

TOMORROW



MAY • 1949

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THE MIDDLE CLASS HAS
A FUTURE

Leland Stowe

HOW FREE ARE OUR SCHOOLS?

Bernard Iddings Bell

THE SUCCESS DREAM
ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

Harold Clurman

HAVE WE MINISTERS FAILED?

Alson J. Smith

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VOLUME EIGHT • NUMBER NINE

TOMORROW is published monthly by Garrett Publications, Inc., 11 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Editorial and advertising offices, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscription rate: 12 issues, \$3.50 in U. S. and possessions and countries of the Pan-American Union; \$4.00 Canada; elsewhere \$4.50; two years \$6.00 U. S., single copies in the U. S. 35 cents. Vol. VIII, No. 9 for May, 1949. The cover and entire contents are copyright by Garrett Publications Inc., 1949, and cannot be reproduced without written permission. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. TOMORROW cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts nor can they be returned to sender unless accompanied by return postage. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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New Roads to Unity

CONFUSION lurks in the minds of far too many over the avowed purposes of and the various procedures which are being set up in connection with the functioning of the North American Pact. Indeed, there are still those who count the cost of safety and all that it implies for our moral laws and our civilization generally in the amount of money the United States proposes to spend in Europe and elsewhere. There are also many who continue to distrust the various suggestions for some kind of world federation of nations. This is a most curious frame of mind for those who, like ourselves, must constantly remember how brief is the life span of each individual and how essential it is for us to take the longer view of history and the future to achieve permanent values in living.

The world government groups and the many intercontinental pacts may not of themselves contain the ways and means to prevent what might be the end of our civilization if war should be resumed again in the foreseeable future (which is not impossible in a world traveling fast into a new ideologic and economic atmosphere). However, these negotiations and pacts do clearly show that the spirit of man is being aroused to protect what is his divine right, and, finally, it is from the formation of such unity of thought and such alliances that strength will emerge to create a bulwark against world-wide catastrophe and prevent the disintegration of our civilization.

The final make-up of every organization, like the content of all completed human experiences, is complex in structure; any one element can be mistaken for the whole, but it is the compound resulting from all the ingredients, contradicting each other individually in the beginning, that, once blended, produces the basic total structure. Thus our sympathy must be with those who, however clumsily they may seem to operate, are still the pioneers of a world government which will build itself from the inner resources and sustained effort of the widest variety of human beings.

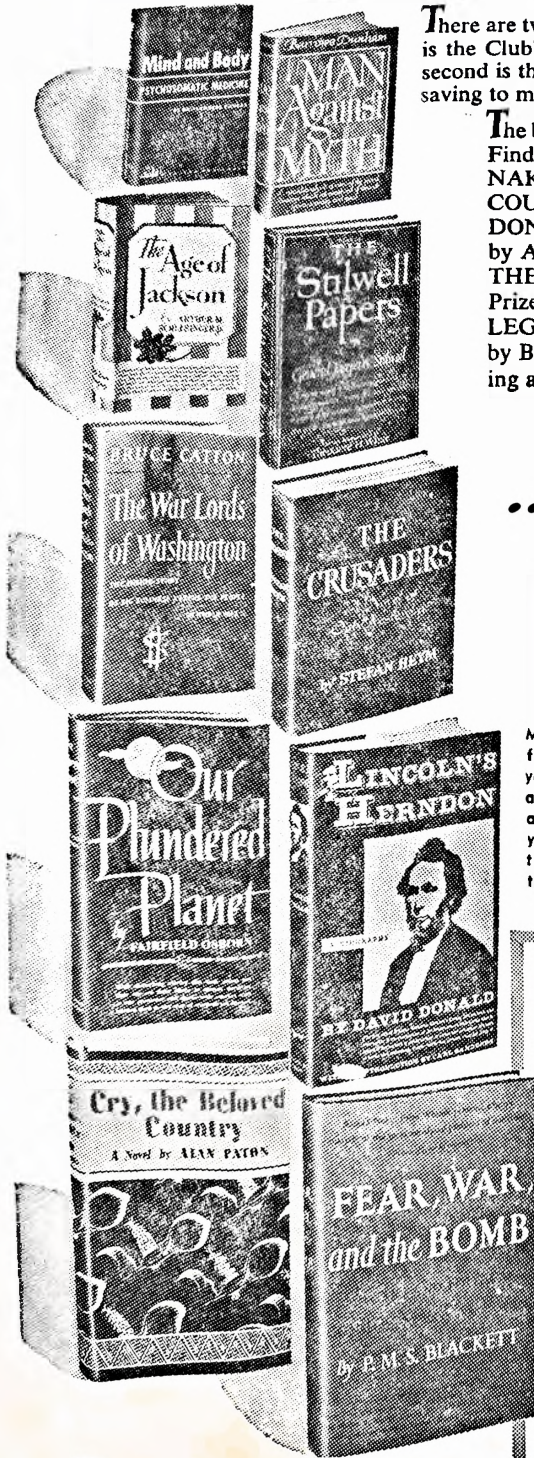
ONE of the most heartening signs of the increasing cooperation which is overcoming national barriers was the recent meeting here of thirty-four European students in the third annual forum for high-school students, which was arranged as the result of coordinated efforts of the State Department, other government agencies, and the *New York Herald Tribune*. These youngsters, who will be tomorrow's mature citizens, were selected because of their knowledge of and interest in current world affairs. A requirement demanded of each student was that he speak and understand English. All of these young people testify out of their own convictions that the only boundaries between people of the world are largely contained in the mind, and that through mutual sympathy, and understanding national frontiers can be overlooked. All of the students from outside our borders express enthusiasm of their ability to get along so well, not only with their American hosts, but with each other. It is in such ways that peoples and governments can understand each other and so produce the kind of world these young citizens must one day build. Their meetings should be continued, for they will score a signal victory for international good will and repay those whose vision makes possible these fruitful experiments. But let it never be forgotten that from individual action comes the miracle of living.

TO illustrate this individual resourcefulness I present, as an example in our own southern states, a moving appeal from Mr. J. E. Johnson, principal of Prentiss Normal and Industrial Institute, Prentiss, Mississippi, an institution for training young Negro men and women. Mr. Johnson, in a recent appeal for financial aid, tells of the school's origins in a manner which should appeal to people everywhere. "What do you think," he writes, "of two young people fresh from school, one from Booker T. Washington's famous Tuskegee Institute and the other an alumnus of the Mississippi State College, going out into a rural, neglected section of their state and making an attempt to found a school for the underprivileged Negro youth? Well, this is what happened in 1907. What makes it so absurd and unbelievable, they had nothing—no, nothing but faith in God and faith in their fellowmen! The truth about our struggles seems so incredulous . . . a Boston friend sending \$100 for a mule; Booker T. Washington giving the first farming tools and wagon; the local banker coming to save us the very day we would have been closed out; a white friend slipping us a little meal from her meager supplies when we were completely out of food and had nowhere to turn. . . ."

Today Prentiss has an enrollment of 675. It is the only accredited high school and junior college for Negroes within a 45-mile radius, and its students travel long distances on foot, by car, by bus, by other means for the purpose of receiving the training which will best enable them to contribute their share to a world which needs the cooperation of all men. I consider the work done at Prentiss worthy of help, and I hope that those beyond its immediate confines will want to render service. These young people of southern Mississippi, as well as Mr. Johnson and his faculty, should not be left to bear alone the fever and fret of their need. Their continued effort in the realization of their worthy aim is predominantly dependent upon what can be shared with them of the world's goods. This spirit of sharing, with our neighbors across the North Atlantic and other lands, as well as in our own land, is the most encouraging aspect in the achievement of that world cooperation toward which men of good will continue to work.

Gleed J. Sarnett

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THE BOOK FIND CLUB

T O M O R R O W

VOL. VIII, NO. 9

MAY 1949

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

The Middle Class Has a Future

LELAND STOWE

IN the summer of 1947 more than one thousand young Americans, mostly veterans, decided to migrate from the United States. They rushed to accept the offer of a travel subsidy and good jobs in Australia. For the first time since the original colonists reached Massachusetts and Virginia, an important group of Americans left our shores en masse to settle and adopt citizenship in another country. Could this be the first tiny ripple in the turning of a fabulous immigrant tide of more than three centuries' duration? Perhaps not. But it was certainly something utterly new, somehow shocking to American self-assurance and pride.

Why did these young people voluntarily abandon the unique and prized privilege of being Americans?

Before the first contingent sailed for a newer world, various emigrant veterans gave their reasons quite frankly. They cited our high cost of living . . . the keen competition in our economy . . . the overcrowdedness in many fields of endeavor. They admitted that their incomes in Australia might be not much more than one third of what their prewar incomes in the United States had been, but they insisted they would spend much less down there, and live better. A Navy veteran from Los Angeles said he and his wife expected to have a more

wholesome family life, with fewer automobiles and less reason "to be on the go." Others explained that America was in too much of a hurry.

When I devoted a newspaper column to this remarkable development I received an immediate appeal for more information from a veteran in Denver. He was married, aged thirty-one, and a journeyman steamfitter of ten years' experience. He wrote: "My wife and I are definitely interested in removing to Australia, or to any other young progressive country *in whose future we can have confidence*. . . . I will briefly give you my reasons. First and foremost, I am opposed to American policy, both foreign and domestic. Our middle of the road foreign policy is not aggressive participation [evidently meaning in the United Nations and international cooperation], nor are we meeting our domestic problems forcibly. Our leaders can change easily. But the public attitude that America is a satisfactorily finished product, worth preserving as it is, will probably prevail during my lifetime. I choose to be a part of a population which realizes that its homeland is far from completed and intends to move on toward that end."

The Denver veteran's statement is not one easily to be dismissed. Nor can we ignore the fact that even a rela-

LELAND STOWE has been a foreign correspondent for twenty years and has reported international events for many American newspapers and magazines. In 1930 he won the Pulitzer Prize for his outstanding coverage of the Young Reparations Conference in Paris. Mr. Stowe has also served as a newspaper columnist, radio commentator, and lecturer. He is the author of No Other Road to Freedom, They Shall Not Sleep, and While Time Remains. The above article will form a part of his new book, Target: You, to be published soon by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

TOMORROW

... important number of Americans are emigrating from the United States. For these incidents are merely a more dramatic illustration of something most unusual and significant that has happened to the American people. For some years now we have given increasing indications that our confidence in the American way and the American dream is beginning to fade.

You often hear it said that the United States was the only major belligerent to emerge "undamaged" from the two world wars. In regard to strictly physical destruction this is true. But there remains the question of spiritual, moral and psychological damage. There remains the equally pertinent problem of what wars and depression, unaccustomed strain and disillusionment have done to us inwardly.

This generation of Americans has made two tremendous armed sorties into a strange and once remote world. In between we paid a very heavy price for a great depression. These convulsive forces of change have brought their pressures to bear upon us ever since 1918. They compelled a stupendous increase in our productive might. Simultaneously they multiplied our national and international responsibilities enormously. In the process they also multiplied our federal debt, our taxes, our anxieties and uncertainties. Although our cities and homes escaped becoming physical victims of war, we ourselves have become in various degrees psychological casualties of the world-wide revolution. The old American "normalcy" has vanished. The house we live in has been changed profoundly, as well as the world around it. We too could not remain immune.

Some of our changes are definitely for the better. Collectively we have made great progress from the isolationist illusions of 1919 and 1920. As a nation we are considerably more mature and responsible than when Woodrow Wilson's fight for the League of Nations was rejected. The defeat of leading isolationist senators and congressmen in the November 1948 elections furnished further impressive evidence of the broadened outlook of American voters. While becoming more aware of our world responsibilities we have also become more realistic and in many ways more skeptical. Americans, in fact, have learned a good deal over the past thirty years. But in the process we have lost certain things as well.

What is it that the people of the United States are losing?

There was a time when Americans talked buoyantly about tomorrow. Back in the 1920's many of us actually talked as if we had the world by the tail. In those days most of us felt certain we had the key to permanent prosperity; we knew the U.S. system was unbeatable. We had no qualms about America's security, or about our standard of living, and very few about the future.

Today the American speaks a different language: "Of course, nobody knows how long good times will last . . . What's the use of planning, if there's going to be another war? . . . It's the Communists and the labor unions that

are causing all the trouble . . . How can a fellow live decently with prices like these? . . . What's the matter with Congress, anyhow? . . . I tell you there won't be any stability until we have it out with the Russians. . . . How are we going to make any profits with the cost of everything up and more taxes ahead? . . . If I knew when the slump would begin, I could tell you. . . . I don't see any hope until the Republicans get in . . . Every time things



begin to perk up, there's another crisis, in Berlin or China or somewhere."

Since the end of the late war, remarks like these have become commonplace in almost every section of the United States. The old typically American self-confidence seems almost to have vanished. The overtones of American speech have become overtones of dissatisfaction and complaint, and especially of doubt. Even while we express our loyalty to American democracy and the free-enterprise system, we voice fear of the Soviet-Communist menace. And those who publicly laud the American way rarely venture to speak boldly about its being bigger and better tomorrow. Those who listen most carefully have reached the same conclusion—a loss of faith on the part of the American people, lack of belief in our way of life, fear of tomorrow.

To be afraid of the future, and particularly to doubt the future of the United States, has been utterly alien to previous generations of our citizens. Is this change primarily a spiritual deterioration? Is it caused by a crisis in religion? Or by a general decline in morality as well as morale? Is it, perhaps, essentially an "illness of American culture"? Are our machines and gadgets in this super-mechanized civilization destroying our faith?

Is there anything more un-American than for Americans to be dominated by fear of tomorrow?

We must grant that a world in revolutionary upheaval naturally spawns uncertainty and anxiety. An international society in which frightful atomic weapons exist uncontrolled is inevitably poisoned by fear. We in the United States still possess infinitely greater weapons power and geographical protection than any other nation. Compared with that of all other countries, our relative security is most exceptional. Ours is still incomparably the richest, most fortunate land on earth. It remains a land of tremendous opportunities—for

tinued prosperity, for personal initiative, for tolerable economic compromises; and equally for hope, for peace and security through international cooperation.

Between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day the collective achievements of the American people were little short of astonishing. You might have expected that American citizens would emerge from this remarkable collective performance suffering from an extreme affliction of self-confidence; possibly even of national arrogance. Yet we proceeded quite generally to resign ourselves to fear. We began telling ourselves, and others, that we really do not believe in our demonstrated capacities. Although we can achieve near miracles through national planning and united effort in wartime, we do not believe that we can plan and act with a similar success and unity when the spurs of national danger are lacking. Instead of being overconfident about preventing depression, maintaining prosperity, and building an organized peace, we speculate about an "unavoidable" economic slump or an "inevitable" war. We appear no longer convinced that the United States can remain strong and highly productive. This, of course, is a denial of the American way as we have always lived it.

WHAT does the average American fear, or think he fears? If the American middle class becomes defeatist or betrays its ideals and yields to the totalitarian cross fires, it will collapse as other middle classes have done. Our great epoch of freedom would vanish, possibly for several generations. Meanwhile self-government in many other countries would be left too weakened to endure.

In a fundamental sense, then, far more depends upon the morale and actions of our millions of John Betweens, our average middle-class citizens, than upon any other single group of people anywhere in the world. We are the strategic center, the keystone of all the forces of freedom. If we face this fact, we can afford to tremble somewhat at the responsibility of being average Americans. We live in a period when Americans cannot do less than lead; when Americans cannot be less than big. All other peoples who seek to preserve or to attain freedom look to us for confidence, for faith and new hope. Yet in many ways we are hesitant, self-doubting and unsure.

This has been chiefly true because the average American is beset by three dominant fears: fear of another war, fear of the Soviet Union and the Communists, and fear of another economic depression.

Are these fears completely justified? Or are they exaggerated?

It seems to me most Americans have exaggerated at least the first two fears, either through lack of perspective or insufficient consideration of all the facts involved or through emotional reactions. The immediate question is not whether there will ever be another major con-

flict. The immediate question is whether we still have some time in which to work to prevent war. In the same manner, the immediate question is not whether the Communists can win electoral control in western European countries or in the United States. It is already demonstrated that the Communists cannot win anywhere in western Europe without active intervention by the Red Army; nor can they possibly seize power in the United States with their present reduced strength. The immediate question, then, is simply how effectively we take steps to curb the spread of Communism in Europe and to deprive it of fertilizer on our home soil.

Is fear of an early war with the Soviet Union justified? What are the probabilities?

Far too many Americans have accepted the assumption that such a war is to be expected almost any time within the next two or three years. Of course, war is like auto accidents, pneumonia, and sudden death: it is always possible. I would certainly not be so reckless as to say that a major conflict cannot conceivably happen between now and 1970, or even within twelve months. But it is my firm and measured conviction that any war with the Soviets is at least decidedly *improbable* during the next several years. There are strong and impressive factual reasons for this belief. The odds against an early war ought to remain against it into 1954, and possibly considerably beyond that date. Virtually all of the best informed European and American authorities have consistently refused to regard any early East-West major conflict as highly probable.

My friend Paul Scott Mowrer cites the identical facts that have governed my own reasoning for many months. The United States possesses the most gigantic industrial plant in the world; the largest Navy; the greatest Air Force and the most formidable long-range bombers on earth; scientific brains and laboratories far exceeding those available in any other nation; an unrivaled technological know-how; bacterial weapons of unknown but terrible propensities, plus an undisclosed number of atomic bombs.

That list of brutal realities ought to dispose of any early likelihood of a Soviet-launched effort at world domination through force of arms—unless the men in the Kremlin are idiots rather than the hard-boiled realists their actions have with remarkable consistency portrayed them to be. The all-round *inferiority* of Soviet warring potentials cannot be diminished appreciably within ten years or considerably more. There are serious reasons, then, to regard this as a minimum margin of time, probably available, in which we can strive to consolidate peace. Within this period, it is true, a great depression might come in the United States. If so, that might radically alter some aspects of American predominance of power. It might release dangerous pressures toward an adventurous gamble with war, inside both the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. But aside from this contingency the odds should remain measurably against an

war. Here in America we have had far too much conjecture and far too little responsible weighing of the factors that should provide a fair margin of time in which to pursue peace.

The American's immediate fear of Communism in the United States, or in western Europe, is also exaggerated. The Communists won their revolution in Russia under most exceptional circumstances. But they have won power in eastern Europe only through the active presence of powerful Red Army forces, aided by direct Soviet intervention. The Communists have been soundly defeated in Italy. They cannot win a civil war in France, even though they may try it eventually. Beyond these facts, we tend to forget that Communists have never yet won power in any highly industrialized nation. And they have never won in any country whose people have a strong democratic tradition and experience.

These hard facts cut the Communists down to their proper stature. They indicate clearly that the Lenin-Stalin Marxists should not be able to win power in western Europe during these next decisive years. They show emphatically that the Communists face tremendous obstacles and handicaps in the United States. Short of an atomic war, with widespread destruction and hunger across our land, only an extreme economic collapse could create conditions in which Communist proselyting could thrive in America. Without another depression, as bad as that of 1929-32 or worse, such conditions cannot possibly exist here.

Rather than indulge in nightmares about a domestic Red menace, we Americans should recognize that the one surest way to defeat our native Communists is to take practical steps to prevent another economic paralysis. By 1951, or some time thereafter, the danger of such a depression is likely to become acute. Certainly we cannot afford to ignore what some twenty million or more permanently unemployed would do to the political thinking of our people. It would almost inevitably create grave pressures toward some form of totalitarianism—probably both toward Communist radicalism and also toward Fascist extremism, thinly disguised.

The third prevalent American fear, that of another depression, is more realistic in many ways. Anxiety over continued inflation precipitating an economic slump springs from more than overaccentuation of a possibility. In the minds of some economists and other technicians this apprehension may be concerned with a *probability*. Our people are fundamentally sound when they recognize that we are in a boom, and that—by all past experience—a bust is likely to follow it. This fear can only be dissipated when both government and business join in positive preventive actions on a broad scale. It might be said, then, that our economic fear has been created in considerable degree by the failure of U.S. democracy's representatives to act constructively, and by failure of U.S. capitalism's policy

makers to demand prompt action and to cooperate in it.

In reality, the problems of war, Communism and depression are all lifetime problems for our generation. They require a long view even more than a short one. They require long-term planning and coordinated efforts rather than glandular explosions and impetuous improvisations. It might be possible for Americans to place the blame for another war on somebody else; but if Communism—or Fascism—ever takes over the United States, the responsibility must rest solely upon the American people. Should another boom lead to another bust, that, too, would have to be charged solely against the United States government, its people, and its system.

WHAT are the deeper implications behind our fears? It is probably no accident that the most skeptical Americans, proportionately speaking, are those who are roughly within the age limits of eighteen to forty-five. Either they were shunted out into the vicissitudes of our great depression or directly into World War II, or they reached their late teens just in time to be confronted by its bewildering aftermath. These have not been schools calculated to promote an easy optimism about life in general. Nor have they been training courses designed to foster an unthinking assumption that all aspects of the American way, or even most of them, are beyond need of improvement.

There is a wonderfully healthy attitude of "You've got to show me" about most American youth, young men and young women, today. It can be a notable long-term asset—if it does not degenerate too frequently into defeatism, restricted ambitions, and loss of enthusiasm. But has there not also been rather too much defeatism seeping down from our middle, depression-conditioned generation of late? And even from our older generation? When one listens to unsupported or superficially expressed assumptions of "inevitable" war and "unavoidable" depression, one is compelled to wonder. Somehow the rightful dignity of any American citizen shrivels tragically when he winds up his declamation on the dark future by saying: "But what can I do? I'm just an ordinary guy." Confronted by Hitler, and then under Nazism, millions of Germans begged off with "I am only a little man." It was not that they could do nothing. The truth was that they made no real effort to find out what they could do, and most of them did nothing at all.

If the United States is phenomenally big and strong, then it is big enough and strong enough to lead the world—away from war, away from Communism, and away from serious breakdowns in production and employment. Yet when you listen to the John Bettemans in your community, they seem to indicate far too often that they are incapable of bringing their opinions to bear on Washington; incapable of electing more im-

THE MIDDLE CLASS HAS A FUTURE

telligent and responsible members of both houses of Congress; incapable of making the preferences of free men felt in our national life. (On November 2, 1948, they seemed highly capable of making their preferences felt!) But when average Americans talk, they often seem to be resigning themselves to regarding U.S. prosperity as an uncontrollable will-o'-the-wisp. If our youth are becoming increasingly skeptical of many things, including the American dream, could it be that they have acquired too many excuses for skepticism from their elders? The least they might expect from us is some convincing demonstration of faith that it is possible to control adequately our huge, industrialized machine—a demand by citizens that concerted action be taken by government and industry well in advance of breakdown and serious trouble.

Another implication behind our fears is that a perilously large percentage of Americans, however gloomy about their country's prospects and the world going to the howwows, do not care sufficiently to do something about it themselves. The most obvious thing every American citizen can do is to go to the polls. Yet close to fifty million American voters, or approximately half of all those qualified, failed to register their choices in the presidential elections of 1948. But the American way is based upon a mandate from the people. Confusion and defeatism are spread by inertia and indifference.

The implication behind our fears is that there is little the average citizen can do about our great domestic and foreign problems; at any rate, that John Between himself is powerless to act. Yet it is precisely



the active majority—or even the active majority of the active minority—that determines which men and which policies will prevail in Washington. And almost every citizen belongs, or can belong, to some group that makes its influence felt politically—the farmers' agencies, the chambers of commerce, the National League of Women Voters, the United World Federalists, the labor unions, the National Federation of Women's Clubs are merely a few among scores. Opportunity for civic action through organizations of an extraordinary variety is unquestionably much greater in our American democracy than in

any other country. To ask what we can do is to ignore and deny the most effective mechanisms for the expression of citizens' opinions that have been created under any democratic system. For Americans the opportunity to participate is fabulous. It is only the will to participate, the will to do something toward shaping our future, that is lacking or generally limited to responsible minorities.

WHY is the contemporary American confused and afraid? First, because he can no longer take much or most of his personal security for granted, as in the past.

After the last depression his security remained seriously impaired. The recovery of the thirties was only superficial. Production for the second world war merely supplied artificial respiration. Profits and wages soared upward again. All that this proved was that U.S. capitalism can make lots of money out of war, providing all the fighting and destruction occurs in other peoples' lands—something that probably can never be true hereafter. But wartime and postwar prosperity did not for a moment prove that our American economy, as now constituted and operating, can maintain a high level of income for all *without* war. Even today, twenty years after 1929, we have not yet established a normal recovery based on peacetime production. Our existing multi-billion-dollar annual production for ERP or of arms for western Europe and the Far East creates another highly abnormal and artificial activity. It probably cannot be prolonged for more than a few years.

It may be assumed that most Americans sense the fact that our exceptional pre-1929 peacetime prosperity left us with no reliable assurances of when, or if, it can be recaptured. In any event, our postwar insecurity has become triple-edged: economic, political and scientific. All three edges exert pressure simultaneously today. Most that we once took for granted cannot be taken for granted again.

John Between's anxiety is further heightened because he attempts to face in two directions at once. Grudgingly or not, he accepts the necessity of living in the world, of U.S. world leadership for peace; yet he clings ardently to his nostalgia for the pleasanter, much more carefree ways of our recently isolationist past.

