*de la blague*"—a distasteful joke, a gory carnival, not to be taken seriously. Cocteau's most recent book, *La Difficulté d'être*, a collection of charming autobiographic notes and brilliant *aperçus*, deals with such subjects as Beauty, Death, Youth, Style, Language, the meaning of dreams, the infinite attraction of certain landscapes, poems and human faces.

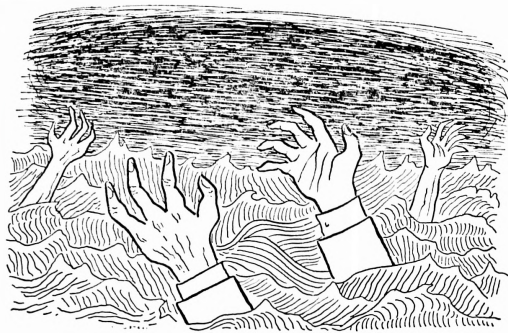
There are those among the European intellectuals who seem impressed with Aldous Huxley's admonition: "It is only by deliberately concentrating on eternal things that we can prevent time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

The trend toward religious mysticism is one of the most striking features of intellectual life in postwar Europe. Even some of the authors formerly connected with left-wing, atheistic movements are now indulging in pious moods and metaphysical speculations. For instance, Ignazio Silone—first a Communist, then a militant Social Democrat—seems to be more and more preoccupied with "eternal things." The same is true of another repatriated exile, Alfred Doebelin, the German novelist, who, after some years in the United States, has returned to his homeland and is now working for the French *Centre de l'Éducation* at Baden-Baden. Revoking his earlier Marxist views, Herr Doebelin, a highly talented, if somewhat unreliable thinker of Jewish origin, now proclaims: "A new era of religion and metaphysics has started. The world, hitherto overly clear from our positivist and scientific standpoint, has once more shrouded itself in mystery." As for mystery-conscious Herr Doebelin, he has found peace and illumination in the Catholic Church.

The Catholic influence is steadily increasing among European intellectuals outside of the Iron-Curtain countries, although modern Italian letters seem comparatively free from papal authority partly due to Benedetto Croce's uncompromising secularism. The Holy See, however, boasts powerful literary supporters in France. Paul Claudel, François Mauriac, and Jacques Maritain are remarkably effective servants of the Vatican. Even the much-discussed existentialist movement has its Catholic wing, represented by the highly respected philosopher Gabriel Marcel.

Of the two German thinkers who are generally regarded as the initiators of existentialism in its present form, one, Karl Jaspers (formerly professor of philosophy in Heidelberg, now active in Switzerland), is definitely religious.

...minded, which is why the Marcel group claim him as their patron saint; the other, Martin Heidegger, without coming out openly for atheism, maintains that God is "absent," too remote from His creation, too incomprehensible to be counted on. The conception of utter "absence," the idea of total nonexistence (if such a thing or state can be imagined), seems indeed the very crux and basis of Heidegger's philosophy. To him, *Nothingness* means almost what *Tao* does to the Chinese. It is the Primal Cause of all phenomena, the perfect and eternal Source—*indefinable, unchanging, inexhaustible, existing and non-existing*. Heidegger has been called a "mystic of Nothingness," an idolater of the *Nihil*. No wonder, then,



that he was rather pleased with the "Revolution of Nihilism"—National Socialism. This same philosopher who, until 1945, was one of the intellectual pillars of Hitler's Third Reich is now exalted by the French literary vanguard. Jean-Paul Sartre considers himself a disciple of Heidegger, although the German philosopher repeatedly, and rather bluntly, has disclaimed all responsibility for existentialism *à la Sartre*.

Equally accomplished and successful as a novelist, playwright and essayist, Jean-Paul Sartre is the most conspicuous literary figure in postwar Europe. It is true that certain critics consider his early work—especially his sad, saturnine novel, *La Nausée*—more original and significant than his recent writings. Many European critics with whom I spoke feel that Sartre, as a narrator, cannot compete with his fellow existentialist, Albert Camus, whose symbolic tale, *The Plague*, has been an international sensation. However, it is Sartre, not Camus, through whom existentialism (the leftist, atheistic branch of the movement) could become a major force in European intellectual life. Yet the meaning of existentialism, as taught by the Sartre group, is difficult to define, for this remarkably unsystematic philosophical system seems to consist of inconsistencies. A haphazard, if provocative, mixture of incongruous elements, Sartre's teachings have been shrugged off by academic French sages as "*une confusion des plus fâcheuses*."

Is Sartre a pessimist? Does he think life a crazy, ghastly mess? The tendency he shows, as an artist, for sordid situations and vile characters suggests a disillusioned, nihilistic viewpoint. But Sartre does not like to be

called a "nihilist." Even while speaking of the universe as a "*totalité désintégrée*" and of God as a misshaped human invention—a "*Dieu manqué*"—Sartre accepts and praises ethical principles. Without explaining the origin or authorization of his moral code, he wants us to believe that certain things are evil, certain other things good; that it behooves us to choose between those two alternatives; and that, by doing so, we decide upon the salvation or condemnation of our soul. Since there is no God to guide or judge us, it is up to ourselves to determine our plight here below and our status in a rather vague, metaphysical future. Our actions, our behavior, are all that matters. Every man is what he makes of himself.

Like Marx, Sartre admonishes the intellectuals not to content themselves with *understanding* the world: they are urged to help in *changing* social and economic conditions. The term *engagement*—meaning "commitment," or the definite stand we are supposed to take in regard to the controversial issues of our time—plays a predominant role in Sartre's thinking. In contrast to the orthodox Marxists, who find the historical process determined by economic factors, the existentialists stress the importance of *individual* decision in the face of a universe which, in itself, is devoid of any aim or logic. An outspoken individualist and believer in the primacy of spiritual values, but simultaneously an active fighter for social progress, Sartre tried to reconcile the two traditional schools of thought—idealism and materialism.

As he preaches a kind of radical middle way, politically and philosophically, he is frowned upon by all the major parties. To the Catholic Church, Sartre's views are a particularly objectionable form of paganism. Arthur Koestler and others have denounced the existentialist leader as a Stalinist in transparent disguise, while the official spokesmen of Marxism reproach him for his "pro-Fascist" leanings. At the Tenth International Congress of Philosophy, held last year in Amsterdam, the Czech delegate, Arnost Kolman, referred to existentialism as "a variety of sly apology for capitalism."

And the quarrelsome battle of ideas goes on.

They quarreled in Amsterdam, where seven hundred professional thinkers from twenty-five countries assembled to exchange ideas. "When you go back to Prague," Professor Bertrand Russell sneered at his learned colleague, Professor Arnost Kolman, "tell your employers that the next time we have an international congress we'd prefer that they send someone not so crude." Another emissary from Czechoslovakia, Ladislav Rieger, continued to defend militant Marxism as a "new humanism," whereupon a German sage, Walter Brugger, hissed: "I see no difference between the Marxist philosophy and the philosophy of Nazism." Finally the venerable Dutch scholar, Hugo Fuchs, chairman of the congress, came to the sad conclusion: "Our discussions revealed the general diffuseness of post-war thinking."

They quarreled at Wroclaw (formerly Breslau), where

intellectuals from all over the world met under Communist auspices to look for a common platform. Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg tried to promote international understanding by calling Anglo-American literature "a flood of mental opium," which caused an English delegate, Professor A. J. P. Taylor of Oxford, to state bitterly: "This congress has not served the purpose of bringing people together." A representative of India, Mulha Raj Anand, suggested in the end that the way for delegates to help the cause of peace was to "fast like Gandhi."

Is there no other hope?

The touching enthusiasm with which the European intellectuals, along with the European masses, responded to the bold gesture of the American-born "world citizen," Garry Davis, is indicative of the general anxiety, the widespread, intense desire to find a way out of the present deadlock, but will the initiative of a powerless, isolated young man be sufficient? Even while Davis is congregating a little troop of well-meaning, spirited men and women, among them some literary celebrities, like Gide, Camus, and Sartre; even while millions of frightened people are longing and praying for peace, the ominous preparations for war continue, the fatal rift between two world powers, two philosophies, is deepening from day to day.

A weak, dissonant chorus, the voices of the European intellectuals accompany the prodigious drama. I have heard many voices on my travels, some aggressive and arrogant, others gentle or flippant, passionate or sentimental. I have yet to hear the harmony of coordinated sounds, the concert of reconciled or peacefully competing forces.

"There is no hope. Whether we intellectuals are traitors or whether we are victims, in any case we'd better recognize the utter hopelessness of our situation. Why fool ourselves? We're done for! We're licked!"

These words were uttered by a young student of philosophy and literature I met in the ancient university town of Uppsala, Sweden. What he had to say was certainly characteristic, and I believe his words echo the

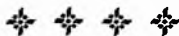
beliefs of young intellectuals in all parts of Europe.

He continued: "We're licked, we're through. Why not admit it at last? The struggle between two great anti-spiritual powers—American money and Russian fanaticism—does not leave any room in the world for intellectual integrity or independence. We are compelled to take sides and, by doing so, to betray everything we should defend and cherish. Koestler is wrong when asserting that one side is a little better than the other—not quite black, just gray. In reality, neither side is good enough—which is to say that both are bad, both are black."

He said a new movement should be launched by European intellectuals, "the movement of despair, the rebellion of the hopeless ones. Instead of trying to appease the powers that be, instead of vindicating the machinations of greedy bankers or the outrages of tyrannical bureaucrats, we ought to go on record with our protest, with an unequivocal expression of our bitterness, our horror. Things have reached a point where only the most dramatic, most radical gesture has a chance to be noticed, to awake the conscience of the blinded, hypnotized masses. I'd like to see hundreds, thousands of intellectuals follow the examples of Virginia Woolf, Ernst Toller, Stefan Zweig, Jan Masaryk. A suicide wave among the world's most distinguished, most celebrated minds would shock the peoples out of their lethargy, would make them realize the extreme gravity of the ordeal man has brought upon himself by his folly and selfishness."

In a trembling voice, he said to me, "Let's resign ourselves to absolute despondency. It's the only sincere attitude, and the only one that can be of any help."

While I thought of the black future the young men and women of Europe must visualize for themselves, the university student added, very softly, while a faint, timid smile was lightening his pensive young face: "Do you remember what the great Kierkegaard has told us? *The infinite resignation is the last stage prior to faith, so that one who has not made this movement has no faith. . . . Therefore faith hopes also in this life, but . . . by virtue of the absurd, not by virtue of the human understanding.*"



Modern Woman's Insecurity

THEODOR REIK

IT IS obvious that the problem of bachelors and spinsters in contemporary American society cannot be examined without inquiring into the nature of marriage. Why is it that the problem does not exist among primitive and half-civilized peoples? And why is it that we do not read about a surplus of unmarried women in China and Japan? And why did not the question arise in medieval culture; why was it not discussed two hundred, yes, even a hundred years ago?

The change in economic conditions in the western world is certainly a prime factor, but there is more to it than the industrial revolution. Something in the nature of marriage as an institution and as an expression of human relations must have changed.

Marriage is not what it used to be. To modern man, nothing about the whole problem is more obvious than the statement: *Marriage is a private affair*. Every man and every woman who comes of age is free to decide whether to marry or not, and whom to marry and whom not. This was not always the way, nor is it common even today in many parts of the world.

In no primitive society is marriage a private affair; it is the business of the family or the group. Not only does the clan or the tribe have to agree to the marriage; it makes the decision; it decrees it. That two individuals of opposite sex should enter marriage on their own initiative would be considered very shocking, probably worse.

The Australian aborigines would call a woman who runs away with a man to marry him little better than a prostitute. The Hidatsa Indians use a bad name to describe marriages made without an agreement between the families. The Haidas look upon marriages which have not been arranged by the parents while their children were infants as highly irregular. A West African Negro declared in a court of law that "a man was a bastard because his parents married for love." To the Malays of the Patau States such a marriage is not legal. Thus in all primitive societies throughout time.

The conviction that marriage is a family matter, not an affair between two individuals or the proper culmination of romantic love, has been shared by many civilized cultures. Roman marriage was in its essence a family contract, and in ancient Athens, according to the classical scholar and archeologist, Karl Otfried Mueller, "we have not a single instance of a man having loved a free-born woman, and marrying her from affection." The modern conception that any individual can marry whom and when he will was altogether alien to the Greeks.

In France, until quite recent times, marriages were arranged by parents, often before the girl had met the selected young man. Marriage was an *affaire de famille*. Among the aristocratic families of Italy, marriages were considered a matter of pure business and attended to by the two families. Many a bride and bridegroom met for the first time on their wedding day. Similar customs were prevalent in Spain, Portugal, Russia and other European countries, and not only in aristocratic circles but among all classes of people. The same is still common in much of China, Japan and India, where even infants may be betrothed.

In such societies as the above, marriage was not, as with us, a problem of sentiment, but of economics and expediency. Women were not chosen because they were beautiful, ardent, young or refined, but because they could work hard and were healthy, industrious and able to bear children, or add to family riches, social standing, or political power; only practical considerations counted.

Old maids are almost unknown among primitive and half-civilized societies. Sexual relations are separated from the problem of marriage; they belong to another realm. Since very few repressions before marriage are recognized by uncultured peoples, the question of love has nothing to do with the selection of a partner. Love in our sense does not exist even in the married life of primitive tribes. Man and wife often live separately and do not eat together. Women are not competitive with regard to their beauty and charm. They are much less

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feminine than our women; they are not educated to attract men by their appearance but by their abilities as worker, housekeeper, cook and mother. On the lower levels of human evolution women are considered different from one another only in their economically useful skills.

The progress of civilization manifested itself in an increasing differentiation among the members of the sex. The one woman was now preferred to the other. Romance brought into modern society all the passions which are children of the imagination, the magic which refines the crude sexual desires of men. This new factor, love, became the most important one in the choice of a mate.

Romantic feeling, personal preference, without which mankind lived in reasonable happiness for hundreds of years, has made men and women now unreasonably happy and unhappy. Among our young girls—and more so among our young men—love is almost the only criterion used to determine the choice of a mate and, of course, often enough it decides whether an individual in our society remains single or marries—and whom he marries, if he does.

EVEN in our psychological era the attraction of the sexes is primarily biological. This is so obvious that modern psychology, especially psychoanalysis, did not interpret the new phenomenon of love—which entered human evolution so late—otherwise than as a derivative of older and primary needs. Freud declared that love is sexuality in origin and nature; sexuality which is inhibited in its aim of physical satisfaction. Neo-psychoanalysis proved Freud's view erroneous and evolved a different concept of romantic love.

It took its point of departure not from love in blossom-time but from its pre-phases. It inquired into the nature of the soil in which this precious and quickly fading flower grows. Before the individual meets his love object, certain psychological moods make him (or her) ready to fall in love. The most important of these is an inner, mostly unconscious dissatisfaction with himself, a concealed self-dislike which is frequently displaced and expresses itself in discontent with his family, job and environment. The roots of these moods reach deeply into the underground of his intimate history.

Each of us has in his childhood and early adolescence painted a picture of himself as he wished to be. We call this wishful image the ego-ideal. Each of us has also a vague, unconscious idea of what he really is, and is endowed with a critical sense which measures permanently the distance between this actual self and the ego-ideal. It is obvious that the ideal image takes many traits from models—from parents, teachers, other persons whom we would like to be like. If we had the combined attributes—the attractive appearance, the cleverness, the brilliant endowments—of these admired persons, we would be satisfied. As we realize unconsciously that we are full of shortcomings and failures, we nourish a kind of dissatis-

faction with ourselves which moves us to search for this ego-ideal outside ourselves. We yearn for a better self.

Thus psychologically prepared, we find a person who seems to have all of the excellent qualities we sadly lack and who is, in contrast to ourselves, apparently self-sufficient and self-satisfied. The sexual urge shows the road when this person is of the other sex. The man sees in her the ego-ideal personified, envies her and even hates her (here is the psychologically important unconscious



hate component in romance), and finally yields to her overpowering attraction by falling in love.

Dissatisfaction with one's self has given way to an exultant feeling because the love-object has taken the place of the ego-ideal which seems to be fulfilled in the beloved and which is realized in making the other person part of one's self. The deeper this self-dislike is, the stronger will be the passion which the love-object arouses. It can be quite independent of the beloved's real qualities and charm. Falling in love in a romantic sense has thus the character of a rescue. The person endangered by increasing his discontent is brought into emotional safety, much as the swimmer who, in danger of being drowned, wins the shore by a new effort.

Romance is an attempt to rescue the ego, dissatisfied with itself; but there is no guarantee that the attempt will succeed. It often fails, either because the choice of the mate is unfortunate or because the ego is too weak to become secure in the love of another person. Envy, hostility, possessiveness and the will to conquer have not disappeared during the period of romance. They are only submerged and reappear sometimes in a surprising manner.

There are many factors in the evolution of romance which determine its outcome. Romance would not be possible if we were entirely self-satisfied. On the other hand, romantic love becomes impossible if the ego is too weak, so that it distrusts itself to such an extent that it does not dare to search for happiness.

To regain one's self-esteem and self-respect to some extent is necessary; otherwise one cannot love. He or she who considers himself or herself not worthy of being loved will not be able to love. Only the man who likes himself or values himself at least to some extent, can give love to another person. Long before psychoanalysis Nietzsche wrote: "We must fear him who hates himself because we shall be victims of his revenge. Thus we must

... to it that we seduce him toward loving himself." Everyday experience teaches us that women often succeed in curing these self-haters in such a way that they can love again.

The ability to attract the opposite sex is largely dependent upon self-confidence and will thus appeal to the other person who feels discontented with himself. In this sense I cannot but admire the psychological insight of a young girl who during psychoanalysis uttered the following remarkable sentence: "When I am badly dressed I hate everybody."

Another patient said, "A girl who has psoriasis cannot love." It was quite obvious that she meant: When a girl is affected by this skin disease, she anticipates that men will not be attracted to her and she does not dare to hope against hope that the unimaginable will happen.

"I am not enough of a person to fall in love," said a third patient. "I am licked before I start."

You have to live with yourself at least reasonably well before you are able to live with a mate. There must be a certain self-esteem before you can expect that other people will value you highly. A woman is often in danger of depending entirely upon the opinion of the man with whom she is in love. I know a girl who in her engagement period had an intense feeling of self-hate whenever her fiancé made a critical remark to her. "I am so tied up with him," she said, "that he is the measure of my security and of my worth. When he is not satisfied with me I utterly dislike myself." Nobody should be dependent to such an extent upon another's opinion of him.

Men take women according to how women evaluate themselves. You can only accept love when you are sure you have something to give. Women know this. They know that they do not appear attractive when they do not like themselves—and it needs courage to be one's self.

A woman does not need a man because she wants someone to love but because she needs to be needed, wants to be loved. "She must be secretly engaged," said one girl of another, "because she is so sure of herself."

Girls know that the beloved man represents their own ego-ideal by proxy. "I hate him," I heard one say of her young man, "because I am not important in his life." A young woman who was not very satisfied with her own sex fell in love. "When I am around him," she said, "I lose every desire to be a man because he is every ounce the man I would have liked to be." Women want to be proud of their men because they represent for them an extension of their own personality.

MORE than thirty-five years of psychoanalytic practice and comparative observation in Europe and America have given me the impression that men in general have a higher opinion of their sex than women have of theirs. No analyst who has listened with the third ear to women talking sincerely and unconventionally about their own sex will deny that their opinion of

males generally is, on the whole, surprisingly low.

The French philosopher Chamfort wrote more than two hundred years ago: "However bad the things a man may think about women, there is no woman who does not think worse of them than he." Madame de Stael once said: "I am glad that I am not a man because I should be obliged to marry a woman." Such contempt for one's own sex is very rare among men.

If women themselves feel sorry for men because the poor darlings have to marry women, what do they expect men to feel? Although men may agree wholeheartedly and frequently with Madame de Stael's opinion, fortunately they do so only in a theoretical or general way. Neither an abstract contempt for women nor making fun of their weaknesses has ever prevented a man from marrying a particular member of the sex.

We frequently hear women in psychoanalysis, where they dare to express their real opinions, say: "Why should a man marry? Why should he work hard to support us and tie himself for life? If I were a man, I would never marry. I would have many affairs and live a marvelous life."

The warning, "Never underestimate the power of women," is directed to men. But as a matter of psychological fact, it should rather be said—and repeated again and again—to women themselves.

But women have resigned. They are not aware of their power; sighing, "It's a man's world," they forget to add, "ruled by the hand that rocks the cradle."

This deflated opinion of themselves as a sex and as individuals comes often to surprising expression. In an analytical session I heard a girl say about her fiancé, with whom she had visited a technical exhibition the day before: "Charles is so nice to me. He answered my questions as if they were really important and not just silly, woman's questions."

I know, of course, as well as the next man (and sometimes better than the next man on account of my profession) that this feeling of female inadequacy is carefully concealed by most women and often overcompensated by pride. But pride is necessary only when one is very vulnerable, and the combination of pride and sensitivity is itself revealing, rather than a mask.

It cannot be denied that the modern woman has a chip on her beautiful shoulder, precisely because she is a woman. I am of the opinion that it is not an adornment but rather a stigma, a badge of insecurity.

It is characteristic enough that the ideals of boys from ten years on are almost always men, while the ideals of girls are not women, but also men. Eighteen out of a hundred college girls state that they would rather be men than women. More than forty years ago a scholarly educator came to the conclusion that unless there is a change of trend, we shall in time have a female sex without a female character. The trend has not changed: on the contrary, the identification of women with men has made progress, and the turning point is not in sight.

Modern woman's deflated idea about her own sex leads not only to her overappreciation of the male sex but, sometimes, by a strange detour, to contempt of the particular male who appears as a suitor.

It is as if he cannot be worth much if he considers a woman so highly. Such an attitude can be frequently observed in those women whom psychoanalysts call masochistic characters. Their attitude reminds one, to a degree, of an anecdote which was told in old Vienna. A man used to play chess with another in a café where the game was sometimes interrupted by heated arguments. During one of them the man abused his opponent with the cry, "Look, what kind of a guy can you be when you sit down and play chess with a guy like me?"

Not to be satisfied with one's own sex—that is the tragedy of many young women, the more tragic because the situation cannot be changed! "Anatomy is destiny," said Freud in a variation of a sentence by Napoleon. Paradoxically, a low opinion of their own sex combines in many women with contempt for the male sex, while it does not exclude the conscious wish to be a man. The paradox exists in spite of the fact that there is no other alternative.

A cultured and mature woman whom I was analyzing never tired in her efforts to prove to me how worthless men are. She ended every report of their inferiority with, "Are men people?" This question, repeated like the refrain of a song, sounded as if there could not be any possibility of her ever being tied to a member of so contemptible a sex. Yet the lady had had several affairs, and at last got married. If you cannot get what you want (in this case it would have to be a superman) you want what you get (in this case quite a decent man). The patient was, by the way, often aware of her wish to be a man herself, a wish she traced back to her rivalry with her brothers in childhood. "I am fed up with being a neuter," she complained.

THE chip on the shoulder is subject to fashion. Often it is worn in such a way that it is not visible. Hostility against men is such a concealed chip. The question becomes not whether you like this man or that man, but whether you like "men." Not only is the dislike of men often enough only a play for the gallery of a male or female audience: it is not a belief but rather a make-believe. Sometimes it seems to be the use of an old trick to attract—to seduce men to act as Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*. But alas, the bait is often thrown in vain. The supply of women who do like men, and say so, is almost unlimited.

Where hostility against the male appears to be genuine, it is the psychological expression of unconscious self-dislike and even self-hate.

Hatred of men is an expression of inferiority-feeling in women. It is the result of a displacement of self-dislike by dislike of the other sex. The old theme re-

appears here in a new and defiant variation. "I am tired of waiting until some man comes along who convinces me by his love that I am not an inferior being," one of my patients declared. Such a protest against the "unfairness" of waiting and of women's general role in our culture pattern is often expressed: "Why should I sit and wait until a boy comes around to court me?"

Another badge of women's insecurity is the excessive emphasis on appearance, the exaggeration of the value of good looks, of dress, of adornment, in our culture pattern. It would seem as if, in the mind of women, beauty is the only attraction which appeals to men, and as if charm, kindness, grace, intuition and delicacy of feeling were of no avail. Women are admired for beauty, it is true, but rarely married for it. How often we see that men prefer girls with other qualities to their conspicuously beautiful sisters. *Cinderella* is more than a fairy tale. Psycho-



analysts hear strange expressions of the exaggerated evaluation of beauty and of self-abasement, because many women consider themselves not beautiful and are overaware of certain physical shortcomings which appear to them as fatal.

"I cannot go skating because I have fat ankles," said a patient.

Another girl had a nice time with a young man with whom she spent an evening. She became suddenly cool and abrupt with him when she anticipated that she would say "Good night" soon and turn away; then he would see that she did not have beautiful legs. "You can afford to wear a swimming suit," said a girl to a friend, "but I cannot go to the beach with my figure."

"You know," said a girl who was quite attractive, though not slim, "what happens when you are fat? You do not go out to a dance, but stay home and pretend to yourself and to others that you do not care about dancing." The feeling of frustration which such a woman feels is often pathetic, and hard for men to understand.

Conspicuous beauty is a curse. The most beautiful women do not arouse, on the third day, the same admiration as on the first; it seems that their beauty prevents, in some way or other, the process of crystallization which Stendhal considered essential in the development of romantic love. In *De l'Amour*, writing about especially

beautiful women, he said: "The more generally one is admired, the more fleeting is the admiration." Women who are not beautiful but have the attraction called "charm" make an impression which is not as intense, perhaps, but more profound and longer lasting. It is not enough that a woman cast a strong spell on a man; the spell has also to continue in its effect and to increase in intensity.

Women's task in the field of love is, in reality, twofold: To get men and to keep them. The woman who succeeds only in the first task has failed, whether she admits it to herself or not. The old saying cannot be turned around; it is not true that "only the fair deserve the brave."

Many a woman is ridden by a superstition that it is wrong to show a man she cares for him. There is an unconscious or conscious fear that as soon as men are shown affection, they desert. But extreme restraint causes many women to lose their naturalness and spontaneity with men. The fear that the man will not stay with her when she dares to be herself haunts too many mistaken girls. He would, she thinks, wake up as from a dream and find out that she is mediocre, dull, insignificant. He would realize "how stupid and small I really am." He would, she thinks, lose respect for her because he would recognize that she has nothing special to offer—and go off in search of a more attractive girl.

"I can only be perfectly natural with men if there is no danger that I may fall in love with them," said a young woman. As soon as she began to feel romantic about a man, she was sure he would lose all interest in her. Another girl used shrewd self-control in order not to give away the secret that she cared for one of her admirers. "To let him know even in a subtle way," she explained, "means to stick my neck out, and he would leave me."

The wise girl knows better. I saw her in a cartoon the other day. Two girls observe another girl meeting a young man. The caption says, "I am sure he's in love with her. She calls him up every day."

The theme, *I have nothing to offer*, returns in all kinds of variations as an expression of emotional inadequacy. In this self-doubt, the whole anxiety about the future comes to the surface:

- (1) *He deserves a better person to make him happy.*
- (2) *I cannot live up to his expectations of me.*
- (3) *When I am always around him, he will quickly tire of me.*
- (4) *What can I mean to a man like him?*
- (5) *He will soon find out that I am a phony and there is nothing to me besides this sparkle.*

The fear of being found out later on—or found wanting—is experienced by many women, but an assumed front of overconfidence and self-assurance is a poor cover for a frail ego, a *cache-misère* as the French say. The fear concerns almost all qualities, physical and mental, and prevents women from being themselves in the company of men whom they want to attract. Often such a

woman gets panicky when she becomes aware of her real or imaginary shortcomings. She thinks, then, that her social charm is a miserable substitute for real warmth, her conversation shallow, her personality superficial and insignificant. She fears that the man will laugh at her or lose interest when he discovers she is "a failure as a woman." "I am not pretty and I am not intelligent. I am afraid to talk about serious matters with him because I would expose myself and he would find out that I am an impostor. A false front is the best I can put up." There is the hope that the man will love her, not on account of herself, but in spite of herself. She feels that she is not good enough for him, and she ends her pathetic confession with the words, "I have no redeeming feature to my name." Such self-abasement of course makes a defense necessary.