Our middle man looks longingly backward toward many traditional American blessings: the easier life, the lusty and adolescent irresponsibilities, the relative unconcern with national and world problems, the lower taxes and lower prices. Even the fat and succulent roadside hamburger has become a fond memory. Remember when sirloin steak was thirty-five cents a pound and pork chops were twenty-nine? That was true in most American cities as recently as 1939. Remember when you could buy quite a nice house for six thousand dollars, and apartments were easily within reach for most people? Remember when income taxes really weren't

... What's the matter with this country, anyhow?
 Does somebody ask: "What's the matter with us?"
 Somehow you rarely hear that question. It's easier to blame someone else, or the depression and the war and nothing more. Yet Paul Porter, Chester Bowles and others warned the American people precisely what punishing high prices would result if OPA controls were abolished in June 1946. The U.S. electorate predominantly, swallowed the nonsensical assurances of business groups, such as the National Association of Manufacturers, that prices would shortly "level off." No



public pressure of note was brought to bear on Congress to stick to price controls. John Between refused to see as far as the end of his nose. Quite as much as Republicans, Democrats and business lobbyists, the American people asked for madly spiraling high prices, and got them—squarely in the stomach as well as in the pocket-book. The good old days can also be what we casually toss out the window.

Perhaps we Americans are also haunted by accentuated apprehensions because of old and rather slipshod habits that we cling to from our much simpler past. In this, and in many previous generations, most of us have been negligently casual about direct political action. Ours seemed to be a pretty comfortable, fairly effective system—not at all hard on the thought processes in the normal electoral year, and pretty much ignored in between. We had no strong Socialist party challenging the basic premises of our economic pattern. Until very recently, no Communists worth mentioning. Our two-party system simplified everything and usually made it possible for political thinking to be quite simple. No isms to compel a voter to concentrate. Rarely a "foreign" idea. In fact, not too many new ideas of any kind. The good old days—and Warren G. Harding, then Coolidge, and Hoover for the pay-off.

It was not surprising that the American voter felt slight need to develop a critical political sense, or to bother to go to the polls in resounding numbers except on rare occasions. He could take his political security for granted as easily as his economic security. His democratic system, "the best in the world," did not

seem to require much personal supervision, or to be in need of constant watching or persistent improvement.

Then the 1929 depression knocked him off his feet economically, and incidentally knocked a new measure of political awareness into his head. That brought the Roosevelt landslides, and also an unaccustomed amount of political and economic thinking on the part of many U.S. voters. The controversial Roosevelt reforms and successive administrations had the constructive by-product of prodding Americans of both parties into greater consideration of national problems and governmental policies. But somehow the postwar letdown seemed to find John Between more worried, yet less interested personally. Apparently a large proportion of America's middle class has not yet abandoned its habit of being listless about individual political action and responsibilities. Inevitably this indifference or abstention serves to increase greatly their feelings of insecurity. Congress is usually interested only in those questions about which impressive numbers of voters register some notable concern. The American who has pronounced fears for his future and his country's security lets them prey upon his mind, nourishing resignation or defeatism, precisely because he exercises his own political influence far too little. Because he refuses to make his opinion felt, he underestimates what can be done.

A Denver steamfitter, probably with no more than a high-school education, can discern a "public attitude that America is a satisfactorily finished product," and reject that Narcissan assumption by seeking a more challenging attitude in Australia or elsewhere. But the challenges to the future of the United States remain in our system and in our collective state of mind. It is John Between's problem quite as much as a problem of the nation or the capitalist system.

John Between of U.S. Middle Men, Unlimited, can reduce the causes of his predominant fears very considerably in the next few years if he is sufficiently concerned to make an intelligent and persistent effort to do so. His most harassing anxiety is due to his failure to make a serious and consistent effort to inform himself—to get all possible facts—and then to do something about them. He does not yet understand what two world wars have done to the political thinking and social aspirations of the European and Asiatic peoples. He has not interested himself in the *basic reasons* for the world-wide popular demand for new and greater economic rights. He is not much concerned about what the Communists have to offer that appeals very strongly, and understandably, to underprivileged peoples. He does not see that the struggle in Europe between democratic and totalitarian forces is being fought out over the weakened remnants of the same middle class to which he belongs. He does not grasp clearly the great and vital distinctions between Socialism in Britain or Scandinavia and Communism in Russia or Yugoslavia.

He also fails to understand that capitalism, wherever

THE MIDDLE CLASS HAS A FUTURE

it exists, is in an acute crisis. This means that what has happened to Europe's industrialized nations and their peoples over the past thirty years *can* happen to the superindustrialized United States; that much of it may well happen within another ten or twenty years.

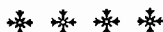
If only twenty or thirty million American voters clearly understood the reasons behind these revolutionary facts and forces and would bring their comprehension to bear electorally upon Congress and upon the White House and the State Department, we should be far on the way toward winning peace and preserving the American way. The place to begin to overcome our fears is not outside us but within. The way to diminish our fears is through responsible participation and informed action as citizens.

But informed action by average Americans requires ample and accurate knowledge of what has happened to Europe's middle men and women. Where they turned to Fascism or to Communism, we must understand *why* they turned. *What* influences and habits led them into self-deception? *Why* do other middle-class Europeans demand partial socialism? *Why* do the world's underprivileged demand radical and revolutionary changes? *Where* and *how* have some of our closest cousins sought to find more justice for all, and *how* have they lost opportunities that will never come again? These are all

matters of immediate and personal meaning for the future of every American. For if democracy is threatened and capitalism is widely repudiated, there are reasons for it other than strictly physical. There are also causes created by human conduct and psychology.

Americans and Europeans are now bound together in a common, uncertain struggle for survival. In this struggle we have much more in common, and far more that is communally at stake, than any other peoples. It is now clear that we shall stand together or that we shall eventually fall together. This fact dictates a clearer and deeper knowledge of each other, Europeans and Americans, than we have ever had until now. Not only must we know ourselves with greater realism. We must also know our closest of kin, and those nearest to us in experience, much better in order to know ourselves adequately.

It is in this Europe, too, that a weakened middle class struggles to hold the barriers and still find a middle course of effective compromise. From the experience of these Europeans in particular we can learn much. They are the true veterans of freedom's seesawing battles in this century. If we are wise enough to learn from their dilemmas and mistakes, we shall forge new weapons against fear and create a new strength in our own democratic institutions.



OSCAR WILLIAMS

EVENING STAR IN A DARK AGE

I SAW a pulsing knob of gold,
That wily fire, the evening star,
Swim in a valley, fair as far,
Above a mountain in the west;
A doorway opened out of time
Upon terrains of hope and art
From which a wind blew clouds of sparks
That struck a flame within my heart.

I thought of man and how he lives
In dread-close darkness like the mole,
An hour's nourishment his dole,
A spoonful of eternity,
While all this luminous altitude
Pours miles of grandeur for the soul
And spends the spacious aeons so
To lure him from his grounded hole.

Have We Ministers Failed?

ALSON J. SMITH

IT is always difficult to look back over the years and locate the particular time and circumstances when one decided definitely to be whatever one has become. It is especially difficult for the minister to do this, for his decision is, by its very nature, compounded of more emotion than goes into a similar decision by the doctor, lawyer, or engineer. Traditionally, he is supposed to have experienced a "call" to the ministry and that should be a fairly definite event in time and space. Sometimes it is, but more often it is not; in any event, the "call" represents merely the emergence into consciousness of a feeling that has been fermenting for a long time.

I cannot say just when and under what circumstances I decided to be a minister, but I can remember when the seed of the idea was first dropped into the soil of my imagination. It was when I was a very young child and chanced to go into the kitchen one afternoon when my mother and Mrs. Brown, the colored woman who did our housework, were having a cup of tea. Mrs. Brown was an amateur seer and could read tea leaves. My mother enjoyed sitting down in the kitchen with her of an afternoon after the work was done, listening as the old woman surveyed the tea leaf patterns from different angles and then brought forth some solemn verdict on the future. On this particular day they gave me a tiny cup of tea, really hardly more than a sip. Then Mrs. Brown gravely studied the leaves, and finally, after much frowning and holding the cup this way and that, smiled at Mamma.

"Why," she said, "I declah! He goin' ter be a little preacher!"

Mamma was too good a Methodist to have any faith in the tea leaves, but Mrs. Brown's prophecy pleased her, and she laughed.

During my adolescent years, the barnlike old red-brick Methodist Church on Main Street was my whole life. Mamma played the piano for Thursday evening prayer meeting as well as for Sunday School and the Epworth League, and since this was in the days before

baby-sitting was an honorable profession, my sister and I tagged along. We went to Sunday morning and evening service and to any services that were held in between. All parts of our lives that were lived outside of work and school were lived in the church.

Little wonder that, in this environment, I believed that the noblest profession to which one could aspire was the ministry of the church. Perhaps I never experienced a moment of conscious decision, but everything impelled me in the direction of Mrs. Brown's prediction. One summer I went to a youth "institute" and there, in a great surge of idealism and dedication, the issue was sealed with a public affirmation. With a dozen other boys and girls, many in tears, I walked up the aisle of the chapel at Wesleyan University and gave myself publicly to the ministry. It was a high and solemn moment and never to be forgotten, although in retrospect it is easy to see the skillful stage management behind the evocative pageantry of "the call." It is easy to remember, too, that not more than three or four of those young people who surged to the altar to dedicate themselves to Christ and His church ever kept the vow.

Considering the financial situation at home, I wondered how I would ever get to college, but Mamma was determined that I should study for the ministry. No sacrifice was too great for her to make. She mortgaged our house, and the income from this, plus my savings, enabled me to start college. In September 1926, I set out for Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, carrying all my worldly goods in a brand new suitcase that my church friends in Danbury, Connecticut, had presented me.

My memories of Dickinson are not so much of anything that happened there, intellectually or otherwise, as of the college itself. In retrospect, the faculty appears to have been an average lot, with some brilliant exceptions like Leon Cushing Prince and Mulford Stough in the history department. Dr. Prince, who turned out to be one of my Cushing cousins, was a paralytic who had

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to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair, but he made American history live with an endless series of tales of derring-do. An unabashed chauvinist, he would lash out scornfully at the ineptness of the football team, waving his cane belligerently in the air, and shouting invidious comparisons: "Princeton, the tigers! They claw 'em up! Bucknell, the bisons! They buck 'em! Gettysburg, the bullets! They go right through! Dickinson? The oldest dancing school in America!"

Mr. Stough, Prince's colleague in the history department, was equally colorful in a dry, Rabelaisian way. He was a fountain of such delightful information as the fact that the most prolific cusser ever to occupy the White House bore the initials H.H., and that Alexander Hamilton was not only a great Secretary of the Treasury but an expert jumper out of bedroom windows when unencumbered by trousers. Prince immortalized, Stough humanized. Prince built up the heroes, Stough cut them down to boudoir size. It was a good combination.

My fellow students were an odd mixture of fairly innocent and demure Methodist ministerial students, hulking coal miners' kids who were determined to be lawyers, yellow-haired, square-faced Pennsylvania Dutch boys and girls who spoke accented English, and hot-eyed, drawling Southerners from the Eastern Shore. We were an ingenious prankish lot who brought herds of Black Angus cattle stampeding into the library, hung countless thunder-mugs from the tail of the mermaid weather vane on Old West, and one of us kept the too-prominent genitals on the stone cherubs over the chapel doors painted a dazzling blue or red, as the spirit moved.

THE ministerial student, from the moment he steps across the academic threshold, is enveloped in a sort of protective blanket of amiable concern that preserves him from both the banal and the normal in college life. He is not approached by any of the less inhibited—and therefore more desirable—fraternities. The college YMCA and church smother him in their friendly embrace. His social life is likely to center around the Wednesday night *Kaffeeklatsch* at the Bible prof's house, where he sits cross-legged on the floor and talks solemnly about boy-and-girl relationships and other pressing problems, while his pre-med and pre-law fellow students are out in the moonlight doing laboratory work in the same interesting field without benefit of professorial guidance. Of course, there are exceptions. The most original and indefatigable cherub-genitalia painter at Dickinson was a ministerial student who was expelled for his artistry. He later transferred to Franklin and Marshall, and is today a highly respected pastor in New Jersey who stands an excellent chance of becoming a bishop!

By washing thousands of dishes at Mrs. Mix's boarding house, mowing hundreds of lawns, borrowing to the hilt, and immolating myself before the factory Moloch in the summer, I scraped through Dickinson. College was

an interesting but inconclusive experience. Thanks to the YMCA, the college church, and the Bible department, I emerged unseared by the acids of skepticism, although a chance reading of Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money* pushed me well over to the left politically. I was also uncorrupted by Bacchus, but Eros got in a few chance darts even if the YMCA and the college church did their best to keep all "fun" as clean, wholesome, and dull as possible.

Theological seminary was something else. I enrolled at Garrett Biblical Institute, the Methodist seminary which is located in the center of the Northwestern University campus, on the outskirts of Chicago.

Chicago was everything that Carlisle was not. The city had tremendous vitality; it wallowed happily in un-



speakable corruption and brayed its contempt for lesser cities. Its unemployed swarmed the west and south side warrens that are surely the most miserable slums in the whole world, and its gangsters blasted at each other in the very heart of the Loop itself.

And here in the seminary, where everybody was studying for the ministry, there was no coddling of ministerial students. We were let loose without hindrance on the turbulent city, to sample the forbidden fruits of its burlesque shows, night clubs, and speakeasys, to sleep, if we chose, in its flop houses and demonstrate with its unemployed. In Evanston, we were part of a great, democratic student body which included the breeziest, most friendly, most democratic, and best looking girls in the world. Most of the would-be preachers promptly forgot about their girls back home and tried hard to marry these wonderful Northwestern co-eds. A few—like the writer—succeeded.

At seminary, too, the intellectual atmosphere was fresh and piquant as it had not been at college. Ideas, concepts, mattered. The students were not the vaguely idealistic, bookish, physically under par type—of whom I was a fair example—and who had seemed to make up the majority of aspirants to Holy Orders in the East. They were, for the most part, husky, healthy farm boys, good-looking, personable, sure of themselves. Nothing could have better illustrated the fact that Methodism's strength was in the Midwest.

Nothing could be further from the truth than the idea

that a theological seminary is a cloistered, serene, unworldly place. At least, my seminary was not. Among other things, I never tasted an alcoholic beverage, smoked, set foot in a night club, or played poker until I got to theological seminary. I had not been at Garrett three months before I had sampled all of these forbidden fruits.

We studied hard at Garrett. I pored over my texts in comparative religion, psychology of religion, religious literature, and church history as I never had at Dickinson. I worked hard outside of classes, too, washing dishes and waiting on table in the commons, scrubbing windows and raking leaves along Sheridan Road, to pay my tuition, buy my clothes, and have a few pennies left over for Saturday night poker.

These Saturday night affairs, although far from bacchanalian orgies, would probably have caused some concern in the Council of Bishops. Eight or ten of us would gather for a night of poker and tall stories, the quality of the former falling and the latter rising as the level in the jug of dandelion wine fell. At 3 or 4 A.M. we would break up, sometimes to pile into an old car and dash madly out to Niles Center where one of our prospective divines had discovered a really Bohemian speak, the Dill Pickle Club, operated by a character named Jack Jones. Here one could rub shoulders with "Yellow Kid" Weil, notorious con man, Dr. Ben Reitman, last of the Haymarket anarchists, homosexuals whose habitat was Bug House Square across from the Newberry Library, and exotic floozies in open-toed sandals. It was all very educational.

I have dealt with the seminary here with a light touch, but it would be a mistake to assume that we were unaffected by the tremendous idealism, consecration, and dedication at Garrett. We felt all this and more, and perhaps the most moving moment of my life was on ordination night, when I knelt with my companions before the altar and the bishop laid his gnarled old hands on my head and intoned the words of the Discipline: "Take thou authority to preach the Word in the Church of God." As we knelt there, the choir and the congregation began to sing the words of the Ordination hymn:

*The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation,
By water and the word.*

It was a great moment. Then the bishop, the indomitable old Scotch-Irish bishop who had fought the steel trust in Pittsburgh and who, perhaps more than any other one man, was responsible for the 8-hour day in the steel industry, took his hands from my head and I was an Elder in the Church of God. I had vowed to preach the Word, baptize, marry, bury the dead, comfort the afflicted, solace the dying, and visit from house to house. No young minister ever arose from his knees with more zeal. Bishop Asbury, in his *Journal*, remarks that after the first General Conference of the Methodist Church in

Baltimore in 1784, "the preachers sprang to their horses." We, too, "sprang," at least figuratively.

But I did not "spring" immediately into the parish ministry. My ordination occurred in 1933, not 1784, and there were no churches "open" back in the New York East Conference, which included western Connecticut. My wife and I took a job temporarily as social workers at Marcy Center, a Chicago settlement house run by the church. For our services, which included everything from supervising athletics to riding herd on the mothers and children who crowded into the settlement baby clinic twice a week, we got a tiny bedroom overlooking the Maxwell Street ghetto, our meals, and \$15 in cash every month.

Marcy Center was set right in the middle of one of the toughest spots on the face of the earth—the corner of Maxwell and Newberry Streets, a half block from Halsted, on the southwest side of Chicago. The area was the hangout of the notorious "Valley" gang, and the ward was known as the "Bloody Twentieth" because of the number of gang slayings that had taken place there. Only a few years before, the six "Terrible Genna" brothers had ruled the neighborhood and most of the population had cooked corn sugar alcohol for them. Once a month (it was later brought out in court) four hundred policemen from the Maxwell Street station would line up at the door of the Genna warehouse on nearby Taylor Street for their "wages." The Gennas had been part of the Capone syndicate. They had done very well until one of them had cut down a north side florist and gang leader by the name of Dion O'Banion; after the killing, the "florist's" friends had hacked away at the Gennas until there were none left. The corner just below our window had been one of the battlefields in this sanguinary strife. The bricks were chipped with machine gun slugs. One night we were tumbled from bed by an earth-shaking blast; a block away a bomb had been tossed from a speeding car through the window of a "dairy"; James ("King of the Bombers") Belcastro, of the Capone syndicate, was just finishing up his night's work.

When we opened the window of our room for a little air, our lungs were assaulted by the most noxious odors this side of Singapore. On one side of us were the pushcarts of the Chicago ghetto, and on the other side was a pickle factory. Right across the street was the Chicago Lying-in Hospital, trying vainly to blanket the smells of the neighborhood with disinfectant. But the brine from the pickle factory, the frying knishes and hot dogs on the sidewalk stands, and the pools of urine in the alleys were not easily blanketed, especially when reinforced with the stench from the stockyards, fifteen short blocks away.

We made some interesting friends at Marcy Center—Rosie, the little Jewish convert to Christianity, whose conversion had been ballyhooed throughout the Methodist Church, and who had raised a great deal of money for missions, but had now backslidden into a cynical materialism; Barney, the thief, who insisted on giving us all sorts

of pilfered presents and whose generosity could not safely be spurned; "Kingfish" Levinsky, the boxer, whose mother and sister Lena managed both him and a ghetto fish market; Tomas, the tough Mexican kid who had stabbed a cop and whom my wife taught to read; and Alice, the pert blonde stripper from the Haymarket Burlesque who liked to hang around the settlement and play volleyball.

We lived in the Bloody Twentieth ward for only six months, but the imprint of that vicious slum will be on my heart forever. More than anything I learned in Carlisle or Evanston (such beautiful towns!), the lessons of its sordid streets sank into my soul and so colored my "calling" that I have never forgotten them. It was as if



the characters in Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money*, which had moved me so deeply in college, had come harshly to life, acted out by Rosie and Barney and Tomas against a backdrop of crumbling buildings and freezing pavements. To have lived in the Bloody Twentieth in Chicago in the winter of 1932-33 was to experience all the horror of Gorky's *The Lower Depths*. In the garbage-littered gutters of the ghetto, giant sewer rats emerged after dark to slash at one another, and the night was hideous with their high-pitched snarling. No dog or cat would tangle with these rats. A bite from one could kill a child.

We were poor in Danbury when I was a boy, but we were never poor like this—without hope. We had eaten sparingly at times, but we had never actually missed a meal. Here the sad-eyed Mexican, Jewish and Negro children who came to our "rich house," as they called the settlement, would go for whole days without eating. Our poverty had been lightened by love. But love, and all other human emotion except the will to survive, had been hammered out of these people. And the fault was not theirs.

Here was an evil so monstrous that, by itself, it constituted *prima facie* evidence of the nonexistence of God—if it had to be, if it could not be changed. It was here that the so-called "social gospel" of Walter Rauschenbusch, Harry F. Ward and Bishop Francis McConnell moved to a central place in my thinking, a place that it has occupied ever since. The church, it seemed to me, could not live in peace in the same world with the Bloody Twentieth

ward. The very existence of that ward in the heart of the second city of this "Christian" nation denied and mocked everything the church taught. There must be implacable hostility between the two: between the church and whatever conditions were responsible for the slum. The church that compromised or tolerated or "got along" with the slum was a church that had tacitly accepted atheism.

Where did all this bring me out? Somewhere short of communism, certainly, but definitely in the forefront of that minority within the church that sees the primary task of Christianity as a cleansing of the Augean stables of the social order.

After six months of Chicago, a church did open up, out in Philipsburg, Montana. It paid a salary of \$600 per year and house, and I was glad to take it. In October 1933, we embarked for Montana in an old Essex car for which we had paid \$27. We had total resources of about \$15 in addition to the car—all we had been able to save out of our \$15 monthly income from Marcy Center. At Custer, Montana, the Essex very appropriately made its last stand. A garage wanted \$18 to repair it, so we left it and proceeded westward to Philipsburg via the Northern Pacific Railroad. We arrived the next day with about \$5 left. Our spirits were raised immediately when we discovered that the Ladies Aid of our new church had stocked the pantry of the ugly little parsonage with enough food to last until payday, two weeks hence.

After two exciting and rewarding years in the Montana mining town I returned East to do graduate work at Yale. Then I became pastor of churches in Waterbury, Conn., Bayport, Long Island, Brooklyn and Stamford, Conn. At Bayport our two fine sons were born. Through all of these pastorates the rhythm of ministerial life flowed easily and not too eventfully. I preached, taught, married, baptized, buried, solaced and visited as I had vowed to do, and was generally recognized by the high brass of the Methodist Church as one who could do a fairly good administrative job and preach acceptably enough. My sermons, with the Bloody Twentieth ward still in the front of my mind, often raised the hackles of the more conservative members of my congregations.

AFTER fifteen years of this life, what can one say of it? Only that, on the whole, it has been disappointing. There is nothing in college or seminary to prepare the young minister for the earthy tedium of much of the task. As Bishop McConnell once remarked, the seminary is told all about homiletics, administration, and counseling, but he is not told anything about the hog cholera, which may well be the most pressing problem in his community. He is not told anything about the mechanics of the internal combustion engine, either, and yet the success of his ministry may depend more on his ability to get his car started and to keep it running than on anything else. And above all he is not sufficiently prepared for the resistance he will encounter among his

MORROW
congregation to even the most obvious of Christian principles.

It is more than a bit disillusioning for the minister to discover that he is in a profession where so much depends on superficial, inconsequential and unimportant things. His own looks and appearance, for instance, will outweigh almost every other consideration in the eyes of his parish. The parish wants a minister who has "presence" and "bearing," and if it can get a minister who has these qualities, and a mellifluous voice, its cup of joy is overflowing. He does not have to use the mellifluous voice to say anything; in fact, it is better if he says as little as possible—especially anything controversial. But when he sits with the rest of the community clergy at a union service or a civic function, his parish wants him to stand out. After all, each denominational group in the community is competing with every other group, and it wants its titular leader to be a fine figure of a man. In selecting a new shepherd, its "call" invariably goes to the candidate who seems to represent the best available combination of looks, manner, voice, and that quality which is known in less dignified circles as "sex appeal." What is in his heart is not particularly important.

To be chosen under such circumstances is flattering, but pride goes before a fall. Once chosen and settled down, the minister, "bearing" or no, soon makes the unpleasant discovery that the community as a whole holds him in polite disrepute. He is a specialist, to be sure, and this is an age of specialization. But he is a specialist in something that doesn't matter. I remember when I was at Garrett and a group of us were discussing Chicago's civic problems with old Dr. Ben Reitman. We were telling him of what we were going to do, of the statements we were going to get out, etc. The old anarchist laughed sarcastically: "You young fools," he said, "don't you know yet that nobody gives a damn what you say?" It took some years for the truth of that curt remark to sink in, but today, in the average community, it is a fact that nobody gives a damn what the preacher says. He is not an authority on anything, and such status as he has is that of a civil servant. He has a ceremonial function in the community as a marrier, baptizer, funeral orator, and pronouncer of invocations and benedictions at public functions. These are but vestigial remnants of a prehistoric age of faith.

The parish preacher, moreover, is bedeviled by time-consuming, irrelevant duties, not only from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., but all day and half the night, every day and every night. He lives in the most transparent of glass houses, set squarely in the center of a field of stones. He has no personal life and, quite literally, no wife and no children of his own. All that he has and is he owes to the parish, which seems to think that when it hires him as its preacher it has also been handed, as a sort of bonus by Providence, the services of his wife, children, and such unwary relatives who may occasionally visit him. Any defect in their characters and personalities, or lack of

zeal in the execution of their onerous duties, may be quite as fatal to his ministry as his own shortcomings. In the case of his wife, this is even more important. Hell hath no fury like a Ladies Aid scorned or snubbed, actually or in imagination, by the preacher's wife!

A good deal of the parish preacher's woe revolves around the parsonage. The parish owns the parsonage and usually its furniture too. The rectory is almost never a new house, and is frequently the shabbiest house in the neighborhood. No repairs may be made on this venerable abode without a decision of the Board of Trustees. If the repair work involves weather-stripping or fixing the



furnace, they will usually delay it until spring, and if it involves window-screening, they will invariably table the consideration until fall. They do not do this with any particular malice. It is just that nothing involving the parsonage or the preacher ever seems important enough to justify immediate action—and expenditure.

The necessity for pastoral calling weighs heavily on most preachers. All of the parishioners must be called on, as well as the parents of all the children in the Sunday School, the unchurched friends and relatives of all the parishioners, newcomers to the community, and all the invalids and shut-ins who are vaguely known to someone in the congregation. These calls *must* be made. The most frequent remark addressed to a minister is, "Have you called on old Mrs. So-and-so yet?" The chances are he has never heard of old Mrs. So-and-so until that very moment. The pursed lips, arched eyebrows, and general I-didn't-think-you-had-and-what-do-you-preachers-do-with-all-your-time attitude of the interrogator constitute a powerful temptation to the minister to lie in her teeth with a polite, "Why, yes, and she's doing very well."

The point is, nine-tenths of these people do not particularly want to be called on; they are embarrassed by seeing the minister, and they can't wait for him to leave. A fair percentage of them will not even answer the door, cowering in the kitchen or standing rigid whenever they catch a horrified glimpse of the preacher coming up the front steps.

Of course, some people might say that it is the unwelcome personality of a particular preacher that is responsi-

ble for this craven conduct, and it may be. But a diligent comparison of notes with scores of other ministers tells me this is a universal experience. I know of one minister who solves his calling problem by keeping close track of the social activities of his parish. On a day when he is reasonably certain that a majority of his flock will be at a certain bridge club or shopping downtown (the day after payday, for instance) he will jump in his car and make a frenzied tour of the community, leaving his calling card with a jolly little note appended saying: "Sorry to miss you. Better luck next time!" If the fates are kind, he will scatter twenty or thirty cards and "miss" only two or three times by finding people at home. On days when there is nothing much going on in town he will hole up in his study and work on his sermons. He is quite a successful minister and enjoys a reputation in the conference for the number of his pastoral calls in the course of a year.

This is a tedious routine to follow continually in order to discover a person with a problem who really needs the minister's help. Finding such a person is like coming upon a pearl after weeks of fruitless oyster-opening, and makes one almost forget the boredom of the "calling" routine.

Given these conditions, it is little wonder that in almost any conference, synod, or presbytery in America, the most perceptive and able ministers are those listed in the minutes as holding "non-pastoral" offices. They have worked themselves out of the parish ministry into teaching positions, administrative posts, editorships. Thus, the most able ministers are not ministering. They are administering and they are doing it deliberately, because (despite some very lofty protests to the contrary) they did not like the parish ministry and could not tolerate the polite disrepute in which the parish ministry is held. Consequently, the parish ministry may well represent a sort of survival of the unfit; it is what is left after the denominational machinery and the many church-affiliated charities and publishing houses have picked its brains.

These are minor disappointments which the parish minister would gladly endure if he could feel that the church as a whole was meeting the needs of a suffering world. But, alas, he can have no such assurance today. What Reinhold Niebuhr has called the "insufferable sentimentality" of American Protestantism has made it almost impossible for the church to come to grips with the *sorge* and *angst* of a stricken world. This "insufferable sentimentality" combines with a stale moralism to "take all the sweetness out of morality by stretching it on the rack of infinity," as Santayana once wrote. It is this "stale moralism" forever preached from the pulpit which reverses the emphasis of Jesus, and stresses *conduct* rather than *motive*, the outer world of effect rather than the inner world of cause. "The church," says the priest in Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, "knows all the answers. But it doesn't know what goes on in a single human heart!" The fact that the human heart is *terra*

incognita, so far as it is concerned, is what makes the church appear so ridiculous when it deals with a pressing social problem like alcoholism. The church unerringly points out the rum blossom on the nose of the drunkard, but at the same time manages to overlook the cancer on the face of all human society. The church knows the *answers* but it does not know the *questions*. Hitler's blood baths were justified, in some Protestant circles, on the grounds that he did not drink, smoke, or run around with women (although it now appears that he double-crossed us on all points). Sentimentality and moralism erode the body of Protestantism as destructively as the lust for temporal power and arrogant anti-intellectualism corrupt Roman Catholicism. Through these lesions the life-giving power and authority of the church drips slowly away.

A COMMONPLACE saying is that the church does not practice the high idealism it preaches. Of course it doesn't, and the reason is that the church has given too many hostages to the sensate culture in which it lives. The church cannot go all out against the Bloody Twentieth wards of this world because it is itself a landlord, a holder of mortgages, an investor in property. It cannot go all out against race discrimination because it is among the discriminators. The church cannot go all out against war because, despite its theoretical supra-nationalist character, it is tied too closely to the political, economic and ideological shibboleths that lead to war. Therefore, in the moment of decision, the church cannot rise above its provincialism. This is just another way of saying that the church, which ought always to be working for that ideal society which the New Testament calls "The Kingdom of God," cannot do so because it is too enamored of the power and glory of this world. This condition was not true of the church of the first three centuries; it is true of the church today, and it is tragic.

For the past ten years, in a desperate effort to discover the meaning of the Kingdom of God for my own ministry, and to redeem it from insufferable sentimentality and stale moralism, I have found an outlet for certain heretical ideas in writing. Recently an aseptic letter reached me from a good lady out in Nevada; she is living on a ranch now, but for thirty years she was a missionary of the Methodist Church in China and the Argentine. As a result of her missionary experience, she is convinced that "the church is a necklace of rocks around God's neck." She quotes from Dean Inge: "The best thing that can be said for the church is that it has made a mess of telling the world about God."

This is a harsh judgment, and one with which I agree reluctantly and with some reservation. We *have* made a mess of telling the world about God. The mess the world is in is eloquent testimony to our failure: what we need now is an intelligent evaluation of where, how, and why we have fallen short, and what we can do to make a new

beginning. Certainly, we need a new *ecclesia*, or at least a tremendous and far-reaching re-evaluation and redirection of the old. To staff this new *ecclesia* in the postatomic age we need, not only a new priesthood and a new ministry, but a new conception of priesthood and ministry.

The medical missionary is the nearest approach we now have to the kind of minister the reformed church should have. He is trained both in medicine and theology; he has both a healing and a preaching function. Psychosomatic medicine is also emphasizing the fact that religion has a healing function in a physical as well as spiritual sense. Jesus Himself had a *healing* ministry. He was truly both physician and prophet, healing men not only of their sins but of their other sicknesses and infirmities. At the same time, He preached a social gospel, holding before the eyes of those He healed the vision of a healthy and unified world order which He called "The Kingdom of God."

The new *ecclesia* must be not only a prophesying *ecclesia*, which stands in judgment of the evil in society and is cut loose from economic involvement in that evil. It must be a *healing ecclesia* as well. The word "hospital" is derived from the French *Hotels de Dieu*—God's hotels. The new church must be a *Hotel de Dieu* in which the ministry not only prophesies but heals. The primitive medicine man combined the functions of priest and physician (and some of his cures were remarkably modern!). With the specter of the atomic bomb haunting us, and in the light of such new sciences as psychosomatic medicine and parapsychology, we must recognize the absurdity of separating the priest from the physician, the moral or spiritual from the physical. In such a church the healer-prophet would be distinguished from the administrator. Administration would be a lay function, and the healer-prophet would be free to regain the recognition that the ministry once had by casting aside his present status as glorified civil servant to the community and errand boy to the parish. He would again, as of old, be recognized and respected as a specialist in his own calling.

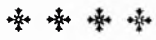
Hopeful signs pointing to this kind of healing and prophesying *ecclesia*, with a ministry trained both in

medicine and theology, are already in view. Some theological seminaries are asking prospective ministers to serve a period of internship in a mental hospital, and a number of advanced churches have already established Body and Soul clinics and other forms of counseling service.

Phillips Brooks once said: "How sorry I am for the fellows who aren't preachers!" Despite all I have said here in criticism of the church and the ministry, there are times when I too feel sorry for the fellows who aren't preachers. Every minister knows rich and rare moments when he is able to mediate between the spiritual and the physical and bring the resources of the creative world of the spirit, and of the extrasensory life, to bear on the problems of the present. These moments, when they come, redeem the whole profession from its inadequacy and tediousness.

What I have tried to do, in the last five years, is to work out a unique type of ministry which would free me from the deadening administrative routine of the parish, giving me time to think and write, but which would still enable me to preach. To accomplish this I gave up a large church in Brooklyn and took a small, rural parish in Connecticut where administrative routine was at a minimum. At the same time I became the editor of the *Social Questions Bulletin* of the Methodist Federation for Social Action. This editorship, plus the writing I have been able to do (two books and scores of magazine articles) has given me a "congregation" greatly in excess of that of most preachers, and has allowed me to experiment, on a modest scale, with that combination of healing and prophesying that I think the ministry ought to practice.

Again, a man never knows what his own real motives may be. My writing is not only helping me to create a more fruitful type of ministry, it is also giving me an income considerably in excess of that of most woefully underpaid Methodist ministers. This may, in time, enable me to establish my family in the sort of leisurely, manorial type of life enjoyed by our neighbors here in Connecticut, and to send down roots and have a home in a sense which the parish preacher, moving from place to place, can never have.



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

The Legacy

JAMES BALLARD

A LETTER and some documents from a lawyer in West Virginia reached me the other day, which tell me that I have inherited a few acres that used to belong to Nat Stinson. I don't know how he died, but it was probably violently, and if so, I know he was laughing.

Stinson was a great and striving man. The first time I was near him for any length of time, he got into a fight with a man who had hardly bothered him. This was at a liquor still he had in partnership in the mountains with a man named Erby, my foster father. The man he fought with was a big bruiser, even bigger than Nat, but after Nat got through with him the man sat gasping, with his face bloody, on the ground near the still. The woman, who had been with the man, was hanging to Nat then, and dabbing at a little cut on his face, and telling him to come on down to her house where she could wash the cut. Nat went with her, and she clung to him as they went down the path.

It was fourteen years ago when I saw him last, in the mountains, in West Virginia, where I lived. He had been born there himself, but he went away, just as I have, and it was when he came back that I met him. He was responsible for me leaving the mountains. Since then, many things have happened, and I have been to many cities, and crossed oceans, but I remember him. The land he left me is nice to have, but the best estate I could have from him is the

fact that I knew him once. I answered him when he advised me to leave that I'd rather stay and be friends with him.

"That's all right, Spear," he said, "you better do what I'm telling you to do, and leave."

JAMES BALLARD is a sophomore at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland. "The Legacy" is his seventeenth story, but the first published outside of a college paper. Most of the other sixteen, he informs us, were at one time or another submitted to TOMORROW. He also tells us that "The Legacy" is in no way autobiographical, that the idea grew out of conversations with sailors around the New York and Baltimore waterfronts. This story, incidentally, was one of two he entered in the contest. Both received considerable attention from the judges as prize-winning possibilities. Mr. Ballard was born in Alabama in 1921, but at the age of six moved to the place he has called home ever since, Piney River, Virginia, which is west of Richmond. Before enrolling at St. John's he attended the University of Virginia. During the war he put in nearly four years of service with the air force and saw combat as a radar technician around Guam and other parts of the Pacific. Mr. Ballard's only plans are to complete his college education and continue writing. He is now working on his first novel.

I thought it was miraculous for him to say that. He didn't seem to give a damn for anything or anybody, and he kept apart. This was not because he rated himself higher or lower than anybody else, for he didn't think in that kind of terms. Instead, it was because he had discovered that loneliness was a good thing, and had got himself lonely, and meant to stay with himself. He came back, and they welcomed him eagerly, but he was as far away from us as before, in all the ways that counted. It was risky for anybody to try seriously to get through to him. He didn't mind knocking a man flat on his back, and for some kinds of men he appeared to enjoy it. It was like

giving myself a Christmas present out of season, to suppose that Nat Stinson would let me be friends with him.

Erby, my foster father, my mother's brother, was his partner with the still they had. Erby had me work around the still from the time he brought me to his house when I was six years old. I was the only kid my folks ever had. My old man came from Harlan, Kentucky, and I don't know what brought him to Erby's, because Erby lived in a far-in spur of the West Virginia mountains. But he

came there, and married Erby's oldest sister, and took her back.

I barely remember him, and I don't remember her at all, because she died when I was just past two years old. My old man worked in the coal mines. I used to stay in the house and yard all day until he got in from work at night; after he got rested, he'd find out if I was all right, and go back down then into the town of Harlan. About midnight I'd hear him come in. He'd be gone to work before I woke up the next morning.

One night some shooting took place in Harlan, and the police took him to jail. I waited in the house all day then, but at night he didn't come in. Afterwhile a man came and took me to where he lived, and the man was Erby. Before long, word came that my old man had got pneumonia in jail, and died.

I grew up with the younger bunch of Erby's children. The Stinson girls, all that was left of Nat's family, lived near by and we knew them for neighbors. Nat was the only Stinson boy. He had left during the first war, but not to the war. He was too young. He just left. I was fourteen years old and the second war had started in Europe when he came back. No one knew where he had been.

Whenever I could persuade Erby to let me, I went to school. Most of the time, he kept me out to work around his still. But I stole some schoolbooks and hid them from Erby and his children. When I wasn't working, I would read the books, or else split open a certain kind of quartz rock that was plentiful around there. Some people believed that sapphires were in the rocks, but I never found one in all the hundreds I split.

Erby sold the liquor from the still to a man who drove a truck in from Charleston. After Nat got back, Erby told his wife he was trying to get Nat for a partner. Nat agreed to go in with him and right away the people around began calling it Nat's still. They also spoke of Erby being Nat's partner, instead of Nat as Erby's, and Erby was proud. Nat didn't care what anyone said. When the truck from Charleston was due, we carried some liquor down to meet it, and Nat collected the money and gave us our shares.

Sometimes I thought about slipping up on the truck to ride back to Charleston. I had enough money to stay a while, since Erby had always been particular to pay me my share. I never spent much of it, so I could have gone away to Charleston, and no matter about Erby being bound to get mad when I came back.

The few times I spent money were when we went to the White Spring Gap grocery store forty-five miles away. We could buy candy, and rifle bullets, and canned peaches that when you opened them made you feel inside as wild and curly and pure as God knows what, only to look at, not to mention taste and swallow. But we hardly ever went. Erby's boys ordered multitudes of things out of the mail order catalogue. I had a carbine and a guitar I ordered, but after those I never happened to think of a reason for ordering something else.

I never learned to play the guitar until just before I left, although when it was new I tried learning by myself. Erby made me stop practicing, since the plucking got on his nerves. Then the guitar stayed in a corner in his front room.

There was only one thing I really would have liked to buy, and I used to think maybe it would be in a store in Charleston if I went there. The time I went with my old man to Bristol, we were on the sidewalk, and another boy, bigger than me, passed us. He had by a leash a middle-sized dog. I never thought an animal could look so nice. The ones I saw afterwards at Erby's, off-breed beagles, were all right, and useful for hunting coons and possums, but I never had much use for them, since I'd already seen that one in Bristol. Erby's had short legs and brown and black spots, but the Bristol dog was slim, and one color all over, dark red, with a just slightly shaggy coat, and I saw how he paced along without pulling at his leash or letting it sag, and before God he was handsome. In Charleston I could have looked for a dog like that one that would have been nice to look at. I always let the truck drive on away without me.

ON the nights the truck was due, we would sling a twenty-gallon carboy between each two of us and carry it down the steep twisted path to the meeting point. After we had got our breaths back and eased the cramps out of our shoulders, Erby would send us all back to his house, and he would wait with Nat for the truck.

But most of the time, after Nat was there, I didn't go all the way back. Whenever I could get away from Erby's boys, I would run down the path again and hide near the waiting place. His boys would make me walk between them so they could grab at me when I tried to get away, and they'd always tell Erby if they missed me, and he'd get raging mad, but most of the time I got away. I didn't mind Erby getting mad and laying on to me with his belt if I didn't dodge him. Whenever I could, I went back, for reasons of love, to hide in the rhododendron and watch Nat.

I could pretend that I was guarding him, since I always carried my carbine with me. Erby wouldn't know until the next day if I'd got away from his boys, since he had them too well controlled for them to come back and tell him after he'd started them home, so neither Nat nor Erby would know whether I was close by or whether I was gone. I got to be familiar with how the truck driver looked, and some facts about him. It was strange to look on a man while he never dreamed you existed. He had ulcers in his stomach, and sometimes he'd say they were hurting him. He was a neighborly man. Now and then he brought some pies to Erby and Nat.

He drove a bakery truck in the daytime, but the bakery didn't pay him enough, so he brought the liquor truck, that belonged to some other people, up here for a sideline. Erby would keep a pie and divide it among his boys, and some-

times they'd give me a bite. Sometimes they wouldn't, and I would have dropped dead before asking. Erby was fond of pie, and he'd always eat two, since Nat never wanted any, and keep up remarks with the driver through a mouthful of pie.

And so one night I was hiding there in the clump and watching them wait. The sky didn't have a cloud, and the moon was full, and the light came down on the damp leaves and on the ground in such a way you'd think it would burn you to touch a leaf, but it was so cool and gray and lovely you believed everything else took what coldness and grayness they had from that moonlight. And it was easy to imagine then that me and Nat were buddies.

I heard the truck coming. Nat strolled over with Erby following him behind a big rock. Nat had his shotgun ready, because he didn't know the driver really well, even if the driver did bring pies. The truck came and stopped and the driver climbed down. In a minute, Nat and Erby came from around the rock. In the moonlight, I saw he was a different driver.

"Where's Harris?" Nat said.

"Back at Charleston. He got sick with his ulcers, went to the hospital."

"Okay," Nat said afterwards. "Pay up and we'll get loaded."

The driver counted out three hundred dollars and gave them to Nat. This time we'd brought down three carboys with twenty gallons in each, and the price was five dollars a gallon.

This driver's motions were annoying to see. He wore a white suit, and his coat was too tight for him. "Let's get loaded," Nat said. So the driver and Erby hoisted the carboys into the back of the truck and braced them so they wouldn't slip or tilt. Nat sat on a rock and watched them. His shotgun leaned against a tree at his elbow. It only took a couple of minutes to get the carboys loaded. "Well, so long," the driver said. "Same day next month?"

Nat nodded.

"Okay then. Guess Harris'll be okay by that time. I better get started so I can be back before daylight. What time is it getting to be, anyhow?"

Nat looked at his wristwatch, and the driver pulled a gun on him. His motions were jerky, but I never saw anybody move that snake-fast before, except Nat, when he would take a jab at somebody. "All right now, Doc," the driver said. "Let's have that three hundred back."

"Appears like you want it right bad," Nat said.

"You think I'm going to stand here talking about it? I said let's have it back." The driver was almost squealing—he was indignant. He and Nat looked at each other a while, and I shivered, because I knew he intended to kill Nat, and Erby.

I suppose Nat knew it too. The driver couldn't make Nat give him the money and just drive away, because there was Nat's shotgun. He couldn't have either one of them put the shotgun in the truck, because he'd be done for if either one got a hand on it. And he couldn't reach

out himself and take the gun, because he was tied up with holding a pistol on them and anybody in that fix can't distract himself. All this streaked through my mind as I slipped the safety off my carbine and came out of the rhododendron clump, and lifted up my rifle and sighted on the driver. Nat saw me do all this, and even though I was excited and in a desperate hurry, I saw his face didn't change at all. Erby opened his mouth and shut it two times, but the driver must have figured that was because Erby was upset. Then I was looking at the back of the man's head and part of his left ear in the notch the sights made.

I was in such a hurry because I wanted the pride of stopping the man before Nat jumped him or did whatever he



intended to do to him. I could pretend afterwards that I had done something for Nat. The driver didn't know Nat, and had no way of knowing that a .38 pistol wasn't enough protection.

"We won't be talking about it," Nat said, "if you don't want to. But maybe you rather have that to talk about, being a man's standing behind you with a carbine pointed at you."

"You poor hick," the man said, "you think I'm dumb?"

"Tell him you're behind him, Spear."

I swallowed a couple of times to be sure I would speak steady, and communicated to the man that I was behind him. He sort of shrank up, and his fingers opened until the .38 dropped by his shoe.

"All right, Spear. Let him alone now. Come on around here."

The driver put his hands in front of him and made little irksome pushing motions. Nat moved toward the man but he stopped before he reached him.

"Listen . . . listen, don't show yourself up here anymore."

"You can't do anything to me—you can't do anything to me."

"Get in your truck and take off."

The man walked backwards, but Nat stopped him. "Come to think of it, it's unreasonable for you to get off so easy. Pull off your pants."

"No. No. You can't do anything to me."
 "Look, you son of a bitch. I'm tired fooling."

The man took off his pants. "Clean out his pants," Nat said.

"Why Nat, it ain't right to be going through a fellow's pockets."

"Shake his pants then."

Some change and a pocket comb fell out. "All right," Nat said. "Pick your stuff up and get in the truck."

"But I don't have any more pants with me. Listen, Doc, I—"

Nat looked at him and the man scuttled into his truck and drove away. We were through with him. "Let's go," Nat said.

I started sweating, and I expected I was going to throw up. I would never have got over it if I had gone to pieces in front of Nat. "Take it easy, Spear," he said. "Now take it easy now, come on, take it easy. . . Okay. You're all right now. Come on, let's go back." He was speaking to me in a private voice. I never heard anybody talk gentler.

THE next month when we went to meet the truck, Erby told me and his boys to stay down. We spread out and hid around the meeting point, but nothing happened. The regular driver was back that time. "What did you fellows do to Doc?" he said. "Doc said he'd hang rather than risk coming up here again."

After that night when we scared the driver, Erby gave me the first important job I had. He sent me up on top of the ridge with a birchbark warning whistle, to keep watch. I didn't see much of Nat now that I was lookout. Every day I was ready to ask Erby to take me off the sentry job and let me clean the still pipes again, or carry jugs, because Nat was down at the still, but it wouldn't have been proud to yield that important job.

As it happened, Nat came up the ridge one afternoon to where I was. I watched him climb the path, and the easy way he walked, not fast, or slow either. He had sailed in ships. That was all people knew about what he'd done when he'd been away. I wondered why he had come back. He might have been a famous man out there. I thought he might have been something like a lawyer or a baseball player while he was gone.

When he got to me, he helped me keep watch. This was the highest hill of all that spur where we lived. We were getting ready to take another load to the truck, and that morning the runs had started at the still. I saw that the first run was over and that the sampling was all right, because he was sort of smiling. He never smiled until after he had sampled the first run. If it wasn't all right, instead of being cheerful he would be mean. After the second run, he would be mean anyway. "Look, Spear," he said. Then he changed from what he was going to say, and said something else instead. "Spear. . . How did you get that name?"

"My Pap give it to me, I reckon."

"Say he did . . . old woodchuck? Look here, Spear," he said, "Why don't you take off out of here?"

"I never thought none about it, Nat. I been to Bristol already. I like it up here all right."

"Be a good thing, Spear. Cities, huge cities. In the flat land, and by lakes, and the biggest ones by oceans. You could go to school all the time if you wanted to. You didn't go last year, did you? And Erby's not going to send you this year. . . . Yes, he is too, by God if he isn't. What grade are you in?"

"I'd be in the seventh if I could go."

"You'll go. Go this year, and then take off. You won't like it at first, I'll tell you fair. You'll be mixed up, and wish you never left, and think things are right here and wrong out there, at first. But later on. . . . You better go, Spear."

I didn't think so, but I didn't argue with him. It was the first time I ever heard Nat say so much at one time. When he got real drunk, of course, he'd talk, but he'd be talking crazy then. It was hurtful to see Nat drunk and talking crazy.

He went down again, and soon I saw him coming back. He was black mean this time, and I knew the second run was over. When he reached me, he looked at me a long time, and I was too scared to say anything. "God damn it, I told you to leave here." Then finally he let up, and he wasn't mean any more, but he was sad. "Must be something wrong, Spear," he said. "Traveling all over the world, and never seeing what you wanted. And now they got another war. All they can do is join up with each other in droves. Not one in ten thousand to stop being a rat and be his own man. Wars are what they mean. Be your own man, Spear. In the name of God, just be your own man, and no matter how you traffic with them, don't be part of them. How old are you, Spear?"

"I'm going on fourteen."

"That all? You never was young, Spear."

He was silent a while. I saw the mean feeling was getting ready to come back. I eased away toward a tree. He began to swear and blaspheme, and I slipped behind the tree. He lifted his hand up, and I figured he was looking for a rock to throw at me, and I cast about to see if there was any direction I might run and hope to get away from him. But instead of picking up a rock, he smashed his fist down against the rock he was sitting on, and watched his hand hanging down, and the blood seeping out of his knuckles.

Erby and his warnings to keep a sharp lookout left my mind, and I ran over. "Oh, Nat, no, no, no, please, you ought not to done that." And I knelt down by him and worked his fingers and his hand to see if anything was broken by that awful blow. The blood was dripping, but the bones were all right. They were all right, but he just sat there, and I started crying, and I wasn't ashamed.

"Okay," he said afterwhile. "Okay. Let it be, Spear. Stop crying now, you'll be okay, stop crying."

The dripping had stopped from his skinned knuckles.

and the spots on the stone were turning brown. Some gnats circled at the spots. The stone was one of the kind we split.

"This might be the one with a sapphire gem in it," he said.

"You want me to get a sledge hammer, Nat, so you can find out? I'll get you a sledge hammer if you want one."