THE will to fail, especially in their relations with men—to destroy their own chances and to become frustrated—is evident in many women in our civilization.

Here is not the place to demonstrate what psychoanalytic research reveals about the origin and the characteristic features of this emotional attitude, how its motives have to be searched for in the life history of the individual and how the combination and cooperation of many emotional factors lead to the typical result of masochism. It belongs, however, to our theme to describe a few of the masochistic mechanisms some women use when faced with the possibility of marriage.

We have already discussed the leading role which self-doubt, self-criticism and self-dislike play in the development of unconscious self-defeat. All these features are sometimes conscious but they usually (as far as their existence and emotional effects go) remain hidden to the person herself; they operate secretly in the individual. Psychoanalytical experience shows us that we can penetrate to their realm by working backward from their effects to the subterranean emotional motives.

One of the familiar mechanisms of masochistic self-doubt in women is its displacement to the man, as before mentioned. Not only are his qualities devaluated, but she begins to doubt her love for him. She questions whether she can be happy with the man who wants to marry her. She criticizes his manners and character, finds fault with him in other ways, and asks herself whether she really cares for him. Often enough, haunted by uncertainty about the genuine character of her own affection, she begins to test it and subjects the man to subtle mental torture. She withdraws suddenly and seems possessed with all kinds of scruples and hesitations. Of course, there are many cases in which doubt regarding the man is justified, but every experienced psychoanalyst can spot an excessive doubt.

In one of my cases, the unconscious projection became especially clear. A young girl began suddenly to question whether the man to whom she was engaged would be too

old for her, whether she would be bored, whether she could remain faithful to him, whether he could compete with other men, and so on. In a short time, while we analyzed the nature of these doubts, they changed their direction: she began now to ask herself whether she was not too immature for the man, whether she had enough interesting things to say to him, whether he would not prefer other girls to her later on. She used to sing to him a popular song, "Don't Fence Me In," and, in conversation, to use that title as a catch phrase. She was afraid he would endanger her independence. Analysis revealed that this girl was justifiably afraid of her own possessiveness, of tendencies in herself to restrict the free decisions and movements of the man.

It is easy to dismiss doubts that come and go like clouds in the sky on a serene summer day. But they can become so serious that they endanger the relation with the man and lead finally to defeat and frustration. This effect speaks loudly for the power of masochistic trends of unconscious character in women.

A special mechanism in cases of this kind is that of the "flight forward." The person who is very afraid of a danger which she wants to avoid becomes so frantic that she does just what she is most afraid to do. Let me



describe a representative case. A young and charming girl described to me how all her relations with young men led to the same unfortunate result: her suitors left her. There were many of them, of different character and various positions in life, but the outcome of her love affairs was always the same. When the man felt attracted to her and wooed her, she slowly responded and began to feel inclined to him. The relation became more cordial, and the man declared his love. After some hesitation, she became engaged to him.

Then, always, some unexpected thing happened; either she got into a furious argument with him about a trifle, or she found out that he had had a love relation with a friend of hers some years ago, or he neglected her in not calling on her daily, or she had to make a trip which seemed to estrange him from her, or whatnot. Something or other invariably happened so that she would break her

engagement suddenly. It was never the man who wanted to leave her. She herself managed the breakup, but she made the man responsible.

It became clear that what happened was the result of her own unconscious doing and undoing. As soon as marriage "threatened," she made unconsciously every effort to frustrate herself. As long as being married—having a home, a husband and children—remained in the realm of daydreams, she enjoyed the prospect. When these aims approached realization, dark powers within herself forced her to do something which would make fulfillment impossible.

During the early portion of her psychoanalysis, she did not want to acknowledge that she herself was the stage manager who arranged her own destiny behind the conscious scene. The impression psychoanalysts get in cases of this kind, from the reports of past experiences and actual events during psychoanalysis, is that the person acts under compulsion. The fact that the same experiences recur against all wishes of the individual and repeat themselves as if some outside power determined their course, justifies the name which Freud gave to the described phenomenon—*compulsion of repetition*. He asserted that most persons are forced to repeat the same experience when they act under the dictation of unconscious tendencies. It is as if they were under the command of a totalitarian regime.

Another case shows how strong this compulsion can become, and that it often determines even the form of the flight forward. The patient lost her mother when she was a child, and was brought up in a puritanical way under the supervision of an aunt who, it seems, did not like her ward very much. After reaching puberty the girl became very fat because of an endocrine disturbance. Boys avoided her. She was not invited to dances and on the rare occasions that she went alone, she remained a wall-flower. Convinced that she was not attractive, she tried to get the attention of young men by being bold, using tough language, and by taking the initiative generally. This attitude was, of course, intensified by the absence of a mother who could have taught the girl feminine ways, and by her dislike of her severe aunt. The girl learned to keep her secrets and led a double life.

When my Lady Jekyll and Mistress Hyde, now almost twenty-six years old, came into my consultation room the first time, I saw a rather attractive young woman who seemed very sure of herself. By means of severe diet and certain drugs, she had gained a slim figure. But her failure with men repeated itself in a very characteristic manner. Whenever she made the acquaintance of a decent young man, she soon tried all means to win him and mostly took the initiative.

The outcome was always the same. The man got tired of her after having conquered her easily, and deserted her. She cried often, and for long hours was full of the best intentions, but yielded again to her mysterious stimulus. She had had two abortions and quite understood

MORROW

that what she had done had made her "cheap" with men.

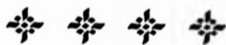
It became clear that she acted under an unconscious compulsion—the need to convince herself that she was attractive and could be liked and loved by men. Her apparent overconfidence and aggressiveness was too thin a veil to conceal her feelings of inadequacy, her grief that she had not been carefully educated and reared, and that she had no social graces. I was often surprised by the excellent qualities which she showed during psychoanalysis—her full feelings and human kindness. Nevertheless, it was very difficult to overcome her unconscious inferiority-feeling, to bring her so far that she no longer made advances to men.

In time, she regained, happily, her self-confidence and self-respect, and the "diamond in the rough," as her friends called her, became slowly polished—in spite of, or just by the process of, unavoidable suffering, feelings

of remorse and shame which she had to endure.

I could go on with many another case in which the chip on the shoulder determined failure and frustration in the lives of women whose conscious wishes were directed to happiness in marriage. Feelings of inadequacy, especially of an unconscious nature, play a big role in the frustration of many a woman's desire to find a mate. Similar feelings are of course present in many men, but there they show a different character and their importance is not the same as in the life of women.

Doctors and society have to work together to fill women with self-confidence so that they will again become proud of being women. If mankind shall not perish—if the interest of society is to be served—this wasteland of human relations has to be changed into cultivated ground, producing young couples who can face the dawn of a new day.



HORACE E. HAMILTON

FURLOUGH

OCTOBER flatters with her mellow lies
Our sapphire hope. For some last days we file
Intentions bright: hollow and brief disguise,
My Love, for a season's forgetting smile.

And since our sinking sun may never rise
To mark another number on our dial
Markless soon in night, we'll eternize
The remnant hours for ever from this while.

Awhile that sun stood still; awhile these bowers
Were walled in ageless green; a woodthrush sang
As though he could not stop; our very breath
Came peacefully and sensed no pain in flowers
Whose bloom was up. We saw the halt sun hang
Awhile, smiling that we had beguiled death.

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SECOND-PRIZE STORY • ANNUAL SHORT-
STORY CONTEST FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

The Round Giant

CALVIN KENTFIELD

A ship at sea is the small, safe hiding-place in the attic of the mind; it is a prison; and in the round giant of the sea it is the desolate single eye.

The "Puritan," a tramp freight-carrier at the call and chance of cargo, made for any port, and was now three days out of Galveston for the Islands and Venezuela with new tin cans and cardboard boxes in its holds and steel construction beams on deck. The thirty-five which were its crew ignored the sea, as on a train in familiar country the traveler ignores the land passing and flickering beyond the double glass. And they ignored Papa Snake until his strange ways impinged upon their comfort.

His voice, loud and abrasive, wore into their quietude as the salt sea-rust eats into the steel parts of the ship; always, everywhere, the slow cold burning into the masts, ladders, bulwarks, the decks themselves, indifferent to the unending action against it. The other men could close their doors, their hearing and their minds, but the voice passed through the walls like a monotonous ghost, rising from below with the pounding of the engines, undercutting their peace like the movement of the sea. Papa Snake didn't hear it. He knew the words he said, but he didn't hear his voice. He knew the stories he told because they were the panels and façades of his imagined self.

In the crew's mess, at dinner, he told a story about a

ship's steward who had found among the frosted beef and vegetables a Negro locked in the deep freeze in the store room. The steward had refused to remove the body, saying, "I'm not about to put my hands on that nigger." So Papa Snake had gone in and dragged him out. The

Negro had been frozen into a cake of ice, but Papa Snake by knocking off the frost with a chipping hammer and rubbing him and slapping him had brought him back to life. He told another story. He had been engaged by the F.B.I. to help smash a New Orleans dope ring. Into a mansion built like a Greek temple from which the organization was supposed to operate, he had entered, fearlessly. He had pretended he was an addict in desperate need. No one suspected him when he had stood in the marble entrance hall and bought the stuff with the money the F.B.I. had supplied. This had brought about their capture and had earned for him a reward which he had

refused. But the story which he told over and over was about the night he had held a conversation with his long dead mother.

He had been lying completely alone in the forecabin. Seven bells had sounded and his mother had appeared. She had sat as big as life on the end of his bed with the circle of moonlit sea through the porthole behind her head. She had sat and chatted for nearly half an hour, telling him how, as a little boy, he had been quartering

CALVIN KENTFIELD is a product of the Writers' Workshop of the State University of Iowa and received his degree in art from that school in February of this year. He now divides his talents between writing and drawing—the illustrations in this story are by Mr. Kentfield—and at about the time "The Round Giant" was chosen as second-prize winner in TOMORROW'S College Writers Contest, Mr. Kentfield was splitting a \$1000 first prize offered by Simon and Schuster for window decorations to promote Billy Rose's book *Wine, Women and Words*. The authentic maritime flavor of this story is not unrelated to Mr. Kentfield's wanderings during the period between the spring of 1946 and the fall of 1948 when he interrupted his college career to make his way from Iowa to New Orleans and thence to South America, Europe and the West Indies, "working variously as ordinary seaman, able seaman, tree pruner, lumberjack, delivery boy and window decorator." He is twenty-four years old, and is now traveling in Florida. His home is in Keokuk, Iowa.

cucumbers for her in the summer kitchen and had run the knife into his right eye. She had told him how she had always wanted him to be a sailor boy when he grew up because she thought a young man should see the world, and, besides, she had thought at sea no one would care that he had only one eye and wouldn't hold it against him. When eight bells had sounded she had disappeared, just in time because it had been his watch.

Across from him at the table The Weed sat and watched his mouth as he talked. No one but The Weed could look at Papa Snake's mouth while he was eating. Its pink wet color and obscene movement made it seem to be an internal organ, by some grotesque mistake placed in the open, in the sight of man. No other man could see it and not resent it, for it made him feel somehow absurd and ashamed. But Papa Snake did not see it when he looked in the mirror, just as surely as he did not see his clouded shriveled eye. He saw only that undulating sea of golden sunlit hair which he cared for and combed with a primitive, and almost fearful, idolatry.

PAPA SNAKE was young, about twenty. He was as flexible and strong as a new halyard and just as awkward. He would have been just the man to do the special rare jobs aloft that required leanness and strength, if he had known how. The Weed tried to teach him how, but he couldn't learn. Actually, The Weed was the only one who ever tried to tell Papa Snake anything. From the easy, natural patience of The Weed's teaching, Papa Snake could have gained an immense skill if he hadn't been so clumsy and if he could have made himself see The Weed's hands manipulating the sharp strands of wire, wreathing them together, or if he could have seen and remembered the way The Weed wrapped the knot on a bosun's chair so that no matter how far you swung or how hard, you wouldn't fall into the sea.

Whenever anyone of the crew became confused in making a splice or reeving a rope through a block, or whenever anyone spilled paint or became clumsy and dropped something, someone else would certainly say, "Christ, just like Papa Snake." Then they would both laugh. But the one who had been clumsy, inside, did not laugh, but felt the heavy lump of resentment like something he had eaten and couldn't digest, because he recognized the truth. He knew he was just like Papa Snake.

Late one afternoon, the day before the "Puritan" was due at Puerto de la Cruz, when everyone was suffering from the heat except those working forward in the wind, Pete Torres and The Weed were lying in the dense hot forecabin trying desperately to sleep. Suddenly, like an explosion, Papa Snake entered the room and turned on the overhead light. (*For how could he enter a room and not turn on the light since these two, he has learned, are inseparable; how could he divide into parts an unpromising sequence?*) Then, he turned on the radiator; then, closed and secured the porthole, cutting off the only

slight breeze. (*How could he relate the action to the time, know when cold ends and heat begins, how could he understand the wind's raging or its silence?*) As he rummaged everyone's locker for a comb, his hands and head thrashed wildly, creating a terrible clatter as they banged against the metal doors. His movements were so intense that often in order to pick up something or open a door, he had to make several attempts before his hand, propelled by such a concentration of energy and directed by the limited apprehension of his single eye, could actually grasp the handle and turn. His hands were layers of half-healed cuts and bumps and his head was bruised from inaccuracy.

After he finally found the comb, he rushed toward the door, but his shoulder caught the corner of the upper bunk, his head became entangled with a shirt hanging on a line, and his foot that he meant to kick open the door knocked over a small table instead, spraying cigarettes and ashes over Pete Torres' bed and shattering on the floor Pete Torres' beloved souvenir from France, a china figure of a nostalgic naked woman. He did get out the door, finally, slamming it behind him and leaving the lights on and the room sealed.

"Every time," The Weed said, "it's like a goddamn hurricane."

Completely unaware of the havoc he was creating around him, Papa Snake was detached and safe within his citadel, the only opening in which, like a slot in a round tower, was his only eye. Through this opening he did not see the rage working into Pete Torres' face nor the irritation switching with humor and pity in the bearded face of The Weed. He felt the comb in his hand, and he saw ahead to the mirror in the washroom that would soon give back to him an image of his hair.

Through that solitary eye into the private room his vision turned back upon itself, illuminating the cluttered sequestered objects in the room: sequences, figures, old fragments of adulation. These, then, reflected upon the ship and the crew and the sea their colored light so that all unsympathetic elements disappeared and the rest merged for their own glorification into a single tone. Only The Weed's kindness and consideration he saw more distinctly than the rest. That became a warm, clear presence in the room.

Instantly, as the door slammed, Pete Torres, the immense black Spaniard from the Islands, leaped out of bed. He was furious. "That bastard does it on purpose," he screamed. Naked as he was, he ran after Papa Snake to pound some sense into him. He overtook Papa Snake in the passage. With one swift powerful movement he swung him out the door onto the afterdeck and began battering him with his fists. Papa Snake, at the first blow, fell silently against Pete Torres' chest, slung his arms over Pete Torres' shoulders, and hung limply from his neck like the Albatross. Far off on the horizon the sun had just disappeared, its last light coloring the "Puritan's" white housing, gilding the flat tropical sea. The late day

had silenced the air. There were no sounds except, behind off the fantail, dipping to and from the "Puritan's" wake, a gull, screeching; forward on the bow the sporadic tapping of a chipping hammer; and the regular dull thumping of Pete Torres' fists on the inert but not unconscious body of Papa Snake. Two of the messmen and one of the ordinaries came up and watched. Then The Weed appeared. "Knock it off, Pete," he said, "come on, let him alone. Goddamn it, let him alone or I'll put a head on you." At the sound of The Weed's voice, Pete Torres did stop; not because he was afraid of The Weed, but because the imperative voice, as informer, entering the silence, made him sensible of his ridiculous position, standing naked in a circle of men with a flaccid body suspended from his neck, in the greater circle of an intimate natural sea. It was as if he had been attempting to bludgeon out a part of himself but had succeeded in establishing his own absurdity. From around his neck Peter Torres extricated the inter-wedged fingers of Papa Snake, who slumped onto the deck and who, now, for the first time reached unconsciousness, then hurried back into the passageway, knowing, and blaming Papa Snake for, his own impotence.

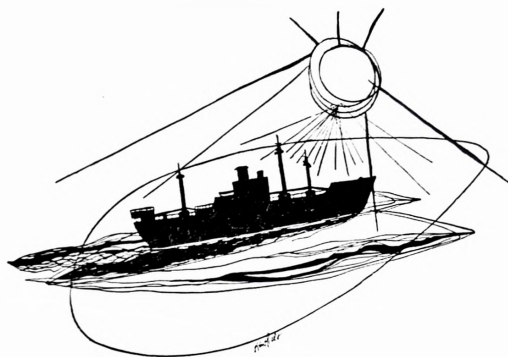
The Weed gathered carefully into his arms the body of Papa Snake and carried it back to the forecastle. Pete Torres, lying on his bunk with his face to the wall, did not even notice their entrance. The Weed laid Papa Snake on his bed and with slow caressing hands and eyes searched the body for open wounds or fractures. His eyes moved from the fishlike mouth, its lower lip sagging, slobbering, to the puckered eye, to the hair. But they were not repellent to him. He leaned over the recovering figure, saying almost without sound, "It's all right, it's me here, it's all right," and like an awkward father unused to sentiment, he kissed the golden hair.

THE next morning the gigantic Cordillera Merida was sighted and by nightfall the "Puritan" was docked in its shadow. Then, for the next two weeks, the ship moved from port to port, some arid, some in the jungle, and laid like offerings at the mountains' base the tin cans and cardboard boxes. Finally, after receiving orders to proceed light to India, it was again at sea.

The fantastic tales the crew collected to tell were nearly all that were brought from Venezuela. However, in the forecastle of the midnight watch, there were also other new things, pictures made of butterflies' wings for The Weed's sister, gilded monkeys made of raw rubber. A couple of new photographs of a dark-eyed woman assuming two different highly tropical poses were added to the many, many others taped up over The Weed's bed. On a shelf under the pictures a copy each of *God's Little Acre* and *Great Sea Stories* were piled together with three partly used packages of cigarettes, a string of dark religious beads and a prayer book, a shiny well-honed knife, and some contraceptives. And there were many bottles

of rum elsewhere in the room. These The Weed, Pete Torres, Chris, John known as Heavy, and Rabbits were drinking rapidly and straight.

Except for the glass in his hand, sitting as he was, as big as he was, and with his thick red beard and tiny cerulean eyes, The Weed could have been St. Christopher, who, although his burden had become heavier and heavier on his shoulder, had carried the Christ child across the perfidious flood. Or perhaps he was all the kindly



woodsmen that had ever rescued little lost children in deep dark forests.

"I've got a story to tell you about your buddy, the Snake," Pete Torres said to The Weed.

"He's not my buddy."

"The hell he's not your buddy. What do you mean he's not your buddy. You damned near lit into me—" Pete Torres stopped. He did not want to say what he had meant to say. Instead he took a drink from the bottle which he turned and caressed as he talked, as if he were fondling a precious jewel whose value was contained no longer in its depth or its brilliance, its age or its memories, but was contained instead in the very fact, the security, of its existence.

"Anyway," he continued, "I've got a story to tell you about him."

"Go ahead. Just because I try to teach the poor bastard something. Just because I'm not all the time stompin' on him. That don't make— Why in hell don't you guys leave him be. You know it don't do no good to be all the time stompin' on him and beatin' him up. He can't help it and Christ, he'll never change."

"O.K., Weed, let me tell you the story."

"You know we ought to do something about that bastard," Rabbits said. "We shoulda left him back there with all those lizards."

Heavy flicked a cigarette out the door into the passageway, then leaned back on his fat elbows saying, "He told me he had an Oldsmobile convertible in Missouri, fire-engine red."

"If he's got so goddamn much money why don't he buy some gear? He's got every piece of foul-weather gear on the ship in that locker of his. He just damn well walks in anybody's fo'c'sle and takes it."

"He don't ask a mother-lovin' soul, then he don't bring it back." Rabbits said. "We oughta do something about that bastard."
 "If you ever can't find anything, just find Papa Snake, he's got it, if he hasn't already peddled it to the niggers."
 "Listen," Pete Torres said. "That ain't nothing. Let me tell you what I saw. Me and the baker and Willie the dumb wiper—"
 "You mean rumdum wiper. Even my old lady don't drink as much—"

"Well, he was sure as hell rummed up this night. We were coming back to the ship along that beach there in that hole with all the gin mills down by the water. I forgot the name of the place—"

"Christ, Pete, why don't you leave the poor bastard be?" The Weed said.

"Goddamn it, you gonna let me tell this story? It was that last place we put in to. We were going back to the ship because it was getting late and we had to turn to at six and besides we were all pretty well rummed up, all of us. *(Far down the arid cactus beach were fishermen's fires kindled among the lizards against the chill that before dawn even in the tropics slips from the mountains to the sea; shuttles through the jungle, putting out the clatter and the roar; settles, cold, like a pall in silence until the sun rises. Three figures crashed through the cactus to the sand. One of them fell flat on his face.)* I said, come on, Willie, get up, but he wasn't about to get up, that he was going to stay there all night. We had to pick him up and drag him, and you know how heavy that wiper is. But we drug him, me and the baker— *(The noise of the men's talking covered the music from a tiny house not far away. Inside a candle lighted some old lace curtains at the window and a man was sitting all alone singing to himself, playing a Spanish guitar. But the voices did not reach against the wind. They were not heard by the two other figures, Papa Snake and a young black boy, one standing and the other kneeling in the sand.)* Even the wiper woke up and Jesus, was he crooked, but even he woke up when we run right the hell into Papa Snake. Holy Christ, I said— *(When they saw the three men, two standing, the other hanging like a body from their shoulders, so close watching them, the boy made shallow leaps, quickly, into the cactus, sidestepping, as he disappeared, the huge lizards. Papa Snake slumped over into the sand and seemed to say something or cry something, but the sound was lost in the chill slapping of the bay and in the voice of the man and the Spanish guitar.)* And what do you think we saw? There was Papa Snake, drunk out of his feeble mind, kissing that nigger-boy's hand."

All that night The Weed sat out on the hatch. Around him the sea was a flat smooth disc, like an old worn-out coin. The Weed sat there drinking. Once he came back in to get another bottle. Everyone had moved to the mess-hall. There went, round and round, the long banquet, the diners nibbling obscenely, fish-wise, from the inexhaustible

refuse of the sea, drinking inexhaustibly the rum and moving round and round from story to story, drinking endlessly like fishes from the sea. And Papa Snake locked and asleep in his forecandle, his eye closed. All its objects locked quiet and asleep, their breath rising and falling with the sea's breathing.

Back on the hatch The Weed kept on drinking. Early in the morning, about five o'clock, a heavy chill spread over the water and condensed on the "Puritan" in cold running drops. Then The Weed, emerging, as the mythical Evil from a cave, banged into the passageway; his face the color of his splayed red beard, contorted and frightful like the Erlking; his bloodshot eyes like witch-fires. Reaching the forecandle, he beat on the door with both fists. "You mother-lovin' fairy," he screamed. "Let me in, you son-of-a-bitch, I'll kill you." Then, quietly, insanely, leaning against the door, "Let me in, Papa Snake, I won't hurt you, I want to go to bed, I'm tired."

(In the dark the circle of the one porthole dark too giving no light from the sea with his one eye open he lay in his bed feeling the pounding on the door breaking through into the private clutter and confusion of his hiding-place, frightening away with the terrible words the one brightest, warmest figure in the room, leaving its space empty. Then, in the gathering darkness another figure entered while the door was open and filled the place.)

The Weed was screaming again, "Come on, you one-eyed son-of-a-bitch. Let me in or I'll kill you." And he





pounded and kicked on the door.

(Slowly, Papa Snake's eye grew accustomed to the dark, and slowly from this inurement it picked out, faintly but accurately, disordered objects in the room. But he did not dare to touch these things he knew. He did not dare to face the newcomer. Nor did he dare to look into the clean wiped mirror and say, "I know you, you bastard, I know you, you one-eyed son-of-a-bitch.")

Presently, The Weed became silent and walked quite steadily back onto the afterdeck. Although the sun was nearly up, it was still cold and the canvas covering on the hatch, on which The Weed lay down, was still wet. The sun came up high, then overhead, shining noisily, insistently, like an alarm. The Weed slept. The puddles of water in which he lay evaporated and were replaced by sweat that soaked his clothes and rolled off his body onto the canvas, darkening it. As he slept inert under that monstrous sun, he sweated away all terror and rage, leaving in their place, saturating his mind, a deep resentment, quiet and intent. When he finally awoke late in the afternoon, he knew he would not kill Papa Snake, not yet, not alone.

From then on no one spoke to Papa Snake. The Weed had arranged that. No one was ever to recognize his existence unless it was absolutely necessary. At night when the lookout on the bow was relieved by Papa Snake or when Papa Snake was the lookout and was relieved, there was only a silent change, one mute figure replacing another. Because he could see more clearly now, because things appeared to him in their dull, but accurate shapes (he could see the scorn on the faces of Pete Torres and The Weed, on the faces of all the crew, but still he could not see himself in the mirror); he thought he understood. But his understanding did not reach nearly the

depths of The Weed's contempt. He was not simply being ostracized as he believed. He was to be killed by a carefully organized plan. Accidents began to occur, not regularly but staggered in time, as the plan progressed. It appealed to The Weed's accomplices, who, like a group of children sitting around on a long hot summer afternoon thinking of games to play, devised the accidents. Some of their ideas were very simple (Pete Torres suggested they drop a marlin spike from the top of the mainmast, not on Papa Snake, but near him). Some were very complex, requiring positions, cues and stage directions. In each case The Weed made the final decision on what should or should not be used. And it was for him to say when it was time for the fatal one.

Only gradually, as the dusky figure that had entered that night through his single eye grew distinct and brightened, did Papa Snake divine the meaning of the accidents. In the messhall with all the crew pretending he wasn't there, he could look around him and watch them and know their plan. He wanted to tell The Weed that he knew what he was up to, so they all would know at least he was not a fool. He thought he could detect contrivances in the pattern of their talk. Each night he went to bed believing that he had discovered what they were going to do the next day. But he was always wrong. Gradually, as the "Puritan" made headway through the Indian Ocean (always smooth, always round and perfect like Paradise), the terrific presence, which was fear in his mind, grew brighter still, rising to incandescence. His eye seeing inward was blinded and forced to look out for relief. But, on everything, it saw the reflection from within. He could no longer enter the messhall and listen to them, nor could he sleep. Not only its men but the ship itself swung into the consuming vision of his eye. No rope was safe, no ladder secure. Nothing was there that would not part or give way to harm him.

Minutely, The Weed remarked every action of Papa Snake. While he was at the wheel on the bridge he could see from that height the lean jerking figure moving on the deck below. He watched its ridiculous miscalculated walk, its frantically wagging head. He could remember its milky, sickening eye and its mouth that used to tell lies about itself. From his superior height watching the terrified figure in the shadow of the mast. The Weed felt the old pity begin again. It deepened and spread over him, working a change, nearly turning him back again into the benevolent god. But abruptly it stopped and vanished. Papa Snake had moved. From the shadow into the sun. And The Weed watched, growing angry, as the sunlight fawned and doted like a lover on that luxurious hair.