"I don't want you to, old woodchuck. I wouldn't sell it either, and maybe the best way to keep it's to let it stay in the rock here."

"Would it sure enough be nice to have, Nat?"

"Spear, I reckon it really would be." He looked at his damaged hand. When he spoke again, he was not swearing, or sad, or any way except positive and peaceful. Hearing him, I felt so strangely but yet as though it was a most natural thing that I already knew what he was saying.

"You'd better go," he said.

"But, Nat—it's the people out there. They won't talk like us, and they'll rush around, and nowhere'll be like up here. I always been in the mountains, Nat, except for once long time ago when Pap took me to Bristol."

"You won't be different, and that's what counts. You might change from how you are now, but if you're lucky, God help us, you'll find out a lot about yourself. Here you'll just grow up and never more than begin to get a notion. That's why I'm telling you to go, Spear. It'll be like climbing up out of underground."

"I want to stay. I just want to be with you, Nat."

"You'll be with yourself, son. Spear, I swear I don't mean to put pressure on you. I'm just giving you information . . . God, God. After all that, I'm still telling some-



body else to do it himself and undergo all of it. I been up and down, and there and the other place, and back again, and no good." He shook his head, and laughed, and from then on when I heard anyone laugh like that I knew he was happy. "Some places I shivered, and some places I sweated, and I starved, and ate big meals, and slept in train stations till the cops run me out, and slept in big hotels and bought big houses for my own, and had important jobs and begged on the street for carfare to get

to work, and some women whispered sweet and some were bitches, and I laid dead drunk in parks, and signed on ships and crossed the ocean. I built and I tore down, and I paid people to wait on me and I waited on other people. I read books, and I fought in barrooms and I kneeled in churches, and I watched a man bleed to death and I watched babies born. I hunted everywhere in strange places and near ones. And now I stopped, and the thought of it all and not getting anything chokes my soul, and I wished I had it all ahead of me to do the same way again, only more. I ask for just one thing, and that's when I lay dying to have strength enough to say, I did it and I'm glad."

"You did good, Nat," I whispered. "You did fine."

"It won't be all bad, I swear, Spear. And even if you miss too, or if a joke's been done on us and it's not there at all, you'll get worth your time and more. It's some things beautiful, Spear."

I sat on the ground next to him. Down at the still they were yelling and singing. They had sampled a good deal of the second run by now. I was hungry. Afterwhile, when it was getting toward three o'clock, Nat told me to go to the house and get something to eat. Toward the end of the day, they all came in. One of the women that followed after Nat had joined them and she was hanging on his arm, and he was talking to her in a loud voice. She giggled, and he shook her. She went back and forth. "Sure he will, honey," she said. "I know it, you're right. Sure he will. Hot dog, shake me some more that way. Sure."

"All right, then. You want a drink?"

"You got some? Oh, who's that tall boy over there? Is that him? Is that Spear? Sure he will. He's younger than you, honey. Tell him to come over here, I want him to shake me. Hey, Spear—" He slapped her and she spun around and fetched up backwards against him. Just then Erby's wife came to the door. She didn't allow lewd women, not even Nat's, to be at her house, so the woman straightened up and hurried away. I was about to follow her, but I remember her face had been dirty. Nat drank a lot of water, and stumbled out and fell down under the oak tree in the yard. I went out to wait by him. The cool of the evening came, and dark, and the dark coming was like the time when a burn finally stops burning and only twinges a little now and then, and Nat slept on.

He taught me how to play my guitar. We didn't know he could play, until I showed it to him one day. After he got his fingers loosened, he played well. I told him about the dog I saw on the sidewalk in Bristol that long time ago. "Must of been an Irish setter," he said. "They're good dogs." I had wanted a long time to know what kind of dog it had been.

When spring came, I left. He gave me five dollars, for luck, because I already had the money from the shares. I never saw him again, or any of the Erbys. Sometimes I traveled, and sometimes I stayed in one place. During the war I shipped out of Norfolk in the merchant marine, and went to Murmansk, past the submarines and the bombers

around the North Cape, and back again. I bought an Irish setter at one place, but that wasn't what I wanted either. And nothing that's on sale is what you want, but what you want is with you, and that takes the longest voyage, and a more savage Murmansk run is waiting there than any that the sailors made in wartime. It's all been a beginning, and I still have lots of years. Nat was thirty-eight before he came back.

I don't know how he died, but I can guess what led up to it. There is the song—*bad liquor ruined your body, sinful women gone to your head*. Or the sheriff or the internal revenue agents got him, or somebody might have got nerve enough to shoot him when he wasn't looking.

He did all a man could, and when he'd done that, he didn't whimper about taking what a man has to take. He went out of the locked-in mountains, but he came back down into them. He was a man who had gone away, and come back. I can't justify saying it, but I know it was because he hunted with a violent spirit for that which doesn't have a name, and would not go home even when he had stopped hunting—that because of this, he got drunk up when he came back, and consorted with lewd

women, and beat people up who hadn't bothered him, as though he'd never had a notion of being a good man.

It's simpler if you've known somebody like Stinson, to do what a man should, the way that it's simpler for the mate of a ship when he can recognize a clear star. He didn't want to go home. Wolfe said *you can't go home again*, but as a matter of fact, the hardest continual effort needs to be made not to go home. Any place or situation can turn into a cocoon, where all you need to do is uncoil a few yards of umbilical cord and plug in and go to sleep. Nat refused that. It may be that the rocks that don't split are the only good kind; what is to be looked for, what the good place is for a man, is such a rock so that after you come against it you will be able to say, *I went to the rock to hide my face; the rock cried out, "No hiding place."* It is men like Stinson who live in joy, for all that their knuckles might be mashed and bleeding or that bruises inside drip and throb without stopping. It is good if you've been acquainted with anybody like him who did not have it in him to be part of a gang or to accept a refuge and comfort and behave well; they light the target; after that, it's simpler to do what there is to be done.

TOMORROW's third annual college short-story contest brought a gratifying response from undergraduates all over the country. Altogether, more than a thousand manuscripts were submitted from colleges in every state. As announced in the April issue, the following were selected as winners:

First prize, \$500. "The Legacy," by James Ballard, St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland. This story appears in the present issue.

Second prize, \$250. "The Round Giant," by Calvin Kentfield, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa. This story will appear in the June issue.

Two stories which did not win prizes, but which were accepted as regular contributions, are "A Pair of Boots," by Ralph Salisbury, University of Iowa, and "The Wounded," by Clay Putman, Leland Stanford University, California.

The judges were the editors of TOMORROW Magazine and the editors of Creative Age Press.

In summing up the results of this year's contest, the judges are glad to report that generally the stories achieved a higher level of quality than in the two previous contests. The contributions this year showed a much wider range of theme and subject matter, and there was evidence of greater technical skill and maturity of treatment; some could even challenge comparison with the work of professional writers. As was to be expected, the majority of stories reflected tendencies current in the American short story today. They were marked by a tension that is perhaps the result of an attempt to mirror the dislocations of our times. Although realistic fiction predominated, TOMORROW received many ambitious stories by undergraduates who were eager to experiment along newer lines in the exacting form of the short story. Even though these efforts were not always successful, the writers deserve every encouragement.

Next year TOMORROW will sponsor its fourth college contest, but at that time, in accordance with the many suggestions received from faculty members, it will be expanded to include a larger group of college students. The editors feel that in the increased postwar enrollment of American colleges there are many young men and women, not only undergraduates, but also special students, extension students, and graduate students, whose creative work should receive serious consideration by a national publication. Plans are still tentative, but when finally announced at the end of this school year they will undoubtedly make provision for many more students to enter the 1949 short story contest.

Meanwhile, the editors wish to thank the students and faculty members who contributed to the success of this year's contest.

How Free Are Our Schools?

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

NEVER before in our country has nationality, or rather supernationality, imperialism, been regarded with such a combination of carefully cultivated complacency and almost fanatical devotion as in this twentieth century. These are the marks of the Great Conspiracy afoot in contemporary America—an effort to disguise nationalism as patriotism, an attempt to extend the benefits of education to the dictates of “stateism.”

If one doubts this, let him compare with our usual contemporary patriotism, so-called, the sort of affection, loyalty, commitment to their country which characterized the American founding fathers: for instance, George Washington.

Washington was a man educated in Christian moral philosophy. He was therefore fundamentally an individualist and so at times could be a rebel. Equally, he was a believer in the utility, indeed the necessity if society were to continue, of cooperation between men and between groups of men. It was upon this enlightened combination of willingness to rebel against governmental tyranny and of desire for cooperation among citizens that his patriotic attitudes were built. He knew, as any educated person knows, that government always involves an attempt to reconcile two ambitions of man, ambitions which are in tension against one another: a felt necessity for security and a longing for personal freedom. America was for Washington a place where stalwart individuals might voluntarily assist one another, where they must be compelled to assist one another only if they refused to do so voluntarily.

This was a different brand of patriotism from what ordinarily goes under the label today—far removed from the notion that the state is an entity superior to the citizens who belong to it body and soul, a provider of bread and circuses, demanding unquestioning obedience to those who by hook or crook have managed to wangle themselves into posts of governmental authority; far removed, too, from the idea of a nation as a legitimate agency to gain for its citizens in a competitive world, by force

or threat of force, by diplomatic double-dealing or howsoever, this, that, or the other illegitimate advantage over other nations. Washington's patriotism was compatible with his being an educated gentleman; there are parts of contemporary patriotism no gentleman can touch without contamination. Politics is always a means toward an end, never an end in itself. To Washington the end was freedom enlarged by cooperation. To many in our time the end is enslavement of the many for the advantage of a controlling class: the proletariat and, more particularly, the party, in Russia; in America, the managerial manipulators for the upper bourgeoisie.

The basic conviction of the founding fathers about the function of the state is summed up in the statement in the Declaration of Independence that every human being has inalienable rights to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness. The founding fathers did not stop to argue over this; it was to them self-evident, and they said so. They meant by it precisely what the words signify: that an individual has the right and the responsibility and the bounden duty to live his life as he sees fit, to be free from any sort of external human control, to enjoy himself as best he can, subject only to one limitation, namely, that he shall not prevent the same privilege, opportunity and obligation of his neighbors. The sole purpose of the state, as the founders of America saw things, the only justification for government, is to keep people from interfering with one another. A nation exists for the sake of its free citizens and not an enslaved citizenry for the sake of the nation. They were quite sure that the state does not exist apart from or superior to those who make it up. The state seemed to them nothing more than a number of free citizens considered in their relationships to one another. The founding fathers believed that, when the state forgets this limitation and begins to regard itself as an end, when those who govern start to interfere with the inalienable rights of the citizens and to regard them as persons to be exploited and controlled, albeit benevolently, in the interest of the state and of whatever

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class happens to be using the state at the moment for its class advantage, then obligation to be loyal to the state at once disappears.

Nowadays we are not for the most part so clear-sighted. People otherwise seemingly intelligent talk and act as though they think our country is not us but something superior to us. We have made a sort of god out of the nation. We have raised it above the moral law. What else can that blasphemy mean which a leading daily newspaper was long accustomed to print each day at the head of its editorial column, the words of a certain bombastic naval officer of a former day: "My country, may she always be right; but right or wrong, my country." Jefferson, Adams, Jay, Hamilton, Washington, had they heard that slogan, would have felt an imminent need of new rebellion.

FOR a long time now, more and more during the last fifty years, every major nation of the world has gone in for the aggrandizement of the state and of those who govern in the interest of some sort of class control, for the exploitation of the other classes. Less and less questioning has been permitted about the motives of governing groups. The high-minded gentleman who thinks as he pleases, says what he likes, goes his own gait, careful to let others do the same, is not only less and less met with among us but is treated as though he were a wicked creature. The sacredness of individual liberty is a phrase which sounds archaic. Some of us feel fretful about this, but even those who do are sufficiently the victims of false political theory to be a bit ashamed of our resentment. The notion that our country is superior to ourselves has very largely destroyed our self-respect. Instead of a rational love of our countrymen and an insistence upon our mutual protection of one another's liberties, which is what men like Washington meant by patriotism, instead of a further insistence upon the worth and value of each individual person, we have developed the disease called stateism, given allegiance to a heresy which bids us obey without question, honor without discrimination an abstraction called "the state," and not question those who happen to have established controls over that state.

Nationalism is to patriotism what a cancer is to healthy flesh. It has engendered in us, in our consideration of national and international problems, a bigoted spirit of fanaticism which will not permit us to face facts, domestic or foreign, realistically. It has put a premium on conformity which has made the holding of an honest opinion increasingly dangerous. It has taken most of the rich raciness out of living, thought, discussion. It has increased the docility of the masses and made arrogant those in the seats of the mighty. It has made us bellicose, intransigent.

The degradation of patriotism due to class control of the state is to be found in every nation. We have one kind of class government in America, another in Ar-

gentina, another in Russia, and so on; in no country is there government of the people for the people. In such a class-run world, nervous to maintain precarious class controls, true patriotism is bound to decay into a morbid nationalism.

Our patriotism, which educators are constantly being told they must cultivate at any cost, is at once too petty and too monstrous; too overgrown for the safety of the citizens and too small in vision to allow the substitution of world cooperation for economic and military wars. Paul of Tarsus says that a Christian's duty is duplex: "Bear ye one another's burdens," he writes, and then almost at once, "Let every man bear his own burden." But nowhere does he say, "Serve your country, right or wrong." Paul's moral and spiritual master, Jesus of Nazareth, loved all men regardless of their nationality and bade his followers do the same; and He was killed for a traitor rather than surrender His conscience to the state.

It does not seem necessary to assume, as do Franz Oppenheimer and Albert Jay Nock and quite a respectable number of other political theorists, that the state, whenever it goes beyond a negative role in government, the role of umpire and peace preserver, becomes a racket deliberately set going by insiders who manage to preempt land and the control of natural resources and who organize politically to keep fast hold on their ill-gotten privilege; but it is undeniable that political history is largely a record of brigandage in state after state, brigandage by a few who have been entrenched in power over the masses, brigandage maintained until revolution has dislodged the brigands. The revolutions have resulted in the installation of new groups, new classes in the places of authority and then of the corruption of these new groups by cupidity and conceit. Out of revolution has come new oppression, which in its turn has had to be overthrown. There is no dodging the fact that the stronger the state has been and the more manifold its controls over industry, commerce, agriculture, transportation, the more sure and speedy has been the reduction of the many to a servile condition, their enslavement by an oligarchy responsible to the holders of special privilege. Nor can anyone doubt that, as H. L. Mencken has said, in every modern land:

"The state has taken on a vast mass of new duties and responsibilities; it has spread out its powers until they penetrate to every act of the citizen, however secret; it has begun to throw around its operations the high dignity and impeccability of a religion; its agents become a separate and superior caste, with authority to bind and loose, and their thumbs in every pot."

It is hard, in short, to avoid the following convictions: that the whole world is today suffering from statecraft prostituted to carry on ignoble and unjust class exploitations; that our own country is no exception to this; that all round the world the puffing up of government to unprecedented power is sure to result sooner or later in an honest-to-goodness explosion, a revolution nihilistic and

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anarchic, beside which our present social disturbances, waged between various groups of would-be exploiters each entrenched in its imperialistic or supernational setup, will seem like a game of tin soldiers. The state may not be a racket, but it is at least an easy instrument for racketeers. "Perpetual vigilance is the price of liberty."

As I see it, education is the stimulus and core of this vigilance. The proper business of education is threefold: *first*, to teach people how to labor truly to earn their living, how to do it with a maximum of craftsmanlike enjoyment; *second*, to civilize each oncoming generation by putting at its disposal the wisdom which man has accumulated by experiment and thought down the ages and encouraging it to reflect thereon; *third*, to train such persons as are competent so to evaluate both past and present as to help their less perceptive brethren toward a clearer understanding of the truth, a more near following of what has always proved and always must prove the significant and satisfying ways of life, toward a more clear evaluation of man; *in brief*, to minister to the common need. What is the common need? The common need is for reverence toward That Which Is and for discipline in the light of what such reverence reveals.

Ideally these three aims should determine education. But, as a matter of fact, educators are interfered with—sometimes more, sometimes less, always to a certain extent—by being forced to attend to a fourth kind of job, which hinders them in the performance of their more important duties.

This fourth job is to keep the general public quiet and tractable while education is being used for the profit and aggrandizement of whatever predatory class happens to be in control of the state. Never more than now



has this been so distressfully in evidence. The pressure brought to bear on administrators and teachers to see to it that as few people as possible oppose, or even seriously examine, the principles or lack of principles of the economic-industrial-financial-political powers that happen to be, is serious. To prevent awkward questions, it is demanded that growing youth not delve too deeply into matters of morality but rather exclusively, or nearly so, seek instrumental knowledge of how to produce, how to

cooperate in production. An attempt is made to confine social studies to an unquestioning examination and admiration of the politico-economic setup. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that education's chief enemy, as it is the chief danger of human welfare generally, is a conspiracy which demands silence about the competency of the social and political order to secure justice and thus to free men and women to attain their true end.

THOSE in control of statecraft know, sometimes consciously and more often subconsciously, that an explosion will come when people start asking too many simple questions about the nature of man and the ends he should pursue for satisfaction and happiness and about the function of government in furthering this pursuit. Because such questions are dangerous, it is in the interest of the state and of whatever exploiters control it—proletarian or bourgeois, communist or fascist, democratic or whatever—to prevent the upgrowing generation (or perhaps if not prevent it at least distract) from asking such questions and making some shocking discoveries. In order to ensure the *status quo* for statesmen and for those whose class interests statesmen represent, the state must see to it that education is state controlled and state denatured. To avoid unrest and eventual rebellion, the state finds it more and more necessary to manage education, as far as possible to monopolize education. This manipulation only puts off the evil day and makes it the more terrible when it does arrive. Truth will prevail in the end. Stateism may provide safety for the *status quo* up to a point but only up to a point, for stateism breeds war, which ends all security. Blind to this eventual necessity, or at least insensitive to it, the state seeks to control education—and never in the interest of freedom. Wise or foolish, those who manipulate the state seek to dehumanize education, to reduce it to an instrumental level, to prevent it from too close scrutiny of governmental ends and aims. So it has always been when states grow superstrong. There is no reason to suppose that in this respect things are different now from what they have been in the past; indeed, all the available evidence points plainly to the fact that there has been no change of mind.

Even so it is now high time that we realize that academic freedom, freedom to seek after the truth, is threatened by no other source as it is by organized secular government. There was a day when the church stifled freedom in education, independence in thinking, in the interest of preserving its class control over government and over life under government. That day is long past. The rising secular state protested against the ecclesiastical strangle hold, protested valiantly and successfully. Having thus ousted its chief rival, however, it began to establish its own strangle hold over education, always in the interest of whatever class happened to control. The church has continued to act educationally, by competi-

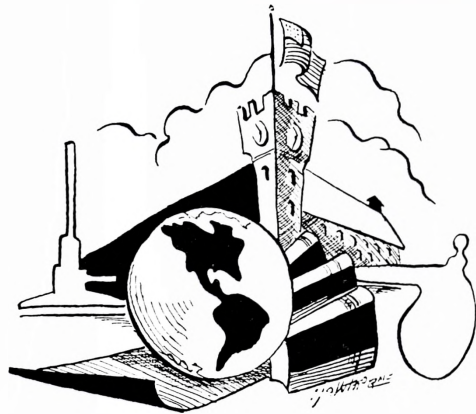
and by criticism seeking to curb the state's expansion and coercion; but in every land, including America, its influence for freedom in education has grown less and less. More and more the state has become all-controlling, directly so over the public schools and public universities—indirectly and by heavily subsidized competition over those universities and schools, religious and not so religious, which operate independently. In education today, whatever may have been the case in times past, it is not the church which threatens educational liberty, freedom of thought. On the contrary, the church is often almost their only champion. It is the state which is the enemy of that academic freedom which, as Nicholas Murray Butler rightly said, is education's "instrument for knowing the changing world, for aiding the changing world, for shaping the changing world." At all costs, state control of education must be reduced, not strengthened, if we are to have a free society competently led toward human ends.

But at the moment it is increasingly difficult for education to resist further state encroachments on academic freedom and self-determination for the simple reason that the state, because it alone can tax, has become the only entity financially able to pay for education. In the lower schools and in the high schools the state has acquired an ever growing dominion. There were, in 1944, 830,648 teachers in our schools supported out of public funds, state appointed and state paid, working in state-controlled institutions, and only 100,648 dependent for their income on private endowments and fees. The latter figure includes all teaching in religious schools as well as those in other non-state-supported academies. In the case of colleges and universities, the private institutions hold their own better; but even here it is interesting to note that, in spite of large benefactions to such institutions down the years and today, \$123,400,000 was received in 1944 for the support of higher education by state-supported institutions as against \$142,500,000 by institutions dependent on other sources of income than the public till.

The public lower schools and high schools are almost wholly supported from *local taxes on real and personal property*. These taxes in a superindustrialized country like our own, where income depends on more than real-estate investment, are not and cannot be productive of enough revenue to run the schools. In consequence, the schools are usually overcrowded and their buildings often in bad repair, the teachers grossly underpaid, the whole enterprise limping financially. Hence there is more and more demand for *subsidies from the Federal Treasury*, which can raise the necessary money by way of income taxes, profits taxes, corporation taxes, and so on. As for the state universities, they are almost wholly dependent on other than local levies; they are now financed out of state-wide taxation, and yet even they are forced to cry aloud for aid from Washington.

Meanwhile the private schools and colleges, with the

exception of those run by the Roman Catholic Church or maintained by some of the Lutheran synods, and with the further exception of a few heavily endowed private institutions like Harvard and Yale and Chicago and Phillips Exeter and Milton—and even these are constantly crying for more money—are facing a financial stringency so great as to hinder them from effective work and in many cases to imperil their existence. All of them feel the strain. It is conservatively estimated that our colleges and universities alone, leaving out of consideration the high schools and the grammar schools, to replace buildings worn out and unreplaced during the depression before World War II and during that war and to care for their constantly increasing enrollments, will require in the next ten years no less than five billion dollars. Nowhere is the plight of education more



vividly described than by Seymour E. Harris in his book *How Shall We Pay for Education?* He is a professor of economics at Harvard. He says that institutions of learning will no longer be able to depend, as in the past, upon large gifts and income from endowment, for the following reasons:

1. The rate of interest is substantially lower than in the twenties and is not likely to rise substantially.
2. Taxes take an increasing share of incomes, particularly of the high incomes, the main source of gifts to universities.
3. An anticapitalist trend, which in the prosperous years since 1940 has been somewhat dormant, is likely to reveal itself again once depression envelops the country.
4. Inflationary pressures over the years are likely to be much stronger than in the hundred years preceding World War II. Labor, agriculture and business are all well organized, and in large part to keep prices up.

Mr. Harris sensibly concludes that there will need to be more dependence on tuition fees, but that this too will be inadequate because such fees have already been substantially raised and are even now too high to insure a democratic spread of education. He goes on to recommend that educational institutions spend whatever gifts are made to them for current expenses instead of

investing them in endowment. To invest money in the hope of living off the increment thereof is now a dangerous procedure not only for individuals but also for educational corporations. The same holds true everywhere today; and who can say what tomorrow will be like? It would make much better sense, Mr. Harris thinks, to spend the principal of gifts received and let future needs be supplied by the future. But it will not be enough to increase tuition fees or to spend the principal of such gifts as are procured. Private institutions and public institutions alike are already dependent and will continue to be increasingly dependent on direct grants from local, state and federal governments, particularly from the last of these, since it alone has sufficient power of taxation. Like it or not, this is the inexorable and unavoidable fact.

What effect is this necessary and increasing dependence on federal aid having and going to have on academic freedom and integrity?

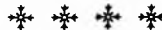
Now that the churches seem to have been pretty well tamed (or at least so politicians think), the one force that still has a possibility of standing out against the growth in the United States of an increasingly irresponsible and more and more totalitarian type of society, an unmoral and expedient society, a society run by demagogues for the preservation of the privilege and profits of their "good friends," is our schools and colleges and universities. Now is the time for politicians to wield the power of the purse and turn these universities and colleges and schools from guardians of freedom into purveyors of directed propaganda. Here comes education, desperate, holding out its starving hands for help. Who pays the piper calls the tune.

Are we to suppose that if and as the state makes available the necessary money for education the politicians will refrain from dictating what is to be taught and what is not to be taught, how it must be taught and how it must not be taught? Are we to suppose that able administrators and wise teachers and competent scholars will be retained even when their ideas and procedures and speeches and writings differ from the prejudices of the predominating group in Congress, especially when that predominating group, as is common nowadays, is organized on a bipartisan basis? Are we to suppose that the books to be studied will not be censored, overtly or by indirection? Are we to suppose that red tape and a self-feeding and self-perpetuating bureaucracy will somehow be absent from politically created and politically manned and politically supported educational departments, boards and commissions? Our record as a misgoverning and misgoverned people makes such pious suggestions a little

unreasonable; nor is observation of our present school boards in local communities or of the regents of our state universities reassuring. In proportion as education accepts governmental aid—be it repeated, it will have to accept it or go out of business—it must expect an effort to establish political domination, not all at once but here a little and there a little, until the system is brought to heel. Some of the educators who venture to protest can be bought up with flattery, with government jobs where necessary; others will have to stop being educators and get into the ranks of the unemployed; more will just shut their mouths and take orders: they have themselves and their old mothers and their wives and children to feed.

There would seem to be one way, and probably only one, to prevent governmental control and political operation of our schools and colleges and universities once they are state supported, to prevent a consequent emasculating of education, to prevent the easier enslavement of our people through educational agencies. That one way would be immediately and with determination to organize the million and more teachers of America together with such of the general public as could be persuaded to join in, to resist even the slightest attempt on the part of the state to interfere with freedom of educational self-determination or with the right of any group to run schools and to receive its share of public assistance as long as that group meets pedagogic standards set for all schools alike; to demand that local school boards be selected by persons of educational knowledge and not by a mayor, city council, or state education department; to insist that state education boards also be selected by skilled educational administrators; to require that if we are to have a national department of education its members be appointed with consent of the profession and not arbitrarily by the president or by Congress. In other words, if we are to be delivered from an all-too-imminent slavery, we must see to it that the teaching profession functions together with at least as much independence and hardheaded common sense as the American Medical Association or the American Bar Association or the CIO or Mr. Lewis' coal miners.

Will there be any such resistance, demand, insistence, requirement made by a united teaching profession? There could be, but will there be? If such a thing happens, I for one will be the most surprised man in seven counties. I know pedagogues too well to expect any such courage or unity among them. There is little fight in them. It is not due to the stars that they are impotent in time of crisis. Still—one can hope; sometimes miracles happen.



The Frontier



H. E. BATES

TWICE a month, going back to the tea garden in the north, he took the Darjeeling night mail out of the heat of Calcutta, seldom without meeting on the station as he departed some returning English nurse with a basket of primroses fresh from the hills but never, for some reason, seeing these same nurses go. Calcutta, with its vast and sticky heat, its air charged with postwar doom, shriveled them at the moment of departure into nonentity. The hills revived and reshaped them, so that they returned, carrying their little native baskets of yellow and pink and purple primula, shaded with fern, northern and cool as English spring, like strangers coming in from another world.

He arrived at the last junction of the broad-gauge line at six in the morning, in a cool dawn of exquisite dusty mistiness through which in the dry season the snows were rarely visible. He longed always to see these snows, cloud-like or icy-blue or at their most wonderful like vast crests of frozen seafoam, and was disappointed whenever he stepped from the cinder-dusted night train, on to a platform of seething *dhotis* and smoke-brown faces, to find that he could not see them in the northern sky. He envied always those travelers who were going further north and would, from their bedroom windows, see Kanchenjunga as they shaved. He thought jealously of the little nurses and the last wartime service girls he never saw on their way to Darjeeling but only, refreshed and snow-cool, as they came down to the Delta again, carrying their mountain flowers.

Wherever he appeared along the line, especially at the terminus where he drank a cup of milkless tea before driving out in the lorry the sixty miles to the tea garden, there was a respect for him that was friendly. He had been traveling up and down there, in the same way, for twenty years. He had a long lean figure and a pale face, rather dreamy and prematurely gray and in very hot weather

blue-lipped, that had become almost Indianized, giving him a look of Asiatic delicacy. He had learned very early that, in the East, time is an immensity that does not matter; that it is better not to get excited; that what does not happen today will happen tomorrow and that death, it is very probable, will come between. His chief concern was not to shout, not to worry, not to get excited, but to grow and manufacture a tolerably excellent grade of tea.

He had a club house at the junction, deliciously shaded with large palms and pipal trees, an old white house with exceptionally lofty open rooms through which birds flew freely, where he sometimes shaved in the mornings after the more hideous train journeys and then had a quick breakfast before driving on to the plantation. There was an army station near, and during the war the club had become a mere transit camp, with both English and Indian officers piling bedrolls in the doorway, and rather noisy behavior in the compounds. There were often girls there too, and once he had seen an Indian girl, in khaki uniform, of the very highest type, having cocktails with a bunch of wartime subalterns who belonged to some dismal section of army accountancy and were in consequence behaving like abandoned invaders. It upset him a little. He looked at her with envious deep feeling for a long time. She had the creamy, aloof, high-cheeked beauty, with smoky brown shadows of the eyes and purple depth of hair, that he had never grown used to; and he longed to talk to her. But she too was going southward at a moment when he was coming north; she was simply one of those entrancing, maddening figures that war threw up for a few illuminating seconds before it snuffed them out again; and in the end he went on to the plantation alone.

He always went on to the plantation alone. In the misty distances of the Doogar country there was a curious tranquillity and it entranced and bored him at the same time. It entranced him by the beauty of its remoteness. It had

H. E. BATES, *English journalist, playwright and essayist, has published some twenty volumes of fiction. During the war he served with the R. A. F., and most of his writing at that time appeared under the pseudonym Flying Officer X. His most recent novels published in America are Fair Stood the Wind for France, which appeared in 1944, and last year's Jacaranda Tree.*

the strange tenseness, amplified in daylight by heat haze and at night by the glow of forest fires in the Bhutan hills, of a country at the foot of great mountains that were themselves a frontier. There was an intense and overshadowed hush about it. He felt always, both on the long truck journey across recurrent dried or flooded river beds and then on the green orderly plantation itself, that something wonderful and dramatic was about to happen there.

And nothing ever did. His boredom sprang from a multitude of cheated moments. The place was a great let-down. It was like coming down to a meal, day after day, year in, year out, and finding the same table cloth, impeccably ironed and spread, white in perfect invitation. There was about to be a wonderful meal on it and there never was.

His visits to the plantation were like that. He expected something wonderful to dramatize itself out of the hazy fire-shot hills, the uneasy nearness of a closed frontier, the deep Mongol distances lost so often in sublime sulphur haze. And he expected Kanchenjunga. The days when he saw the snows of the mountain always compensated him, in a wonderful way, for the humdrum parochial business of going the rounds of the plantation, visiting the MacFarlanes on the adjoining estate, talking of Dundee, doling out the Sunday issue of rice and oils to his workers, and eating about a dozen chickens, skinny and poorly cooked, between Friday and Monday afternoon. He also conceived that he had a sense of duty to the place. He had rather a touching pride in an estate he had taken over as a hereditary and that was now a place with thirty or forty miles of metaled road, with hardly a weed, and with every tea-plantation neatly burned, every bug neatly captured by yellow pot-bellied children, every worker devoted and contented. And, though he was not aware of it, he was bored by that too.

And then something upset him. One of his workers got drunk on rice beer, ran madly about the plantation for a day, and then raped and murdered a woman over by the MacFarlane boundary.

WHEN he got down to the plantation on his next visit the murderer, armed with a stolen rifle, was still roaming about the low bamboo-forest country along the river. Everybody was stupidly excited and it was impossible to get the simplest accurate report. The affair had developed into a gorgeous and monstrous Indian mess, everybody at clamorous cross-purposes, sizzling with rumor and cross-rumor and revived malice, seething with that maddening Indian fatalism that sucks fun out of disaster and loves nothing better than prolonging it by wailing and lamentation.

He organized search parties and sent out rumor-grubbing scouts, putting on a curfew for the women and children, and then spent most of the weekend driving wildly about his thirty-five miles of metaled road in pursuit of reports. In the tiring excitement of it he forgot to

look for Kanchenjunga, only remembering it when he was far back in the heart of Bengal, in the hot and cinder-blackened train.

When he came back on his next visit, a week earlier than normal, the murderer had not been found. He was worried about it all and did not sleep well in the hot train, with its noisy midnight dislocations. It was a blow to his pride and he was angry that it had ever happened.

Then he fell asleep, to be woken suddenly by frantic arguments. He put on the light. He let down the gauze window and saw, in the light of the station outside, a mass of seething *dhotis* clamoring at each other with brown antennae, like moths. He shouted in Hindustani for everybody to shut up. A bubble of surprise among the *dhotis*, with explanatory sing-song inflexions, was followed by someone shouting back, in English:

"Shut up yourself! You're lucky. You've got a compartment. They won't let me on."

"I'll be out in a moment!" he said.

"Oh, don't worry."

He slipped his dressing gown over his pajamas and went out onto the platform, really no more than a length of cinder track running past the metals, and pushed his way among the fluttering *dhotis*. He heard the English voice again and then saw, among the crowd, under the low station lights, what seemed to him an incredibly unreal thing.

Standing there was one of the nurses he had so often seen coming back to Calcutta on the southbound train. She was very young and she was waving angry hands.

"Something I can do?" he said.

"Yes, you can shut these people up."

Her eyes had the dark brightness of nervous beetles. Her hair, parted in the middle, was intensely black and smoothed.

"May I look at your ticket?"

"Oh! I suppose so."

He took her ticket, looking at it for a moment under the station lights.

"This isn't a sleeper ticket. This is just a—"

"Oh, I know, I know. It's the wrong ticket. That comes of not getting it yourself! My bearer got it. In this country if you want a thing done, do it yourself. I know."

"Where are you going?"

"Darjeeling. On leave."

"I've a compartment. I'm not sleeping. You can share with me."

"That makes me feel pretty small. Getting so excited."

"Oh, everybody in India gets excited. It's nothing. It's the thing."

"I'm awfully sorry," she said.

He called a porter for her luggage; the mothlike *dhotis* floated away under the station lights; and together they got on the train.

He always had plenty of food and ice water and beer and fruit packed up for him in Calcutta, and the rest of the night they sat opposite each other on the bunks, eating

...row
 ...and drinking beer. He was
 ...by her hunger and thirst. They were the hunger
 ...of the very young and it seemed to him that she
 ...all night with her mouth full.
 "Ever been to Darjeeling before?" he said.
 "No. They say it's wonderful and it stinks," she said.
 "You're lucky. You'll see Kanchenjunga."
 She had not the faintest idea what Kanchenjunga was,
 and he talked of it for some time as a man talks of a pet



grievance, a pet memory, or an old campaign. He told her several times how wonderful it was and then he knew that she was bored.

"Oh! I'm sorry," he said. "The trouble is that I like mountains. I'm rather in love with mountains."

"Really?" She sat cross-legged on the bunk, eating a fourth banana, her shoes off, her knees rounded and smoothly silken, her skirt pulled tightly above.

"Don't you care for mountains?"

"Not terribly."

"Then why Darjeeling? That's why people go there."

"You've got to go somewhere," she said.

He knew suddenly that she was going there simply because it was a place, a thing, a convention; because she had a piece of time to be killed; because she was bored. She was going to a place whose identity did not matter and suddenly he was aware of wanting to say something to her; to make, as casually as he could, a desperate suggestion.

He began to make it and then he found himself trembling unexpectedly and with immense diffidence, so that all he could say was: "I—I—I—"

She took another banana and began to peel it very slowly, as if indifferently.

"What were you going to say?"

"Oh, it was an idea. But then I remembered it wouldn't—it wasn't possible."

"What was it?" she said; and when he did not answer she looked at him with delightful black eyes, teasing him a little, mock serious. "Please."

"Well," he said. "Well . . . I was going to suggest you spend the weekend on the estate with me. You could go on to Darjeeling afterwards."

She began laughing, her mouth full of banana, so that she hung her head. He saw then that her very black hair was parted in a rigid wonderful white line straight down

the middle and he had the first of many impulses to bend down and touch it with his hands.

Just as he felt he could no longer keep himself from doing this, she lifted her head sharply and said:

"I thought you were going to ask me something terribly serious. You know, like—"

He was shocked.

"It is serious. The reason I didn't ask you the first time was because there's a murderer running about the place."

"What possible difference can that make?"

"I'll have to spend most of the weekend trying to catch him," he said. "It wouldn't be fair to you. You'd have to entertain yourself."

"Entertain my foot," she said. "I shall come with you."

He discovered very soon that she accepted everything in that same way: without fuss, offhand but rather bluntly, as if things like riding on night trains with strange men, changing her plans and hunting native murderers in remote places were all things of the most casual account to her.

It troubled and attracted him so much that he forgot, in the morning confusion at the junction, to take his customary look for the snows in the north. He did not remember it until he had been driving for ten or fifteen miles along the road to the estate. And then he remembered another simple and curious thing at the same time. He had stupidly forgotten to ask her name; and he had neglected, still more stupidly, to tell her his own.

The three of them, his Indian driver, himself and the girl, were pressed together in the driving cab of the Ford truck. In the back of the truck were a dozen huddled Indians who wanted to be dropped off at hamlets along the road. It was impossible to speak in the roaring, jolting open-sided cabin, in the trembling glare of dust, and it was only when the truck stopped at last to let four or five villagers alight that he said:

"You can't see the snows this morning. Awful pity. It's the haze. By the way, my name's Owen."

She took it indifferently and it struck him that possibly she had known it all the time.

"Mine's Blake," she said.

"What else?"

"Oh, just Blake. I get used to it," she said.

ALL along the road, for the next fifty miles, he watched for the slightest dispersal, northward, of the vaporous glare that hid all of the mountains except the beginnings of the forested foothills. These first hills, deceptively distant in the dusty glare of sun, were like vast lines of sleeping elephants, iron-gray and encrusted with broken forest above the tea gardens that now began to line the road.

And then, thirty miles from the station, they came to the river. He had been looking forward to it as an important event he wanted to show her. He had spoken of it several times at village stopping places. At bridges over smaller streams he had shouted above the noise of the

"Not this one. This isn't it. A bit further yet. You'll see."

And then they were there. The sight of the broad, snow-white stream running splendidly down with furious and intricate currents between flat banks of sun-whitened sand, with long lines of ox wagons standing on dusty bamboo traverses waiting to be ferried across, of the ferry being madly pushed by sweating and singing men against the powerful snow-flood: all of it filled him with a pride and excitement that he wanted somehow to convey to her. He felt in a way that it was his own river; that the water was from his own snows; and that the snows were from his own mountains. This was his country and his pride in it all was so unobtrusively and humble. It was inadequate and he could not put it into words.

He simply stood on the deck of the slowly crossing ferry, crowded now with ox-carts, many peasants, a single car and his own truck, and stared at the wide sweeping waters.

"Wonderful, isn't it? Don't you think so? Don't you think it's a wonderful river?"

"Reminds me of one I saw in Burma," she said.

"Burma?" he said. He felt himself once again brought up sharp by the casual bluntness of her way of speaking. "Burma? Were you there?"

"The whole caboodle," she said.

He suddenly felt small and crushed. The river and all it meant for him, and had so long meant, shriveled into insignificance. He stared round for some moments at the straggly oxen on the ferry. The carts, he noticed, were overloaded, and the oxen, as they always were, underfed, their thighs raw and bloody from struggling against each other and against the ill-balanced pole of the shaft. He felt suddenly angry at the stupidity of the drivers who drove them with such savage lack of thought. The suffering of the gray moon-eyed creatures standing in the glare of sun, staring at the water, depressed him, and the miserable little songs of the ferrymen, in a dialect he did not understand, might have been, in their primitive whining, the voices of the cattle themselves, whimpering in pain.

And then the girl said:

"Who are those people?"

"Oh, just peasants."

"No," she said. "The people with the car."

He looked up to see, on the other side of the ferry, a family of educated Indians, a man in European suit and white hat, a woman in a blue *sari*, two pigtailed girls in cotton frocks. They belonged, he saw, to the Chevrolet saloon.

"They're Indians," he said. "An educated family."

"I want to get myself a *sari* like that," she said. "I want to take one home."

"Home?" he said. He felt suddenly and brutally pained. "When do you go home?"

"Soon."

"That's true of all of us. Soon."

He looked at the Indians standing by the car. He felt

the collective pain of his thoughts about the oxen, the river and of the girl leaving India abruptly increased by thought that he himself had not much longer to remain. "Quit India," the curt and shabby slogan that one had seen for so many years chalked up on walls and bridges and decaying tenements in cities, everywhere, meant him too. In a year, perhaps in a few months, he too would have to go.

They reached the estate, with its pleasant two-story bungalow of white-railed verandas, its little plantation of pine-apples, its papaya trees and its garden of orange and rose and crimson gerbera daisies, purple petunias and now fading sweet peas, about forty minutes later. He showed it to her with pride. Its windows faced a view of lawn and flowers, of thousands of tea bushes in the gardens, neatly shaped under high and slender trees of shade, and beyond it all the line of elephantine mountains, smoldering in morning haze.

"Over there," he said, "is Bhutan. This is the frontier."

"What is Bhutan?"

"It's a state. A closed state. You can't get in there."

"Why not?"

"You just can't," he said. "The mountains are the frontier and they'd keep you out if nothing else did."

"Just like Burma," she said. "Only they didn't keep us out."

He did not know what to say.

"Awfully good place for your murderer," she said.

"Once he's in there you've had it. It's all over."

"Yes," he said.

He had hoped she would not mention the murder. She had changed after her bath into a white dress with scarlet candy stripes, sleeveless and fresh, with a simple belt. The diagonal lines of scarlet met down the center line of her body, continuing the line of her hair. Each time she lowered her head, to bend over her plate, he saw this line with increasingly aggravated impulses, aching to touch it. Then when she stood up from the table, after breakfast, he was aware of the line running down through the whole length of her body. It was the division between her breasts; it went on, in a series of scarlet arrowheads, to the tip of her skirt; it divided her brown sun-warm legs, fascinating him.

"What would you like to do?" he said.

"Hunt the murderer, of course," she said. "Isn't that what I came for?"

They drove most of that day about the estate. It was quite hot but she did not rest in the afternoon. Some of the excitement about the murder had died down and now there was a stillness of heat about the long avenues of tea bushes, under the delicate high shade trees, that was enchanting. Bougainvilleas flamed on roofs seen through far sun-washed openings of the gardens. Delicious small winds stirred in the forest of bamboo. He showed her all of it with pride: the good new roads, the tea manufactory, the cool office where he paid his workers, the yellow slant-eyed children solemnly squatting with their tea bugs spread out like patterns of dominoes, waiting for them to be

squinting against the sun. "That's the spot exactly although you can't see it today."

"The water's wonderful," she said. "Why didn't you tell me it was so marvelous? I'd have brought a costume."

"There are terrible currents," he said.

She stood looking at the shore of monsoon-washed sand, white and fine as a sea shore in the brilliant sun between the river edge and the grasses of the swamp. In its icy clearness there were great egglike stones, whiter than the sand.

He saw her begin to take off her shoes.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Paddle." She lifted the edges of her dress and unrolled her stockings, peeling them down her brown smooth legs. "Come on." The dark eyes flashed. "You too."

"No," he said. "I'll sit here. I'll watch you."

Standing in the water, holding her dress above her knees, she bent her head, looking down at her feet, and he felt himself quiver, once again, because of the line of her hair.

And then she turned and began to walk slowly upstream, in the shallow edge of water, swishing her feet. He saw her head, vividly black above the white dress, move slowly into the line of mountains, where Kanchenjunga should have been. "Don't go too far," he called.

"No," she said. "If I don't come back you'll know I'm swimming."

"No," he said. He was agitated. "Don't do that! It's dangerous. Don't do that."

"Have a nap," she called. "It'll do you good!"

He stood watching her for a moment or two longer. As she stepped away on big white stones he saw water and sun gleam on the bare skin of her legs and arms. Then as she poised to balance herself he saw the line of her body going down, white and brown, with her reflection, to the bottom of the pools she was crossing. He watched her go like this, seventy or eighty yards upstream, past the first elbow of sand and rock, and then he sat down to wait for her by the car.

When the rifle shot came out of the swamp edge, also from upstream, and hit him full in the chest he did not fall. The suddenness of it seemed to give him a full minute of the clearest thought. At first it seemed simply to paralyze him from the waist upward. He did not feel that he was hurt. It was only that his vision was rarefied, so that he saw the white river shore, the water, the swamp edge, and

the running Indian figure with the rifle, as in a box of polished glass.

He held these objects briefly focussed with the most painless calm and brilliance and then he fell backward, choking.

Vaguely, as he lay there, he heard the girl running over the soft sand. It seemed as if she ran out of incredible distances. He kept his eyes open with the most terrible difficulty, waiting for her to arrive. And then when she did arrive he saw that she had taken off her dress, but whether because she had been about to swim or whether simply to stop the pumping of blood on his shirt he never knew. He had a brief glimpse of her face, white but calm; of her black hair with its tormenting central line; and then of her naked breast and shoulders as she bent down. He was aware of her professionally unhurried hands, and of her voice, with the easy calm of a veteran scarred in battles, speaking phlegmatically.

"That was your murderer all right," she said. "That was one of your wonderful people."

He lay on the sand, burned by sun, and tried to answer. He could not speak. All the life of his body, borne on a great torrent of blood, was flowing back to his head, choking with its hideous congestion his sight and breath. He made weak and frantic signs that he wanted to sit up.

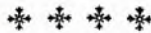
She put her arms about him and held him upright for a few seconds longer. He whimpered in a great struggle to withhold from her his weakness, his terror and the flow of blood.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's all right. I'm with you. Try not to move."

He made another immense and tortured effort to speak but there was no sound from his mouth. Everything he wanted to say became compressed, in a final glittering moment, into his eyes. She saw them convulsedly trying to fix themselves on herself, the sky and the mountains. This convulsion, calming down at last, gave way to a startling flash of reflected light. It leaped into the dying retina with such brilliance that she turned and instinctively looked behind her, toward the swamp and the mountains, as if for a second he had seen the murderer coming back.

But when she turned there was no one there; and when she looked back at his eyes she saw that all sight of sky, the mountains and the haze that hid the further mountains had been extinguished too.

Nothing but herself remained.



William Ellery Leonard:

Some Memories and New Poems



CLARA LEISER

IN the morning of May 2, 1944, the tired heart of William Ellery Leonard stopped battling the strains it had defied since youngest childhood. The elmed walks, the hills, the willowed lake shores of Madison, Wisconsin, lost their most articulate lover, the University of Wisconsin its most turbulent adornment, and countless students and alumni a teacher and friend. At the same time, the press of the land was deprived of a source of lurid headlines and the psychiatric world of a famed "case." Forward-looking human causes were bereft of a champion, and literature lost the physical presence of the poet whose verse I believe to be informed by the richest intellect American poetry ever owned, but who did not allow learning to depress lyricism or to dull impassioned artistry. And I, as Mr. Leonard's biographer and literary executor—legal and moral guardian of his large quantities of papers, including unpublished writing—found myself with a deeply appreciated yet most demanding responsibility.

Besides two historical Indian plays, a half dozen books and monographs on learned matters, standard translations of classical and other works (Empedocles, Lucre-

tius, *Beowulf*), Mr. Leonard published an autobiography and eight volumes of poetry (not counting *Poems 1914-1916*, speedily withdrawn from a private press when we entered the first world war). The best known of these is probably *Two Lives*. In sonnet stanzas this poem tells of the troubled living of two people before their marriage and of their married companionship. It relates the suicide of the wife, who, prior to marriage, had been confined in an asylum for the insane, and it details the husband's agonies following her death. Of course it was not alone the tragic ending of his first marriage that fixed Professor Leonard's neuroses for a lifetime. The injuries inflicted by shock and grief upon an always unstable personality were aggravated by slander suggesting that he had driven a loved wife into taking poison. These psychic beatings helped to flog out of their uneasy lair the phobias which pursued him the rest of his life. His autobiography, *The Locomotive God*, seeks to trace their origins to a fright sustained when, as a very small child, he identified the eye of an onrushing locomotive with God; thence the title. The book describes and partially analyzes the lifelong effects of this sharp experience. One

CLARA LEISER is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin where she studied under William Ellery Leonard. She is the author of four books: *Jean de Reszke* and the *Great Days of Opera*, and three volumes based upon her extensive travels through Germany and Poland during the 1930's: *Lunacy Becomes Us*, *Refugee*, and *Skeleton of Justice*. Miss Leiser is founder and executive director of *Youth of All Nations, Inc.*, an organization dedicated to helping young people in all parts of the world become better acquainted with each other's national problems and customs.

TOMORROW
of them, the most widely publicized, was his inability to go very far from his home without becoming panicky, and from 1911 on, this "fear of spacial distance from a centre of safety" confined him ever closer to the Madison home.

Two Lives has been praised for nearly every virtue a poet might covet. So valuable is *The Locomotive God* in its painfully minute self-analysis that it is used in several colleges as a textbook in psychology. The heart-sick, stinging fury of *The Lynching Bee and Other Poems* had made its impact during his lifetime too. Moreover, Professor Leonard's scholarship was known beyond our shores, his teaching gratefully remembered by thousands who had sat in his classes through the years. Yet the press dispatches of May 2, 1944, headlined the death of "the eccentric professor" who was now "released from his phobic prison." The *New York Times* went so far as to diminish *Two Lives* to "a" sonnet. For this it was suitably berated by William Rose Béné, who wrote in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for May 13, 1944: "He was above all one of the most outspoken and moving poets of our time; hater of all forms of injustice and human tyranny . . . *Two Lives* . . . cuts deep into human experience and haunts one ever after. William Ellery Leonard was a modern poet with a social conscience as burning as that of Shelley. He wrote fearless and beautiful poetry. That should be said of him; and all the trumpety sensationalism should be swept away. He was a champion of Mankind."

William Ellery (as most students and many friends called him, though the closest said "Ellery") did write fearless poetry, but he was not always fearless about publishing it. The publishing of *Two Lives* was delayed for reasons akin to those which placed upon me, as WEL's literary executor, the responsibility for releasing *A Man Against Time: An Heroic Dream*.

Mr. Leonard considered *A Man Against Time* to be his "best in mature, honest art." His adjurations to me concerning it were many and variously phrased, but quotations from two letters characterize and summarize them all: "It's my final decision that the entire editing of that poem—ms. and publishing—be in your hands. . . . Cancel any instructions heretofore given. . . . I mean cut out or keep what you will." And, "It [seeing to publication] is my chief charge to you. It must not be lost."