That night when The Weed was back on the wheel with the "Puritan" abeam of Mauritius Island, a black humped beast in the water, Papa Snake jumped into the sea. The Weed saw him. He had watched him come out on the moonlit deck on his way to the lookout on the bow. He saw him stop halfway as if he had heard something

MORROW

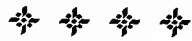
... had seen something, one of the shadows maybe, move on the deck. He saw him step backward, his head jerking wildly trying to see in all directions at once. Then he saw him suddenly run to the side of the deck, reach for the shroud, miss, and lunge again. He saw him finally get hold of the shroud and quickly swing up onto the bulwark, scarcely touching it, and make a clear graceful arc into the sea.

The Weed rang the alarm and shouted over and over into the perfect tropical night until the mate appeared and ordered him to turn around. For hours they turned the clumsy ship in a wide circle, but they did not find him. Of course they knew they could not possibly find him.

All that time that they were circling and circling, The

Weed was thinking, "Maybe he swam to the Island. Eight miles, six miles, but maybe he—"

After daylight, when The Weed finally went to bed, he fell immediately asleep. He dreamed he was on the fore-deck on a quiet moonlit night. The sea was a flat metal disc. The air was cold and heavy, for it was nearly morning. Suddenly, far off toward the horizon he saw a disturbance; it was a wave that grew and grew. It approached, a giant tidal wave, fast as a passenger train. He looked up at it coming, blotting out the moon. If it broke it would send him and the ship and all rolling and dying away in the sea. It rose up over him starting to break. Then it stopped still, hovering, suspended over him. And he knew there was no escape should it choose to fall.



HUGO MANNING

OUR TORMENT'S CROWN

SHALL I gather the music of spirit and stars
Or white speech of fire and sing of a grief
Before the world's dark brain truly trembles and falls
Or talons of ruin tear my heart's home down?
The grief that lingers is the climacteric we have chosen
And the burning jewels of our torment's crown.

The cold crisis of meaning like a poisoned knife
Moves in my worktime of love and horror
And the shadow of song cries in my burning hand.
Word-wings wheel at my summer's window
Like birds of loneliness, guilt and Golgotha
And waters of death wash my lifetime's land.

Shall I gather the music of sound and seasons
Or word-haunted wonder and sing of a loss
Before the violins of blood truly stutter and break
Or bread of air fades from my life-stained table?
The loss that lingers is what we are not yet
And what we were only in a childhood's fable.

And the cold crisis of faith like a wounded angel
Moves in my worktime of desire and error
While the shadow of blood falls on my burning floor.
O what kiss of dreams smooths my summer's brow
Like the lips of prayer and the hands of light
Or like a shining wind shakes my lifetime's door.

Hometown Revisited

10. Hancock, New Hampshire

HAYDN S. PEARSON

If you have your roots in a small town in the northeastern section of the United States and if you have voted in half a dozen presidential elections, you know what is meant by "cutting ice." In the 1908-9 winter after the Pearsons arrived in Hancock, New Hampshire, 150,000 cakes of ice were cut on Norway Pond behind the Grange Hall. Probably another 50,000 cakes were harvested from other ponds in town. Until about 1920, the annual ice harvest was a major event.

Not a single cake was cut on any pond in Hancock this past winter, the first time in a century or more that no icehouse was filled. Furthermore, I could discover only two wood-burning kitchen stoves. In a region four-fifths covered with forest, it is a typical twentieth-century paradox that the inhabitants of Hancock find it more efficient and less expensive to use oil, electricity or bottled gas.

Hancock is a small town among the hills of southeastern New Hampshire. It is a beautiful village in a beautiful township. The elm-lined, long main street has Norway Hill to the south and Mount Skatatakee to the north. The same two hotels that were here forty years ago still are doing business. There is one chain store today instead of two thriving independents. The village library has been enlarged and improved. The Congregational Church, brick vestry, grammar school and bandstand all look the same around the village common as they did forty years ago. The semi-circle of horse sheds behind the church is in good repair. Artists and photographers flock to Hancock all four seasons of the year. On the surface, as I drove around the village and out on the farm roads, all seemed peaceful and wholesome.

But after a day or two as I visited the schools, sat around the store, went into the library and talked with men and women who remembered life in Hancock half a century ago, I began to sense two intangible, peculiarly fretful currents. The first is understandable—it is a feeling of honest, personal regret for a way of country living that has gone forever. The second is an uneasiness concerning

the future, not only for Hancock but for all the small communities among the northeastern hills.

In 1908 Hancock was a farming town, and took in extra income from summer boarders. Of its 20,096 acres, 1,703 were rated as cropland. The population was 642 in 1910 and by coincidence it is the same today. More than a century ago, in 1840, Hancock reached its high mark with a population of 1,345. In 1908 the assessed value of the town was approximately \$330,000; today it is about \$1,000,000. The tax rate has climbed from \$19.95 to \$42.00.

Forty years ago there were 606 cows, 70,000 hens and 30 oxen on the farms; today there are 206 cows, 5,346 hens and 2 oxen. In 1908 there were less than a score of nonresidents owning property in town; today the figure is 104, and some of the summer folks own more than one set of buildings. There are 162 residents who own places in Hancock today.

This changeover from an almost completely agricultural town to one in which the nonresidents are rapidly balancing the scale numerically is not unusual in this region. But it does mean different economic, social and cultural colors in the warp and woof of traditional country living. It is undoubtedly indicative of the long-term trend in the northeast. According to a statement from the State Planning and Development Commission, Hancock is rated as an "agricultural-residential community, with 46 per cent of the population engaged in agriculture, particularly apple growing."

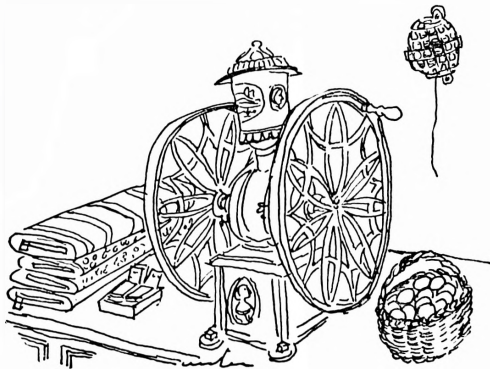
Facts and figures are easy to assemble. More difficult is the task of assessing the spirit of my hometown today as contrasted with the years before World War I. The comfortable spirit of a tightly-knit, homogeneous community has disappeared. Hancock, with its steadily increasing proportion of nonresidents, represents a trend in American rural life. Those who are financially able can leave the city environment and find a satisfying life in a small town.

Let us go back four decades. Father was a combination

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T O M O R R O W

minister-farmer. He bought the Hills Farm on the middle road to Peterborough in the fall of 1907 because it had 800 Baldwin apple trees. I was six years old in 1907; my three sisters were all younger. I do not know completely why father gave up full time ministry work. I think it was partly because the restrictions of the profession irked him unbearably. A minister cannot say what he thinks—not if he depends on his salary for a living. Father was interested in fruit; he knew he could also earn



some money "supplying the pulpit" in the region's churches.

The April 2, 1908 issue of the weekly *Peterborough Transcript* has this item: "The Rev. F. Pearson, who last fall purchased the Hills place, will close his pastorate in Dixfield, Me., and remove here with his family in the second week of April." The April 16th issue tells of our arrival. The April 23rd issue says that father assisted in the Easter Sunday church service. The May 21st *Transcript* records the fact that father supplied the pulpit for the Rev. Mr. Morehouse who was ill. Father's text was, "One is your Master and all ye are brethren." He preached on June 4th and June 11th. The Rev. Mr. Morehouse died June 21st, and the July 2nd *Transcript* says Rev. F. Pearson had been engaged to supply the pulpit. The July 23rd issue candidly reports that he "is giving most excellent satisfaction."

Of all the items pertaining to father that constantly appeared until he died in 1938, I think the following represents his character and in some ways illustrates what he did for the town, and how he influenced the tide of living for his fellow men in a small community. The October 1st *Transcript* declares: "The Rev. F. Pearson delivered a very instructive address at the church Sunday on the history of fermented and distilled liquors. It was not a conventional temperance sermon, but we feel sure that those who heard it were greatly strengthened in their temperance principles."

That was father. He fought liquor, tobacco and log-rolling in local politics with zest and persistence. And for thirty years he crusaded for everything that he believed meant town progress.

The pivotal point, and one which country ministers'

families will appreciate, is that father had a farm. He did not have to consider the reactions of leading parishioners when he went on a crusade for the town's welfare. It is not necessary to speak here of our farming other than to say we had cows, horses, pigs and hens. The yield from the 800 apple trees gave us a certain independence, paid off the mortgage and bought the first Model T.

The important fact is that in addition to farming, our family was prominent in the Church, Historical Society, Grange, schools, Sunday school activities and politics. Father was not only a minister but president of the Historical Society, and chairman of the school committee. He fought for and helped organize the Hancock Educational Association which still runs the high school.

THE Educational Association illustrates one of the traits of a small town that can be irritating to those who do not understand the rugged individualism of the people who pay the bills for what they vote. Father and a few progressive citizens decided in 1912 that Hancock ought to have its own high school. The eighth grade group from the village school and the four or five school districts in town graduated thirty to forty pupils, but only three or four went on to high school. The town paid the tuition for the students who wished to go by train to Wilton or Milford, some twenty miles distant. It meant a long day, train fares, clothes and other expenses. Father and a few others attempted to sell the town's citizens the idea of a tax-supported high school. I can recall the sound and fury of that year's annual Town Meeting. Father made an excellent speech and was supported by perhaps 20 per cent of the voters.

Then the opposition had its chance. Many substantial citizens stood up and said Hancock could not afford a high school, that boys and girls made better citizens if they went to work as soon as they finished grammar school. Tempers flared, voices were raised; it was one of the few times I ever saw father completely angry. The vote for adjournment of that tumultuous meeting was a mighty roar.

Father and the other citizens who supported him were Granite Staters—stubborn and persistent. They formed the Hancock Educational Association and campaigned for funds. A special town meeting voted its willingness to pay the tuition money to the Association if a high school were found. In 1914, the first high school was opened in the red brick vestry beside the church. A few years later a new high school was built at the edge of town. For years, expenses were kept to a minimum, since practice teachers from Keene Normal School carried on the instruction. Even today the town does not supervise the school. It is still run by the Educational Association. If the question came to a vote, I do not know whether Hancock would vote to tax itself more in order to keep the high school, or whether the boys and girls would be sent by bus to a neighboring town.

It is in these civic organizations that I find a familiar but weakening thread of continuity. As the number of nonresidents increases and as they control more and more property, a danger to the town's integral value becomes increasingly apparent. It is impossible to estimate accurately how many of these "outsiders" have the "true" interests of the town at heart. Many of them are forward-looking, constructive citizens. They want to see the schools and town services improved. There are others who prefer to see the town remain "unspoiled." In many instances their feeling can be more accurately interpreted as a desire to keep the tax rate as low as possible.

I visited the grammar school on the common. In the old days there were four grades in each of the two rooms on the first floor. Now there are three grades in each. The sixth and seventh grades go to the brick high school at the edge of the village. I observed some good teaching but the equipment was inadequate. With a tax rate of \$42, the town is doing about all it can with available resources. You find yourself in a vicious circle when you arbitrarily say, "Let's raise the taxes." If the taxes are too high, outsiders will not come in and buy the farms relinquished by old families that die off or move away to live with their children. If properties are not owned and kept in repair, the town's income from taxes falls. Education in small towns all over the nation is in a desperate plight. It is easy to see why so many believe federal aid is the only solution.

An outstanding feature of the schools is the hot lunch program at noon. When I was a boy we carried our lunches to school in two-quart lard pails. Now the town raises \$900 yearly for a lady to cook the lunches; each day a member of the Parent-Teachers Association comes in to help. All school children get a substantial hot lunch



plus a bottle of milk. A federal subsidy pays part of the cost of the food.

There are no district schools in town as there were in the 1910 era. Buses bring the children to the central schools and the high school group comes half a mile across a village. Hancock is in a supervisory union of several small towns; that should mean better over-all leadership, plus special teachers in art, music and remedial reading. A district nurse makes regular health inspections. But there are disadvantages. The superintendent is too busy

with paper work to give much time to individual schools. The authority of the local school committee is curbed. In talking with town officials and citizens I found little of the keen interest and knowledge of what the schools were doing which characterized an older generation. There was an impersonal attitude and a casual taking of things for granted that was definitely alien to the environment of thirty years ago when father was chairman of the school committee.

I WENT away to college in the fall of 1922. As long as father and mother were living, I returned to Hancock for short visits. But for the last twenty-five years I have known little of what was going on in town.

When I returned to my hometown recently, I talked with Ernest Adams, a selectman who asked me what one item stood out in my mind that marked the town's change since my boyhood days. When Ernest Adams asked this question, two things came to mind. Of all the impacts I received in the week, the most decisive jolt came on a Saturday evening. It was a warm, pleasant, end-of-March evening. At seven o'clock, Hancock's Main Street was deserted. I was somewhat depressed as I walked up one side of the street and down the other. A number of homes in the village are owned by nonresidents, so there was not even a light in all the houses. In a half-hour period three cars went along the street, probably going to Peterborough to the movies.

Between 1910 and 1915 when Model T's, Chevrolets, and Maxwells became common, Saturday night in Hancock was a big event. William D. Fogg owned the larger store in the village, but Charles Upton across the street also did a substantial business. Dozens of farm families came to town, and the lumber camps in nearby Stoddard sent down four-horse hitchers to haul back huge loads of grain and groceries. The Pearson family program followed a definite ritual on Saturday evening. Except in rush seasons we always did the chores a little early. We had a supper of baked red kidney beans, hot biscuits, apple jelly, apple pie from September to April, and our own milk. Father went into the downstairs bedroom, took his weekly bath and put on his second best suit while my sisters redded up the kitchen. Mother packed eggs in sawdust in a wooden bucket and got her pound prints of butter together. I hitched up one of the horses to the two-seated democrat, or in wintertime, to the pung.

Today Fogg's Store is shiny and flossy with modern fixtures and freezing units, and the stock is limited to rapid-turnover items. In 1910, Fogg's carried a tremendous stock of general merchandise. Along one side of the store were the groceries and canned goods; the other side had cloth, notions, women's needs and laces. In the middle was a wide counter heaped with overalls, mackinaws, caps, rubbers, boots and felt leggings. Toward the rear was the big-bellied, tall stove and some broken-down chairs. The front part of the attached ell had a meat

T O M O R R O W

refrigerator room. Some of the first money I earned was raising chickens, dressing them, and then selling them to Will Fogg. In the rear was the grain shed; in those days before World War I, Fogg bought grain by the carload.

Main Street on Saturday night a generation ago was pulsing with the heart of a nation. Technically it was a trading and bartering process, but fundamentally it was much more than that. Men had a chance to meet and talk politics, roads, livestock and crops. There was a solid, unpretentious neighborliness about getting together casually. Women looked forward to Saturday evening in the village. I can recall how often mother would say in answer to a question, "I'll find out Saturday night." In those years I got a dime each Saturday evening for the chores I did during the week. It was a difficult task to decide how I should spend the money for the longest-lasting results among a dozen kinds of flavored rock candies, Jackson Balls, mint kisses, cinnamon imperials, hokey-pokies, foxy grandpas, chewey Baghdads, Gibral-tars, peppermint humbugs, Mary Janes, candy buttons, jawbreakers, ju-jus, licorice, coconut flags and chocolate cigars with flashy gold bands.

Probably there were two to three hundred people that came to Upton's and Fogg's stores every Saturday night. Now Upton's has become the local shop of the New Hampshire League of Arts and Crafts. It is open only in the summer—to catch the tourist trade. Fogg's is still independently owned but the insigne of the chain store is on it. Many natives and probably a majority of summer people drive to Peterborough once or twice a week for their shopping needs. It is symbolical of the centralization of trade and the exchange of money. Business to a large degree has left the small towns; money is handled in larger, adjoining communities.

Although the death of Saturday night as a part of small town life hit me the hardest of all the changes I felt, another rude disappointment was the decline of hometown entertainment. A generation and more ago, before the automobile began to change the pattern of rural life, there was a surprising amount of entertainment in Hancock. The Church ran regular socials for the young people and the Christian Endeavor Society was a thriving organization for teen-agers. I can still remember the orchestra in which I played a cornet, somewhat quaveringly on the high notes. Every winter there was a regular

Lyceum Course and each fortnight outside talent came to entertain us: monologists, lecturers, soloists, quartets, Swiss bell ringers and comedians. There has not been a Lyceum Course for years. The movies in Peterborough, six miles distant, offer too stiff competition. Occasionally a Medicine Show came to town with a liquid concoction that would cure every known ill. The most fun of all for young and old was the traveling Dog Show. The Town Hall, which was the first floor of the big, white, tall-steepled church, was always packed for this annual event.

Once in a while a movie came. I shall always remember my first moving picture and the crowd, probably the largest that has ever packed Hancock Town Hall. The flickering reels showed Indians attacking a cabin settlement and scalping the pioneers. For successive nights my three sisters and I had horrible nightmares, and even now, I occasionally wake up in a cold sweat as I dream of those red men chasing settlers into the edge of the woods and killing them with hatchets. Hancock doesn't enjoy those old-type entertainments today and perhaps there is no need for them. On the other side of the picture, however, there is the news that last year the P.T.A. organized a Youth Center which was successful for some weeks. This year they hope to expand the program and give young people a chance to get together each evening under supervision.

To be sure, certain physical improvements are evident. I can remember when the first black-topped road was laid down in town just before the first war. I recall when we were introduced to electricity in 1921, and the formal ceremony on July first when the switch was pulled. The town reservoir was built in 1907, the year before we came. I can't forget the efforts to raise funds for a hose cart and hose so that the Volunteer Fire Department would have equipment to fight fires in the village. Two strong threads that have remained unbroken over the years are the Historical Society, which owns its building and museum on Main Street, and the Grange which has a good hall near the pond. The church apparently is not thriving. the audiences are small and the villagers' interest low. I remember when the summer church audience used to run over a hundred, and up to fifty or sixty in winter.

Old industries and businesses have totally disappeared. The tumbledown blacksmith shop at the foot of Norway Hill has long since given way to a garage. Charlie Shel-



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H O M E T O W N R E V I S I T E D

don's clothespin factory has gone. A generation ago, when the apple growers shipped fruit to Liverpool in barrels, there were several cooper shops in town. Now one or two men make only a small percentage of the bushel boxes used each season.

In 1910, the mail stage left Hancock daily with mail and papers for Stoddard, Nelson, Alstead and Bellows Falls, Vermont. It was a typical old-fashioned coach and the driver sat on the high front seat. Ordinarily, one team of horses was enough, but in mud time Eddie Coughlin had two pairs. It was about 1915 that the coach went up for sale at an auction. Father bought it, used the wheels for a farm cart, and placed the coach body under the big maple tree by the house for us children to use.

The railroad was an important part of the town's economy. For years, whole milk was sent to Boston and farmers shipped their apples by the carload. Once a week George Fogg, the local cattle buyer, gathered in dairy cows, bolognas and veals to ship to Brighton market, just outside Boston. We boys considered it a special privilege if our fathers permitted us to meet the late afternoon train to get the milk jugs. The dingy, gray station was just a humble building beside the tracks, but there was excitement in the posters offering a \$500 reward for the capture of train robbers and bank desperados. There was mystery in the metallic clacking of the telegraph keys in the tiny office. You could hear the first faint long-drawn-out train whistle way down the line at Wilder's Crossing. And when the accommodation pulled in with a great clattering, bell ringing and hiss of escaping steam, the fabulous cities of Nashua, Lowell and Boston did not seem so far away. There was excitement and noise for a minute or two as the jugs were thrown off, chicken crates unloaded and the gray mail bags flung to the four-wheeled station cart. Then the train pulled away toward Harrisville, and as it disappeared around the bend many a farm lad made a resolution that some day he would be riding away on those red plush seats to high adventures.

It has been years since the trains came to Hancock: not enough business. Now there is a jitney service to Peterborough and large auto stages if you want to go to Concord, Fitchburg, Boston, and the way stations between. In 1908, R.F.D. meant that we received daily mail at the farm, and I can recall the delivery man and his horses plugging up the road in mud time or fighting the drifting snow in winter. Today the R.F.D. man covers 29 miles daily and services 124 boxes in a small fraction of the time it took the mailman forty years ago, although he still fights mud and often snow.

Winter snow is cleared by trucks, except during very severe storms when the town's caterpillar tractor is used. In the old days the big, bulky, barrel-like snow rollers, pulled by horses, rolled down the snow. After a winter of repeated storms, the hard-packed snow of the roads lasted long after the white covering had disappeared in the adjacent fields and pastures. The mechanical aids are

much more efficient today, of course, but a man old enough to creak a little in the mornings would like once again to hear sleigh bells' music on cold, quiet winter days when steel runners squeaked on the dry snow.

I would also like once again to see Old Ben going along the village street, lighting the coal-oil lamps. I would like to hear the Hancock Cornet Band on a summer evening with the farm and village folks around the common listening to the familiar, beloved pieces. I would like especially to hear the band play that final number, "Goodnight Ladies," and hear the song swell from four or five hundred throats as the concert ended. And then I would like to see the farm families going home along the valley and hill roads, quiet but happy beneath the summer stars and Mt. Monadnock looming so steadfast against the southern horizon.

HANCOCK has changed. Something has gone that can never return. It isn't a tightly-knit, one-type-of-person town any more. Well-to-do people have bought property and medium-income couples are retiring here. Depending upon the newcomers' interests, the town gains or loses in the intangibles which have so long given character to small communities in the northeast. Economically, the newcomers have been the salvation of Hancock. If they had not bought property, maintained it and paid taxes, Hancock and many other towns today would be deserted villages. It was inevitable that general agriculture should decline. New Hampshire's rocky fields, small meadows and thin-soiled uplands cannot compete with the soil of more productive agricultural regions. From its former days of self-sufficiency in the middle of the nineteenth century, Hancock's economy steadily deteriorated down to the first world war period. The most obvious result was the loss of population. Individuals, clans and tribes have always moved when necessary to earn a living. The particular tragedy of northeastern hill towns is that the able, young citizens are the ones who have left their native soil for greater opportunities.

In terms of the over-all political, social and economic picture, the small towns' losses have been the cities' gains. Hancock has had, and is still enduring, a period of economic and social adjustment. There is a tough elastic thread, however, that continues to give the town a certain individuality and atmosphere. People like to buy property in Hancock because it has no industry, because of its scenic beauty, because it is "old-fashioned." That thread, in terms of Church, Historical Society, Grange, Women's Club and Ladies Sewing Circle, can prolong the distinctive spirit of my hometown.

But one cannot help asking, "What will Hancock be in 1969?" Will the nonresidents outnumber the residents? In twenty years the villagers I knew forty years ago, who still have a hand in local affairs, will have probably disappeared. I can foresee Hancock's children going to a regional school in 1969 in one of the larger near-by towns.

TOMORROW

I can foresee Hancock as only one of a consolidated group of villages for maintaining roads and plowing snow. Twenty years hence, when automobiles are low in cost and give forty or fifty miles per gallon of gasoline, I see no store at all in Hancock. I see no post office. It will be a greater saving in labor and money to centralize many services.

What remains? The picture is not necessarily so gloomy as one may think. We can have centralization of services along with decentralization of population and industry. It is not impossible that more and more specialty industries will locate in small towns. Hancock as I knew it as a boy is gone forever. A new pattern is emerging. The point is: the pattern in small towns as in great cities must eventually put human values first: greater comforts, greater security, more leisure for enjoyment. Human values did not come first forty years ago. Hancock is just a small town, but what is happening there is repeated in many other communities. Human society is never static; it grows or contracts. Hancock, I think, is growing toward a stable economy although it has more varied and strange colors in the new pattern.

In a survey I made months ago among suburban dwellers, more than 50 per cent of the middle-aged couples said they were planning definitely to retire to the country. And most of them said they wanted a small country town, "unspoiled, and where taxes are low. You can live so much more cheaply in the country." The fact is—and contrary to much that wistful city writers proclaim—it costs about as much to live in a small town as it does in the city or in the suburbs. A small patch of home garden makes little difference. If one wants to keep a cow, a few hens, raise a pig and beef for the deep freeze, have an acre of hay and corn, an acre of pasture and a sizable garden—

that is another thing. But most of the middle-aged couples retiring to Hancock have only a handkerchief garden.

In recent years people who lived on moderate incomes in the cities and then moved to Hancock, expecting living to be at least a third cheaper, have been sadly disappointed. What happens? These people move to villages like Hancock because they are attracted by low taxes and naturally they want to keep taxes down. At the same time a town's progress depends on taxes.

This is one disturbing element. Another is the families who have plenty of resources but who keep aloof from the town's activities. In a small town, the virility of community and civic life depends upon the cooperation of all. As nonresident property owners increase and new families come in, who take no interest in community affairs, the town will be inevitably changed.

I talked with both types of property owners. I can appreciate their points of view. Then I talked with representatives of the third category, the newcomers who are genuinely interested in the town's welfare. They may have small financial resources but they discharge in good spirit the responsibilities of citizenship. To a pivotal degree, this third group represents the future of Hancock.

Despite all the changes and problems which a material civilization has brought to Hancock, Ernest Adams has not lost faith. After we had talked for a long time about my hometown, he said, "I used to worry about Hancock. But if you could see the newcomers and old-timers mix it up at Town Meeting, you would know there was something about a small town you cannot kill. As long as all kinds of people get together to decide how much to tax themselves and to argue every article in a Town Warrant, the small towns will have something you can't find in the cities."



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A Summer with Yorick

JOSEPHINE HERBST

IT was already half-past eight and that brat of a boy had not shown up with the coffee. At nine her "secretary" should put in an appearance. This young woman had chosen not to appear on time for four days running. Yesterday she had minced in at quarter to ten without so much as an apology and, sitting beside Mrs. Ewing's bed with her hair uncombed, her face probably untouched by water or honest soap, had by her very existence driven every idea out of Mrs. Ewing's head.

Unprofitably surrounded by all her penciled notes, the distracted woman had peered at her scrawls that looked as obscure as Chinese characters. What had she done to deserve this sabotage? It had taken an hour of blind groping to bring herself to rights, an interval enlivened for the secretary by audible yawns followed by impatient pats on the mouth. The girl's bare feet with the toenails loathesomely red swung regularly as the pendulum of a clock in their flapping sandals, reminding Mrs. Ewing of the passing hours and of her dwindling faculties. At a quarter to eleven, she had conquered herself and with her face averted with distaste from the suddenly alerted secretary, she dictated, realizing with every word that it was garbage.

The notes of yesterday would have to be rewritten. The typewritten transcript, neat as a pin, lay on the bed mocking her own lack of performance. Mrs. Ewing flushed with annoyance. She gave an exasperated thrust with her foot that unfortunately reminded her of the tantrums that her own children had so liberally indulged in long ago. Long ago? Though they had reached the age of discretion, she still called them "the children" and alas, with good reason. She pushed their disturbing images back in her thoughts, consoling herself with the remembrance that they were safe, in a distant city.

"Pulled out of hot water, for the moment," she thought grimly. But there was no trace of severity in the mild face that looked back at her from the old mirror in its chipped frame as she raised her head to listen for "that boy" on the stairs. The wavy glass showed her the reassuring reflection of her own head, familiar and even gay, as she lifted her chin with some vanity to its challenge. In view of the photographs of her son and daughter prominently

displayed on the dresser top she might be confronting a traditional family group, a fond mother, surrounded by adoring children.

Freshly bathed, and in a bright little bed jacket, Mrs. Ewing was willing and able to do her part toward a rewarding day. It was only by indirection that she hoped to bring into that scatterbrained head of Stella's some suggestion of reproof. She knew herself too well to imagine that she could come out with actual criticism that might clear the air or, what was more likely, shatter her scheme for the entire summer. Something was lacking in her that made her shrink from such clashes when nothing was at stake but her own interests; she was timidly resigned to persons who, though supposedly working with her, seemed often engaged in nothing so much as the pursuit of pleasure. She picked up her notes and looked at the heading for chapter four of a new novel. This time, surely this time, she could have her say without a horde of bills hurrying her to a ridiculous conclusion. Too often she had begun hopefully only to turn out another gumdrop. Now she heard a light shuffle and a knock. Edgar was half an hour late. She called a cheerful "Come in."

Edgar had long since ceased to be a boy for anyone except Mrs. Ewing. With better luck, he should have been the responsible young father of a family making a run for the bus to some job in a city that very moment. He stood hesitating in the doorway. The big tray with its array appeared to cut his minute body into two parts. Though Edgar was at least five feet tall, he looked tinier than usual as he moved forward slowly with the overloaded tray. There was something unsubstantial about his appearance; the legs moved willfully as if they had no connection with the shoulders and head that might have been carved out of wood. Yet his face was bright and shining, the color had come out on his cheeks as fresh as new paint and his small and roundish eyes were as lively and as emptily innocent as a squirrel's. There was no doubt of it, Edgar was pleased with himself. He flirted the napkin off the toast with a professional air and stood with his left hand on his hip and the napkin draped like the scarf of a dancer.

"And how are you this morning?" he asked, not simply

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politely but with a warm and lively interest, bending the immovable upper part of his body stiffly from the hips and girating one of his limber, faded-blue denim legs to rest a surprisingly colorful sandal on the rung of a nearby chair.

"I'm fine," chirped Mrs. Ewing, lifting her toast and congratulating herself that with his coming she really did feel splendid. "But is everything all right below—what went wrong today?" She hoped he would take the hint and at least admit that he was late. Edgar leaned forward, peering with exaggerated alarm at the tray. "Isn't it all right? I did try so hard." He was beginning to look injured.

"It's fine, everything is fine," said Mrs. Ewing briskly. She had forgotten to take up the napkin and Edgar now



gravely shook it out and placed it on her chest where it lay like a bib. "For heaven's sake, in my lap," said Mrs. Ewing, a little crossly. But there was no use in being cross with Edgar. He pursed his precise little mouth primly at her implied reprimand and stiffened to a rigid standstill. His likeness to the old wooden doll of her childhood, known as Captain Jinks, was unmistakable. "Oh, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, he feeds his horse on pork and beans," sang her grandfather with his large handlebar mustaches twitching jubilantly as he danced Captain Jinks up and down. Captain Jinks had been of Civil War vintage: like her grandfather, he had been slightly battered by the wear and tear of time. There the resemblance had ended, for her grandfather's neat business clothes bore no likeness to the natty sailor uniform worn by Captain Jinks. It now occurred to her, after all these years, that Captain Jinks in his tight bell-shaped trousers could not possibly have been of the Horse Marines.

The ambiguity of Captain Jinks carried over to Edgar whom she looked at with sudden apprehension. She rallied at once to the slightly hurt look on his small stiff face

and said, "All I meant Edgar," and a note imploring for forgiveness crept involuntarily into her voice. "All I intended," she pursued hurriedly, "was this. We must try to get things running smoothly here, every day. Not just by fits and starts. I want to speak to you about Stella."

Her voice had dropped to a confidential whisper and she leaned toward him fixing her gaze impressively upon him. "I don't mean to suggest that you should say anything to her. Words sometimes make things worse. But she was very late getting in here yesterday and for several days before that. Now, I know she was out late too. It's none of my business, her being out late. She has her afternoons and evenings to herself, that was our agreement. But in New York she was anxious enough to come to the Cape and readily agreed to give me her mornings. It's not as if she wasn't paid well, too. You see how it is, Edgar," she ended, hoping that by making Stella's situation clear she was discreetly throwing some light on Edgar's position as well. He too had been pitifully eager to leave some undefinable, impossible situation in New York for a summer on the Cape.

THEY had discussed it in clear terms; he was to be the manager of her house that summer. There would be the usual run of summer roomers; roomers meant beds to make, linen to count and change, ash trays to empty, towels laid out and flowers in vases. A good brush up with the dust mop on the painted waxed floors every day. In talking about the house she had been unable to keep the warm love she felt for it out of her voice. A wonderful old house on a point of land overlooking the water. It had belonged to a ship's captain in the long ago, and in her eagerness to pass on some of her enthusiasm to her future manager she had let herself run on, building up the legend of the house that had come to be her legend as well. It was because Edgar had responded with genuine feeling for old houses, even old memories, that she had finally trusted him.

After all, what did she know of him? He had an acquaintance with her son who had an acquaintance with practically everyone, including riffraff. It was something in Edgar himself that gave her confidence; that appealed to her. Minute though he was, he had a sound core, she told herself, a kind of sweet kernel that made him not only sympathetic to her nostalgia for her old home where she had come as a young bride and where her children had been born, but that indicated a dependable nature.

Dependability—how she needed it. That strange quality seemed forever lacking in the persons destined to be her nearest and dearest. A terrible unbidden pang caught her throat and her voice came faintly, "I do depend on you, Edgar, you know."

Edgar alerted himself to her confidence that appeared to absolve him and merely to reprimand another. His voice also became intimate as he bent toward her. "I think I can drop a hint to her. You know, without stirring

up the dust. She here has gone s

"Well, good go to my head my head. I've mere dome of had unconscious spasmodic des found charmin teashop where with its hint of

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It was the day after the stop a sprat door to dema the world dist thing to avoic work. Pies in of that heave

up the dust. She means well. It's just that the season here has gone straight to her head."

"Well, good grief," exploded Mrs. Ewing. "It could go to my head too if I let it. I can't afford to let it go to my head. I've work to do. If this house is to become a mere dome of pleasure, what is to become of me?" She had unconsciously clasped her hands to her breast with a spasmodic desperate movement that the little manager found charming. Once more, she was the woman in the teashop where they had first met and whose low voice with its hint of buried rapture had so stirred him.

It had stirred him uncomfortably, deeply, so that he had finally fixed on her hands, which, fine and narrow but with an appealing strength, lay before her on the table, spread out, one might say, for his inspection. The interesting thing about those hands, he had confided to a friend, was the contradiction in the delicacy and fineness of the skin and the strength of the bone structure. One might have thought from his enthusiasm that he had unearthed some old marble destined for a museum, but it was only Edgar's way of reducing his sometimes uncanny perceptions to the realm of art, where they could be properly controlled. He leaned forward and boldly unloosed the clasp of her hands, patting the left hand where a big opal ring looked too heavy.

"I'll take care of it," he said, with a lordly air that quite consoled Mrs. Ewing who sat for some moments after his departure nibbling at her breakfast with a contented half-smile on her face. Now she was free to breathe and look out the window. What a view of sea and sky! Her bed was close enough to the window and the window near enough to the water so that at this early hour before the air was clogged with the noisy babble of summer trippers, she could hear the consoling slap of the little waves along the pebbly beach where, she promised herself, she would walk before taking a swim, far out into the bay, lolling buoyant as a porpoise in the sun.

The fine air was misty now but the mist would lift over a bright blue; and, even in the mist that saturated her bedclothes with a downy fragrance, she took delight, sniffing it in and feeling her pulses stir. The pulse of the house too seemed to quicken; a door opened somewhere, steps were passing her door, considerably hushed. The roomers knew her occupation and respected it; had to, in fact, for on the outside of her door, hanging by two thumbtacks, was a hideous slapdash drawing of crossbones and a skull, exactly like that on the outside of some dangerous medicine bottle, and the words, KEEP OUT. QUIET.

It was the work of her own hand, knocked off one day after the more polite "At Work" sign had failed to stop a sprat of a summer visitor from rapping on her door to demand a spool of thread. There seemed little the world distrusted so much as good honest work. Anything to avoid the deep-down effort. Gadgets to end all work. Pies in packages, minute coffee to rob the kitchen of that heavenly smell. Secondhand radio thrills. Even

deodorizers to replace good cabbage and heady cigars with the sterility of an embalming parlor. Bah—she gave another kick that ended in a thud on the baseboard. It was echoed by a knock on the door.

She called "come in" and was gratified to see Stella with her face clean, her hair combed and in a dress instead of a frilly robe. Stella even offered a fair imitation of a pleasant smile. "She's young," thought Mrs. Ewing. "I must be more forgiving." But was she so young? Thirty isn't so young—at thirty Mrs. Ewing had children. Yes, indeed. And the memory of what it had meant to her to be thirty, with all the responsibilities suddenly thrust upon her, crowding up out of a darkness she had never expected, made her shut her eyes for a moment. She opened them the next second, briskly rummaged through her notes and commenced the day.

It was a satisfying day and for four more days the house hummed with purposeful activity. Doors shut quietly, roomers came and went, ash trays were emptied, flowers replaced. But the street noises with each day became more intoxicatingly insistent. The bus that circled the loop around the Cape passed her door careening in drunken abandon; summer visitors crowded the open seats, hoarse youthful voices rose in snatches of song, an accordion jiggled roisterous dance music and for the last straw, one day, a volunteer barker swaying on the step of the open carryall, announced in a loud bray the approach of her own home. She shrank back. Strangers were pouring through the window; the next moment they would stream up through the floor! She was already mixed up enough, simply drowned in her notes that tossed about the bed and tables in untidy waves. Somewhere in that turbulence there was the backbone of a solid idea; she would go after it if it killed her.

Easy now, she counseled herself in the dulcet tones that she had once used on Gay Belle, her pony, who was inclined to be skittish. There was backbone in the town too, frothing though it now was with visitors who expected a Coney Island. The Portuguese fishermen still fished with their eyes on the horizon. Good honest fish-smells and rich garlic saturated their homes; no polite funeral deodorizers *there*. Homemade red wine with a taste of the most blessed happy moments! Toni had slapped down a mess of fish right out of the deep on her table yesterday, standing stiff in his boots, his fine face as sturdy and beaming as ever. Thinking of him was a tonic like the assorted gay memories of herself in a lilac-sprigged frock with beans at her feet. "Why, Judy, you're a perfect peach, good enough to eat," bawled Uncle Albert, and in those days even her uncles had been willing slaves. Those far-off approving peach memories were sheer indulgence for a woman surrounded by mortals who expected a solid rock. Toni was an exception. He was man enough to see how soft she really was, how uncertain, how fatally addicted to stumbling and to pulling herself up with little better than brambles.

No doubt about it, the household needed a firm

hand, but it soon became apparent that Edgar was too busy managing his pleasures to take the burden from her shoulders. The calm of a few days siphoned off into giggles and unseemly gaiety that seethed in her very backyard, making her aware that she was still a child peering down from a window at a party to which she had not been invited.

EDGAR was too often meeting the prospective roomers clad in wet trunks with the irritated expression of a fish unwillingly dragged from the sea. As for Stella, she bore herself like a woman determined to be taken for a wanton. The two of them had picked up an assortment of followers, male and female, who had in turn practically taken over the house. Boys in nothing much except a good coat of tan shouted Edgar's name under the windows at all hours or piped for Stella in coaxing tones as if they were calling a kitten to be wooed with a saucer of milk. A young female in batik held a rehearsal for a part in a nightclub outside the kitchen door within which the enchanted figure of Edgar appeared rooted as a vine at the very moment when he should be collecting the rent from a departing tourist. "What shall I do?" moaned Mrs. Ewing. The horrid fact was that she too began leaning out of windows listening for siren voices.

"Edgar," she called to the unregenerate manager, and had to repeat the call before his Pan-like figure turned with impudence to look up at her. Seeing her injured face, he dropped his pose and his bare feet pattered noisily up the stairs. "Is there something?" he asked with too much innocence, actually smiling with what Mrs. Ewing considered well calculated duplicity. Such was her unfortunate nature that she yielded to his blandishments; only too willing to take his apparent helpfulness for solid fact. "Edgar, get that pack of yappers away. How can I think?" Watching from her window she saw Edgar self-righteously shoo his visitors out of her yard, veiling with loud upbraidings his own sense of guilt.

Her own sense of guilt simply damned her. She had spoiled their innocent fun, she told herself one moment; the next, she scolded herself for her lack of character. Her work, oh, her work—her bread and butter, her burden and her substance. Without doing it, what was pleasure? Even the morning-glories in the old-fashioned wallpaper leered out at her like horned toads. The house began to go back on her. The plumbing stopped up as if by magic. When the old plumber was summoned, he waggishly shook his head, topped by an arch, peaked cap like those worn by the Seven Dwarfs, and gave as his opinion that the soil pipes "had busted." They should be replaced with good iron that would last forever. Why forever? Mrs. Ewing would not last forever—why should pipes? A gravelike pit began to be dug in her yard for the replacement of the broken pipe with either perishable crockery or everlasting iron. It grew snail-like, worming its way through a bright patch of petunias.

Edgar's guests leaped over it, spit into it, held funeral orations to alas, poor Yorick, and one sprite with apple cheeks and orange hair fancied himself so much in his actor's role that he went on improvising a eulogy for a dead someone who might have been Mrs. Ewing herself. Applause greeted his efforts and the defeated woman, leaning from her window as from a balcony, found herself perversely smiling as he strutted up and down with the eyes of the fascinated Edgar fixed upon him adoringly.

Edgar was obviously under enchantment and the discovery filled Mrs. Ewing with dismay. It was not so certain which object had enthralled him. One moment it appeared to be the incredible Stella who, though sulky in her role as secretary, was obviously charming in the open air. The apple-cheeked boy was everything that poor Edgar was not; he was tall and willowy with a careless hard abandon that made him inevitably a fit subject to emulate. Edgar too became hard and abandoned in a small way, took poses, even tried to make an oration, stretching himself to his full height and bringing down applause. Girls called him "darling" and a boy in dungarees brought him an enormous lobster which he, in turn, handed over to Mrs. Ewing, as flushed as if he had actually grappled with the monster barehanded in the deep sea.

His triumphs rose as Mrs. Ewing's hopes fell. She was even under his spell herself, finding a horrid fascination in ferreting out what might be going on in that innocent small skull. With all his charm intact, he was certainly destroying her, and she was limply submitting to destruction, gaping up at him as he handed her the toast in the morning with harsh reproof in her heart and a polite murmur on her lips. Edgar seemed an adept at smothering her reproaches and grappling for her sympathies. When she asked him a question about the Apollonian youth, with the ill-concealed intent of casting a barb, loyal Edgar responded with the enthusiasm of one who hears nothing but praise. With a flourish he exhumed from his tight jeans' pocket a scrap of paper that he thrust under her nose with a demand for an opinion. Apple Cheeks had composed a "pome," which, as a literary person, Edgar wanted her to judge. To her amazement, there she was, docilely reading it while her own betrayed work cried for attention. It was an incredible piece written with brash confidence:

*Man, in thy pride of being,
Hast slender cause for joy,
Thy Gods are unforeseeing,
And greater Gods destroy.*

There were ten verses, all saturated with such echoes that she was racked trying to think from what source the "poet" had first gorged himself. "Don't you think Bill has got something?" demanded Edgar. Mrs. Ewing heard herself feebly crawl out by protesting that prose was her field; she was not competent to judge verse, and

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at that moment, she felt incompetent to judge anything. Her admission seemed to melt her down in Edgar's eyes as if by magic, and she shrank into her bed, which alone had not rejected her.

The loves and life of Stella and Edgar had managed to seep into Mrs. Ewing's consciousness with all the pervasiveness that should have been made manifest by the created characters of her own fiction. She resented the twain, she hated them, she was absorbed by them; and, she told herself, unless she could shake off their spell, her summer was doomed. There would be nothing to show except frazzled nerves and remorse for time wasted. Time—how precious it was and how little it meant to the pixies in her backyard! How angelic the life of a fish who never felt melancholy.

A crazy animation obsessed even inanimate objects. An old lamp fell and smashed—no one knew how. A burn appeared on a cherry table and everyone shook their heads in mystified innocence. Stella, as unpunctual as ever, was prissily exact in her transcriptions of Mrs. Ewing's notes, which often as not, were simply ravings shot out to conceal the abysmal failure of her thoughts. Every afternoon as doors slammed and voices yodeled, Mrs. Ewing groaned, "It can't go on!" But late at night, in her own room, she was forced to take stock of her faded day and to admit that it was going on, and perhaps would never stop. The word "never" came to her almost gratefully, crashing down upon her and making her tiny in her bed, attuned to every whisper, every creak, every echo of every sound that had ever been. In the dark enchanted loneliness of the night old wounds bled again. The landing outside her door was peopled with whispering phantoms that had not only departed from her life but had swept out brutally, leaving only the shreds of herself which she must go on weaving together again and which, like some perverse Penelope, she raveled out, taking horrid refuge in the cobwebs of the past.

IF the house had become inhabited by ghosts who should be laid to rest, the actual noises never ceased. Stella and Edgar twittered home and tumbled to their beds at dawn. The burned toast testified to Edgar's condition even if his pale distraught face had meant no more than a simple hangover. Edgar had lost his gaiety in torment. The early mornings began to be bewitched. Unseen hands knocked about below stairs, and a meek lady ventured to stop Mrs. Ewing one afternoon to question if it was absolutely necessary for "that child" to do the rooms so early.

"What child?" demanded Mrs. Ewing.

"Why, the little girl," answered the lady, backing away at the violence in Mrs. Ewing's face. She flew to Edgar to demand what was going on. He was standing forlornly at the backdoor, still a vine, though a rather wilted one, and shrank back defensively as if she had hit him. Then he pulled himself together with the hauteur of innocence

and remarked that he was only giving employment to a little girl of the town who had told him she often helped out at Mrs. Ewing's.

"The family needs it," said Edgar sententiously, endowing his act with magnificence. "I'm paying her out of my own pocket," he continued with an odd smile that shocked Mrs. Ewing with the knowledge that her own patronage of him had in some way degraded him.

"What is this?" she muttered, and in sheer desperation ate at one sitting two dozen clams that the faithful Toni had brought that morning.

Little Sophie, the child helper, would stand for no nonsense. At eleven years old and with parents who rose



at dawn, rooms, for Sophie, were created to be put in order. Guests were nuisances to be roused up and sent about their business. When Mrs. Ewing heard a furious bumping in the rooms below at seven-thirty in the morning, she leaped from her bed and without so much as a dressing gown, rushed down the stairs to confront the vigorous child who, filled with bustle and virtue, was banging away with a carpet sweeper.

"Sophie," the poor woman gasped. "So early. You're killing me."

She crawled back up the stairs, remorseful that she had let loose upon a child the thunderbolts that should have fallen upon the heads of Stella and Edgar. In the strange atmosphere that now seemed to have enveloped the house, the innocent were certain to suffer. Deep down was the guilty sense of her own lassitude that seemed to suspend her in helplessness for some fell purpose. Something *has* to happen, she counseled herself with secret craftiness.

When late that night she heard a moan outside her door, it seemed to her that one of the old phantoms had spoken. She roused up fearfully, straining to listen. In

T O M O R R O W

her overwrought state, she imagined that she was called to witness the re-enactment of long dead events and, tiptoeing to the door, peered through a crack to the landing half expecting to see herself, a young woman, once more standing at the head of the stairs with a lifted lamp in her hand. Oh, would that strange, sweet bird-whistle once more sound from the darkness, in the street beyond? But where she had once stood looking down upon her husband, who in guilty, angry haste was leaving her forever, Edgar sat, a small huddled bundle. He was childishly weeping.

"Edgar, whatever is it?" she whispered, tiptoeing toward him and conscious that the presence of roomers in the house made tragedy ridiculous. "What is it?"

"Gone," choked Edgar, wiping his nose on his sleeve and not venturing to look at her. "Gone without a word. Went off on the bus together."

"You mean Stella and that boy?"

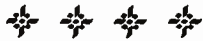
"Who else? My own friends, my . . ."

Did he intend to say lover? And whom had he loved? Probably both of the lost wretches had been equally adored, and this bundle of misery now waited for some strong hand to lift it up. She put her hand upon the

small bony shoulder with the intent to be gentle, but instead, she roughly shook the limp form to an upright posture.

"Get up, Edgar," she said firmly. "Go to bed. Take some aspirin. Get some sleep. Nothing is so bad it couldn't be worse. The sea is full of fish."

Lord, lord, what could be more horrid than her own false, callous advice! What could be more certain to crush than the revenge of the abandoned who in every disaster first hear their own far-off terrified cries for help? Here was Edgar in a ridiculous plight that was deadly serious for him. Oh, more serious than anything she had ever suffered. If he was Captain Jinks, he wasn't of the Horse Marines. He obviously didn't know at this moment what he was, if anything. If she could only tell him that this house, this monster, was also built on shifting sands but continued to endure. Yes, and to shelter. But it wouldn't mean anything to him now. She clutched the poor little fellow who was blindly staggering to his feet with a feeble attempt at a smile, and in an imploring voice added breathlessly, "Never mind what I say. It's certain to be terrible. It always is, Edgar. It always is. But be a man."



OSCAR WILLIAMS

THE INNOCENT

O SEE THEM, the innocent, the bright eyed ones,
Who sound the dawn upon the rim of thought,
The fathers of the future, today's own sons,
To whom the Atlas burden is the bubble, ought:
Spring flowers on the pavements of anon,
The streets of now have where to go, all ways,
The sun-deep sky attends them, they have won
By being innocent, parade and crown of days.

You who acknowledge death and are forlorn,
Accept an age of spoil and are down hurled,
Come out of nowhere, lift your heads from shame,
Sing loud their praise. for beauty is their name,
Love and salvation their name, all who are born
With a fund of innocence against a bankrupt world.

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Preparing Parents for Adoption

RICHARD B. GEHMAN

WHILE the American public is aware that there is a shortage today of children for adoption, few people realize that a shortage of suitable parents exists among the thousands of couples who are considering adoption. Adoption is not simply a matter of wanting a child. It must be a question of wanting one for the right reasons. The right reasons are those which emphasize the child's welfare above all other considerations. For example, are the following four couples suitable to take new children into their homes?

Mr. and Mrs. Jones want to adopt a child. They are past forty, of average intelligence and in reasonably good health, and have wanted children ever since they were married. Mr. Jones is traffic manager for a firm that manufactures electrical switches; Mrs. Jones keeps house. They know exactly what kind of child they want: a baby girl, preferably no older than eighteen months, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a high I.Q. They will accept no alternative; after all, they reason, they're doing the child a favor by having her in their home, and they're assisting the adoption agency by taking the baby off its hands. They should be entitled to exactly what they ask for.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who are in their thirties, also want to adopt a child. Their doctor, and Mr. Johnson's psychiatrist, have informed them that they will not have a child of their own in the near future. Mr. Johnson is a news writer for a radio network; Mrs. Johnson is fashion editor for a mass-circulation magazine. They are seldom ill, although both are high-strung and tire easily. They are confident that a child will have a steadying influence upon them; they may even move to the country a year or two after adoption and really settle down. Neither is willing to give up his work after the child arrives; each believes, in fact, that an older child—one from five to nine—would be best. After all, they say, babies are now hard to get, and they may as well take an older child. They will get a maid to take care of him, and will devote their evenings and weekends to the child.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are an earnest, progressive couple, of advanced ideas. He is a YMCA executive, she a housewife. They live in a suburban neighborhood, and move

in a social group whose members share their liberal convictions. Their house is comfortable, their health excellent. They have one child of their own, a girl of three, but physicians have told Mrs. Brown that she can bear no more. The Browns want to adopt a Negro baby. They have heard that there are plenty available, and contend that their action will help to destroy race prejudice. The Browns are extremely enthusiastic about the idea and have discussed it with their minister, who applauds their forward-looking decision. They can hardly wait.

Mrs. Smith is a suburban housewife whose husband, a salesman for a hardware wholesaler, has to travel a great deal. The Smiths are well-to-do, and are in good physical and mental health. Mrs. Smith, however, finds that whenever she goes to the bridge club or the garden club, the other women talk about nothing but their children. Neither she nor her husband wanted children when they were married, some fifteen years ago, but now she thinks they may have made a mistake. She does not want to adopt a baby; she realizes that she has never been able to warm up to infants or very small children. Therefore she wants an older child—one she can reason with, and who won't stand in the way of her social activities. Besides, Mrs. Smith has heard that it's easier for older couples to adopt older children, and she doesn't want to wait.

The above four couples share apparently legitimate reasons for wanting to adopt children. All are "normal," have comfortable homes, and live pleasantly within incomes which can expand easily to include an additional member of the family. Still, it is likely that no adoption agency would approve of these couples as prospective parents. To get a child, they probably would have to patronize the so-called black market.

None of the four couples was thinking along proper or realistic lines. The Joneses believed (and quite rightfully from their point of view) that they were entitled to a made-to-measure baby, since they regarded adoption as a generous, public-spirited act. They didn't realize that at their age they might not make suitable parents for an infant. Also, they were unaware that, from an agency's standpoint, older couples should adopt older children. The

RICHARD B. GEHMAN's article on dime novels and comic books, "From Deadwood Dick to Superman," appeared in the April issue of TOMORROW. Mr. Gehman has written fiction and articles for the New Yorker, Collier's, the New Republic, and many other magazines. He is an instructor in creative writing at New York University.

Johnsons, who were living a nervous, unsettled life, thought that a child might help to stabilize them. In their case, an agency would have considered their application only if their aim had been to "stabilize" the child. The Johnsons, too, were not prepared to give themselves fully to a child: they planned to "work it into" their lives. The Browns, for all their concern with social problems, probably were inviting trouble in wanting to adopt a Negro baby, not only for themselves but, more seriously, for the baby. Although the adoption agencies believe that a mixed family could exist as a happy, integrated unit, nevertheless they would immediately point out to the Johnsons that they had not given sufficient thought to the complex difficulties of their bold move. Mrs. Smith's reason for wanting a child was the poorest of all: she desired to become a parent only because all the women in her social circle had children, not because she was ready to give a child the love, care and security it requires.

SOMETIMES even people who are motivated by the right reasons may be unsuited for adoption. About a year ago an architect and his wife in a large midwestern city adopted a boy of four. This couple had wanted a child for a long time. Their marriage was stable, and both were well-adjusted, active, imaginative individuals; evidently they loved children as children, and had no "mercenary" reasons for wanting one. The agency found that they were prepared to give him every advantage. Both were highly intelligent, and they were given a little boy (for the customary probationary period of a year) with a proportionate mental capacity. Their home was located in a pleasant residential district, although there were not too many children for the boy to play with. The couple placed him in nursery school for three hours each day, which gave him the opportunity to associate with youngsters his age. From all indications, it seemed that this adoption would work out very well.

After her first visit, the social worker assigned by the adoption agency to the case reported that the boy seemed to be getting along splendidly with his new parents. Both were delighted with him, and he with them. While under agency care in a boarding home, the boy occasionally had refused to eat his food, but this problem no longer existed in his new environment. When the worker took him aside for a moment or two, he reported that he liked his new mother and father and proudly showed her his little room and some new toys they had bought him. He also assured her that he was being a good boy. The worker went away with a favorable impression. Seven or eight weeks later, when she went to see the child for the second time, she found conditions much the same. However, the mother led her into another room, where, with some hesitation, she reported that during the past three or four weeks the boy had several times refused his food. The mother had taken him to the family doctor, who had found nothing wrong with his digestive system,

and she was wondering if the worker could suggest what might be the matter. The worker listened carefully, asked questions, and then explained that some maladjustment, worry or anxiety was probably causing the child to behave in this manner. This time, when she left, she was worried about the parents and the child.

Four or five days later, she was not surprised to see the mother at the adoption agency. The child was now throwing up more and more regularly, the mother reported. She asked for the name of a psychologist to whom she might take him. At length the boy was examined and observed by a number of doctors and psychologists recommended by the agency. Before their tests were completed, the mother confessed that she was now convinced that she was not cut out for motherhood and doubted that she ever would be. The workers, while surprised, admired her frankness, and soon thereafter took the child away and placed him again in a boarding home. Some time later he was adopted by another family, and in a little while his disagreeable habit disappeared completely. As a matter of fact, the boy was less of a problem than his parents.



They were so overcome with remorse, guilt and a sense of failure that agency workers had to visit them several times before the couple regained their old self-confidence.