By the end of a year after William Ellery's death, this charge had begun to weigh upon me, especially as I knew it would be years before I could tackle the biography. Since there was this poetry to help extend his creative life, so to speak, it seemed to me that I had better withhold it no longer. Moreover, I should have considered it arrogant for me to say to the poetry-reading public, "Yes, William Ellery Leonard did leave a series of unpublished sonnets and they're beautiful, but you may not read them until my biography has explained their background."

I foresaw objections that might be raised in confirmation of the poet's own speculation—

*I do believe these poems encompass more
In brave, fair honesty of love-report
Than ever artist dared, tried, did before,
Whether in country-side, or bower, or court.*

But I went to my task. The "original manuscript" of each of the scores of verses that make up *A Man Against Time* is a 3 × 5 card, penciled in Mr. Leonard's minute private "shorthand" and blurred by sojourn in his pocket.

The poems had not been composed in any particular order, or even out of any organic plan, but it was my job, on the basis of what I knew of their history and their maker's intent, to resolve those individually exquisite sonnets into some kind of continuity and an integrated whole. This brought real satisfaction, and I certainly didn't count the hours of intense, exacting labor involved; but when the editors of this magazine asked me for any unpublished verse there might be among Mr. Leonard's papers, I did recall all this rather wearily. I also remembered the criticisms, even slander, directed at me for permitting the publication of *A Man Against Time*. Primarily because I had agreed with Mr. Leonard that the sonnets demanded publication and was pleased to have carried out my old teacher's specific wishes, but also because by the time the uproar raged I was deep in original creative work of my own, I ignored most of the furore. This present article is, however, my first public writing about William Ellery Leonard since his death, and in it I am giving out miscellaneous Leonardian verse of quite different character; so it seems proper, especially in view of Mr. Leonard's stature, to indicate why, as both biographer and literary executor, I did decide to publish *A Man Against Time* and why I am releasing the fragments which follow.

My duty as literary executor seems to me to involve making and keeping William Ellery Leonard's own writing accessible to all persons already devoted to him and his work or even mildly interested, and to acquire more readers for him. This demands full but judicious use of all the materials bequeathed to me, and these are bewildering in quantity and variety.

I possess nothing further of the proportions or quality of *A Man Against Time*, although one day I may release at least some of the thirty-five sonnets "left over" from that volume as not harmonizing with the whole. There is also verse written during college days, and some of it is better than the *juvenilia* carried in the complete works of world-famous poets; but it cannot fairly be published without special commentary. However, in going through thirty notebooks and journals written in Europe, New York and Madison, and a mass of manuscript and typescript, I laid aside some pieces which had both intrinsic and associational interest. On considering them as a group I noted that the first in point of date belonged to student days in Germany, the last to *A Man*

Against Time, thus spanning William Ellery's largest ambit and deepest tumults. They embrace some of the good and some of the less good qualities of his known verse, illustrate some of his own theory of poetry, and throw sidelights on his life and work; so I offer them as, to the sure, of primary interest to those already familiar with Mr. Leonard's work, but also in the hope of sending readers of this article to WEL's own books. I place them before you, with a few fragmentary observations.

PRAYER

*From land to land I watch my brothers pray:
Now kneels the Mussulman in Cairo street;
By Zion's wall the wailing Hebrews meet;
The Buddhist turns his wheel in Mandalay;
In Rome St. Peter's incense floats away
In plangent music to the Judgment Seat;
I hear New York her litanies repeat
By Sabbath seas for sins of yesterday.
I cannot join: although I have my grief,
My sin, in fellowship with great and small,
I know not of their helplessness and fear;
But let me go, as went the Indian chief,
To some high hill, where God is all in all,
And simply say: "Wacondah—I am here."*

William Ellery Leonard, son of a clergyman, revolted early from the personal God to whom he prayed as a child, but his "Prayer" seems a rather good one in days when, even while "Brotherhood Week" is celebrated with studious regularity, men are still afraid of man and of his various beliefs.

Here and there in the WEL notebooks I find indications of plans for further poetry of a religious nature. Among other jottings, the journal he kept while studying in Germany in 1900-01 contains this, for instance:

For Series of Poems

Prayers to all the Gods

Mary, the mother of God (love of woman). Jesus (humanity).

Buddah (sic) (nirvana). Apollo (Song & Sun). Zeus (Thunderer).

Here (wisdom). etc. etc. In such a series I can express the different aspects of human longing and different philosophical ideas—perhaps.

Penciled in, apparently some time later, we find "N.B. American Pike wrote a volume, as I find, with this title." That delayed "perhaps" probably carries more of the reason for abandoning this and similar plans than the learning of Mr. Pike's volume. (But see his prose book, *The Poet of Galilee*, first published in 1909. In the foreword to a new edition brought out in 1928, Mr. Leonard wrote: "I would stress today more precisely the mysticism in this Poet of Galilee, as the well-spring of his self-reliance, of his splendid non-conformity in both creative living and creative speech. . . . Today I would declare more explicitly that the Poet-Jesus was first set aflame by the poets of his race, quite as poets have always been set aflame first by the poets before them.")

During his first years in Madison, Mr. Leonard studied Indian lore with characteristic thoroughness. His play "Red Bird" has as protagonist the Winnebago Chief of that name. The "Wacondah" of the sonnet above was a tribal term for the creative spirits. Above all else, William Ellery Leonard thought of himself as a phase of the universal energy "out of which the stars and the electrons, no less than earth and the cells and the flowers and birds, have come . . . out of which too all the religions"—that Energy which "certainly achieves intelligence and goodness under the form man."

In one of the early Madison (1906-08) notebooks there are notes for:

Prayer: in sonnet sequence:

- 1) *I have no god— | | yet need his help |
or I need extra help—have no god
(something on free will)*
- 2) *O law of nature— or order—growth? bloom
Proportion and development
may I follow thee
to beauty |*
- 3) *O strength in nature & history | | may I have thee*
- 3) *O love | | thee*

At about that time he wrote:

THE FOUNDED CITY

(Urbs Conditā)

*Because the gold cross over the altar stair
Hangs in cathedral choir not for me
Who drink no chalice filled at Calvary,
Think ye I build my City on Despair?
Because I light no frankincense of prayer
And ask no counsels from or One or Three,
Leaving your gods to their eternity,
Think ye I throne with no high statutes there?
Earth's mountain sunrise waked in me the Dream
To crown a peak with shining dome and tower,
Earth gave me quarried rock and oaken beam,
The joy to build—and with the joy the power.
And whilst I serve my soul and Earth's good cause
My founded city shall not lack for laws.*

Note the concrete symbols—gold cross, frankincense, quarried rock—as against the tortured symbolism of so much of the lately fashionable verse. Note the confidence in himself as individual personality developing his own human ethic in accordance with natural laws. All this is characteristic of Leonard. So is that "ye." He never could altogether relinquish such archaisms, but he had his own logical and artistic explanation for them.

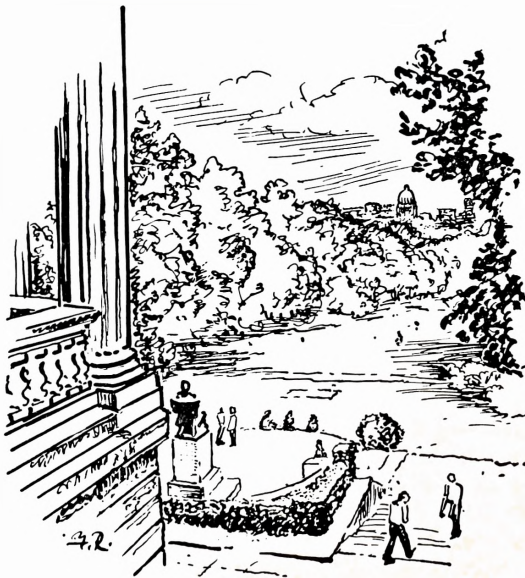
NECROMANCY

*I am a necromancer, deeply read:
I need no wand nor circle: I can bring—
By sheer compulsion of my summoning—
To me the palpable and shining dead
Singers down midnight to my waking bed,
That then becomes a mountain-top in spring,*

*Where long I hearken to their answering
And feel their hands on my unlaureled head:
And my poor rhymes, that men have made a jest,
Themselves they sing, beholding in my eyes
The portent of their ancient enterprise,
And praise my meaning, understanding best
Isaiah and Jesus with the girdled thighs,
And Shelley and Whitman, bared at throat and breast.*

This was marked "Needs fixing." Had William Ellery ever got around to the "fixing," the octette would doubtless have been deprived of some pomp, to show more clearly his dignified humility before the master poets. The sonnet's modest appraisal of its author's own earlier work expresses an awareness of large powers inadequately used that was voiced again and again by Mr. Leonard, in poems and in letters, almost to the time of his death.

"William Ellery Leonard and World War I" could easily be a fair-sized book. He was bitterly against our entry into that war (but even before Pearl Harbor was for our entering the last). So tellingly did he express the opposition that Senator Robert M. LaFollette read



his letter of protest into the Congressional Record as embodying the attitudes of thousands of his constituents.

During this period WEL wrote a great deal about the issues of the war. "From Senegal to Sunset Hill" was to have been a rather ambitious poem, concerning itself, as stated in the intended foreword, "less with America than with our peopled earth at large, and, in spite of some continuing notes of irony and foreboding, would take considerably more account of the creative struggle for another and a better social outlook and order, wherein the individual human being can live his span in the freedom of work, friends, books, and nature, and, when he suffers, may suffer at least with a magnanimous dignity—suffering only what is tragic and noble, as laid on us all by the laws of the universe, and not what

is too often ugly and degrading as inflicted upon one or another by human confusions and mutual hatreds. All social life culminates in individual life, and, as symbolic of this, to me, elemental fact, this volume on social life, beginning with the hordes in the African jungle, culminates with one civilized man on a quiet hill."

Some sections of the volume were published in *Tutankhamen and After*, but the largest portions never saw print at all. The following is from the final poem, called "Lake Wingra" (the part of Madison where Mr. Leonard was then living). It begins with a description of the symbols of quiet, wholesome living the poet could view from his window, and goes on:

*Surely I am unharmed by the big world
And all that's stirring now since peace broke out;
Whence then the pain, the wrath, the hope, the vow,
For man degraded, thwarted, that I set
(As one might say) here in these sylvan haunts
A soap-box for the Muse?—Because of men
I know one only man—and that's myself:
And that's mankind, even here by lake and hill.
I would be free again, free to be man,
Free to walk out with spirits of the dead,
Free to remember life and plan more life,
Free to look off and find the rising moon. . . .
Free above all, to face, not ugly things
Borne of man's self-distortions, but once more
To suffer nobly with heroic heart
The things laid on us by the laws of life
As native to the universe, to live
(That which alone gives social life an end)
For Sunset Hill and not for Senegal.*

Madison really does have a Sunset Hill, and it is a temptation to describe it, as well as to relate William Ellery Leonard's feelings about art and propaganda as formulated in connection with this volume just quoted from; but we proceed to a poem started in 1922.

Mr. Leonard used to draft his poems in classroom "blue books." On October 22, 1922, he wrote on the cover of such a book: "From Day to Day (Sonnets Addressed to a Friend) and Other Poems." I am not sure (yet), but I believe the friend to be Ludwig Lewisohn.

This particular notebook contains three finished sonnets and the larger part of a fourth. The first is:

*Golden October with his golden moon
Sings down the wind, as restively I walk . . .
O friend of poets, much has come to balk
The poet in me, this twilight afternoon
Again astir,—astir without the tune,
Without the triumph of impassioned talk . . .
And yonder bobs a bleak, brown cat-tail stalk—
And above it tonight will laugh the eery loon.
Something has come to balk. 'Twas not Dispraise—
Such on the roadside made me trebly glib;
'Twas not Routine—I'd learned to fence a place
And plow it, and get my good from earth and sib:
But, shell-shocked in a war of which you know,
I can but shake and stutter as I go.*

He was back again in intensely personal subject matter, but without the self-dramatization he sometimes indulged. Anyone who knew William Ellery will recognize the accuracy of "as restively I walk," will nod "good self-analysis" at "Such on the roadside made me trebly glib," will applaud the vigorous verbs as representing the real Leonard. Apparently "From Day to Day" was going to detail in still another way how his phobias interfered with the poet's normal living. The fourth stanza begins:

*And that constriction tightens round all thought,
All magnanimity, all speech . . . I seem
Like one who, having dreamed some crazy dream,
Finds it thereafter inextricably wrought
Into his waking life . . .*

One could wish that verse had not been abandoned.

"Mile-Posts" was to have been a recapitulation of life-time experiences and the poet's mature meditations upon them. The manuscript is subtitled "For a Last Volume of Verse," and labeled "Written in 1923, when radio was just beginning." Here is the closing section:

*So at this breezy mile-post now I've topped
The huckleberry hill. Here's the stone hut.
And, cradled up there behind it pole to pole,
In skies as full of voices as of light,
Are wires that throb with a power more than wind,—
To broadcast news and notions. I have won
The use of them, as knowing men and stars . . .
And so I enter, while the man's asleep
Who rattles off the weather, cattle, crops . . .
Seizing my courage—for the road ahead
Goes down more steep for me, with more for me
Of granite outcrop by the wayside pines
To tell how stark the earth's foundations are . . .
And so I enter, and with reach of fist
Pull the switch-lever down; and I pronounce
With a loud voice my jottings . . . wondering who
The listeners-in may be, how far away,
How far, and what receiving-sets at work
Are resonant to my wave-length . . . out beyond.*

Despite its not quite "coming off" as poetry, there are elements here that are appealing in a typically Leonardian way: the honesty of thought; the truly poetic—thus deep—participation in new scientific knowledge; the regret that man has not really faced how hard life is; the humbleness, again, respecting his "jottings" coupled with the open acknowledgment of his "loud" bragadocio (how he did enjoy *watching* himself perform!)—the wistful facing of life's twilight—the wondering about his place as poet and prophet.

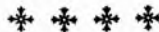
*We cannot stand up peerless as we should,
For wide mankind to magnify our love;
We cannot sit together, from above
Watching a baby smile on motherhood;
We cannot often walk the windless wood;
We'll never have sea-sunrise on our hair;
And our few sleeps may never be renewed. . .
And when you sob, how seldom I am there.
Yet ours is union that defines how loose
Those bonds by sacrament of marriage made:
The Odyssey, Beethoven, and The Muse
(Still singing through the shadows unafraid)
Have bound and blest us . . . and our very dearth
Contrives a double pull like moon and earth.*

This sonnet, characteristic of WEL in its insistence upon the intellectual overtones which must accompany the deepest sexual union, originally belonged to *A Man Against Time*. So did the one following:

*No rose recalls the bud from which it grew,
But love looks backward to its green quick spring,
And drains such gladness from remembering
As makes love's ripeness ripen red anew;
So I look backward to first meeting you:
You dropped some rhymes before me and took wing. . . .
I smiled and thought: "She's one more silly thing
Who wants my praises for a week or two". . . .
And yet I read them. . . . "What fresh life is this?
Old hope comes back—a voice to take my place!"*

The four closing lines have been lopped off here because they employ a real name and should really be read with what follows them. But even truncation doesn't mar the lovely imagery, the musical simplicity of the language; and that should be shared, not remain locked up in my files. Not, especially, when so much contemporary poetry requires the writing of special books to help explain the poet's meaning. Mr. Leonard's clarity forever obviates that kind of interpretation.

Does one murmur, "He must have been re-reading the sonnets of Shakespeare," on reading these lines—especially the fourth? But they are true Leonardian poetry. The rose was a favorite symbol with him, used in classroom and in writing. The cry for a voice to take his place was often sounded too. He was always on the watch for disciples, he said, in his classes. I doubt that he realized, as I have come to since beginning to communicate with other former students, how many of them are now heads of English departments in colleges and universities, passing on some of William Ellery Leonard's insight into the heart of language and literature, helping other generations to understand the noble place of literature and learning in the stream of human civilization.



The Ghostwriting Business

VICTOR ROSEN

IN my salad days I made the mistake of publishing a volume of verse. A year after it appeared I received my first, and only, royalty check. The amount was written out as "Only twelve cents." It was then I turned to the less glamorous but more lucrative field of ghostwriting.

I have "haunted" scores of famous and infamous people since then, and possibly you have met me in one of my many "incarnations." I have been a Hollywood movie actress, a pickpocket, an Italian admiral, an Arctic fur trader, police chiefs, detectives, business executives, psychiatrists, and politicians. I have even been a member of the small army of writers who ghosted for Franklin Roosevelt. I haven't yet made a fortune as a result of these literary disguises, but I have managed to stay alive. I've also had some fun.

Ghostwriting is an ancient profession, far more ancient, in fact, than most people suspect. Yet its mores and ethics have constantly been under attack. The average person seems to regard a ghost as someone a shade more presentable than a counterfeiter or a forger. Scarcely a year passes without someone publicly flaying the entire institution of ghostwriting and demanding its abolition. A number of years ago, a bill was proposed in the Pennsylvania legislature outlawing ghost writers under a penalty of thirty days in jail or a \$500 fine.

Although the profession is guilty of numerous sins, still, many good things can be said for it. Men who have accomplished great and important things or who have formulated profound, vital ideas not only have the right but the duty to inform the world. The desire to see one's name in print transcends mere human vanity. Yet rarely do they possess the specialized writing skill to interest and inform readers. Consequently, by acquainting the world with their achievements, the ghost writer performs a useful, honest and necessary function.

Since this is a "confession" I must admit that there is a rather greasy and dirty underside to the plate. I am referring to the business of writing novels, short stories, plays and articles for which others take the credit. Ac-

tually, this is a form of fraud by which a person passes himself off on the public as a novelist, playwright or some other form of creative artist. I cannot pretend to defend the practice or to justify it on any other grounds than that writers must live, too—although there are those who would say, with Metternich, "not necessarily." And while I am in the confessing mood, let me add that I have been equally guilty in this direction. I am responsible for at least two novels and a half-dozen magazine pieces for which others claimed the laurels.

Several years ago, Dorothy Waring, a free-lance writer, and I were asked to rewrite a novel for a movie actress. The lady was at that time married to a so-called "vanity publisher," who brought out books at the author's expense, thereby turning a pretty profit for himself while the "author" had the dubious glory of seeing his name in print. The lady's novel was so bad, however, that not even her husband dared print it. Miss Waring and I were accordingly offered the job of rewriting the book. We were allowed exactly two weeks in which to put it into shape. We were guaranteed \$1,000 for the assignment, half in advance, the balance upon completion.

A quick glance at the manuscript told us three things: (a) that it was abominable; (b) that rewriting it would not be enough; and (c) that we would have to discard everything except the central character, Cynthia, a beautiful girl who led a rather varied love life. We would have thrown her out, too, except that one brief conversation with our employer convinced us that we dared not. Miss Waring and I quickly outlined a new plot, preserving only Cynthia and her amorous propensities, and the book's title. Then Miss Waring and I agreed to divide our labors: my collaborator was to write the first 50,000 words, and I was given the balance. We took to our typewriters, grinding out 5,000 words a day. Our only communication with each other was by telephone. As the plot developed and new characters, situations and backgrounds were introduced, we called each other, so that the necessary adjustments and "plants" could be made in the corresponding portions of the story. At the end of

VICTOR ROSEN is a well-known free-lance and ghost writer who lives in New York. With Harold Russell, the handless veteran who appeared in the film The Best Years of Our Lives, he wrote Victory in My Hands, published in March by Creative Age Press. Mr. Rosen edited From the Ashes of Disgrace, the political memoirs of Franco Maugeri, an Italian admiral, and is the author of the libretto of a forthcoming musical based on the life of Edgar Allan Poe.

ten days we had completed a full-length, 100,000-word novel and dispatched it to the publisher. As soon as I finished a page of copy I threw it on the floor and from that day to this, almost ten years later, I have never read a word of it. Recently, however, I came across a brochure which the publisher got out proclaiming the merits and beauties of the book. I was rather startled to read the following quotation from a leading Broadway columnist describing how the actress "wrote it in eight, hard grinding weeks . . . It is not a silly, stupid love story—it is warm, human, beautiful—just what you would expect from a girl who is warm, human and beautiful."

Well trained ghosts early learn that the first rule of the ghostwriting profession is anonymity. They must orphan themselves from their brain children as soon as they have given birth to them. As a matter of fact, in most such assignments it is generally nominated in the bond that the writer must divorce himself from any further connection with his work when it is finished. Neither by word, deed, suggestion or implication may he make any claim to his creation. For that reason many books and articles, known in the trade to have been ghosted, must be referred to publicly *sans* titles, names or other identifying features. A case in point was the novel I ghosted for an elderly woman who was suffering from a severe religious-sexual obsession. To effect a "mental catharsis" her psychiatrist ordered her to write it out of her system. Since the lady could scarcely write, I was offered the assignment of "helping" her. The pay was good. But the contract specifically stipulated that I was to turn in the 90,000-word novel under the title, *Il Crivello*, which means "puzzle" in Italian, and that the published work—if it was published—would appear under an entirely different name. I did further swear, covenant, promise and agree that I would never in any way make any claim to its authorship. I watched the book reviews for months after I delivered the manuscript for an announcement of my story, which concerned an illicit love affair. The book never appeared in public. I might add that although the lady did not know much about writing, she knew rather a good deal about the art of love. I had quite a time smoothing out or eliminating altogether some of her more purple passages. The lady, who was also a bit of a Malaprop, would insist that no one was going to "pull her pinches" and lectured me on freedom of speech.

OF COURSE, ghostwriting isn't all fun. In the pursuit of a fairly active career, a conscientious ghost writer is often called upon to endure experiences which, if not actually hazardous, are at least unpleasant and uncomfortable. One busy ghost who specializes in writing about "men of action" has risked his neck dozens of times. He has literally plumbed the deeps and scaled the dizzy heights while gathering his material. Once, writing a first-person story about a deep-sea diver, he descended several hundred feet into the sea just to "get the feel"

of diving. Again, doing an article by and about a steeple-jack, he climbed a 160-foot chimney. Another time, writing a series of anonymous "true confession" stories about a prominent gangster, he was caught in a shooting gang war and was almost killed.

I have had my share of disagreeable experiences. I remember the time I ghosted the memoirs of an Arctic fur trader. One of the high points of his adventures occurred when his schooner froze in the Bering Sea for an entire winter. He and his crew had lived on blubber, walrus meat, pemmican and other Arctic delicacies. The fur trader insisted that I sample them to appreciate their taste. Another experience that was equally unpleasant was my commission to write a first-person, by-line article by Count Basie. He and his band were playing in a 52nd Street nightclub called The Famous Door. It was only slightly larger than a cracker box and was thick with smoke, foul air and a solid, ecstatic mass of worshipers



of *le jazz hot*. The Basie band was never especially noted for the delicacy or restraint of its playing. The music echoed and re-echoed in that tiny, low-ceilinged room. It seemed to me that the orchestra consisted exclusively of trumpets, trombones, tubas and a fellow pounding on a steel drum with a sledge hammer. I was able to get the material for my story only in short "takes," between groups of numbers, and by the time I had finished, some four hours later, I was practically deaf.

Ghosting can be a perilous business for both the ghost writer and the "author." There was the case of a certain Washington official who hired a writer to do his memoirs. The ghost, who was young and eager to make a reputation for himself, pleaded to get by-line credit either in the form of "as told to" or "by So-and-so with Such-and-such." He was even willing to settle for a smaller fee in return. The politician refused: he was determined to take full credit for the book. And the publisher also protested, insisting that another name on the title page would hurt the sales of the book. The politician's audience, said the publisher, wanted the story from the man himself. The ghost yielded reluctantly and the book appeared under the official's name alone. It was well received and had a good sale. But the politician, like most public officials, had made enemies. They went through the book

like bloodhounds, hunting for damaging indiscretions. It didn't take them long to discover one. The official had made disparaging remarks about some of his colleagues. His indiscretion consisted of only one short sentence, but caused such a tempest that he was forced to resign his post. He attempted frantically to pin the blame on his ghost who, so he claimed, had "misconstrued" his words and had "carelessly" allowed the damaging sentence to stand. All of his efforts to clear himself were futile. After all, hadn't he written the book himself? His name—and his alone—graced the title page.

Political ghostwriting is generally hazardous. It can frequently produce embarrassing situations for both writer and author. During the 1930's I did a considerable amount of it myself. In the 1932 national campaign, when the Smoot-Hawley Tariff was being hotly debated, I wrote almost identical speeches for both Republican and Democratic candidates on the tariff. All I did, for the most part, was insert "nos" and "nots" in the Democratic arguments. What amused me particularly, however, was quoting that high priest of the high tariff, William Mc-



Kinley, on both sides of the question. Incidentally, this practice is far more common than many people think. Political ghost writers, who are mostly Washington newspapermen, are constantly writing against themselves. One friend of mine, now national affairs editor of a weekly news magazine, has done this work frequently. On one occasion he ghosted the majority report on a tax measure for the House Appropriations Committee. When he had finished it he went into the next-door office in the House Office Building and wrote the minority report, disagreeing with himself on every point.

Sometimes, though, the ghost writer is caught at his occupation, with diverting results. A classic example occurred in the spring of 1932 during the Democratic pre-convention campaign. Al Smith and Roosevelt were contending for the presidential nomination. One afternoon, in different parts of the country, both candidates delivered bold, trenchant attacks on prohibition. Later it was realized that their statements, word for word, phrase for phrase, were exactly alike and had been written by the same ghost. A decade ago, Senator Byrd of Virginia and Senator Burke of Nebraska rose in the Senate on the same afternoon and delivered identical orations which duly appeared in the *Congressional Record* of March 23, 1938.

Political ghostwriting has a long history. Four cen-

turies before Christ, Demosthenes and Lysias were writing speeches for Athenian politicians. Seneca, a Roman senator, philosopher and writer performed the same service for the Emperor Nero. Extensive portions of Caesar's *Commentaries* were ghosted by his "secretaries." Oppius and Hirtius. Gorham Munson recalls in his recently published *The Written Word* that Isocrates once received the equivalent of fifteen thousand dollars for an oration he wrote for the King of Cyprus. John Milton, while serving as Cromwell's private secretary, composed many of the lord protector's speeches and state papers. Napoleon commanded a small army of writers who accompanied him on all of his campaigns. Probably one of the most famous jobs of this kind was performed by Alexander Hamilton when he wrote the Farewell Address for Washington.

In modern times, political ghostwriting has become almost an industry in itself, employing specialists, experts and highly trained writers. Economists, military authorities, historians and technicians are requested to contribute key portions of a presidential speech, state paper,

propaganda pamphlet or sometimes a simple press hand-out. For instance, Patrick J. Hurley, when he was Herbert Hoover's Secretary of War, enlivened his public utterances with witty Irish jokes, most of which were written for him by Colonel Robert Ginsburgh.

The best known and probably most effective political ghost of this era is Charles Michelson. After many years of newspaper work Michelson was given the job of supervising the Democrats' publicity following the disastrous Smith campaign in 1928. He soon became President Hoover's nemesis, capitalizing on the president's slightest tactical error. During the New Deal period, he ghosted for the entire Democratic hierarchy, including Roosevelt, John Garner, James Farley, Henry Wallace, Senator Pat Harrison and General Hugh S. Johnson. He enjoyed the privilege of using top-ranking names to sign any article, interview, statement or press release without obtaining prior permission or approval. Michelson employed this privilege not only with deadly skill and effect but also with tact and judgment. Never once in all the years he was Democratic press chief did he incur the wrath of the politicians whose by-lines he used so freely.

The all-time champion ghost-employer in politics was undoubtedly Franklin Roosevelt. Among many others, his writers included Robert E. Sherwood, Raymond Moley, Judge Samuel Rosenman, Louis Howe, Hugh S.

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Johnson, Rexford Tugwell and, of course, Michelson. During the early New Deal days, Moley served as ghost-in-chief. His task was to obtain contributions from the various New Deal specialists, each of whom might write anything from a paragraph or two to an entire speech or state paper. Moley then fused the material together or rewrote the entire document to suit the style of Roosevelt. This was then submitted to Roosevelt who rephrased, rewrote, cut or added in accordance with his own shrewd knowledge of what would "go." No one individual, however, can be said to have written any of Roosevelt's scripts. Roosevelt himself did the final polishing job. In this respect he was quite unlike Churchill, who has always written his own speeches and books. As for those who object to political ghosting on the grounds that it is dishonest, let them remember Hugh Johnson's words: "No ghost writer ever permanently made a political silk purse out of an oratorical sow's ear."

GHOSTWRITING in literature has been far more prevalent than most people realize. During the eighteenth century, Swift, Goldsmith, Rousseau and Voltaire did their share of ghosting. Thomas Chatterton, the gifted and short-lived boy poet, in a sense ghosted for the Bristol monk, Thomas Rowley, who was ostensibly the author of the poems Chatterton himself wrote. Another similar quasi-ghosted work was the cycle of poems whose purported author was Ossian, a third-century legendary Gaelic hero and bard. The work appeared between 1760 and 1763 and was actually written by James Macpherson, a Scotch writer and politician. A quarter century later, in 1785, one of the minor masterpieces of world literature was published, *Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*. Contrary to popular belief, there was such a person; he was born in 1720 and died in 1797. He was a fabulous spinner of tall tales. One of his friends, Rudolph Eric Raspe, a raffish, but brilliant poet, journalist, antiquarian, scientist, courtier and translator, capitalized on Munchausen by ghosting a slender volume of the baron's mythical adventures. Samuel Johnson regularly ghosted sermons for one guinea apiece. "I have been paid for them all," he told Boswell, stating what has become one of the cardinal rules of all ghost writers, "and have no right to inquire about them."

In the nineteenth century, ghosting began to assume the proportions of an industry. Edgar Allan Poe, for example, wrote scores of book reviews, articles and even poems to which others signed their names for a fee. Mark Twain is said to have been the real author of Grant's *Memoirs*. The outstanding ghost of the last century was Alexandre Dumas père. He operated a veritable fiction factory which turned out over 1200 separate works and employed the pens of a dozen writers, including Auguste Maquet, who played an important part in writing *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*, and

Paul Meurice, who wrote *Les Deux Dianas* unassisted by Dumas. The story is told of Dumas père encountering Dumas fils at a party and asking him, "Have you read my latest story?" To which Dumas fils replied, "No, sir—have you?"

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the ghost-writing profession actually became recognized, acknowledged and defined. On January 6, 1889, an article on ghostwriting appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* stating that a "ghost [is] one who secretly does work for another, the latter taking the credit."

Shortly after the turn of the twentieth century, the profession came into full flower and ghosts became a fixture of the literary scene. Sports were chiefly responsible. Apparently the American public wanted a firsthand account of the exploits of baseball players, football stars, jockeys and champion boxers. John N. Wheeler, then a member of the New York *Herald's* sports staff and later president of the Bell Syndicate, is supposed to have been the first writer who capitalized on this lush literary market. He ghosted a series of newspaper articles for the great Christy Mathewson, who pitched the 1911 World Series. These were subsequently gathered between the covers of a book entitled, *Pitching in a Pinch*. The book made a great splash and consequently launched a flood of reminiscences and confessions, first by eminent sports idols and later by movie stars, business leaders, bathing beauties, transatlantic aviators, and other headliners. The press, especially the tabloids, indulged in that form of "literature" on a large and highly profitable scale. Robert Considine, the popular sports columnist who earns a handsome sum yearly as a ghost, is a successful example of this phase of the ghosting business which reached its apogee during the 1920's. In that strange and wonderful era, or immediately preceding it, Bob Edgren immortalized Jim Jeffries by writing his "autobiography" and William Slavens McNutt ghosted the American impressions of the Wild Bull of the Pampas, Señor Luis Angel Firpo. Even as Firpo was being counted out in the Polo Grounds ring in the summer of 1923, McNutt was putting his melancholy, stirring blow-by-blow account of "How I Got Licked by Jack Dempsey" on the cables for a dozen South American newspapers. Frank Menke rendered a similar service, though not quite as promptly, for Dempsey. At the same time, Ford Frick, now head of the National League, served as Babe Ruth's literary avatar, and interpreted the Bambino's observations on baseball, other sports, and the American scene generally for a wide public.

During the depression ghostwriting was organized into businesslike agencies or "ghosting bureaus." Although the records are inexact, Fred Baer probably established the first bureau in 1933, and is still operating it. One day an advertisement appeared in several New York papers announcing the agency: "ANY TOPIC, ANY PURPOSE, ANY LENGTH—WE WRITE IT—YOU SIGN IT." Baer was speedily followed by other enterprising professional

writers who found a rich, unworked market for their services among businessmen, doctors, scientists, artists, actors, ordinary human beings. It seemed as though suddenly all America wanted to express itself on paper. Within a few years there was hardly a city or town in the United States that did not boast at least one such bureau, equipped to turn out a love letter, historical novel, or autobiography at short notice. Most of the bureaus were organized along these general lines: the owner, usually a writer himself, would have from one to five regular, all-purpose writers in his organization, plus a large group, perhaps as many as four hundred, of specialists on religion, chemistry, medicine, painting, music, botany, education, physics and astronomy. A typical agency head is Samuel J. Michelson (no relation to the



famous Charles) who has conducted his enterprise in New York City since 1933. He estimates that this side of the ghosting business alone, exclusive of all individual literary projects, amounts to two or even three million dollars a year. Michelson believes that any ordinarily successful ghostwriting bureau should and can net from \$20,000 to \$45,000 annually for its owner.

This operation differs somewhat from the literary ghosting assignment. It is much more impersonal, for one thing. Whereas in the literary assignment the conscientious writer must meet and know and try to capture the personality of his subject, in the agency the writer rarely has direct contact with the authors. The agency is the only bridge between them. The client places the order and the job is assigned to a writer who is told what is wanted and when it must be delivered. Neither the agency nor the writer in any way undertakes to secure publication for the books and articles produced; that is strictly the client's responsibility.

Rates for this form of ghostwriting are generally on a word basis, ranging from two cents to as much as a dollar a word, depending on the amount of research, time, skill and specialized knowledge required to carry out the assignment. On the larger jobs, however, such as full-length biographies and novels, the rate of payment is often on a flat fee basis, ranging from \$500 up to \$10,000.

There are two questions that ghosts are always asked: "Why don't you write something under your own name?"

and "What does it feel like to see someone else take the credit for what you have done?"

The answer to the first is relatively easy. Most ghosts are ghosts not through choice, as a rule, but through necessity and/or circumstance. They have to pay for rent and groceries, and a professional writer, if his work and ability are known, can secure a steadier livelihood writing for others than from writing original novels or magazine pieces. True, the rewards from a successful novel or selling to the popular national magazines are considerable, but the odds against accomplishing either are formidable. To be sure, beginners in the profession do not receive tremendous sums. The average fee for a full-length book is about \$500, half in advance, the balance upon delivery of the finished manuscript. As the writer gains a reputation for competence and dependability among editors and publishers, this figure is likely to increase, and he can demand and obtain a share of the royalties ranging from 10 to 50 per cent. Also, in the case of a book for which he has a contract, the ghost often receives the full advance royalty which may be as much as \$10,000, though the average figure is between \$1,000 and \$2,000. The explanation for this arrangement is simple: the writer has to sustain himself during the period in which he is working on the book, usually to the exclusion of all other income-producing projects, whereas the "writer" who employs him generally has some other source of revenue. A successful ghost may also insist on having some by-line credit. In that case, properly speaking, he ceases to be a ghost and really becomes a collaborator.

The ethics—or lack of ethics—of ghostwriting have been endlessly debated. Seneca's colleagues in the senate were outraged by his writing speeches for Nero. I dare say that many of Caesar's contemporaries scorned the amanuenses who "helped" the emperor with his *Commentaries*. They were the forerunners of the "secretaries" and "clerks" employed by latter-day legislators and public officials. The fact remains, however, that the profession includes what Hamlet terms "honest ghosts" and those that are not, just as there are legitimate and illegitimate ghosting jobs. As M. Scott Kenyon suggested in these pages some time ago ["Free-Lance Writing Is Risky," January 1949], most people, because they are able to sign their names and put words on paper, believe they can write a novel or an autobiography if they "only had the time." The same individuals wouldn't dream of repairing a leaking faucet or composing a symphony or trying a case in a court of law. Those tasks they turn over, quite properly, to qualified plumbers, musicians and lawyers. But with writing it is different. A terrible *juror scribendi* seizes them. Given the opportunity and leisure, anyone can write. There's nothing to it. All one needs is paper, pen and ink and he's in business as a writer. "After all," they say to themselves, "if I can write a letter, I can write a book." It is truly astonishing how few otherwise intelligent persons recognize that writing

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THE GHOSTWRITING BUSINESS

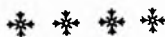
specialized craft and that the average business or professional man can no more be trusted with a pen than the controls of a modern airplane.

If we accept the fact, therefore, that most individuals lack the ability to write pointedly enough to hold an audience, then their next step is to summon a writer who possesses the skill to help them tell their story. Here the ghost can serve a useful purpose. By assisting his subject in organizing his ideas so that they will be readable and informative he is fulfilling a legitimate function. Certainly there is nothing more unethical or immoral in employing a professional writer than in employing an accountant. Almost everyone can add, subtract, multiply and divide, yet no businessman would think of doing so without the services of a man trained to keep books.

By the same token, an honest ghost has a serious obligation to interpret his subject conscientiously and accurately to his readers. All too frequently, however, ghost-written pieces, especially those prepared by newspapermen, come out thin, colorless and superficial. This happens most often in autobiographies when the ghost merely gets all the important facts, names, dates, places

and events on paper. It is equally essential that the ghost capture the color, texture and flavor of the man's personality and character, if justice is to be done to the subject and to the reader, who is entitled to a full-length, well-rounded, three-dimensional portrait. Thus the ghost has the responsibility of digging into his story and uncovering more than the top-surface facts. Although this seems to be an extremely elemental proposition, it is constantly ignored.

So long as ghosting remains an open, legitimate business I feel the public has little cause for criticism. Only when it goes underground, when one man uses the skill and efforts of another to win literary honors for himself, does the profession become reprehensible and dishonest. George Bernard Shaw, who has something to say on everything under the sun, has something pertinent to say on this subject, too: "Whether the publication of articles over the signature of Smith, when they have been written by Jones, is a legitimate proceeding depends on whether Jones has rightly interpreted Smith. If the object is only to pass off Smith as a skilled writer when he is in fact an inarticulate duffer, then the proceeding is a fraud."



GEORGE ABBE

BOY IN THE SAND

HAVE you seen the boy in the sand?
He lies with his legs flung wide,
He lies in a curve of gold,
His face neither young nor old,
And his eyes on the tide.

Have you seen the earth at dawn?
It lies with its mountains sprawled
In dunes of golden mist.
Its eyes are fixed on the east
Where the sky's blue combers fall.

Red of the incoming sun
Flashes from inland lake
Like light from a sand pail thrown
Where the last white ripples break
And the youthful footprint is gone.

Earth in a moment of waiting—
Boy with his chin in his hand—
The footprints of night retreating,
The bright tide taking the land.

NIGHTLIFE AND DAYLIGHT



THE SUCCESS DREAM ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

WHEN *A Streetcar Named Desire* was first produced, a lady in the theatre asked me what I thought of it. "It is a beautiful play" was my reply. "Is that all?" she complained. She wanted me to say that the play was great, great, great.

I have thought of that lady many times since. I imagine that when she saw Arthur Miller's new play, *Death of a Salesman*, she more or less forgot her enthusiasm for the Tennessee Williams play and made a long face when anyone said anything about the Miller play which did not begin and end with a passionate proclamation of its greatness.

I do not believe this mania for the great bespeaks a profound appreciation of the arts or even unusual warmth of heart. The jubilant cries of admiration which will greet Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* are more often than not followed by a deprecation of the same author's less successful *Summer and Smoke*, and after that, by indifference, skepticism or forgetfulness.

The American spectator always clamors for new heroes. The hero's glory is a short one. We are so eager to express the intensity of our feeling when we come upon some reason for excited praise that we generally lose sight of what it is that we are praising. I am reminded of the girl who received a box of flowers from a boy friend and exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely!" before she opened the box to see its contents.

Our prepared ecstasies are closer to fadism than to love. They hide an insult to the artist, for what the artist is given is our favor not our understanding. To love is to

HAROLD CLURMAN

see and to share. We can neither see nor share what the artist gives us if we are intent only on manifesting our pleasure in bestowing approval. Our mania for the great is a self-intoxicant, an egocentric indulgence rather than a tribute.

Since most of us soon exhaust the pleasure we take in ourselves, we are quick to discard the objects that afford us the excuse for such exercise. We look around for something new to give ourselves a thrill with; we find something else that is "great." The manufacturers of publicity are familiar with this mechanism, and live by exploiting it.

Our mania has two main victims: the artist and the public. The artist, hungry for appreciation, imagines that our enthusiasm serves him. It does serve him commercially—which is one of the reasons why he cannot guess its danger—but it soon becomes a poison. It is a poison when the artist learns—as he must—that the enthusiasm is superficial, ephemeral, made to please ourselves rather than to reward him. He feels more lonely than ever when we have turned to our new enthusiasm. But the most toxic effects of our enthusiasm come from its emphasis, which is not actually on what the artist has made, but on the artist as a subject for flattery.

The artist can grow only when he keeps his sources, his material and the object of his creation constantly before him. The moment the artist puts himself before his work as a thing with a life and dignity of its own, the artist deteriorates. Art is a responsibility as well as a "release." The artist is himself in service—to the things that have moved him and to the thing that has come from him, both of which always exist beyond his ego. By turning the artist's consciousness to his own "greatness" instead of directing it to his task, we who praise him, in the spirit of a man being congratulated on having made a killing in Wall Street, help to destroy him. The fields of American arts and letters are strewn with the remains of many whom we slaughtered with our "kindness."

The public suffers because its glad shouts separate it from anything but the gratification it takes in shouting. We can receive the full measure of value from a work of

art only by possessing it within ourselves, by bringing all our faculties of sympathy, experience and thought to bear upon what has been offered us. Criticism is not a matter of finding fault or of giving credit but of perceiving, testing, weighing, apprehending. We make true contact with what has been given us; we add to it and increase with it. Through this "marriage," we make a world richer by what we have received and returned.

Criticism of the arts—particularly, due to its closeness to the market, the theatre—is becoming increasingly difficult in our country because of our mania for pronouncing judgments in terms of meaningless labels such as "great." Writers, actors, directors are fast becoming incapable of profiting by or even listening to criticisms of any kind, because what they want to know before anything else is what label—one might say price tag—has been placed on their wares, which soon is taken to mean on their own person.



Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* is one of the outstanding plays in the repertory of the American theatre. That its theme is not strictly speaking new to our stage—Arthur Richman's *Ambush* (1921), J. P. McEvoy's *The Potters* (1923), Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine* (1923), George Kelly's *The Show-Off* (1924), Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing* and *Paradise Lost* (1935) being in this respect its antecedents—does not in any way lessen its effect or significance. The value of *Death of a Salesman* lies in the fact that it states its theme with penetrating clarity in our era of troubled complacency.

Death of a Salesman is a challenge to the American dream. Lest this be misunderstood, I hasten to add that there are two versions of the American dream. The historical American dream is the promise of a land of freedom with opportunity and equality for all. This dream needs no challenge, only fulfillment. But since the Civil War, and particularly since 1900, the American dream has become distorted to the dream of business success. A distinction must be made even in this. The original premise of our dream of success—popularly represented in the original boy parables of Horatio Alger—was that enterprise, courage and hard work were the keys to success. Since the end of the first world war this too has changed. Instead of the ideals of hard work and courage, we have salesmanship. Salesmanship implies a certain element of fraud: the ability to put over or sell a commodity regardless of its intrinsic usefulness. The goal of salesmanship is to make a deal, to earn a profit—the accumulation of profit being an unquestioned end in itself.

This creates a new psychology. To place all value in the mechanical act of selling and in self-enrichment impoverishes the human beings who are rendered secondary to the deal. To possess himself fully, a man must have an intimate connection with that with which he deals as well as with the person with whom he deals. When the connection is no more than an exchange of commodities, the

man himself ceases to be a man, becomes a commodity himself, a spiritual cipher.

This is a humanly untenable situation. The salesman realizes this. Since his function precludes a normal human relationship, he substitutes an imitation of himself for the real man. He sells his "personality." This "personality," now become only a means to an end—namely the consummated sale—is a mask worn so long that it soon comes to be mistaken, even by the man who wears it, as his real face. But it is only his commercial face with a commercial smile and a commercial aura of the well-liked, smoothly adjusted, oily cog in the machine of the sales apparatus.

This leads to a behavior pattern which is ultimately doomed; not necessarily because of the economic system of which it is the human concomitant, but quite simply because a man is not a machine. The death of Arthur Miller's salesman is symbolic of the breakdown of the whole concept of salesmanship inherent in our society.

Miller does not say these things explicitly. But it is the strength of his play that it is based on this understanding, and that he is able to make his audience realize it no matter whether or not they are able consciously to formulate it. When the audience weeps at *Death of a Salesman*, it is not so much over the fate of Willy Loman—Miller's pathetic hero—but over the millions of such men who are our brothers, uncles, cousins, neighbors. The lovable lower middle-class mole Willy Loman represents is related to a type of living and thinking in which nearly all of us—"professionals" as well as salesmen—share.

Willy Loman never acknowledges or learns the error of his way. To the very end he is a devout believer in the ideology that destroys him. He believes that life's problems are all solved by making oneself *well liked* (in the salesman's sense) and by a little cash. His wife knows only that he is a good man and that she must continue to love him. His sons, who are his victims, as he has been of the false dream by which he has lived, draw different conclusions from his failure. The younger boy, Hap, believes only that his father was an incompetent (as do many of the play's commentators) but he does not reject his father's ideal. (It is to be noted that in a very important sense Willy Loman is sympathetic precisely because of his failure to make himself a successful machine.) The older boy, Biff, comes to understand the falsity of his father's ideal and determines to set out on a new path guided by a recovery of his true self.

There are minor flaws in *Death of a Salesman*, such as the constant pointing to a secret in the older brother's past which is presumed to be the immediate cause of his moral breakdown—the secret turning out to be the boy's discovery of his father's marital infidelity. There is validity in this scene as part of the over-all picture of the father-son relationship. A shock such as the boy sustains here often serves to propel people into the unexplored territory of their subconscious, and may thus become the springboard for further and more basic questioning. Miller's error here

is to make the boy's horror at his father's "deceit" appear crucial rather than contributory to the play's main line.

Some people have objected that the use of the stream-of-consciousness technique—the play dramatizes Willy's recollection of the past, and at times switches from a literal presentation of his memory to imaginary and semi-symbolic representation of his thought—is confusing, and a sign of weakness in the author's grasp of his material.

These objections do not impress me. The limitations of *Death of a Salesman* are part of its virtues. The merit in Miller's treatment of his material lies in a certain clean, moralistic rationalism. It is not easy to make the rational a poetic attribute, but Miller's growth since *All My Sons* consists of his ability to make his moral and rationalistic characteristics produce a kind of poetry.

The truth of *Death of a Salesman* is conveyed with what might be compared to a Living Newspaper, documentary accuracy. With this there is a grave probity and sensitivity that raise the whole beyond the level of what might otherwise have seemed to be only agitation and propaganda. Other playwrights may be more colorful, lyrical and rich with the fleshed nerves and substance of life; Miller holds us with a sense of his soundness. His play has an ascetic, slatelike hue, as if he were eschewing all exaggeration and extravagance, and with a sobriety that is not without humor yet entirely free of frivolity he issues the forthright commandment, "Thou shalt not be a damn fool!"

Elia Kazan's production is first-rate. It is true to Miller's qualities, and adds to them a swift directness, muscularity and vehemence of conviction. If any further criticism is in order I should say the production might have gained a supplementary dimension if it had more of the aroma of individual characterization, more intimacy, more of the quiet music of specific humanity—small, as the people in the play are small, and yet suggestive of those larger truths their lives signify.

Mildred Dunnock as the mother embodies the production's best features: its precision, clarity, purity of motive. Someone has said that the part might have been more moving if it had been played by an actress like Pauline Lord with all the magic overtones and "quarter tones" of her subtle sensibility. Concretely such a suggestion is, of course, irrelevant, but it points to a need I feel in the production as a whole more than to Miss Dunnock's particular performance.

Lee Cobb as the salesman is massively powerful and a commanding actor every step of the way. Yet I cannot help feeling that Cobb's interpretation is more akin to the prototype of a King Lear than to Willy Loman. What differentiates Willy from some similarly abused figure is his utter unconsciousness—even where the author gives him conscious lines—his battered pride, querulous innocence, wan bewilderment even within the context of protest and angry vociferation.

Cameron Mitchell as the younger son is eminently likable, but for the play's thesis he ought also to be some-

thing of a comic stinker. Arthur Kennedy, who plays the older son, is a truly fine actor, who loses some of his edge, because the general high pitch of the production forces him to blunt his natural delicacy.

Jo Mielziner's scene design seems to me too complex in shape and too diverse in style to be wholly satisfactory for a functional set or for beautiful decoration. Neither this nor any of the other faults that may have been found in *Death of a Salesman* prevent it from remaining a cardinal event not only of this season but of many a long year in the American theatre.

♦ ♦ ♦

The importance of Clifford Odets' *The Big Knife* derives from the fact that any serious effort such a playwright as Odets undertakes should be a matter of special concern to those who are devoted to genuine expression in the arts of our time. Clifford Odets, in success or failure, is a man grappling with essential moods and problems of our American life. Very few people in our theatre do.

It is easy to spot the technical weakness that invalidates *The Big Knife* as a play. It fails to dramatize the core of its plot. Charlie Castle is an actor with pretensions to serious artistic aims. His enormous success in Hollywood has warped his will so that he begins by becoming a bad husband—sexual promiscuity being the first symptom of his disintegration—goes on to becoming a bad actor, is softened to cowardice (he runs away from an automobile accident in which he kills a child and then allows his buddy to shoulder the blame), drinks heavily to deaden his conscience, and ends by committing suicide when he no longer can bear the burden of facing his life. This story has no before and after. We have to take the author's say-so that Charlie was ever worth bothering about; we are never convinced that Hollywood as such was the decisive factor in Charlie's decay. We never witness the process by which Hollywood reduced him to subservience of body and slavery of soul.

If the play is indeed about Hollywood it is necessary to prove the play's thesis through action. But though Odets piles detail upon detail, which are of specific Hollywood connotation (including reference to its weather), the play omits scenes of crucial action, because Odets really wants to say something other than what his plot and its Hollywood color lead us to believe. Charlie Castle is the symbol of the growing American young man of fine sensibility who struggles for success only to find, when he attains it, that it is a trap which has robbed him of his freedom and his virtue—his power to love, to struggle, to grow. . . .