It does not require a trained psychologist to conclude that the little boy had been unhappy with his new parents because he sensed that they were uncomfortable with him. They gave him no direct, overt occasion to foster this feeling, but he felt it nevertheless. Despite the thorough interviews and investigations which are now routine in most agency procedures, the parents' unsuitability did not come to light until they actually were placed in the situation of living with a child. Often agencies detect the applicants' weaknesses beforehand, and suggest self-improvement steps they can take before considering adoption seriously.

The work of an agency, then, does not only entail the placement of children. It also involves the careful and skillful preparation of both parents and children for adoption. Sometimes, as in the case above, when an adoption proves to be unsuccessful, it covers remedial work.

There is much preliminary work that an agency can

not do, particularly considering adoption with the facts; but examine their own

A New York recently declared that adoption had been present on any other so fact that the p human factors differ, and because have published do not necessarily able on the total in this country between 35,000 and In 1944, according estimate based children were rate has been potential adopt sands of child homes, or under per cent of the of them are separate parents and multiples. There are as there are state aid laws, children (some state cause of improved fewer mothers

IT may be, "gray" making figure. De not necessarily provides hazard even blood relation by contacting or lawyer, with agency. These who choose to be, too, that a make arrangements her child take Such steps are as freely as the in which the will guarantee price. Black either mother paid \$1500 to apparently, in the baby had a matron gave

not do, particularly for prospective parents. Before considering adoption, a couple should acquaint themselves with the facts; but more important, they should carefully examine their own personalities and motives.

A New York social worker for an adoption agency recently declared that more false and misleading information had been published on the subject of adoption than on any other social question. This may be due to the fact that the problem is fundamentally controlled by human factors which cause all cases and situations to differ, and because eager reporters, looking for stories, have published figures and statistics for one area which do not necessarily apply in another. No figures are available on the total number of children available for adoption in this country at present, but it is believed that between 35,000 and 55,000 will be adopted legally in 1949. In 1944, according to the U.S. Children's Bureau, in an estimate based on statistics from twenty-two states, 50,000 children were adopted legally. Although the adoption rate has been accelerating every year, the number of potential adoptees has been decreasing. There are thousands of children in institutions, orphanages, boarding homes, or under agency care; however, only about 95 per cent of these children are free for adoption. Many of them are separated only temporarily from their own parents and many are awaiting adoption by blood relatives. There are eight times as many requests for children as there are children available. Thanks to improved state aid laws, fewer widows have to give up their children (some states even help unmarried mothers); and because of improved medical facilities and practices today, fewer mothers now die in childbirth.

IT may be, although it is dubious, that the black or "gray" markets have something to do with the decreasing figure. Despite the popular belief, the black market is not necessarily illegal. But it is careless and unscientific and provides hazards both for parents and children. Friends or even blood relatives may sometimes adopt children simply by contacting the parents directly, or through a physician or lawyer, without going through a recognized, accredited agency. These people may be as serious in intent as those who choose the latter, more reliable procedure. It may be, too, that an unmarried prospective mother may safely make arrangements through a lawyer or a doctor to have her child taken off her hands immediately upon birth. Such steps are extremely risky, and may be condemned as freely as those private "homes" for unmarried mothers in which the matron, for a considerable sum of money, will guarantee a new baby to anyone who can meet her price. Black market traders have no way of protecting either mother or child. In one instance, a young couple paid \$1500 to a black market matron for a child who was, apparently, in good health. Later it was discovered that the baby had congenital syphilis. On another occasion, a matron gave a four-weeks-old baby to a "mother" who

had been a prostitute, and who at the time of adoption was "going straight"—as the girl friend of a prominent racketeer.

The fact that black or gray markets are unreliable does not necessarily mean that approved, licensed or recognized agencies can accomplish successful adoptions in all cases. Agencies have failed in many instances, as is inevitable when human beings deal with human problems. But authorities in the field have accumulated so much knowledge in recent years and have amassed such a vast backlog of experience upon which they can draw that failures these days fortunately are rather infrequent. The more than four hundred adoption agencies in the United States are constantly working to improve their methods and reduce the margin of error.

These agencies are supported by state funds, by private endowment or public contribution, or by religious groups. Generally, they are headed by men and women of considerable experience and staffed by well educated, intelligent case workers. Their aims have been well summed up in an excellent book, *Adopting a Child*, by Frances Lockridge (Greenberg, 1947):

"The recognized agency has only one purpose. It may be stated abstractly as the purpose of lessening human unhappiness. It may be stated concretely as the purpose of bringing together, under the most nearly ideal conditions possible, the homeless child and the childless adult. It may be stated as the purpose of creating new homes out of the failure of old ones."

The agency accomplishes this purpose in a methodical, almost scientific, manner. The moment a child comes under its care, it seeks to find out as much as possible about the child, and about his antecedents. Sometimes agencies go back three or four generations in a family to ferret out hereditary traits. The child is always given a series of comprehensive mental and physical examinations and personality tests. Every fact is carefully checked before it is recorded. Similarly, in accepting an application from a couple who want to adopt a child, the agency makes every effort to find out all the information about them that is necessary for its decision. Their physical traits are investigated thoroughly. The agency tries to learn just what kind of people the prospective parents are, and how they are likely to behave under a variety of circumstances. One prospective mother who wanted a child badly was distressed when an investigator visited her on a day when the house was, to use the mother's words, in a mess. The mother had hoped to have it looking its best for the call. She didn't realize that the agency worker was principally interested in seeing the place as it actually was most of the time, and that she wanted to learn if the home atmosphere was the sort in which a child would be at ease and happy. More than mere tidiness, an agency worker is interested in such questions as: Is the house well heated and lighted? Will the child have a room of his own? Is the furniture of the kind that children can play around without causing

too much expense and worry? Does the family eat sensible, well balanced meals? Are the parents mature and stable? What sort of child will fit best into such a home? To learn these answers, a worker is likely to consult the prospective parents' close friends, employers, neighbors, their doctor and their minister—anyone, in short, who might have important information to contribute. This procedure, of course, takes a great deal of time. Would-be parents, consequently, are often disappointed and angered by the delay between the time they file their application and the time the agency invites them in to inspect a child.

Delay is also caused by the agency's policy of attempting to find the child most perfectly suited for the parents. Workers invariably try to "match" parents and children as closely as possible. A child with a low I.Q. would not be placed with people of above-average intelligence. This is what the agency workers call "overplacing," for the parents might expect too much of their new addition. Some workers feel that an "underplaced" child—that is, a child with high intelligence placed with parents of average or below average capability—can "pull itself through" and create its own opportunities as it develops, but this theory is no longer accepted widely. Brown-haired, brown-eyed children are given, whenever possible, to parents with the same coloring. A family of redheads would not be likely to get a brunette, and tall parents are seldom given short, chubby children. There is an important psychological reason behind this policy of simulated resemblance: to some extent, at least, children who look like their new parents will feel more secure than those with marked physical differences.

NOT all children who come to an agency are immediately ready for adoption. Sometimes workers must spend months in determining that adoption can be accomplished by legal means. A further time-consuming process involves the physical and emotional rehabilitation of children before they can be placed with safety. In many instances, the children have been poorly fed and clothed all their lives. Emotional undernourishment is more common. Further testing of the adoptees helps workers to decide just what a child needs before it can adjust to a new environment. Naturally, this contributes to the delay. Would-be parents also do not realize that most agencies place children in boarding homes, operated by sympathetic, motherly women with experience in handling children. They are placed in these homes for purposes of gradual readjustment or reorientation, and then later given over to an adoptive couple.

A worker for the New York State Charities Aid Association recently said: "Most of the children who come to us are essentially normal. If a child comes who is upset, he may need some psychiatric help. But a child must have a relationship to something—he can't be treated as though he were in a vacuum, with no ties, no standards, no identifications by which he can act or react. Psychia-

trists help us decide just *what kind* of help a child needs—whether his behavior is deep-rooted or whether it's superficial because of his recent circumstances. Often this can't be determined immediately.

"Quite often the problems of a child will disappear if he is placed in a proper, ideal home—but they won't disappear overnight, of course. The important thing is that most problems can be dealt with intelligently, without too much psychiatric help, if a child is placed as quickly as possible in a healthy atmosphere. While a child is with his new parents during a probationary period,



we try to give the parents all possible advice and assistance. Sometimes parents uncover unexpected characteristics in their own personalities—anxieties, jealousies, insecurities, etc. We don't expect the happy-ever-after ending in every case. After all, the adjustment of children to parents and parents to children always takes an enormous amount of time and effort."

This worker, who has been dealing with children for twenty years, explains that in some cases a parent can help work out problems simply by talking to an agency worker. "I remember one new mother who called up and said that she feared she wasn't developing a proper maternal attitude toward her child. She was worried about herself. She asked if a worker might come and discuss it with her. By the time the worker arrived, the mother already had begun to feel better—just expressing the problem had helped her go some distance toward adjusting herself to it and trying to solve it."

Children who find their way to agencies usually fall into two general groups: those born out of wedlock and those who are the products of families that have broken up. In the 1944 survey of twenty-two states, the U.S. Children's Bureau found that 42 per cent of the children for whom petitions were filed were born in wedlock, and in four states they outnumbered those born out of wedlock. It was also found that 55 per cent of those born in wedlock came from homes broken by desertion, divorce or separation.

Laws governing adoption usually require that it be accomplished in a court of competent jurisdiction. In New York, the first adoption laws were passed in 1873. The New York law has been changed seven times, and

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PREPARING PARENTS FOR ADOPTION

during the past few years forty states have improved their laws. (Incidentally, adoption was unrecognized by English law until 1926.) Thirty-eight states now require a social investigation and report to the court after the petition has been filed. Thirty-two states specify a residence period of about a year for the child in the adoptive home. Only California has a law definitely providing for action against the black market. Most state laws are designed to protect both parents and child, so that parents will have a clear title to the child and the child will have the right to remain in its new home.

Most couples, when they decide to adopt a child, first announce that they prefer a baby, the younger the better. It is true that most available children are in the younger categories. The 1944 report of the U.S. Children's Bureau—the figures were based on reports from only fifteen states—showed an age breakdown as follows:

Under 6	62%
6 to 14	26%
14 to 21	12%

Leon R. Lyle, superintendent of the American Homefinding Association of Ottumwa, Iowa, has published a study of the placement of 67 older children and 8 younger ones based on his findings during a seven-year period. These children's ages were distributed as follows:

Age		Age	
1-2	1	7-8	12
2-3	1	8-9	8
3-4	6	9-10	5
4-5	21	10-11	4
5-6	8	11-12	1
6-7	7	12-13	1

Many older parents are disappointed, surprised and hurt when agency workers advise them that it would be better if they adopted an older child. It is only when they become acquainted with fact-finding surveys, such as the above, that they change their attitudes.

In his pamphlet, *When Is a Child Too Old for Adoption?* (distributed by the Child Placing and Adoption Committee of the New York State Charities Aid Association), the psychiatrist Dr. Leslie E. Luehrs cites the case of a twelve-year-old girl named Carol. Her father, after the death of his wife, had placed his five children in an institution. Two years later he died. There were no relatives to care for the children, and arrangements were made for their adoption. One by one, Carol's little brothers and sisters went to new homes, while she remained unwanted. At length she remarked, "I guess people are only interested in younger children."

Dr. Luehrs points out that Carol will be well fed, well clothed and reasonably cared for in an institution; but unless she is placed in a foster home with parents to love her, she may develop into an introverted, oversensitive, unhappy woman, unable to face life realistically. Even if she is placed more or less permanently in a boarding home, she still will lack a tie with a family of her "own."

"The older child needs parents as much as the younger one," Dr. Luehrs states. "As he begins to experiment with life he needs the assurance of a stable home to which he can turn as he becomes frightened by his own boldness."

Many parents who never consider adopting an older child have not examined their own capabilities. Some people have natural maternal and paternal instincts and are able to care best for babies and small children. Others may be better qualified to act as friends, counselors, or guides—and these are the ones who should choose the older child. Obviously, as agencies are quick to point out, a couple of twenty-five would probably not be suitable for a child of thirteen. A couple of this age, however, might successfully adopt a boy or girl of seven, eight or nine.

The American Homefinding Association report also establishes standards by which older children are judged for adoption eligibility:

1. Normal mentality, lack of outstanding physical defects, ability to get along with other children and adults.
2. Reasonably attractive personality and appearance.
3. Apparent ability to adjust to a new situation and to accept the emotional ties inherent in it.

Mr. Lyle found that some parents intellectually could accept the reasons for taking an older child, but could not accept them emotionally. These parents must be handled with extreme care. This is generally the case: agencies always make certain that prospective parents are told the whole story of a child's background and personal experience in great detail. On the basis of these facts, parents can come to a tentative decision before meeting the child. If, after seeing the child, the parents decide to adopt it for a probationary period, the agency makes available to them all information that will be helpful in living with the child. Case workers often hesitate to give complete information about a child until they feel that the parents are ready to accept it. One little boy was normal in every respect except that he had webbed toes. The agency workers were worried about explaining this to the prospective father. When they did, they were astonished to see him break into a smile. "I've got webbed toes myself," he said.

PLACING individual children is only one aspect of an agency's work. Another more difficult and complex problem is the successful placement of two children in a family. Here the procedure can best be described with an actual case history concerning two little brothers, Gordon, six, and Reggie, four. The probability of applicants seeking even one boy of these ages is comparatively small. There were other conditions that made this situation more difficult: the boys didn't get along very well with each other, both had special problems, both required delicate handling. Their mother was in a state mental

institution, and their father was an elderly laborer, "quite mediocre" according to agency investigations. The boys were of just average intelligence, and each had a heart murmur. This latter factor caused one family to decide against them. With the exception of the boys' mother, the rest of the family was of normal intelligence. The boys were lively and personable. "They needed a home," a worker said of them, "and we believed that they were capable of accepting the idea of adoption."

The agency screened the applications on hand and rejected a large number for various reasons: because the



applicants definitely wanted girls or younger children; because they lived too close to the children's old home; because they were too demanding in what they expected of the boys intellectually. Finally the workers decided on the Dearborns, who had indicated that they wanted a boy, two boys, or a boy and a girl of the ages of Gordon and Reggie. The Dearborns had been studied by two workers, who agreed that they might be suitable. They resided a good distance from the boys' old home, so that an accidental meeting between the boys and their relatives was unlikely. There was a slight physical similarity between Mr. Dearborn and the boys. The Dearborns' community setting seemed good: their home was furnished simply and comfortably and was located in a pleasant neighborhood. Most important, the Dearborns felt that a child's vocational training should be what he himself wanted and was able to handle. "They were cheerful, wholesome people with health and physical energy," the worker said. "They seemed happiest when with children." Mr. Dearborn was an instructor of new employees in a manufacturing concern, and thus was used to young people adjusting to new situations. He was particularly sensitive to differences in personalities. "They had intelligence without intellectuality and strength without rigidity," the worker remarked.

After deciding tentatively upon the Dearborns, the workers spent more time studying the boys. At length they agreed that Gordon and Reggie might be suitable, but that a written summary for the parents would not do as a preliminary step. "They would be assuming a big problem," the worker said, "and we wanted them to take it with their eyes open. If they would have any

anxiety in relation to the feeble-minded mother, we wanted them to be reassured or to help them decide against the children if necessary."

After further consultation, the workers invited the Dearborns to visit the agency. Their background, facts about the mother and other members of her family, the fact that the boys had tested well, the boys' health histories—all were described fully to the Dearborns. Finally they were introduced to the boys and allowed to take them out to lunch and treat them to a ferry ride. They were cautioned not to commit themselves to the children, but to take time to think it over. At the end of the afternoon, the Dearborns reported that they liked the boys and that the boys seemed to like them. Gordon, in fact, had tried to find out if they were prospective parents. The agency workers told the Dearborns to take more time. A few days later the couple telephoned and said that they had decided to adopt the children if the agency would agree.

When the children were called in for their physical examinations before discharge, the workers asked them if they wanted to live with the Dearborns. Gordon asked, "When are they coming for us?" That was all it required. The Dearborns arrived later that day and took the boys home.

"From the start," one of the workers reported, "the Dearborns' attitude was one of readiness to let the boys proceed at their own pace. We made our first supervision visit five days later and in the following year we made five more. From the start, it was apparent that the Dearborns were well in control of the situation, although it was obvious that all were under a strain. The Dearborns showed considerable foresight and imagination in planning for the children. Mrs. Dearborn realized that she would have more work than she was accustomed to for some time, and accordingly arranged to let certain details of housekeeping go. The boys had their own room, twin beds, and a chest in which certain drawers were assigned to each. A regular routine was instituted immediately."

The Dearborns' attitude was predicated entirely upon what was best for the children. They were constantly concerned with the welfare of the children, agency workers reported, even when they were obliged to discipline them. They were firm, impartial and consistent, yet they were always cheerful and gentle and made every effort to understand both boys. As time went on, many of Reggie's and Gordon's individual problems began to disappear and soon they were getting along together better than ever before. Later, Mrs. Dearborn confessed that she at one time had doubts about the success of the adoption. It took only a few months to convince her, she said, that the situation had been worth the struggle. "After a year," the worker declared with satisfaction, "the Dearborns, Reggie and Gordon were cemented into a family."

The Dearborns, from an agency standpoint, were almost ideal. They had learned the facts of adoption and

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they understood the problems involved. Furthermore, they were willing to accept new problems. Although they were eager to get children, they wisely did not rush into adoption. They consulted the agency workers often. The happiness of their new children was always uppermost in their minds.

The lesson to be learned from this history is not that all prospective parents must be exactly like the Dearborns. Nor does it mean that only couples can adopt children. One southern agency reported recently the case of a young father of an illegitimate child. He had offered to marry the girl, but she had refused him. When he saw the baby, he decided that he wanted it if the girl did not. She, in turn, was willing to surrender the infant. The agency investigated the young man and found that he was stable, mature and intelligent. He lived with his mother in a comfortable home, and the family atmosphere was pleasant. Arrangements were made for him to adopt his little son.

A New York case worker has summed up this phase of adoption as follows: "One of the most difficult problems a new parent must face is that of breaking down the

child's fear of anxiety in the parents. Children immediately sense when adults are uncomfortable or 'strange' in a situation. Adults who want to adopt children must learn that their attitude must be, 'I'm so glad you're here.' Parents must realize that they must accept children for what they are, and that they must help them exercise their potentialities to the full. They must give and give of themselves—children, after all, have no clear image of what men and women should be like. They need to get this image from their parents."

When prospective parents examine the adoption problem in the light of their own suitability, they will see why getting the child they want involves more than registering at an agency and waiting for a call. "Am I the right parent?" might well be the question adoptive couples should ask themselves, rather than, "Can I get the right child?"

"What sort of people are most suitable to adopt children?" A prominent head of an adoption agency who was asked this question smiled and quickly replied: "That's easy. Healthy, warm, mature people. No others need apply."



FRANCES FROST

CHRONOS

THE face man wears upon his wrist
is clocking him toward certain death.

The instant, beating with his pulse,
records his breath and little else

save as he understands what wars
consume him under timeless stars,

save as he knows his wrist the rough
small thunder of his reach toward love.

NIGHTLIFE AND DAYLIGHT



SEASON'S END

THEORETICIANS of the drama teach that local color is not enough. You must have a strong story. Sidney Kingsley has very nearly proved that for Broadway at least the theoreticians are wrong. Kingsley's plots are simply the containers into which he pours the stuff his public buys. In *Men in White*, the details of hospital activity fascinated the audience. In *Dead End*, what got us was the Dead End kids. In *Detective Story*, the riffraff of a New York police station is the real object of our attention.

Even if Kingsley takes his story seriously and, with the usual naïveté of theatregoers, we are inclined to follow him in this, the result is still the same: what we finally come away with is the entertainment of the spicy unfamiliar. After all, how many of us spend our time in detective squad rooms?

The surfaces of Kingsley's plays are fun. In *Detective Story*, for example, there is a thief—brilliantly played by Joseph Wiseman—who is both hilarious and frightening. He is a hysterical clown, pretending innocence and suffering alike with such violent dramatics that one is never sure whether he has any reality at all except as a figment of his own imagination. I am certain that I shall remember this personage long after I have forgotten what *Detective Story* was presumably about. But he is not the only picturesque item in Kingsley's collection. There is a comically pathetic nitwit of a shop-lifter whose driving impulse is toward a husband she badly needs and can never find because the male population seems to be composed of nice men who are married or unmarried men who are stinkers. There is a gentle maniac whose persecution phobia is connected with talk of atom bombs (we are all getting to be like her), there is the Irish cop who sings Italian opera and the homey little reporter who can fix

HAROLD CLURMAN

things with the judge when some of the reporter's detective friends get a ticket for parking their cars too close to the fire hydrant outside the D. A.'s office.

I could tell you the story of the new Kingsley play but you might not find it particularly appetizing; I could state the theme but you might not consider it particularly relevant to the story. If there were no more to *Detective Story* than theme and story, you might not even care to see it. But it is a good show, especially since it has been very well cast and staged by the author, with an interesting set by Boris Aronson and vivid performances by Lee Grant, Michael Strong, Jean Adair, Maureen Stapleton, Lou Gilbert, Ralph Bellamy, the aforementioned Joseph Wiseman and others.



The hit of the waning season is the Rodgers and Hammerstein, Logan musical *South Pacific* with Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza. It is a deserved hit, an entirely ingratiating show. What makes it so, despite a fairly conventional book and a rather defective second act, is the cast, and the delightful use which the director Joshua Logan has made of it.

Rodgers' score is most agreeably smooth with a faintly romantic flavor that makes it a pleasure to take. Hammerstein lyrics too are cheerful, expert and always in good taste. The production as a whole—and in this the producers, authors, designer and director can share credit—is one of the most neatly and lightly unified that I have seen in several seasons.

But it is still the cast that deserves the greatest applause as it wins our warmest affection. Mary Martin bubbles and sparkles with an endearing wholesomeness that makes her, without offense, a candidate to the position of America's Sweetheart. She sings, dances and acts with an infectious ease and good humor that makes her a joy to behold. Yet her manner is always basically modest—both professionally and personally. Ezio Pinza's voice is magnificent, of course, but what he adds to the show is far more than that. He is, as far as I can remember, the first virile and cultured hero we have ever had in a musical comedy. His kisses are epic. All the other players deserve citation too. Especially fine is Juanita Hall who is sturdy.

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sweet, racy and spiritual. Betta St. John is a dancer who puts her training to charming dramatic use: her love scenes are delicately plastic. Excellent too is Myron McCormick in salty low-comedy vein. The ensemble is attractive and talented. Indeed there is not a weak spot in the cast.

* * *

Aside from *Detective Story*, there have been no conspicuously successful plays. Dalton Trumbo's *The Biggest Thief in Town* had a certain freshness and originality of quality but it was so wretchedly done that it deserved the quick failure it became. Most reviewers thought its failure was due to the fact that it was a comedy which took place in an undertaker's establishment. This is sheer rot. Jokes connected with death have been part of our literary and theatrical tradition since the middle ages. *Arsenic and Old Lace* was a "laugh riot" to the same reviewers who thought Trumbo's play tasteless, and the earlier play involved I don't know how many murders. *The Front Page*, another play the reviewers didn't take tragically, contains a scene in which a girl is driven to jumping out of a window, and the audience only paused long enough to draw breath between laughs.

The Biggest Thief in Town was a folk comedy written with wry, tart humor. What it said was that while there are among us wealthy rascals who live and die in dominant positions though they contribute nothing to our welfare, the hard-working and decent common folk feel apologetic and guilty at the slightest step on the path that wealthy miscreants follow to the very end with complete equanimity.

Two Blind Mice by Samuel Spewack is a mildly pleasant piece which pokes fun at Washington bureaucracy and beyond that at our national gullibility. You can make anybody believe anything around here (Washington or the United States) because no one thinks long enough to challenge what is supposedly official or "top secret." This is probably stating Mr. Spewack's case much too strongly, since his play is intended as a lark, not as a satire.

The play's weakness is that it does not build with the impetuous drive necessary to farce, but moves through a series of scenes—occasionally pretty funny—each of which is like a ten-minute skit. The audience has to help the show along. The author's and actors' amiability make the audience quite willing to do so.

More robust in the manner of vaudeville or a college boy's jamboree is James Allardice's *At War with the Army*. Many theatregoers nowadays have grown too soft (perhaps they call it "sophisticated") to enjoy the rough-house of this barracks farce. I found it very funny. In our concern with "big" themes, serious acting and the loftier stagecraft (which usually aren't as serious or big as we suppose) we have come to be negligent of excellence in unpretentious popular forms. The young people who play *At War with the Army* are far more alive and winning than many of the actors who are going to be listed

NIGHTLIFE AND DAYLIGHT

by the reviewers among the ten best of the year. William Lanteau, Tad Mosel, Jerrey Jarret, Mike Kellin, Ernest Sarracino and one or two others in *At War with the Army* offer delightful sketches of authentic Americana.

* * *

As a spy melodrama, Herman Wouk's *The Traitor* is only moderately effective. What prevents it from being better, oddly enough, is just that which makes it at all notable; in a word, its topicality. *The Traitor* dishes out talk about world peace, communism, loyalty questionnaires in colleges, atomic spies, the intemperate war between the United States and what diplomats call "a certain foreign power."

It would be somewhat incautious at present to produce an out-and-out anti-Soviet play of actively belligerent intent. Even a simple anticommunist play might bore us as do most plays of specifically political propaganda. The point is that while no one in the audience is pro-communist except a communist, and while most of the audience is pretty much annoyed with the Soviets, there are many recalcitrant souls who are still loath to entertain the idea of the kind of war in which cities are destroyed and people actually get killed. The author and producer of *The Traitor* know this and have gone about the job of adjusting their play to this psychological situation rather cleverly.

On the question of loyalty tests, for example, everybody in the play appears to be against them till the end when the old professor of philosophy, portrayed as a true liberal, declares that we have no right to expose young people to the influence of communist teachers. (Earlier, the professor tells the traitor of the title that his misdeed resulted from his distrust of the people. It is the credo of our democracy that the people are able to judge for themselves. Apparently the professor doesn't believe that college students are people.) It is the naval intelligence officer, who couldn't possibly be a communist, who defends the communists' right to express their point of view. The traitor of the play is not a communist or even a Marxist of any type but a hysterical idealist who believes that if he delivers data to the Soviets which will enable them to make the atom bomb, world peace will be assured. The real villain of the piece is not a Russian or a political doctrinaire of any kind, but more or less of a German who for venal motives is operating on behalf of a "Soviet client."

The play, I repeat, is clever in its use of catchwords and notions that are in the air, fears that are in our hearts, without ever offending anybody outright. The ketchup king who is a college trustee and a strong arm in the academic purge is presented so that he may appear neither funny nor sinister. Sections of the audience applaud him, while others may be hostile or skeptical. If the play adds fuel to war sentiment, no one can be sure that this was the author's purpose.

The purpose is entertainment. When the Geiger counter

began to tick on the stage, I confess I was pleasurable scared. This is undoubtedly because I share that state of ignorance in such matters which readers of the large circulation magazines call information. The gunplay got me, as it almost always does, and I wanted our side to win. But there's the rub: which is our side? The play has outsmarted itself: there are hardly any "sides." Everybody is right, everybody is a little vague for having been overexplained in semi-editorial terms. We don't care much who shoots whom or why. We go away frustrated, as if the great explosion we were led to expect had turned into nothing more impressive than the thin report of a penny pistol.



The movie of the month—since there has to be a movie of the month—is the English *Quartet*, a four-decker made of as many short stories by Somerset Maugham. *The Colonel's Daughter* about a Blimp-like Englishman, whose wife has written an erotic verse narrative (which turns out to be pretty sentimental stuff after all) is the most amusingly acted. *The Kite* is a story about a young cockney with a fixation on kites. He can't be a good husband till his wife lets him play with his kite and even joins him in the sport. This is a curious anecdote which might have been better if it had been made a little more curious or if it had been told with somewhat less reticence. *The Alien Corn* makes a nice point: a certain type of Britisher can't imagine any respectable person committing suicide on account of an inability to make the grade as an artist. Unfortunately this story doesn't make particularly interesting cinematic material. *The Facts of Life* is an ironic after-dinner tidbit.

These stories are all adult. One is reasonably entertained by all of them, and perhaps this is saying a good deal for a film. They make me think of desultory but civilized conversation with an experienced gentleman who seeks to be pleasantly companionable without being intimate. They are in the best sense competent stories. They touch on living matter and give the impression that their author could be less superficial if he cared to be less polite. It would seem as if he valued manners above contact, and believed that tactful suggestion is the best policy.

The effect of this aesthetic diplomacy is to leave one untouched. Maugham and the intelligent film makers who have rendered his spirit here with scrupulous fidelity never break through the social pattern of which the stories are in part a faint satire. We never transcend British limitations. Good English writers like Maugham or Galsworthy always stay within a kind of local mold; the best English writers are those who shatter it. The short stories of Chekhov—some of which have been made into films according to the method employed in *Quartet*—often deal with material even more provincial than do these Maugham stories, yet nearly always in Chekhov a basic human chord is struck which brings us close to some

essence of life in which all of us deeply share. Maugham is urbane, witty and deft. It is enough for a night out, not enough for art.



Art has also been well served recently by such events as the Philharmonic Orchestra's Beethoven series under Bruno Walter, the six wonderfully anguished Bartok quartets, magnificently played by the Juilliard String Quartet, the all-Stravinsky concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Stravinsky as conductor and his son as soloist, the introduction of a new Stravinsky "Mass for Mixed Chorus and Ten Wind Instruments"—a sarcophagus in sound—the Braque retrospective show at the Museum of Modern Art, the Balthus paintings at the Pierre Matisse gallery.

I believe Balthus to be one of the significant artists in Paris today. I suspect however that conservatives will not care for him because of something strangely disturbing in his subject matter, and modernists will scorn him for his conservative technique.

I am of the opinion that "modern" or "academic" styles, "pure" plastic values or "adventitious" psychological considerations do not by themselves constitute adequate categories of judgment. They are only pegs on which we hang the descriptions of what we see. The jargon of modern art appreciation can easily become as stuffy as that of the schoolmasters. The "meaning" of a painting can only be conveyed through an effort to formulate the essential feeling (sensation, emotion, idea, plan, motivation) of what we see. There is little point in evaluating a painting through technical data—a literal summary of the convolutions of its colors, shapes, lines—because this is tantamount to saying that a picture is good because it is good or that a rose is a rose is a rose! However "objective" this may be, it is not criticism. It is at best a catalogue. All we can ask of an art critic is that he permit us to find some interesting and intelligible correspondence between what he is saying and what we see when we look at the picture he is talking about.

In regard to Stravinsky, I beg to point out a paradox without offering any "proof." After hearing such pieces as "Orpheus," the "Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments," the "Concerto for String Orchestra," the "Octuor," I have come to the conclusion that Stravinsky's later or so-called neo-classical period is almost too intensely emotional and even programmatic. Stravinsky has said things about music having no meaning beyond itself, which only makes sense if you are answering a man who tells you that the meaning of a piece of music has to do with a doctor trying to save a baby's life—or the like! To maintain that music has no "meaning" beyond itself does not say that it has no meaning at all—or that we are not to attempt to discover it. Nothing comes out of nothing is a rule that holds as much for art as for chemistry.

The later Stravinsky is, I repeat, every bit as emotional

as the earlier. If the emotion of "Orpheus" is different from that of "Petrouchka," it doesn't make one less emotional than the other. Indeed there is an important organic connection between the early and the later Stravinsky. The critic's business is to learn what it is, not to get sore because there has been a change or because the master's acolytes often say silly things in praise of him. If Stravinsky denies emotion to his music, what he means is that the emotion is not that of nineteenth-century sentiment—the only emotion some people recognize in music. If he means anything else, he is not to be taken seriously. An artist counts only by what he does in his medium, not by what he says he does or even necessarily by what he says he wants to do.

Much of the later Stravinsky is a kind of *danse macabre* that takes place at a festivity. There is something ghostly, even ghoulish present. When he is gay now, Stravinsky may be described as a gay undertaker. The beauty of "Orpheus" resembles the elegance and courtliness of a dead world or a world in limbo. The Devil or Death is now scratching the violin the poor private lost when Stravinsky told the soldier's story in 1918.

"No, no, no!" I hear my musician friends cry out. "That's not Stravinsky at all! It's your damned theatrical imagination at work." Granted. But, friends, tell me what Stravinsky means to you. Don't speak in enigmas, and don't talk too much about Bach. When a modern returns to the past, there's always a reason. The reason interests me; Bach, etc. took care of themselves.

Do not suppose that paintings you don't enjoy are difficult, while pictures you do enjoy are simple. . . . I have written of Braque before [TOMORROW, April 1948]. The retrospective show at the Museum of Modern Art affords us an opportunity to trace the development of this master from the day he was like others (the 1906 neo-impressionists) through the time he was like Picasso, to emerge as himself toward 1924, only to become Braque completely in 1929.

The Braque of 1924 onward I enjoy in rapt amazement, but he is never really simple. One will not understand him at a glance. I have been looking at these Braques for years now, and I do not see their "bottom." His work has a light, sharp, witty edge or angularity in an atmosphere of exquisite elegance, richness and unsentimental

grace. Even "atmosphere" is too dense a word. There is a complete absence of human tension, of every feeling beyond the contemplative with a trace of something like a quiet sadness. There is evident not even the will to make pretty, to flatter, to seduce. Flat image or fragment of an image is placed on flat image in a manner that might be called distortion if the word did not connote some harsh intention. Yet the result is a visual "unspatial" singing, an undeniable but not easily defined beauty. It is as if odd ends and corners of all objects including the human figure were arranged in marvelously lovely patterns so that we might exclaim "how lovely is the debris of our world—even unconnected with anything but the artist's magical vision of them in the arrangements he has fashioned in his studio, where he reigns like Prospero on his wondrous isle!"

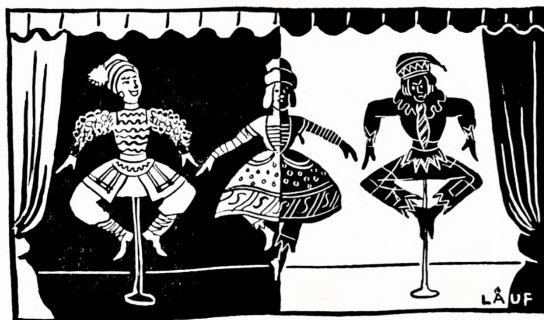
Max Weber is an outstanding American painter whom I have not yet discussed in these columns. The Whitney Museum gave him a large retrospective show last February. Weber is a real painter. He paints like everybody—and like Weber. His specific touch is related to humorous characterization, to a certain wry appreciative observation. He associates what he sees in life—a street, a circus, a restaurant—with painting modern or ancient; therefore he does not paint what he sees. For this reason he is a minor painter.

His latest work tends to a kind of half-jeering humor added to a luxurious and erudite decorativeness, arresting and unpleasant, one might say, false. The sense of caricature is fairly constant and helps give personality to Weber's painting without which it might have none. Even Weber's cubism is humorous.

He has a certain homey warmth that is as enveloping as the mood of a Sabbath dinner in an orthodox Jewish home. Here his color is not of the sweet, stylish sort he developed in the prosperous forties but of a more brooding and substantial nature suggestive of dark earthiness and twilight. This appears in some of the earlier (1930) still-lives and flower pieces. Weber is always vivid—like Jewish speech, wit, theatre.

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I am off to Paris, Rome and the new land of Israel. My next articles should be reports from those places.



THE RECORD SHELF



JOHN BRIGGS

RECORD collectors as a rule tend to think of recorded performances in terms of nuance, phrasing, surfaces, and scratch or the absence of it. Most record collectors would be nonplussed when confronted by an "over-cut." "Mike blast" would be no less incomprehensible. Though listeners might recognize the phenomena, they would hardly classify various recording shortcomings under the headings of "string whistle," "tick" and "plop."

Yet these things are the very raw materials of recording technique.

These are bits of the jargon employed by recording engineers, the undervalued and (in their own opinion, at least) underpaid geniuses who perform the tricky operation of capturing inspiration permanently on wax.

The engineer in a recording studio is the product of engineering skill, imagination and a two-way squeeze. He is under pressure from the artists to transmit their fine inspiration to the record as faithfully as possible. He is concurrently being high-pressured by the factory to turn out records that conform to technical specifications of playability.

Between the two, many a good man has come down with ulcers. The conflict in recording is a result of the fact that any sound-pattern put on a sound-track is a synthetic musical performance.

No voice or instrument records exactly as it is heard in the studio. Sometimes the contrast between voice or instrument at the time of the recording and of the playback is quite astonishing. To impart a lifelike quality to the recorded performance, it is necessary to resort to tricks.

The first and most basic of these also bears in mind the fact that records made for commercial use may or may not be played on the finest record-player available.

To overcome this hazard, most commercial records are "cut high." That is, the upper harmonic overtones are favored to impart a brilliant tone to the recording. A

record so cut will have body enough to overcome scratches, dust and other surface noises.

For similar reasons, a diminuendo in the music is not permitted to go below a carefully fixed minimum. Below a certain critical point, the diminuendo, while audible to the human ear of the conductor performing, will represent so much silent sound-grooves on the finished record.

Simple? Elementary? It is until you sit in on a recording session.

The ears of musicians are phenomenally keen instruments, often rivaling the engineers' sound-measuring equipment in clarity. Arturo Toscanini is in this respect a marvel and a headache to the engineers who record him.

Toscanini's acuity of hearing sometimes violates all the laws of physics. The limit of hearing of the human ear is supposedly fixed at about three decibels. ("Decibel" is a unit of sound approximately equivalent to one-twelfth the sound made by dropping a paper clip on the top of a desk from shoulder height.) Toscanini has on occasion heard variations as slight as one decibel.

Once Toscanini was recording a work in which a barely audible pianissimo gradually built itself to a thunderous fortissimo. Toscanini began the piece barely audibly—so inaudibly that the recording engineer, in desperation at seeing the needle of his recording gauge sink far below the danger mark, hastily added more volume.

Toscanini listened to the playback of the record, and instantly noted the increase in volume, theoretically discernible only by instruments. Sadly, shaking his head, he turned to the recording engineer. "You spoiled my crescendo," he declared.

But Toscanini is not the only musician who possesses a keen pair of ears. Charles O'Connell relates how he once prepared for a recording session with Jascha Heifetz. In anticipation of the event he had had the piano which was to accompany Heifetz tuned the morning of the recording session.

Heifetz entered the studio at the appointed time, scraped his fiddle a couple of times, and announced: "Your piano is flat."

"Why, I had it tuned to 440 this morning," O'Connell replied indignantly.

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"Yes," Heifetz replied, "but I tune to 444."

Most musicians might envy Heifetz' keenness of ear in detecting the difference between an A tuned to 440 and to 444—a difference of considerably less than a chromatic half-step.

Keeness of ear, however, appears to go with being a top-flight performer. Vladimir Horowitz is so sensitive to difference of pitch and tone-color that he has been known to use four different pianos for a single recording session.

Horowitz, who for similar reasons prefers the acoustical conditions prevailing in Town Hall, lines up his four concert grands on the stage. He selects each piano to fit a specific work to be recorded. For a somber work like the Liszt "B Minor Sonata," Horowitz may choose a piano with a dark, gloomy timbre. For a brilliant Mendelssohn work, the pianist may select another instrument possessing a more brilliant tone-color.

A recording veteran, Horowitz knows from experience just how the microphones should be placed to secure the effects he desires. At a recording session he has been known to produce a tape measure and pace off the distance from piano to microphone, to make sure engineers are setting up their instruments according to specifications.

Record men speak the name of Leopold Stokowski almost with reverence. An old-timer in recording, Stokowski utilizes recording techniques almost with the precision of an engineer.

Stokowski became interested in recording techniques before the days of electrical transcription, when orchestras were still making acoustical recordings by playing into a megaphone. Thanks to Stokowski's skillful, imaginative microphone placement, and his close cooperation with recording engineers, his recordings from the twenties are among the few works still considered to be of professional quality by today's standards.

Stokowski, too, owns a keen, discerning pair of ears. Back in the days when playbacks were still using old-style, heavy pickups, Stokowski once made a recording, then listened to the work in performance.

"You have spoiled my recording," he declared. "That is not done as I played it."

Engineers, incredulous, checked everything in sight, finally getting out their instruments to verify the speed of the turntable. They found the weight of the pickup arm had slowed the revolution of the turntable to an appreciable extent, thus sending the record off-pitch for a man with ears to hear.

Stokowski, a pioneer in the science of electronics, made many experiments with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the old days, including use of a gadget placed on the conductor's stand by which the tone of any instrument in the orchestra could be modulated. He once conceived the idea of "riding gain" on his orchestra's performance without the help of an engineer.

"Riding gain" is a shop term derived from the words

appearing under a knob on the engineer's control panel—"audio-frequency gain." It is an indicator showing the point beyond which volume cannot travel without exhibiting the deadly symptoms of "mike blast."

As a rule, when nearing the danger point, engineers simply turn down the volume. Stokowski, however, asked engineers to place the A.F. Gain indicator on his desk, allowing him to control the tone of the instruments by the more orthodox means of signaling to the orchestra.

The experiment did not work. Stokowski then devised a string of neon lights which lighted up as progressively more tone was added to the orchestra. A refinement of this idea is today being used in Hollywood for movie sound tracks. Carried a step further, it resulted in the sine wave indicator, or "oscillograph," familiar to anyone who has taken the guided tour of Radio City and watched the funny patterns made on an opaque screen by sound waves when one talks into a microphone.

Engineers sometimes greet the name of a conductor with anathema, but in the fraternity Stokowski's is a name to conjure with. Stokowski currently is making records with a specially chosen orchestra, in an auditorium selected for its admirable acoustical characteristics, and using as many as 12 microphone channels (three times the usual number) to record a musical performance.

Aside from musician's hypersensitive ears, recording engineers sometimes encounter unscheduled headaches. Last summer Serge Koussevitzky recorded the Bach "Brandenburg" Concerti with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood, Mass. The combination of a famous maestro, a well-drilled orchestra and an acoustically perfect auditorium promised fine results. But the engineers were driven almost frantic by an unforeseen hazard. Tanglewood is a delightfully wooded setting for concerts—but the woods contain birds. Engineers found that whenever they "cut a side," a bird song was unexpectedly embedded in the music.

When engineers went out to Minneapolis to record with Dimitri Mitropoulos, Artur Rubinstein and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, they also expected fine results. Northrup Auditorium was and is an acoustical marvel. It also houses the University of Minnesota band. During a lyric moment of the Tchaikovsky "B-flat Minor Concerto," technicians were horrified to hear the band, in its quarters under the auditorium, warming up on "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

The impatient bandmen were hastily shushed. Recording went on. Each record, however, was spoiled by a curious zooming sound. A checkup revealed that it was a football afternoon, and aircraft from a near-by naval base were "buzzing" the university stadium.

A hasty phone call to the Navy put that in order. The Navy planes were recalled, and the recording session finally got under way.

The engineers take a dim view of such goings-on, feeling the normal hazards of their profession to be more than sufficient headache.

T O M O R R O W

Despite the fact that these hazards are well known and well charted, they still occasion many a gray hair.

Certain instruments are acknowledged to be difficult to record. Oddly enough, the string bass is one. Hearing its discreet, mellow tone in an orchestral performance, you would never guess that engineers lie awake nights thinking about better ways to record the instrument. The trouble is that the string bass has an inordinately wide sound wave. (If you look at a recording under a microscope, the seemingly regular grooves look like nothing so much as a cornfield plowed by a drunken hired man.) The wavy line traced by the bass is so wide that it trespasses into the grooves of the next line, thus quickly collapsing the wall between the grooves. The tympani, too, have this unmannerly habit, known technically as an "overcut."

The French horn, with its peculiar, fluctuating sound wave, is known as a "dangerous" instrument to record. So is the cello, with its "wolf-tones" which are clearly audible in recorded performance. Trickiest of all is the piano; record engineers are still groping for a way to reproduce true piano tone on records.

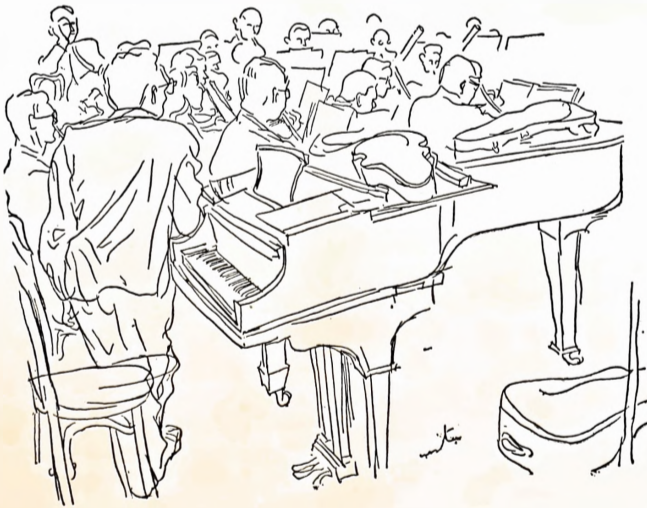
Stringed instruments, when carelessly handled, make an eerie banshee sound not catalogued in the conservatories. To the engineers, however, it is "string whistle." And any instrument is liable to be disfigured by a flaw in the master record or the cutting equipment, resulting in a "plop," or ticking sound.

In some ways, singers give the engineers their worst headache of all. Most engineers want to look through a singer's music before putting it on wax, watching especially for sibilant *c*'s and *s*'s, and above all for the letter *P*. The latter sets off a chain of reverberations like a dozen champagne corks going off at once, resulting in the phenomenon known as "mike blast."

Altogether, with instrumental limitations, and the hazards of the singer's trade, the engineers feel they have their work cut out for them.

"If we cheat a little in the quiet passages," one engineer observed ruefully, "the artist claims we are spoiling his diminuendo. If we let him trail it away to nothing, the factory claims we are turning out an unplayable product. So what are you going to do?"

Which seems, on the whole, a fair question.



BOOKS

Robinson Crusoe: Epic of the Middle Class

IRVING HOWE

WHILE reading *Robinson Crusoe* again, for the first time since childhood, I amused myself by wondering how the same story might be told by a modern writer. What an opportunity for a study in anxiety—a worldly European, perhaps a former revolutionist, is shipwrecked on an uninhabited island; he reviews his life, painfully disemboweling his past and probing into remembered motives; and then, to add a half comic touch, this civilization-weary cosmopolite begins helplessly to grope for food and shelter. Our author, aware that he has a symbolic net with which to snare the modern situation, carefully suggests that his character's predicament is to be seen less in terms of literal meaning than as a paradigm of man's eternal plight, his loneliness and isolation. I concoct this existential Robinson Crusoe not to poke fun at modern writers, whose subject matter is mandated rather than the result of caprice, but to indicate how far we have come since Defoe's hero was shipwrecked and how varying are the perspectives of a Defoe and a modern novelist. Even when Albert Camus tried, in *The Plague*, to reproduce Defoe's sober and literalistic tone, the result testified more to the gap be-

tween the two writers than to any similarity.

Robinson Crusoe (Modern Library reprint; \$1.25; with a fine introduction by Louis Kronenberger) is a perfect expression of the bourgeois mentality at its most virile apogee; its hero sees life as a process of activity, of doing and making. The later bourgeois mentality which sees life as a process of accumulation is only dimly present in the book. Defoe is thoroughly the empiricist, interested in facts and things, convinced of their solidity and fascinated by their creation, and never even knowing what it means to doubt the "reality" of the external world. The world is there for man to act upon it. Defoe is neither solipsist nor dualist; to him man is part of the natural world and cannot consider it merely as an aspect of a pervasive "self"; he exists in constant interaction with nature. His Robinson Crusoe neither indulges in introspection nor views his surroundings as having independent value. The physical world is not a term of esthetic experience, for almost all of the few descriptions of nature in *Robinson Crusoe* have a utilitarian end; it is rather a place in which man works, a factor in the process of production.

Compare this view with the nineteenth-century Romantic feeling for nature in Wordsworth's poetry and Scott's novels; compare Defoe's common sense view of the thing as a given datum to be worked on with the modern view that the thing is dissolved into a process or, in art, into symbolic versions of states of being; compare Crusoe's bourgeois activism and health with Mann's sickly and Martin du Gard's de-energized bourgeois; compare, finally, Crusoe's unimaginative inventiveness with the uninventive imaginativeness of the hero of the modern novel—what a leap the mind must make to bridge these two worlds!

Yet there is one way of reading *Robinson Crusoe* which may bring us quite close to the way Defoe's contemporaries may have regarded it. That is the children's way. We think of *Robinson Crusoe* as a child's book to be read until, say, the age of fourteen; but when we read it again at twice or thrice that age, we are still, beneath our social wraps, tied to that child. If we can imagine why he loved the book, we may penetrate to its essential, quite timeless power.

To the child, living in a constant suppressed war with adults which neither can avoid or remove, *Robin-*

son *Crusoe* must unconsciously seem a parable of liberty, of independence achieved. Seething with a symbiotic blend of hate and love, he comes upon this remarkable book in which a man, in many ways also a child, breaks free—free from his father who does not want him to go to sea (which represents, of course, adventure, unpredictability, *roominess*); free from England, that is, the social milieu; and free from his closest companions, his work (play) mates. *Crusoe* faces dangers, but to the child these are merely the spice of freedom and in any case less important than the fact that he faces them on his own. *Crusoe* begins to build a house, bake bread, tame animals; that is, to make and do things. What else does a child dream of?

As the least romantic because most curious of creatures, the child is charmed when he reads that *Crusoe* dined "like a king . . . all alone, attended by my servants; Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog who was now grown old and crazy . . . sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side of the table and one on the other . . ." *Crusoe* may think this is his kingdom, but the child knows that by all rights it is *his*—and he need not be a particularly innocent child to feel that way. For in *Crusoe's* world one grapples forward to self-sufficiency, the state of existence the child most yearns for, and one learns to do things by painfully remembering how others, the adults, once did them. This is a world, too, in which one is attended and honored by friendly, trustworthy animals. That it should have been created by the fifty-eight-year-old Defoe, a pamphleteering hack, is one of the major curiosities of English literature.

To the child, the world of *Robinson Crusoe* suggests a vicarious initiation into experience; an unshackling of parental bonds; a venture into independent creativity. For, muttheaded and mediocre though he may be, *Robinson Crusoe* is a creative personality able to carve a world of life from an inert island. Therein is the similarity between the early bourgeois and the child: both are interested in exploring, trading, making, bringing their personalities to bear on their environments. By Proust's *Verdurins*,

the child would be infinitely bored and perplexed; by *Robinson Crusoe* he is infinitely charmed.

Is it unreasonable to assume that the large and unsophisticated audience which first read *Robinson Crusoe* in 1719 saw in it charms similar to those children have found ever since? Defoe's audience was the ambitious, rising middle class, literate in a way the middle class can hardly be said to be today, but not at all literary.



The novel was not yet in existence as a definite art form; Defoe sneered at those who wrote merely to tell a story without a justifying moral, though he may have had his tongue partly in his cheek when he said that. Nor did Defoe's audience demand a novel as we think of one today, with its depth analysis or finely motivated portrayal of character and its clear scheme of development and climax. Halfway between a chronicle and a novel, *Robinson Crusoe* has a novel in it but is not itself a novel. Strip away the rather dull picaresque of the book's beginning and end, and you then have a piece of imaginative writing that is very skillfully formed.

Now to the more sophisticated reader of the present day, all of the above attractions are still present in the book, for beneath the layers of meaning that may be ascribed to *Robinson Crusoe* it remains essentially the story of a man shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. Yet the modern reader is curious about other meanings: can a man survive alone? what is the mental and emotional price of isolation? how much of society does

one need? These questions are hardly answered by Defoe because he is hardly interested in them—he dismisses sex in one sentence! His *Crusoe* is exactly the same creature when he leaves the island as when he stepped onto it. If we want to, we can blame Defoe for not answering questions he did not mean to ask; but it hardly seems profitable. Defoe is interested, not in the development of *Crusoe's* character, but in his adaptations to new physical conditions.

Yet Defoe tells us something that is of first importance: there are certain minimum conditions of survival that must be heeded by all men, on *Crusoe's* island or in England. That, I find, is the major source of interest in the book: the notion of a way of life in which intensity is not so much rejected as simply ignored, in which self-scrutiny is a rather boring activity, and in which interaction with one's environment becomes a condition of health. Even if we would, this is hardly a notion we can categorically adopt; but the book makes us feel that it is a notion we can totally disregard only at our extreme peril. The more irrevocably we are committed to a way of life different from that of *Crusoe*, the more are we fascinated by his way and aware of the cost we pay for our inability to adopt it. This is not at all the appeal of exoticism; it is rather the appeal of self-sufficient simplicity.

Which brings us once again to what I have called *Crusoe's* bourgeois outlook, of which, whether through malice or innocence, Defoe does not spare us the least attractive aspects. When *Crusoe* kills a batch of cannibals, he makes himself a neat sum ("21 in all") just as if he were totaling the day's receipts. When he is first shipwrecked, he thinks of his useless money: "O drug! . . . what art thou good for?" But in one of Defoe's wonderful bits of dead-pan statement, *Crusoe* confesses that "upon second thoughts, I took it away, and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas. I began to think of making another raft . . ." Drug or no, money is money. Even in a small matter, *Crusoe* reveals himself: he finds a new cave which "in my fancy I called a kitchen." The cave has little interest for him except as it can be used to store things.

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grandeur and daring, Crusoe unconsciously thinks as an imperialist to the white man's burden born. On finding his man Friday, he "taught him to say *Master*, and then let him know that was to be my name." Friday's wish to worship "me and my gun" anticipates the tradition of colonial stories written by Englishmen.

Yet these are the secondary aspects of Crusoe's bourgeois soul. His snobishness is not virulent; while he teaches Friday to say *Master*, he treats him more like a junior partner than a slave. He has to. Crusoe is running an active community on that island, even if a slightly underpopulated one, and when he sees a chance to increase his labor force by 100 per cent, thereby greatly expanding its productive capacity, he is shrewd and humane enough to realize that good treatment of Friday is the best means to his end. Crusoe is not at all worried about the general problem of means and ends, simply because he doesn't see any such problem; in his life means and ends are not separable, but fuse into a ceaseless expenditure of social energy. His endurance and patience in making things is astonishing; after making an improved grindstone, he simply says: "This machine cost me a full week's work to bring it to perfection." One may not place the highest valuation on this kind of mind, but it is a useful mind and in many ways an admirable one.

Crusoe indulges in intermittent moral monologues (though we suspect Defoe as he puts them in his mouth, for Crusoe is not the kind who would trouble himself with too many such reflections); he never indulges in introspection. I do not think there is one statement of self-analysis in the book. For Crusoe is completely secure in his inner self, and though not elevated, his sense of God is sufficiently usable to keep him going—and is not to keep going his main end in life? In his very absorption in movement and activity, he yet shows an occasional nicety of feeling, a simple unspoiled sense of the genuine that redeems his usual lack of moral curiosity and self-exploration. *Robinson Crusoe* becomes a low pitched paean to a way of living; perhaps not the best way, but certainly not the worst. That it can be read by children as a vicarious realization of their urge to liberty,

while also read by adults as the perfect expression of an ethos that limits the imagination to an adjunct of productivity, is testimony to its greatness as a work of art. And then again, as I have said, it is a story about a man who is shipwrecked . . .

Robinson Crusoe is a man of action, but not a hero. He wishes, not to conquer worlds, but to secure his own. Yet for mere security's sake he must take the most terrible risks. He does not know how many cannibals have come onto the island, but his powerful sense of self-preservation drives him to the most serious absorption in details of defense. He reminds one, in this respect, of another great figure of literature, Homer's Odysseus, who while hardly a bourgeois is still the most practical-minded of Greek heroes.

VIEWED from a distance, the structure of *Robinson Crusoe* is quite simple: a four-part narrative composed of the preliminary adventures: the shipwreck and Crusoe's establishment of a home on the island; the end of his isolation with the coming of the cannibals and Friday; and the rescue and subsequent adventures. The first and last are quite irrelevant; the real novel begins and ends on the island. As such, it is a remarkably well-done piece of writing. It has a unity of place, but to avoid the monotony which might well result from confining Crusoe to one spot, Defoe has him explore, in successive movements, each section of the island, each portion of the beach, with the breathlessness of one discovering a new world. The island is thus revealed to us only by degrees, in direct relation to Crusoe's courage in venturing from the spot he has made his own. Thus, the spatial expansion in the book neatly coincides with Crusoe's increasing security.

Interweaving with these simultaneous developments in space and feeling is the book's alternate expansions and contractions of time. In a narrative in which the possibilities of excitement and climax are ultimately limited, a steady even-paced movement of time could be fatally boring. Hence Defoe, one of the great unconscious artists of English writing, negotiates the most radical shifts of time:

he spends pages describing how Crusoe builds his house or tames his goats and then blithely announces the passage of several years in a parenthetical remark. In the book's development, time, space and feeling are intimately linked: each movement to a new part of the island coincides with both a virtual stoppage of time to allow for detailed concentration on a moment and Crusoe's increased sense of security.

Until, that is, Defoe recognizes that he has exhausted the possibilities of Crusoe's isolation, or at least of an isolation in which introspection is not admitted. Crusoe has gone as far as is plausible in creating a home and securing his food; he has surrounded himself with as many animals as can plausibly be located on the island. Just at the point when the island's internal possibilities seem exhausted, Defoe, master of circumstantial invention, introduces danger from without. The famous footprint which Crusoe sees and the source of which it takes him sixteen years to find—this is surely one of the master strokes of English storytelling, as the chapter entitled "The Print of a Man's Naked Foot" is one of the masterpieces of English narrative. It begins with a bland remark: "It happened one day about noon"—the favorite gambit of numberless writers, but used by none so successfully. "I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore." After having been lulled into feeling that, whatever else, Crusoe is at least safe on his island, what could be more astonishing and frightening than this inexplicable footprint and the bit of frozen understatement with which it is described?

Defoe works the situation for all it is worth. Could the print be that of the Devil? Neither Defoe nor Crusoe seriously credit that possibility, but the speculation is a brilliant device, in that it is not convincing enough to give the reader rest while yet intriguing enough to maintain his curiosity. Then Defoe goes off into a reflection on God's providence; which is all very well, but what about the footprints? Defoe then resolves the immediate tension created by the footprint and yet perpetuates the mystery behind it by having Crusoe turn, this time with genuine feeling, to the

words of the Bible: "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord," His emotions now under control, we have again the Crusoe we have come to know; the Crusoe who after spending "five or six" years on building defenses against the unknown enemies was yet "not altogether careless of my other affairs." This remarkable blend of the eerie and the mundane is, I submit, one of

the most masterful pieces of narrative in the English language.

No one has ever handled the English language with a greater care for concreteness, for the specific object described and dissected, for the value of the thing as a mute reflection of a situation. No English writer has ever written more masterfully of man's external activities—and does it not stand to reason that versions of external activities so accurate and vivid

must tell us something about the human interior too? When Crusoe is shipwrecked and finds that his comrades were drowned, he remarks, "I never saw them afterwards or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap and two shoes that were not fellows." A man who could see or imagine those three hats and two shoes that were not fellows, knew all there was to know about the art of telling a story.

Reviews in General

THREE GOETHE BOOKS

Reviewed by Franz Schoenberger

THE simple fact that Goethe was born exactly two hundred years ago does not necessarily mean that in the world at large or particularly in America the time has become ripe for a true Goethe revival, for a new awareness and understanding of his greatness. Goethe, like every genius of mankind, can speak to us only at the right psychological moment when we are ready for his message.

However this may be, the American publishing world is celebrating this bicentennial anniversary by a generous effort to make Goethe's work accessible to a wider public. None of the many Goethe translations into English has succeeded in doing for him what Edward Fitzgerald did for the *Rubāiyāt* of the mediocre Persian poet Omar Khayyām, a book which became the common property of the English-speaking world of literature. With the exception of serious students and scholars, Goethe's works have been largely ignored by the critics and literary circles who became interested in modern German poets as R. M. Rilke, Stefan George or Kafka.

It was therefore all to the good that Dial Press started the Goethe celebration almost a year ahead, in 1948, with a *Permanent Goethe*, [\$5.00], edited, selected and with an excellent introduction by Thomas Mann. This volume of almost 700 pages contains, in partly new translations, *Faust I*, *Egmont* and *Iphigenia*, *Werther*, parts of *Wilhelm Meister*, of *Elective Affinity* and of *Poetry and Truth*, *Proverbs in Rhyme and in Prose*, about fifty poems and ballades, three essays and

about two dozen letters, which is just enough to stimulate further reading.

The three latest, though certainly not the last contributions to the American Goethe revival, are Ludwig Lewisohn's *Goethe: The Story of a Man* [Farrar, Straus, \$10.00] and Berthold Bierman's *Goethe's World, as Seen in Letters and Memoirs*, [New Directions, \$5.00] both of which emphasize the biographical element; the third one, *Goethe: Wisdom and Experience* edited by Hermann J. Weigand [Pantheon, \$3.75], is a special kind of prose anthology, which emphasizes the writings of the older Goethe.

These three books, thanks to their different approach and thanks to the enormous wealth of material to draw from, seem rather to complement than to compete with each other. (A few inevitable duplications or triplications allow an interesting comparison between different translations.)

Ludwig Lewisohn's is certainly the most ambitious undertaking, even in terms of quantity. In two volumes totaling more than 900 pages, he has compiled a wide variety of material. There are shorter or longer excerpts from Goethe's autobiographical writings, his letters, diaries and conversations (not only with Eckermann), from contemporary memoirs and reminiscences, especially those of his mother, as related by Bettina Brentano, from letters addressed or referring to him, including some most important ones from Schiller—and finally, a very original idea—105 of Goethe's poems. Placed into their biographical context, they regain their original intimate flavor of "poems of occasion," as Goethe himself characterized his poetry. Lewisohn states

that "by far the greater content of this work has never before appeared in English," and that the whole is translated anew, (with the exception of the two "Wanderer's Nightsongs," given in Longfellow's scarcely improvable version.) This imposing labor of love certainly fulfills Lewisohn's main purpose "to restore to the world the image of the man (at least as far as the American world is concerned.)" Whether or not the result is, as Lewisohn puts it, "as enchanting as a great fiction and as haunting as a legend," at any rate it confirms what Goethe at eighty-two expressed in the words: "The meaning and significance of my works and of my life is the triumph of the purely human." Lewisohn is quite right to give scarcely more space to documents connected with Goethe's creative work or philosophical thought than to the epistolary and poetic record of his many loves and passions. He also includes extensive quotations from Goethe's rather prosaic, but always affectionate and often touching letters to the simple "child of nature," Christiane Vulpius who for thirty-five years shared his life as his "good angel," though she rather belatedly became his legitimate wife.

Berthold Bierman's *Goethe's World* moves, so to speak, "on a higher plane" and gives, accordingly, a less vivid picture of Goethe's human personality. There are very few letters to Christiane, not many to Charlotte von Stein, and nothing of Goethe's poetry. The almost fatal passion of Ulrike von Levetzow, the girl of nineteen who inspired the poignant farewell of the "Marienbader Elegie," is only

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mentioned in the editorial note to Ulrike's own short and reticent account, written many years later. She dryly describes Goethe's birthday celebration, speaks of the "wonderful time we spent with this amiable man" and closes with the terse remark, "It was no love affair." But in little more than 400 pages, the editor has tried to outline a fairly wide panoramic view of Goethe's most decisive human experiences and the essential manifestations of his multiform genius. Besides characteristic selections from Goethe's correspondence and autobiographical writings, which form the main body of the book, Bierman has drawn not only from German but also from English and American sources. We see Goethe through the eyes of G. H. Calvert, J. G. Cogswell, George Bancroft, William Emerson, George Ticknor and other visitors from abroad who, in most cases, came to understand, like the Englishman Henry Crabb Robinson, that Goethe's icy dignity "was necessary in self-defense—his only protection against the intrusion which would otherwise have robbed him and the world of a large portion of his life."

Many of the translated pieces have never before been presented in the English language and many appear here in new modern versions. The addition of thirty-two illustrations, mostly portraits of Goethe and other persons closely connected with him, contribute to the documentary value of the book though the reproductions are technically not quite perfect.

Goethe: Wisdom and Experience concentrates on giving the reader a representation of Goethe's world of thought rather than a well rounded picture of his life and works. The selections have been newly translated and edited by Hermann J. Weigand whose introductory essay traces with deep understanding the long process of Goethe's spiritual development. Seven great chapters under the headings Religion, Nature, Science and Philosophy, the Social Sphere, the Moral Sphere, Art, the Body Politic, are subdivided by mere specific captions under which the most significant expressions of Goethe's intuitive wisdom are arranged in chronological order, revealing his whole philosophy of life in its basic continuity, despite occasional contradictions. The total

omission of Goethe's poetry is explained by the editor's categorical assertion that "true poetry essentially defies translation," and that "for those who want to take the measure of Goethe as a poet, there is no recourse but to read him in German." One would like to qualify this rigorism by referring to the fact that, like so many German poets, Goethe himself served the idea of world literature by transposing foreign poetry and prose into the German language. He spoke from experience when he said that translators (not only of poetry) "are like match-makers who solicitously praise the charms of a half-veiled beauty—they arouse an irresistible desire for the original." He would undoubtedly have appreciated the renewed attempts of Lewisohn, Weigand, Bierman or other editors and translators, to transmit as much as possible of his own timeless spirit and to allow him to speak in a foreign tongue, two hundred years after his birth, to a still youthful nation which, in his old age he viewed with lively sympathy and with prophetic understanding.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

by Mark Van Doren

Reviewed by Ludwig Lewisohn

IT is a right and fruitful notion that the national cultural heritage be re-interpreted for the use of this generation. The application of this notion in practice has given us the new *Literary History of the United States* [Macmillan] composed by a very large and representative group of American scholars and critics; it is also giving us the new American Men of Letters series, of which Mr. Mark Van Doren's *Nathaniel Hawthorne* is the third volume to appear.

These new efforts at re-interpreting and re-appraising the national past for the use of the present are by their own immensely odd character difficult to interpret and appraise. What is that character? It must be described chiefly by negatives. A very careful scrutiny reveals no critical method, no direct approach that can be charted, no point from which men or their works are viewed. As one of the most accomplished and at times most moving of contemporary poets, Mr. Van Doren long ago established a style, an

attitude, even an implicit philosophy of his own; like most good poets he commends an at least fluid and agreeable, at times indeed, a felicitous prose style. As a critic he shares with the writers of the new *Literary History of the United States* a careful, an almost nervous abstention from the use of any recognizable critical organon, old or new.

He tells again pleasantly enough the facts of Hawthorne's life, both of his personal life and of his literary career; he describes the well-known writings as they have often, though perhaps less happily, been described; he makes occasional acute observations, as when he speaks of Hawthorne's "nostalgia for the ordinary which is one of his most characteristic and touching notes." But he lets it go at that. This very observation might so easily have been the keynote to some sort of interpretation, first of the notebooks, next of the works. But Mr. Van Doren stops dead. A previous generation, even in the person of Vernon Parrington, sold as he was to the nonsense of economic causes as operative in culture, did better than that.

No suggestion is here made that Mr. Van Doren ought to have used one critical method or approach rather than another. What is asked is: why he used no method—the integration of man and work, as quite immortally used by Sainte-Beuve, or a variation of that method as deepened or enlarged by a more recent psychological science, or else (and perhaps this was the mode to be expected) the magnificent neo-rhetorical method of Paul Valéry, with its emphasis on *how* a work is written rather than on what the artist sought to say. For the use of this method which leads, as Valéry knew, to an ultimate dealing with the soul as well, Mr. Van Doren had many opportunities, as when he quotes Hawthorne as saying: "*The Scarlet Letter*, being all in one tone, I had only to get my pitch, and could then go on interminably." And excellently Mr. Van Doren comments: "The one tone of *The Scarlet Letter* was the deepest, most dangerous, most painful tone he was ever to strike." But this sentence is not the prelude to an analysis or discussion of that "tone" or even to a really close characterization of it. Mr. Van Doren

simply quits, as do all the contributors to the new *Literary History of the United States*, on the brink of any depth, at the edge of any troubled waters. No angel is permitted there to trouble them. No angel is invoked.

Sainte-Beuve used to say that the best a critic could do was to "advance the matter" and not "leave it quite where it was before." Wisely he did not speak of discoveries or of correctness in these subtle and delicate and shifting matters. But Mr. Van Doren leaves the matter of Hawthorne, the life, the works, the style, just where these were before. He is right enough when he calls an observation of Henry James concerning Hawthorne's notebooks "inadmissible." But he makes no alternative suggestion. Henry James at least tried. He does not. Surely there is, there must be, a relationship between man and manner, experience and expression, the soul and the style, the character and subject choice, else why write about writing? Mr. Van Doren attempts to build none of these bridges and so, by an extreme oddity of history and cultural history, this volume with all its graces is in substance no more than an introduction to Hawthorne on, let us say, a freshman level. But it must be added at once that Mr. Van Doren's refusal to penetrate the matter of his book with *mind* is not indicative of any individual lack of talent, scholarship or penetration within him. It is his yielding to the temper of a stupefied age.

That temper, as has been suggested, is massively illustrated in the new *Literary History of the United States*. Psychological criticism is, for the time being, out of fashion. The silly people who yielded to the Marxian nonsense are properly discredited. The next step—unless the neo-rhetorical method of Valéry and, if one pleases, T. S. Eliot is to be used—in criticism must and will in due time involve a new and other notion of the sum of things. That notion neither Mr. Van Doren nor his fellow scholars and critics are ready even to approach. And since criticism is integrated with, and the flowering of, a general view "of man, of nature and of human life," he who has no general view can choose no critical method nor apply it to the substance under his scrutiny. Only a religion (a binding together of all

things) can guide a critic or a poet. And so our poets retire to a voluntary obscurity and our critics abstain from criticism. That abstention is both symptom and judgment. Unless chaos come, new bindings must arise.

William Sloane Associates, \$3.50

LUCIFER WITH A BOOK

by John Horne Burns

Reviewed by Marc Brandel

JOHN HORNE BURNS' second novel, *Lucifer With a Book*, is as widely different from his first, *The Gallery*, in subject, style and approach as it is possible for two novels by the same author to be. The former, which has frequently and with justice been named amongst the best of the war novels, was remarkable amongst other things for its subtle, though perfectly honest handling of some of the more noisome aspects of army life. Now, adopting the exactly opposite method, Mr. Burns attacks what would seem on the surface to be a comparatively quiet subject, a private school in New England, with Rabelaisian candor.

All the characters in his new book are considerably larger than life size, from Mr. Pilkey, the grotesque principal of the academy, to Philbrick Grimes, his toadying assistant, and even the beautiful Betty Blanchard, ex-WAC teacher of Spanish and her embittered-veteran lover, Guy Hudson.

They are in fact quite frankly caricatures, and using them as such Mr. Burns has tried, through them, to illuminate, attack and finally condemn the whole system of private education in America. Whether he has succeeded from either a literary or a social standpoint is a wide open question, the answer to which would seem to depend largely on one's own personal reaction to Mr. Burns' very personal point of view. Just as, for instance, whether one accepts Noel Coward's somewhat apostate patriotism, or is merely sickened by it, would seem to depend rather on one's attitude toward Mr. Coward himself than on one's feelings about nationalism.

There is almost no story, certainly no plot in Mr. Burns' novel. Although he does go back and trace the frankly improbable history of his academy, what he is essentially trying to do is

to present a broad picture, in purple, scarlet and black, of life in a private school with all its overtones of snobbery, perversion and just plain idiocy. His publishers have applied the word satire to his book, but it is in fact closer in feeling to an eighteenth-century lampoon, a kind of "Gothic" grotesque, evidently written at white heat and with enormous personal venom.

It is the obvious presence of this personal bitterness that is the key to both the weakness and strength of the book. His own experiences as a teacher in a private school seem to have filled Mr. Burns, not with cold Swiftian anger, but with uncontrollable rage, which because of its lack of discipline verges dangerously close at times to petulance. He strikes out blindly in all directions at once, slapping rather than chastising, and working himself into an equally outraged fury over the "hideous indignity" suffered by Guy Hudson in being forced to show his grade books to the principal, and the vulgar blatancy of American radio-influenced culture.

On the credit side there is a great deal about *Lucifer With a Book* that is refreshingly alive and arresting. There is a Dickensian vigor to many of the characters and the very fact of Mr. Burns' tremendous personal involvement in his subject, his sustained if occasionally absurd passion, is a pleasant and engaging relief from the usual spate of "delicate themes sensitively handled."

Perhaps the author himself has best summed up his own work by saying in a recent interview that it was something "he had to get out of his system." It is only a pity that he could not have managed to egest it a little more intellectually. If he had, he might have avoided such lapses in the writing as "his blue eyes flickered like a cornered rat's," and such travesties of over-exaggeration as the scene where the members of the faculty, both male and female, engage in a free-for-all at the instigation of the principal, the more sensitive weep from outraged modesty and Guy Hudson finds himself "being gouged by a Ph.D." He might, too, have seen his subject more clearly in relation to American life, have realized, for instance, that whatever the faults of private education in America these schools are infinitely

less barbarous, less snobbish and less vicious than the English schools, after which they are patterned; and then he might have succeeded in presenting a far more damning and convincing indictment than he has of the kind of education to which a certain percentage, however small, of American boys are yearly subjected.

Harper, \$3.50

**19 STORIES BY GRAHAM GREENE
A TREE OF NIGHT AND OTHER
STORIES**

by Truman Capote

Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin

GRAHAM GREENE presents these stories in a somewhat deprecatory manner; quite uncalled for when the reader compares the quality of this collection with Mr. Greene's novels and entertainments. Call them merely "by-products of a novelist's career," as Mr. Greene chooses to do, and still we must recognize his fine literary craftsmanship, his quite wonderful talent for sheer storytelling. Of course, like most collections, the total effect is uneven, for there are extraordinarily good, finished pieces thrown in with mere sketches containing the barest skeletons of plot. Also, it is quite obvious that some of these tales were written on a sort of novelist's "busman's holiday," with perhaps more thought given by Mr. Greene, at the time, to exercising his pen with the exacting short-story form than to entertaining in print his vast reading public. However, taken as a whole, this collection sheds fresh light on Graham Greene the novelist, revealing his growth as a creative artist over a span of nineteen years. On the man himself, on the unresolved question as to whether Greene is a saint or cynic, the light is even more candid but much less flattering. We find Greene the moralist too often usurping the role of Greene the storyteller in these pieces. It is this moral fervor and peculiar concern with man beset by evil and yearning to reach God through a maze of anguish and despair which appear to discolor and distort many of his best characters and dramatic situations.

A master of the psychological thriller, Mr. Greene is at his best when building up suspense as in stories

like "A Drive In the Country," "Brother," "Across the Bridge" and "A Chance for Mr. Lever." Or in making the commonplace memorable with a tale like "The Innocent," which captures so compellingly the nostalgic tug of the past on a man and his ironical awakening to the abyss which separates him forever from childhood's innocence. He is particularly successful with stories of children. "The Basement Room" is a fine study of a seven-year-old boy's terror, the terrible stunting impact from the adult world that evil can have on a sensitive child. This story is marred, however, by Mr. Greene's irritating habit of casting an omniscient eye into the future. He shatters the awesome mood of his tale by stretching its boundaries to a deathbed some sixty years hence. In such stories as "I Spy," "The Hint of An Explanation," "The End of the Party," also about adolescence, Mr. Greene reveals to us a truly remarkable insight into the mind and heart of a child. He appears here to perceive things in that elusive world that suggest that he is fully aware of the shadow and substance fabric of human existence. Perhaps he is on the whole more appealing and successful with his children because he does not regard them as either saints or sinners; his children are not exposed to the harsh dictum that most of the grown-ups in his stories are. They have not yet come into their grim heritage; the children are spared the scorn Mr. Greene has for the adults who dare to be optimistic when they have reason only to despair of their lot on this earth. Life, after all, is a very serious, conscience-ridden business to Graham Greene; and that may be the reason why there is more sardonical laughter than genuine merriment even in his lighter stories.

For those who revel in the macabre, and are not daunted by ghosts or haunted by nightmares in their waking hours, we would have thought Mr. Capote's concoction would have been most satisfying. But apparently they, meaning Mr. Capote's fans, from all appearances are disappointed in a talent that produces so sensational a novel as *Other Voices, Other Rooms* and now shows more restraint, something more than a precocious imagination in a collection of short stories

ranging from the poetically sincere to the imprudently absurd.

The appeal of these stories really depends on how easily the readers permit Mr. Capote to pull wool or gossamer over their eyes. Some of us are not very startled or frightened by Mr. Capote's weird types because we have met many of them before in the cartoons of Charles Addams. And a visit to the carnival should settle our minds once and for all, for there we would see the Punch and Judy show and the extremely morbid attraction it has for Mr. Capote. But his puppets or animated dolls belong in a torture chamber devised by some adolescent deviltry we cannot always fathom, not in the nursery or Fun Fair. All eight of Mr. Capote's stories imply that improbability is his exclusive field of operations. In "A Tree of Night" a young lady on a train falls under the spell of an eerie couple who practice going into trances in rented show windows for a living. In another story, "Children on Their Birthdays," a southern belle of tender years subdues all the adolescents in a village before she is finally "done in" by the six o'clock bus from Mobile. In "Miriam" we have an unbearable child who attaches herself to a helpless widow, while "The Headless Hawk" exemplifies still another variation on Mr. Capote's monotonous theme of how it feels to be haunted. It does not seem to matter, though, who is who in these stories; for nearly all of Mr. Capote's characters, those who do the haunting, and those who are the haunted, are throughout the same bugaboo and fey child-narrator in different disguises.

Viking Press, \$2.75
Random House, \$2.75

FEAR, WAR, AND THE BOMB

by P. M. S. Blackett

Reviewed by R. W. Stoughton

PROFESSOR BLACKETT has written a book calculated to startle those who have held the relatively comfortable belief that any failures in the United Nations' attempt to control atomic research are ascribable to Russian intransigence. In this reviewer's opinion, the author is inclined to exaggerate Russian honor and American deviousness; but considering the

political temper of our times, this bias is hardly likely to have a deep effect on American policy or public opinion. At the same time, Professor Blackett succeeds in putting his finger on some aspects of the Baruch Plan which are open to improvement; and serious, careful, unbiased consideration of his arguments can have only a healthy effect.

A large portion of the book is devoted to an analysis of the present and possible (within twenty-five years) uses of the atomic bomb. Blackett, in a sense, "debunks" the bomb by pointing out that even the maximum devastation created by strategic atomic bombing would not eliminate the necessity of invasion and occupation in a possible third world war; hence, the atomic bomb, while making a third world war vastly more destructive, would not make it short. In his anxiety to offset what he considers "hysterical" speculation about atomic war, he does seem to overlook its capacity for total simultaneous destruction of many cities and the consequent vastly increased problems involved in rehabilitation methods. Nor does he discuss, although he mentions it, the possible combined use of atomic bombs and deadly bacteria. Furthermore, his speculations on future atomic war extend from five to twenty-five years; beyond this no one can make statements with any degree of accuracy.

Blackett's analysis of the factors leading up to the present impasse in the UNAEC rests largely on his theory that the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima more as a diplomatic than a military maneuver; that its purpose was primarily to ensure Japan's surrender to the United States alone in order that we should not have to share with Russia the credit of winning the Pacific war and military occupation and government of Japan, after having agreed to a simultaneous U. S. and Russian offensive against the common foe. His documentation is by no means entirely convincing, but the theory is coherent; and if it is correct, it may account in large part for Russian distrust of American motives in atomic control planning. Dr. Philip Morrison, a physicist working at Los Alamos during the war, has commented in this connection, in the February issue

of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*: "I can testify personally that a date near August tenth was a mysterious final date which we, who had the daily technical job of readying the bomb, had to meet at whatever cost in risk or money or good development policy."

One of Blackett's most interesting, and little publicized, points concerns the relative importance of the development of atomic power for industrial purposes in the economies of Russia and the United States. To our highly industrialized country the development of such power is unimportant, if not definitely undesirable to those in control of our present oil and coal resources. But the Russian standard of living could be raised by atomic power to rival our own. As against such enormous economic opportunity, the Russians, according to Blackett, are inclined to minimize the fact that plants suited to the production of industrial atomic power are also suited to the production of bombs. Since the Baruch Plan provides not only for international inspection of such plants, but for their ownership by the UN, Blackett maintains that the Russians are understandably reluctant to agree to a plan whereby a U.S.-dominated majority might control their economy.

The third major issue discussed in the book is the question of the "stages" in the Baruch Plan. Blackett's thesis is that the initial stages of the Baruch Plan involve certain concessions by Russia, with the corresponding benefits to Russia to accrue at later stages in the Plan. The terms of the Plan, however, are such that each advance to a later "stage" depends on a majority vote in the UN Security Council. This difficulty, Blackett believes, can be got around by an approach toward total disarmament rather than disarmament applied only to atomic bombs. In this way the Russian land army could be equated somehow with the U. S. stock pile of bombs, and disarmament agreements satisfactory to both nations could be reached. Blackett very sensibly points out that biological weapons present as great a threat as the atomic bomb and yet these are not given consideration in the Baruch Plan.

Professor Blackett's constructive criticism is limited; indeed, his book professes to be an analysis of the

present difficulties rather than a proposed specific way out. His attitude toward American military, diplomatic and political thought is unwaveringly censorious; toward Soviet diplomatic and political action he evinces only sympathy, as to an underdog. At times this emotional bias results in absurdities; but the total effect of the book is not unhealthy in contrast with the messianic light in which the majority of our newspapers view American foreign policy.

Whittlesey House, \$3.50

PEAKS AND LAMAS

by Marco Pallis

Reviewed by Signe Toksvig

IT is difficult to give a fair idea of the vividness and richness, the insight and the spiritual importance of a book such as *Peaks and Lamas*. In 1940 its first small edition, from English sheets, passed nearly unnoticed. News from Tibet was not yearned for then. Now the author has completely revised the book, in the light of increased knowledge, and added an important chapter.

As a piece of book-making it is superb. Many fine photographs portray the amiable natives and that augustness of Tibetan nature which dwarfs the word "scenery." Simply as a travel book it stands high, but that is incidental. And, illuminating as its chapters are on folk art, free of dry abstractions, they too are by the way, though woven into the main theme.

"Why did you go up to the Zemu and try to climb snow mountains? I would know your true purpose." So the Buddhist abbot asked Marco Pallis, the Anglo-Greek. Mr. Pallis was perplexed. In 1933, he had come to the frontiers of Tibet for the exaltation of scaling Himalayan peaks and glaciers; in 1936, he had returned, ostensibly for the same reason, but really to seek the exaltation of that climb toward "Reality," in which he had come to feel the true Tibetan lama was engaged. This abbot was one of his greatest finds, a man "possessed of powers both temporal and psychic," yet who set no store by them. Pallis had to answer his question, and he said something lame about mountain solitude. "You will never find it thus."

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the abbot warned. "The solitude to seek is the concentration of your own heart; if you have once found it, it will not matter where you are."

Pallis wandered far in search of instruction. Much was freely given to him, and he gives much to his readers, but it is not the pseudo-occult stuff served by the unqualified for the unprepared. Pallis not only had expert knowledge of mountains and folkways, butterflies and flowers (he writes of their pure and dazzling colors so as to make a gardener's heart bleed with longing) but he had learned Tibetan. And he came with the background of a man who knew western religious metaphysics, so that he could meet his Buddhist instructors on their own ground. Through their aid—he makes us know them as friends, especially the gentle Painter Lama—he summarizes a unique setting forth of the Doctrine. Having taken his own advice to go to those best qualified in any religion for light upon it, Buddhism has probably never been explained with such diamond clarity as in his chapter, "The Round of Existence." Agreeing with Guénon and with Coomaraswamy, Pallis opposes to "materialism" not "religion," which he feels is a partisan word, but "Tradition," which for them means the one foundation of all religions. This Tradition "from non-human sources" is that of a common Unity or Divine Ground. The Buddhist despairing of description often calls it Voidness or "Nothing." So did the Catholic Meister Eckhart; in this "Nothing," he said, all things are essentially "fused but not confused." In it man's illusory ego is at last transcended. Those who have thus perfectly experienced "the Void," or "God," are known in the Buddhist Tradition as Buddhas and Bodhisattvas; in the Christian Tradition as Christ and Saints; alike in striving to help release an ego-racked mankind.

In his chapter, "The Presiding Idea," close-packed as a seed, Pallis develops in subtler detail what he outlined in "The Round of Existence." (He finished it after he had been to Lhasa itself in 1947.) It goes a long way toward releasing Tradition itself from bondage to vocabulary. For instance, if the Christian stresses "Love" and the Buddhist stresses "Knowledge," both mean the same. That

"the other" is "myself" is the Knowledge which leads to the "Formless" or "God."

Adherence to a "traditional" form is best, but only "idolatry" claims that its particular form is the only right one. We are put to shame by the men on the Chinese-Tibetan border who ask each other, "And to what sublime Tradition do you belong?"

Unflinchingly honest, Mr. Pallis records leeches as well as strawberries, corrupt lamas as well as saintly ones. The egoless ideal of Buddhism, however, has so affected the author that he hides himself. But his manner of seeing gives him to us, with his sensitive perception of the paths leading to both physical and spiritual peaks, his simple pilgrims and subtle lamas. Among the Tibetans, "Translator" may be a saintly title, applied to the men who translated the Buddhist scriptures into their language. Marco Pallis has done much to interpret Christian and Buddhist ideas in terms of each other. Some day, though he would probably be one of the dourer saints, he may be known as St. Marco, the Translator.

Knopf, \$6.50

SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION

by Thomas Merton

Reviewed by Donald Demarest

THIS book which the author, a Trappist Monk, modestly describes as "more or less disconnected thoughts and ideas and aphorisms about the interior life," is deceptively simple, disarmingly humble and luminous with wisdom. It is actually nothing more or less than a contemporary guide to the contemplative life.

However, the reader who is looking in this message from a monastery for some vague comfort or uplift—Peace of Mind, Peace of Soul—will be brought up short by this sentence: "If you regard contemplation principally as a means to escape from the miseries of human life, as withdrawal from the anguish and the suffering of this struggle for reunion with other men in the charity of Christ, you do not know what contemplation is, and you will never find God in your contemplation." Frater Louis also brings a sword. *To the fuzzy-minded*: "He should be able to explain his belief

in correct terminology—and terminology with a content of genuine ideas." *To the witch-hunters*: "A man cannot be a perfect Christian—that is a Saint—unless he is a Communist." *To the rich*: "But you will say it is practically impossible for a rich man to put into practice this clear teaching of Scripture and Catholic tradition. You are right." *To the do-gooders*: "It is easy enough to tell the poor to accept their poverty as God's Will when you yourself have warm clothes and a roof over your head and no worry about the rent. But if you want them to believe you—try to share some of their poverty and see if you can accept it as God's Will yourself."

Seeds of Contemplation may disabuse its many readers about the contemplative life. It is remarkably hard-hitting and exhibits more sheer common sense than most of us are in the habit of associating with mysticism. While this book is completely contemporary in tone and idiom, it is at the same time often irresistibly reminiscent of the *Pensées* of Pascal, the Thomist aphorisms, and, even, of Blake's *Proverbs of Heaven and Hell*. Although for the most part the language is sober, quiet and serious, the style epigrammatic, the thought knotty and muscular, occasionally there are passages of sheer poetry that remind us of *A Man in the Divided Sea* and *Figures of an Apocalypse*:

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"But the great, gashed, half-naked mountain is another of God's saints. There is no other like it. It is alone in its own character; nothing else in the world will ever imitate God in quite the same way. And that is its sanctity."

Seeds of Contemplation is also informed by a real sense of humor and contains some salutary advice to the zealous: "One of the first things you must learn if you want to be a contemplative is how to mind your own business. . . . Nothing is more suspicious, in a man who seems holy, than an impatient desire to reform other men." The book should be required reading for all religions.

New Directions, \$3.00

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New Directions, \$3.00

My Favorite Forgotten Book

A N N E F R E M A N T L E

LOUIS GOLDING, who met Norman Douglas in 1924, described him as a person who no one would be surprised to learn was a distinguished Methodist preacher. "Fine hair, silver-gray eyes, mouth and chin combining to give an air of effortless sanctity. What learning, what charm, what sanity!" Mr. Golding notes a dislike of goats, but also a passion for cheese, especially the cheese of Catanzaro, and for many glasses of red wine, drunk slowly in good company.

An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate, the Elizabethans used to say. Mr. Douglas, who has made his home in Capri for longer than most people have made on this earth, was at one time third secretary in the British Embassy in St. Petersburg, as Leningrad was called then. He was listed as G. N. Douglas.

In his own right, the author of *They Went* and of *South Wind* is a mysterious character. His first book was published in 1882; his first works were zoological monographs: "On the Variations of Color in European Squirrels"; "On the Variations of Plumage in the Corvidae"; "On the Present Position of the Beaver in Europe."

Around 1886, strangely named works started appearing also in German: *Der Moorfrisch*, for example, and in 1892, *Zur Fauna Santorins*.

Suddenly, after World War I, came the successful novels, and the descriptive books, of which *Old Calabria* is probably the best known.

They Went remains, I think, Norman Douglas' best book. But it has always been neglected. As long ago as 1927, Edward McDonald, in a bibliography he published of all Mr. Douglas' works to that date, asked, "Why has *South Wind* so completely overshadowed *They Went* in popular esteem? The latter is a woefully neglected book."

It was in the summer of 1921 that I first read this book. It was the driest summer of a century, unsurpassed until 1947. A fantastic, unbelievable year, when one could swim from April through October, when one could say, tomorrow we will go for a picnic. And tomorrow, when we went, the extra loaves ordered for sandwiches would be gobbled up, instead of reappearing, as they did every other year, as summer-pudding for days after, because of the rain that left stale loaves in the larder.

To make the picnic absolutely perfect, a book was essential. One perfect June morning, when the hot smell of wallflowers was coming in from the garden, I found a mauve, cloth-bound book. *They Went* it was called, and it looked as though it had plenty of conversations in it. It began splendidly with a description of a tremendous rainbow lighting a sea-city. No one was bothering much, for the city was "a dampish, afternoonish, rainbowish sort of place" remote in time and space and climate from the crisp gorse-nutty Sussex morning in which I stood. It was a magical novel, history and fairy tale, parable and romance. A completely adult book, many-faceted, many-tiered, laconic, yet exciting enough to enjoy, aged eleven. Of course I immediately identified myself completely with the wicked red-gold-headed heroine, though to my bitter (and lasting) envy, her eyes were green to my gray.

They Went tells of a princess, young, lonely, with aged parents. One afternoon, nineteen years or so before the story opens, the queen of this watery country was sitting on the great wall, built by her husband to keep out the encroachments of the sea, and to redeem the acres of marshy land upon which he had built

his thriving, trading town. In a pea-green boat, a stranger arrived, Aithryn, king of a rival country. He consoled the queen (dressed in blue, with an old-fashioned amber necklace) for her childlessness, and then departed, promising one day to return. When the queen's daughter is grown into a princess, the story opens, just as a banquet is being prepared to welcome the second Christian missionary.

Mr. Douglas has himself specified that the place where the rainbow-beset city once lay was somewhere off the coast of Brittany, and that the story's date is around 400 A.D.

The characterization is a miracle of understatement. All are vivid, multi-dimensional, alive: the drunken old king, the princess' putative father, once a great warrior, now always in his cups; the fond, foolish mother, scared of her strange, green-icicle of a daughter, who, though generally a good girl who liked to please her parents, went her own way. Mother Manthis, the chief druidess, who ran the college of the sacred rock, a superior boarding school, where the "babchicks," the girls, were trained to be good, virtuous and plain maidens, who would have made wonderful wives and mothers for the citizens had they but desired spouses with such qualities; and the two missionaries, the old, who crosses Mother Manthis and is sacrificed by her in the sacred grove he wished cut down, and the young, for whom she has sympathy (he is thrown down the Great Drain, after the usual preliminaries): all are vivid and valid.

But it is, of course, the princess herself, with her tower so conveniently situated over the Great Drain (her first lover to end that way was the Roman architect who designed the Great Drain, the city, the sluice and the walls and all), who is the liveliest, as she is the loveliest, figure. She, having all things, has also accidie, world-weariness: and only has not called in the devil (she knows how, of course) because he always comes, uncalled, when he is wanted.

He appears quietly. Theophilus, as the Greek merchant calls himself, is inconspicuously at the banquet for the second missionary. Next day, at the zoo, while the princess is watching the unicorn family, a voice beside her says, "We are the lonely

Reviews in Brief

unicorns, Princess." Theophilus quickly becomes indispensable; it is he who improves the princess' barbaric manners; it is he who shows her how to beautify her coarse city, how to mix paint so it will stick on the salt-saturated walls, how to treat the captured dwarfs so they will work, not wilt; how to make the best, and get the best, out of everyone. Then he decides to go. The princess offers him anything, everything, to stay—including herself. He is coldly disinterested: he is not a Roman engineer, nor yet a Christian missionary. By the way, that reminds him. There is a little something the princess might do for him. That missionary—it might be a very good thing if he disappeared? The All-Highest, Whose servant the missionary is, and Theophilus once had a slight disagreement—that's why Theophilus is lame. The missionary duly disappears. But the All-Highest gets His own back. He usually does. Aithryn becomes a Christian, and decides to visit his unknown daughter, and to destroy the sinful city. Theophilus knows all about it, of course. But the princess forgets, or delays, to get the key for the sluice from the drunken old king's belt, as Theophilus bade her.

Aithryn, philoprogenitive, having stolen the key, and sunk the city, is stabbed by his daughter, but too late. Theophilus and the princess set off together for a city where there are no rainbows. "No rainbows?" asks the astonished princess, who cannot imagine such a place. "I think not," Theophilus replies. "They went."

The Misfortunes of Elfn by Thomas Love Peacock, has the same theme, roughly, as *They Went*, as has also Lalo's saccharine opera, *Le Roi D'Ys*. Mr. Douglas claims that his description of the devil is based on F. H. Hall's *Pedigree of the Devil* and on A. de Gubernatis' *Zoological Mythology*. Mr. Douglas first thought of calling the book "Theophilus" but his publishers preferred *They Went*. It is to be hoped that the current spate of publicity enjoyed by the devil in literature—as witness, the *Life* magazine article, the writings of C. S. Lewis, Denis de Rougemont and Charles Williams—will bring also to *They Went* the prestige and popularity it deserves.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN, by WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, Introduction by Horace Gregory (*New Directions*, \$1.50). A new edition of Dr. Williams' "aggressively non-professional" interpretation of certain aspects of American history, in which fact and fantasy are combined. Dr. Williams' brilliant analysis of Eric the Red, Columbus, Ponce de Leon, Raleigh, Daniel Boone, Ben Franklin and others down to Lincoln, paved the way for many less successful emulators in the years that followed publication of the first edition in 1925. Horace Gregory contributes an enthusiastic and informative introduction in which he remarks that the book "has exerted an influence that rose from the subsoil of the time in which it was written, and like all work of highly original temper and spirit and clarity it survives the moment of conception."

THE ETHICS OF AMBIGUITY, by SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR (*Philosophical Library*, \$3.00). Miss de Beauvoir first describes, and rather convincingly too, the utterly absurd and chaotic state of human existence. Then she willingly accepts the formidable chore of attempting to give man some ethical basis for values, a reason for creative endeavor in the midst of this chaos. He can't master his absurd condition, she admits, but he can continue to create without resorting to the blindness of despair or the hysteria of a secular mysticism. The answer, of course, lies in the ambiguous ethics of existentialism. Like fellow existentialist, Jean-Paul Sartre, Miss de Beauvoir manages to be readable and even entertaining under the most unlikely circumstances.

THE LOTTERY or The Adventures of James Harris by SHIRLEY JACKSON (*Farrar, Straus*, \$2.75). A collection of twenty-five stories the author of which, the book jacket informs us, is a practicing amateur witch specializing in small-scale black magic. Indeed, Miss Jackson has thoroughly bewitched many of the rather ordinary people she writes about, placing them in situations which give both

them and the reader a feeling of complete insanity. Throughout most of these chilling little tales roams James Harris, the daemon lover, who in many guises invests the commonplace with satanic mischief. The title story of the volume, which brought an unusual amount of mail to the *New Yorker* when it appeared in that magazine last year, is a gruesome allegory involving an old New England custom, and you may interpret it according to your appreciation of the horrible.

THE SONS OF NOAH, by NEGLEY FARSON (*Harcourt, Brace*, \$3.50). A pleasant novel about the twenties which manages to convey some new impressions of that gaudy, overwritten era. Mr. Farson, a reporter who happens to like plain people and the simple life, here extols the pleasures of fishing and game hunting, and quietly contrasts the self-sufficient shipboard habits of a doctor with the feverish go-getting existence of a Scott Fitzgerald type. The novel, autobiographical in form, also includes a complicated, triangular love affair which would have delighted an Elizabethan playwright. A leisurely, unhurried writer, Mr. Farson is at his best when he evokes the salty coastlands from Cape May to Cape Hatteras where, he seems to feel, the real strength of America resided during the turbulent years between the first world war and the stock market crash.

THE POST OF HONOR, by DAVID DORTORT (*Whittlesey House*, \$3.00). The hero of this novel, Max Gerard, is an idealistic young radical, who writes pamphlets for the Young Communist League, dodges policemen's clubs in picket lines and fights Franco's Fascism in Spain. His entire life, in and out of the Communist party, in and out of the American army, is a series of disillusioning adventures in which he is exposed to the violent tactics of both organized and individual intolerance. Max's heroic struggle to maintain his individuality and integrity amid the intellectual chatter about Hayden and free love and the awed whisperings about the Party is very real in a journalistic sense.

TOMORROW CORRESPONDENCE

The Rev. Alson J. Smith's article "Religion and the New Psychology," which appeared in our March issue, brought an unusually wide response from our readers. We feel that many of these letters have great interest and we are therefore making available more space in our correspondence columns to a small but representative selection from the large amount of mail received about the article. Space limitations unfortunately make it impossible for us to print more than a fraction of the letters received.—THE EDITORS.

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

... If things go on at this rate, the whole subject of E.S.P. is going to become so respectable that those who depend for their mental stimulus on being regarded as "unusual" are going to find a new frontier for themselves.

It is, of course, interesting that so many universities are now doing experimental work in parapsychology. The thing which apparently is still very much missing is any concerted attempt on the part of any one of the universities concerned to do those things which properly can be done to develop in certain individuals the characteristics which they hope to investigate. In order to make the thing "practical politics," this should certainly be done, as I am sure you will agree. . . .

EDWARD H. SPICER

Pasadena, California

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

Mr. Smith's article in TOMORROW is another of those "signs of the times" that the former limits allowed our mental universe by orthodox science are breaking down. When Dr. Rhine's experiments first came to my attention, I thought that he had somehow misinterpreted his data, but on re-examining the whole subject of psychical research, I was amazed, not so much at the failure of scientific men to give him due recognition, as at its failure to have seen the inevitability of the results at which he has arrived after William James' report on his findings in the case of Mrs. Piper. James' paper "What Psychical Research Has Accomplished" was printed in *The Will to Believe and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy* in 1897. This is a classic in its field and will soon be recognized as such. It will be remembered that Mrs. Piper was under the closest scrutiny for years and her movements were even watched by a paid detective, yet James is constrained to say: "In the trances of this medium, I cannot

resist the conviction that knowledge appears which she has never gained by the ordinary waking use of her eyes and ears and wits." This ought to have been proof enough to the psychologists of James' day that extrasensory perception is a fact, and they might well have taken to heart the comments of his which follow:

"Science means, first of all, a certain dispassionate method. To suppose that it means a certain set of results that one should pin one's faith upon and hug forever is sadly to mistake its genius, and degrades the scientific body to the status of a sect."

That degradation is now in danger of taking place, and so much so that the parapsychologists have been obliged to form an organization of their own, though not cutting themselves off from the general bodies of scientists. Sooner or later the entire scientific field will have to succumb.

JOHN R. SWANTON

Newton, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

... As regards Mr. Smith's conclusions or inferences, I recognize that they are tentative and suggestive—intended to evoke thought. Within those limits I think he comes nearer to showing that the E.S.P. findings indicate omnipresent God than he does to showing that they indicate an immortal soul in each individual. None of the findings and none of the other instances he cites would be dependent, so it appears to me, upon the existence of an immortal soul; but are all explainable on the basis of the immanence and omnipresence of God, and spiritual intercommunication between the individual expressions of God. I personally believe in the immortality of individual souls as, so to speak, atoms of God—but I do not feel that Mr. Smith's inferences to that effect derive much support from the evidence he cites. His article as a whole, however, is deeply stirring.

JOHN DANIELS

New York, New York

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

... I found this article most interesting and convincing and was particularly struck by his argument that: "If there is a part of man which transcends the time-space barrier then that part of man may very well survive the part of him which is subject to it." It has always seemed to me that real belief in survival after death is the one thing which can be of help to mankind and influence his nature and spiritual out-

look. It was at the very foundation of Christ's teaching, yet, strangely enough, the Churches have veered away from the subject and have discouraged any efforts to prove it.

I do not know whether we can ever get what the rabid materialist considers as absolute proof and whether we will not always have to develop a certain spiritual faith with which to believe the proofs we do get; but I do believe that all experiments in E.S.P. will greatly facilitate the development of this necessary faith and eventually lead to the "leap forward" in the evolutionary scale which Alson J. Smith speaks of and which is indispensable if the human race is to survive.

MARY LECOMTE DU NOUY

New York, New York

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

... Dr. Smith's article is very ably written, and is of real importance from the standpoint of information and scholarship. I am more or less familiar, of course, with Professor Rhine's remarkable work, but Dr. Smith places this in the larger setting of the whole field of philosophy these days, and therefore shows the supreme significance of what's going on. I find myself in general agreement with Dr. Smith's position—that we are on the threshold of a complete breakdown of the old materialism, and of a placing of science as well as philosophy upon the firm foundation of the spirit. . . .

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

*The Community Church of New York
New York, New York*

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

... Rev. Alson J. Smith's article on "Religion and the New Psychology" in the March issue of TOMORROW contains, for the general reader not acquainted with psi phenomena, a concise and interesting introduction to the subject.

The rest of the article, however, seems to me to be largely loose and wishful thinking. Such a statement, for instance, as that "the atom-hunters have literally hounded the physical universe out of being" is of course completely indefensible. That we know more today than formerly about the minute constituents of the physical universe has neither done away with that universe, nor made it any less physical, whatever "physical" may mean. And, at the other end of the story, the fact that the reality of psi phenomena has been statistically demonstrated in laboratories is far too

slender a thread by which to pull a God out of the dark. Anyway, why a God rather than a Devil? Why one of either, rather than two dozen or two hundred assorted? Only because Mr. Smith already believes in a God; not because the psi facts are the least evidence for one. And his admiration for Du Nouy's book is not shared by many thinkers competent to evaluate its argument critically. What accounts for its vogue is not scientific solidity—which it lacks—but the fact that people hanker to believe the things he says. They may be true, but he has not shown it.

I am interested in psychical research myself, but I believe that to base on its results speculations they are up to now far from being able to support is more likely to discredit than to accredit it. The very eagerness of clergymen to find scientific confirmation for their beliefs is due to the scrupulousness with which scientists, unlike clergymen, limit their claims (at least within their own science) to what the evidence possessed at the time strictly warrants. Outside their own science, we know only too well that scientists can get as dogmatic, illogical, and unscientific as anyone else.

C. J. DUCASSE
Brown University

Providence, Rhode Island

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

... I have read the article by Alson J. Smith on "Religion and the New Psychology" with interest. It deals with a subject that is of great interest to me. Ever since I was a lad in high school and read Thomas Jay Hudson's speculative but fascinating *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, I have been on the watch for facts bearing on what is now depth psychology or parapsychology. I have myself undertaken a number of unscientific experiments, and I am convinced that the mind has powers beyond what can be accounted for by physiological psychology.

Mr. Smith's article, like the many discussions of the new physics, is very valuable, at least on the negative side, in showing that the older materialistic arguments against faith in a spiritual universe are untenable in the light of the progress of scientific investigation. However, I think one should be on the watch against claiming too much. All the facts of the new physics and of parapsychology do not contribute much to the positive aspect of religion. That is, they do not show that the source of all being is good, or is love, or can be approached through prayer or mystical experience. Religion cannot afford to put all of its eggs in one basket. Parapsychology is important as far as it goes. But a single honest prayer, or an act of commitment of the will to the highest, or

A message to parents

FROM THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

If Polio Hits Your Area This Year

Avoid crowds and new contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where you may be close to another's breath or cough.

Avoid over-fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

Avoid swimming in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

Avoid chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

Quick Action May Prevent Crippling

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

Take His Advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

Remember, facts fight fears. Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.

Cut out and keep for reference

T O M O R R O W

an experience of beauty or sublimity goes farther toward furnishing positive evidence for God than do physics and psychology.

In a word, science must be supplemented by religious experience, and both must be interpreted by an open-minded and truth-loving philosophy before we have a well rounded approach to religion.

Of course no one article can say everything. Mr. Smith's article perhaps claims too much in the way of scientific acceptance of the results of Dr. Rhine's work. But it presents some very important truth in a very interesting way. You and he are to be congratulated in offering this material to the general public.

EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN
Department of Philosophy
Boston University, Graduate School
Boston, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

. . . It is a wonderful thing to see signs in so many magazine articles—even in the "popular" magazines—that we are now beginning to emerge from the pit of materialism into which nineteenth-century science dumped us and in which most people were content to remain in spite of the evidence presented by the Society of Psychical Research and the bona fide spiritualists. I count myself lucky that I was born late enough in this century to be able to begin the work of the Christian ministry in 1948, when the clouds of darkness seem to be breaking at last and when the old squabble between "orthodoxy" and "modernism"—both of them equally materialistic!—is going to die out with the appearance of a new development in religion beyond and above them both. . . .

This scientific work is of the utmost importance in establishing it as undisputable fact—but—I don't pay so much attention to the E.S.P. experiment as I do not have to be convinced. The trustworthiness of competent witnesses as to spiritualistic phenomena is enough for me. But most in this age must be convinced the E.S.P. experiment way before they will believe the testimony of competent scientific observers on such strange things as levitation, materialization, etc.

EINAR ANDERSON
Pastor, Danish Ev. Lutheran Church
of Our Saviour
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

. . . In these times of stress and strain, when more and more persons are plagued with psychosomatic ills (and beneficiaries are collecting life insurance at an alarming rate for premature deaths in the very prime of life), *no one is without tensions, even as you and I*. As Freud points out in *An*

Outline of Psychoanalysis, man in society will always be subject to more or less painful tensions and that what we call neurosis is only a quantitative variation in these tensions, the result of ascertainable causes. This nervous energy is the "secret of life," as well as our executioner.

The Reverend gives out with the old card stuff used at Duke. Why fool around with a slow boat to China in these days of speed! The Rosicrucians in San Jose, California, I understand, can demonstrate this power within by correctly naming the turn of every card in the deck—100 per cent, not 5 to 18 hits. And they don't claim that this power comes from any supernatural source. Their advertisement reads in part as follows: ". . . Deep within you are minute organisms. From their function spring your emotions. They govern your *creative ideas* and *moods*—yes, even your enjoyment of life. Once they were thought to be the mysterious seat of the soul—and to be left unexplored. Now cast aside superstition and learn to direct intelligently these *powers of self*."

WALTER M. GERMAIN, PH.D.
Supervisor, Crime Prevention Division,
Police Department
Saginaw, Michigan

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

. . . Mr. Smith approaches his subject matter with the ardent enthusiasm of the believer who feels that here, for once, he can base his belief on foundations made more secure than ever before through application of the scientific method to such puzzling phenomena as telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and the like. These phenomena, he asserts, are inexplicable in terms of materialistic science. Therefore, he concludes, they are proof positive for the existence of a spiritual agency governing mind and matter alike, thus helping to "mend the broken circle of faith" and to uncover vast new resources of salvation for man immersed in the "sensate culture" of our time.

The psychiatrist has to accept such a statement as an article of faith with due respect. The student of plant physiology who examines a rose petal under the microscope has no quarrel with the gardener for whom the rose may appear as the Queen of all Flowers. . . .

Likewise, the psychiatrist cannot argue with anyone for whom psychical phenomena supply renewed evidence of man's immortal soul. He may even point out that the basic fact of conscious mentation—of what I described as *auto-psychic* experience—is equally inaccessible to being described in terms of molecular movements or electromagnetic waves as such rare yet undeniable occurrences as telepathy and related phe-

nomena—or what I described as *hetero-psychic* experiences.

It is true that contemporary academic psychology is still watching these phenomena with "wide-eyed wonder," unable to fit them in with its current system of thought. But this only means that sooner or later its preconceived ideas will have to yield to the pressure of the newly established facts, that such outdated psychological concepts as a strictly isolated, unitary personality, as a rigid three-dimensional space or an irreversible time continuum will have to go overboard and be replaced by concepts in better keeping with the revolutionary findings of the new psychology.

Personally I feel that this will result in further weakening of the materialistic position, much in the same way as the discoveries of modern relativistic physics have gone far in bringing such men of science as Eddington or James Jeans back to the religious fold. But this, I submit, may happen to you and me quite independently of the outcome say, of the Michelson-Morley experiments, or of Dr. Rhine's E.S.P. tests. Whether or not we interpret such experiments in terms of new religious revelations is then largely an article of faith—and this, as already hinted above, is to me the ultimate meaning of Mr. Smith's article.

JAN EHRENWALD, M.D.
New York, New York

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

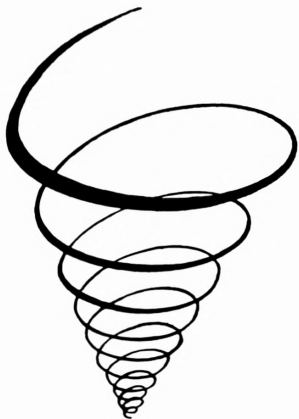
. . . I have followed with keen interest the developments of psychical research in England and this country, and have enjoyed my association with the American society through the years. This article by Reverend Smith is a striking reminder of the relevancy which psychical research bears to the problem of religion.

There were a number of elements in the article which one might easily be critical of. (It seems doubtful to me whether our fathers in the thirteenth century ever made this universe their "home." Home for them transcended this universe so far as I can understand. Moreover, it is always doubtful to me how persuasive appeal to authority is when the authority is not quoted, namely, the letter about the long-haired pal. There is an ambiguity in the use of "energy" in both a physical and mental sense which the article does not clear up.) With all these limitations, the article serves its purpose in acquainting the wider public with the relevancy of the new psychology for religion. You are to be commended for facilitating this important work of educating the public.

GLENN A. OLDS
Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Illinois

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