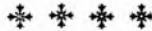
The grandfather in Odets' *Awake and Sing* asks his complaining grandson, "That's what you want, Ralphie? Your name in the paper?" and the boy answers, "I wanna make up my own mind about things . . . be something." Ralphie finds out he can be something by staying at home with "a job to do." "It's no time to die," he exclaims. Ralphie begins "to take inventory." Charlie Castle might be described as a Ralphie who ran away, not "to do a job,"

but "to have his name in the paper." That is why he finds that it's only a time to die.

There is a confusion in Odets which makes him often unable to distinguish between doing a job and having "one's name in the paper." This confusion is to some extent the subject of *Golden Boy* and *The Big Knife*, but in the latter case the author has become the confusion's victim. Ralphie's background is real, and correct conclusions can be drawn from his struggle with it. Charlie Castle has been given no real background, and is therefore no true or particular person, only a generalized nonentity—part Hollywood image and part self-tortured spirit of Odets himself—and no correct conclusions can be drawn from an examination of his story.

Everything in Charlie's life and thought is an evasion of specific facts. Even his love for his wife must be assumed. Why does he hate Hollywood? That it makes bad pictures is not a convincing reason. One begins to ask oneself the startling question: does Charlie really hate Hollywood? Isn't he in fact hellishly attached to it? Isn't part of the play's venom like a man beating a woman he cannot bring himself to break away from? ("Make a break or spend the rest of your life in a coffin," says a character in *Awake and Sing*.) The "name in the paper" motif is subtler and profounder than we suspected. Perhaps what Charlie (Odets) wants most is not "to do a job" but to be "great"—just as everything and everyone must be "great" in our country from our girl friends down to our symphonies, from our dramatists up to our refrigerators. If Charlie is to be taken literally, he is a pig prodded by Odets' conscience.

The Big Knife represents Odets stewing in his own juices. These juices are rich even when they have turned sour: *The Big Knife* has scenes, characters, lines that are instinct with profound sensibility, sharp observation, wit, emotional force. But the sight of an immensely gifted artist wallowing and thrashing about in a bath of warm and hysterical sentiments is extremely disquieting.

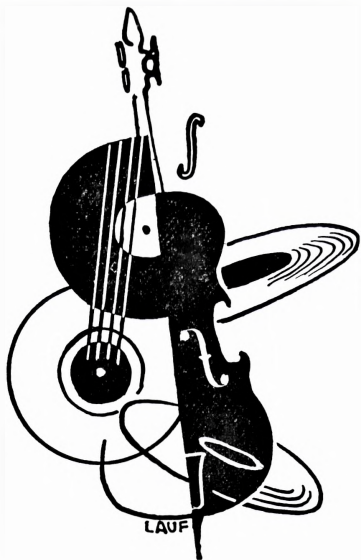


FRANCES FROST

GRACE FOR A CHILD'S SUPPER

HAVING run all day through light like a daffodil,
and raced past oats the color of the moon,
and called to the high bird drifting on the noon,
having come down at last from the blue-dusk hill,
I close my eyes and give thanks for the sky
and for such a hungry little girl as I.

THE RECORD SHELF



JOHN BRIGGS

FOR opera-lovers there is good news in the latest albums to be released by RCA-Victor.

The company's new offering consists of two perennial favorites, "Aida" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." It also presents a novelty, a recording almost *in toto* of Benjamin Britten's "Rape of Lucretia," which opened (and closed) at the Ziegfeld Theatre this past season.

All three recordings were made abroad: "Aida" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Italy; "The Rape" in England by a British company under the supervision of the composer.

Concerning "Aida" there is little that can be said except that, after three-quarters of a century, it is still with us, and promises to remain until a sufficient number of contemporary composers learn to out-Verdi Verdi. The pertinent fact about any given recording of the work is how it compares with other "Aida" performances in or out of the opera house.

In this respect, Victor's new "Aida" is weakest in the tenor department. Beniamino Gigli, possibly the finest lyric tenor of our time, has undertaken a role not suited to his voice. The role of Rhadames calls for many attributes not needed in the earlier, cruder Verdi scores—a good deal of acting skill, for example. But above all it demands a voice of great power and flexibility. A baritone with good high notes would be a better compromise choice for Rhadames than a light, sweet tenor of the Gigli sort.

It is possible that every Italian tenor now living dreams of becoming the new Caruso, and also recalls that Caruso, beginning as a lyric tenor, finished with a rather dark, heavy voice of astonishing power. Giovanni Martinelli,

too, commenced his career with Nemorinos and Pinkertons, and ended by singing Otello. But for Mr. Gigli, the time is not yet ripe to essay Rhadames.

The title role is sung by Maria Caniglia, who will be remembered by Metropolitan operagoers of a decade ago for her performance in "Otello" with Mr. Martinelli and Lawrence Tibbett.

Listeners at that time found Miss Caniglia's singing rather heavy-handed, operatic in the worst sense. Also her singing was rather tremulous, something which audiences in this country do not take kindly to (though, curiously, European operagoers are apparently not disconcerted by a waver in the voice). Both these shortcomings appear in her "Aida" performance. Though the role at times is sung with brilliant effect, there are also passages that suggest the traditions of an inferior touring opera company.

Ebe Stignani, whose singing in person delighted Carnegie Hall listeners this season, sings the Amneris. Another familiar voice is that of Italo Tajo, who has just completed his first season with the Metropolitan. (The "Aida" performance clearly was recorded some time ago. The exact date is not indicated in the album.)

Tullio Serafin, a one-time member of the Metropolitan staff, conducts the recorded "Aida" with skill and authority. The orchestra and chorus is that of the Rome Opera Company.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was recorded, apparently, about 1940. The album begins with a brief introductory speech by the composer, Pietro Mascagni, explaining that he could not resist the invitation to conduct his opera on the 50th anniversary of its first performance. That was in 1890; hence, to get under the wire as an anniversary performance "Cavalleria" could have been recorded no later than May 17, 1940.

Mr. Gigli again is heard as the Turiddu of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Although his singing is less strident than that of his "Aida" performance, it also is over-operatic at times.

Operagoers who are accustomed to "Cavalleria" as frank blood-and-thunder will be fascinated by the work as done under the direction of the composer, and therefore authoritatively. "Cavalleria" in its day was as violent a novelty as is "The Rape of Lucretia" in our own. It was, with

"Pagliacci," a highlight of the Italian *verismo*, or realistic school. Both operas were concerned with contemporary events in a contemporary setting. Both served up a slice of life in the raw, as timely and melodramatic as a tabloid account of murder in a Park Avenue penthouse. This was something which the opera had frowned upon from earliest times. The seventeenth-century Florentine amateurs went back to Greek legend for their librettos. Their nineteenth-century descendants harked back to the Middle Ages. In 1852, Verdi scandalized a Parisian audience by presenting "La Traviata" in what was then contemporary dress. To soothe his listeners, Verdi put Alfredo, Violetta and the elder Germont in hoop skirts and knee breeches. It is as if composers and audiences from the beginning had sensed that opera is by its very nature stylized and artificial, and the unlikeliest of places to look for realistic drama.

Now something of the sort appears to have overtaken "Cavalleria." And Mr. Mascagni's conducting of the performance plays down its *verismo* aspect and highlights its rich vein of melody. It is as if the composer, perceiving that the *verismo* of his own day is rather pale stuff in comparison to later operatic experiments, has gone out of his way to emphasize that "Cavalleria" is in reality the stuff that operatic dreams are made of, its blood feuds and illegitimacy as far from reality as Leonora's anguish in "Il Trovatore," or the hardships of "The Lombards in the First Crusade."

It may be that at some later date Benjamin Britten's "Rape of Lucretia" may seem as old fashioned and innocuous as "Cavalleria" does today. Pending that time, a listener may cast his vote either with the British estimate of Mr. Britten's opera, which is that it is the greatest thing since Purcell, or with the American, which is a trifle more skeptical.

"The Rape" enjoyed immense success in England. Its *première* at the Glyndebourne Festival in 1948 was a triumph. It was repeated throughout England to packed houses, and the recorded version which was first released in England sold widely there. Quite a few American admirers of Britten's work acquired the imported sets before the release of the present album in this country.

Hearing the album confirms an opinion widely expressed when "The Rape" made its bow at the Ziegfeld Theatre, which is that the new Britten opera is much pretentious and about nothing. The inadequacy of the libretto, which was obscured to some extent in the Broadway production by the slickness of the production and the pleasant stage appearance of Kitty Carlisle, shows up in merciless detail when the recording is heard without benefit of staging. It is phony, pretentious and dull. It is a long-winded retelling of what is at bottom a fairly commonplace happening in Mr. Britten's version.

Of course the piece suffers by comparison with other treatments of the same happening, notably Shakespeare's famous poem. In earlier versions the rape of Lucretia becomes a *cause célèbre*, and the Roman people, headed by

Lucretia's husband Collatinus and Lucius Junius Brutus, unite to drive the Etruscan invaders from the city. The *viol de Lucrece*, as the French chastely put it, is the mainspring of the drama but it is not the whole story.

And it is a story with obvious parallels in recent events. Unfortunately, occupation of a country by the arrogant armies of another power is a situation which is as up-to-date as ever. And the ancient authors suggest that the clash of human emotions in a situation of that sort have not changed very much in 2500 years. (The Tarquins were overthrown about 500 B.C., if I recall my Mommsen correctly.) This is a point overlooked by other contemporary composers and librettists as well as Mr. Britten. For though opera is an unlikely medium for the presentation of realistic, "true-to-life" drama, it must be convincing on its own terms. "Il Trovatore" is as void of intellectual interest as any work can be; its appeal is to the emotions and the senses throughout. Yet, its initial premise being granted, "Trovatore" hangs together as logically as a proposition of Descartes. Its characterization is always logical and consistent. Manrico throughout is the manly soldier, ardent lover, devoted son; the Count di Luna is raging to inflict *mille atroci spasimi* on someone or other from the first scene to the last; Lenora's role is always that of a suffering soap-opera heroine set to music by Verdi; and the gypsy is obsessed all through by her insane passion for revenge.

"Trovatore," in short, is a thoroughly impossible story in which the characters behave in a plausible manner. "The Rape of Lucretia" is just the opposite. Having a factual or quasi-factual basis, its characters do not bring its events to life in a factual manner. They do not portray emotions on the stage; they talk about them.

By far the most impressive moment in the album is the great passage allotted to the tenor narrator, describing Tarquinius' ride to Rome. Here is an opportunity for music that underscores the text in dramatic fashion, and Mr. Britten makes the most of the opportunity.

Those who saw the stage production, however, will recall that Tarquinius' ride takes place offstage. It is an effective moment, but most of the work must be done by the listener's imagination. It is impossible to realize the event on the opera stage. And if it were pinned down in terms of literal stage business, the results might well be like those in the third act of "Die Walküre." The "Ride of the Valkyries" is, though hackneyed to death in concert performance, still a masterly piece of tone painting. Hearing it played by an orchestra, with one's imagination free to picture the warrior maids galloping off to Valhalla, it is an exciting experience. Transplanted to the opera stage, the magnificent vision often collapses like a soap bubble, leaving only a group of very buxom ladies hopping from one *papier-mâché* crag to another in old-fashioned night-gowns.

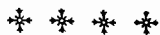
And such things, however magnificently done, are at bottom incidental to the main purpose of the opera, which is to exhibit recognizably human characters in the grip

T O M O R R O W

of strong emotions, and with the intensity of their emotional responses heightened by musical means.

"The Rape of Lucretia" is concerned principally with the thoughts and feelings of its characters. But these are not skillfully expressed, nor does Mr. Britten's musical treatment add to their effectiveness. The conclusion of the work, in which the chorus comments upon what has gone before, seems a tacit admission of the work's deficiencies. It appears to be an attempt to round off coherently a work which up to that point has not had very much reason for existing.

This recorded performance of "The Rape of Lucretia" is technically an excellent one. Peter Pears, who has created the tenor roles in all Mr. Britten's operas to date, sings the difficult music of the Male Chorus with facility and with admirable comprehension of Mr. Britten's style. Reginald Goodall conducts the small orchestra (the work is scored for eleven virtuoso soloists) with gusto. Altogether the new album is provocative listening. Those who enjoy Mr. Britten's works will probably like it very much. Those who don't are certain to find it baffling and stimulating.



MURIEL RUKEYSER

THAT TREE

It seemed at the time like a slow road and late afternoon
when I walked round a summery turning and saw that tree in the sun.
That was my first sight of it. It was blasted open,
Its trunk was black with tar, a great unhealed destruction.
You could see blue through a knothole, endless sky in the wound
innocent past the gleaming of black flesh. And sound
fresh wood supported branches like judge's arms,
crutch under branch, crutch where an old arm leaned,
strong new wood supported that apple-tree's crown.

And the crown? Horizon-full and beneficent, the round,
many-branching; red, apple-red, full of apples and color-ripe,
the great crown stood on the hollow bark and lived.
Lavish and fertile, stood on her death and thrived.

For three years remembering that apple-tree,
I have seen in it life within life, the spirit
developing only through body's rising crises,
moving over its many deaths to death and fruition.
I have been recognizing all I ever loved.

Now, after crisis of day and crisis of dream,
that gutted apple-tree before my years.
It burns on its black bark, rooted and red it bears.
I know it for a tree, apple and branch and seed.
Perceiving of the leap, of all our lives:
Perceiving of the summers and memory and the road,
or of process, or of love, or of death, of flame, or
seeming, or speed.

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BOOKS

The Confidence Man

IRVING HOWE

BEARING a heavy drift of associations, the Mississippi River has split the American folk imagination much as it splits the American continent. To a people filled with confidence, it has suggested the rich potential of the nation; to a people entranced by quantity, it has been a portent of that surge of power through which the nation could come to climax; and to a people still yearning for the soft graces of adolescence, it has signified the hope that the path of commerce might lead to an estuary of contentment. The river has served as a symbol for both historical destiny and the wish to cheat that destiny.

In 1887, *Huckleberry Finn*, the greatest book ever written about the Mississippi, was completed. Twain's masterpiece is deeply nostalgic, fondling a dream of freedom—the freedom a white boy and a Negro slave can find on a raft which becomes a symbolic seat of love guarded and sustained by the cleansing river. Pre-urban and pre-industrial in spirit, *Huckleberry Finn* celebrates an American dream of primal freedom, unadorned love, irresponsible and instinctual life in a virgin land waiting to be raped.

Thirty years before the completion of *Huckleberry Finn* there appeared another story in which the Mississippi is the setting: Herman Melville's not

nearly so great and virtually unread *The Confidence Man*. [John Lehman, London. 8/6d. (\$2.75). A readable reprint published by an English firm, available in the better American bookstores. There is no American edition in print, though Melville's Collected Works are now being republished in this country.] Where Twain indulged in his countrymen's dream of adolescence recaptured, the mature Melville satirically limned the nation's developing character. Looking back on a desirable past, Twain could write an integrated myth of love; looking forward to an undesirable future, Melville could only produce a choppy, rasping masquerade. In the contrast between the uses to which these two books put the Mississippi, is the story of American life.

The opening scene of *The Confidence Man* is a vivid pantomime: a deaf-mute, bearing a slate on which he writes Biblical quotations in praise of charity, moves quietly through the crowd aboard a Mississippi steamer and is roughly handled by contemptuous elbows and indifferent toes. Melville's writing is here concrete, crisp and controlled; one hears the rustling frictions and staccato noises of the life of business. "Merchants on 'change seem the passengers that buzz on her decks. . . . Fine promenades, domed saloons, long galleries, sunny

balconies, confidential passages . . . and out-of-the-way retreats like secret drawers in an escritoire, present like facilities for publicity or privacy. Auctioneer or coiner, with equal ease, might somewhere here drive his trade. . . . [The boat's] voyage of twelve hundred miles extends from apple to orange. . . ." These early sentences prepare the book's consistent tone, and the interesting contrast in this passage between images of commerce and an image of nature foreshadows Melville's central theme.

On the boat itself are "men of business and men of pleasure; parlor men and backwoodsmen; farm-hunters and fame-hunters; heiress-hunters, gold-hunters, buffalo-hunters, bee-hunters, happiness-hunters, truth-hunters and still keener hunters after these hunters." The boat, then, is a miniature of the nation, and all its passengers American hunters. One soon notices that Melville is not writing a novel of specific characters; as the hunter of the hunters and of those who hunt the hunters, he is out to bag the whole American pack. His book becomes a satire on American character.

Onto the deck wobbles a Negro cripple, rattling a tambourine and begging for coins. Is he perhaps an imposter? "Dar is aboard here a werry nice, good ge'mman wid a weed, and a ge'mman in a grey coat and

white tie, what knows all about me . . . and a yarb doctor; and a ge'mman in a yaller vest . . . and ever so many good, kind, honest ge'mman more aboard what knows me and will speak for me, God bress 'em." The first ge'mman mentioned by the Negro, he "wid a weed," turns out to be a shy-ster who trades on the confidence created for him by the Negro. As each ge'mman appears, involved in either financial or moral extortion and, whatever his social guise, preaching the doctrine of "confidence," it becomes clear that they, as well as the deaf-mute and the Negro, are all emanations of the same creature: the confidence man. Evanescent, never stripped to a central self, he appears only as a merchant with a few shares of salable stock, an agent for an Indian Widow and Orphan Asylum, a herb doctor and a wholesome philosopher.

Within the boat's compressed community, the confidence man is the most active person: he seems omnipresent, originating motions of commerce and belief, arranging for the exchange of commodities and values, bolstering the morals of those he cheats and insisting on filling with his palaver those he does not cheat. He is the Salesman *par excellence*, not the salesman of this or the other commodity, but the bloodless symbol of the encroaching Salesman's Civilization, to which every object and value, even if cherished and credited, must become a commodity for sale. But he is not the salesman as the salesman sees himself or as official society gilds him; he is the salesman as Melville bitterly apprehends his function: to sell short goods and watered stock. By twisting some terms of Marxian economics, we might say that he sees no use value in any person or thing; for him life is a massed concatenation of exchange values. Now we can understand why he is essentially featureless, lacking either character center or peripheral eccentricities; for, as a series of restless manifestations of social function, he cannot exist as a person.

It is significant that, physically and socially, the only thing that "happens" in the book is that money is exchanged. The hard-fact consequence of the confidence man's jabber is that he almost always emerges from his conversations richer than he was be-

fore. He can never enter into the slightest social relationship without an ulterior motive. This is the total social "action" of the book and, as it happens, is also a particularly mordant way of viewing a commercial society. . . . By strewing commercial-business images through its pages, Melville sustains the book's monetary skein; which is why there is produced by it an effect of flinty depersonalization and anonymity. The confidence man jabbars on and on, but finally it is money that talks.

The cunning merchants, the sophomoric youth touched by sentimentality, the old miser panting for unneeded money, the failing cripple unable to face the truth about his debility—all these are taken in by him, for he says what they want to



hear. Only the "Missouri bachelor," dressed in coonskins, resists him. Here Melville's symbolism is socially acute: the Missouri bachelor, owner of a small farm, suggests the pre-commercial atmospheres which are immediately distasteful to the confidence man. When the Missouri bachelor remarks that he is searching for a hard-working helper, the confidence man characteristically suggests that he get a machine; one can have more confidence in a machine than in a man. Yet Melville, his eye for the social pattern dead certain, understands that the Missouri bachelor, for all his pioneer integrity, must eventually succumb to the confidence man. Against the fatal movement of history, no outposts of resistance can long survive.

Many-shadowed but substanceless,

the confidence man *enjoys* his trade; he cheats emotionally as well as materially. He preaches the doctrine of "confidence" although, Melville suggests, what men really need is intelligent skepticism; he deals in the terms of morality as if he were shuffling a pack of cards; he celebrates geniality—"in our age—the age of joint-stock companies and free-and-easies—it is with this precious quality as with precious gold in old Peru, which Pizarro found making up the scullion's sauce-pot as the Inca's crown. Yes, we golden boys, the moderns have geniality everywhere—a bounty broadcast like moonlight." He prattles in the clichés of liberalism, the abstract terms of which fit so remarkably well into his free-exchange style of life. In one of his guises, he is an inventor of a "Protean easy-chair so all over bejointed, beinged and be-padded, every way so elastic, spring and docile . . . [that] the most tormented conscience must, somehow and somewhat, find rest." Wishing to endow missions to pagan lands "with the Wall Street spirit," this typical American optimist insists on the virtues of sociality: "One had better mix in, and do like others. . . . Life is a picnic *en costume*; one must take a part, assume a character." There's Melville's target: the notion that "one must take a part, assume a character."

If the confidence man triumphs, life will become completely mechanized and banalized; no basic experience will ever be met or grappled with, for does he not have a "certain cure for any pain in the world"? Expropriating the language of *all* belief and value—liberalism, faith and science—he goes about his business: the making, that is, the taking of money.

In its construction, *The Confidence Man* is simple. Its action lasts only one day, is confined to a river steamer and is centered on one character. Hardly a novel, and not much of an allegory, it is rather a dialectical Punch-and-Judy show, intended to burlesque American morality. (The one thing the confidence man cannot abide is irony and "Satire, his bosom friend.") But the book lacks dramatic development, a climax of conflict and resolution. It is too abstract for a portrait of character, too particularized for a fable. Its dialectic of ideas is too repetitive to sustain the book all

the way through; for once we know that each forthcoming episode will reveal the confidence man in another act of deceit, the possibility of dramatic development is destroyed.

Individual sections are brilliantly done; the writing is almost always sharply sour, as tart as the mind behind it, and unmarred by the lardy rhetoric that sometimes coats *Moby Dick*; yet the book is eventually tedious. Perhaps the reason is that Melville's feelings about its subject mat-

ter were too large and unformed to press into the book's unpromising structure; his satire is always relevant to the subject but not always to the particular structure of the book. Hence, it sometimes appears as if the satire were consuming the book. Most unsuccessful novels fail, among other reasons, because their structures are too grandiose for the slight matter put into them, but *The Confidence Man* fails as a novel because its structure is inadequate to its reserve of thought.

Melville's failure was here of the kind characteristic of genius.

Yet, for all its fault, *The Confidence Man* is of first importance for anyone interested in the development of Melville's mind or of American society. Few harsher attacks on the American ethos and character have ever been made by one who had once been their ardent champion. As an antidote to the kind of chauvinism now clouding the American intellectual arena, the book is of incalculable value.

Reviews in General

THE HEAT OF THE DAY

by Elizabeth Bowen

Reviewed by David Davidson

INTO *The Heat of the Day*, Elizabeth Bowen's fourth novel, have gone once more the subtle nuances, the masterly indirection, the deft portraiture and the unadorned elegance of prose always associated with a novel or short story by Miss Bowen. But the underpinning in this case—and it's a departure indeed for Miss Bowen—looks like little more than a swank and fairly conventional British spy story. Almost from the start one is faced by the question of exactly what Miss Bowen intended here, and just what has resulted—whether she has merely applied a high literary gloss of her own to the Graham Greene type of thriller, or whether she has managed to lift a whodunit to the level of real literature.

That the latter can be done, and has been done, and that in fact there is no subject which necessarily lies off-limits to the artist was demonstrated by Wassermann in *The Maurizius Case*, which is a fine work of art at the same time that it is a perfectly competent detective story.

The same happy result does not appear to have come off in *The Heat of the Day*. One is pursued throughout by the feeling that while some of it has a great deal of meaning and reality, too much of it remains unimportant.

In essence, *The Heat of the Day* is the story of a sensitive, attractive, fortyish Englishwoman, Stella Rodney, who is very early told by a shadowy, overwise, irritating counter-

spy that her lover, Robert Kelway, a Dunkirk invalid now working in a war agency, is deliberately giving information to the enemy.

At the same time, the spy-chaser, Harrison, lets it be known that he is himself obsessed with Stella and he offers a deal that only Miss Bowen's exquisite powers of understatement can make seem casual and plausible. If Stella will jilt Robert and give herself to Harrison, the pending arrest of Robert will be stalled off—for a good long while anyhow.

What the story consists of thereafter are, largely, the soul-searchings of Stella in the light of certain guilt feelings set up by her unhappy marriage two decades before, further importunities and changes of mood on the part of Harrison, and the behavior of Robert both before and after Stella can bring herself to tell him of the charges against him.

All the way through—and this is to the good—the novel is studded with beautifully realized scenes of London's wartime austerity, of life in the blitz, and set pieces from the lives of two typical blitz girls who, if they are never really integrated to the plot as a whole, are wisely and warmly drawn. (It might be mentioned that a good deal of other material, such as scenes of a closed-up Irish manor house and of suburban life in England, is brought in with less relevance and less success.)

One of the chief gaps, however, is that the psychological motivations behind Robert Kelway, the lover, are sketched in much too lightly to create reader plausibility, much as they might be sufficient for a thriller. (As

demanding by the code of whodunit reviewing, I am refraining, incidentally, from disclosing whether he is innocent or not.) And Harrison's course of action seems, again, to be explained away much too superficially—he has "never been loved."

Where we meet again with the best of Elizabeth Bowen is in her delineation of Stella's own tragic pattern of emotions. It happened in her young marriage that she woke one day to find that her husband considered himself to have a grievance against her. She had thought all along that she loved him sufficiently well and had demonstrated so. But—"He said not. And he said he was the one to know. If I imagined I loved him, he said, that was simply proof that I had not, as he'd for some time suspected, the remotest conception of what love was—could be. I said, oh hadn't I? and he said no, I hadn't. I said had he, and if so, how? He said, yes he had; he had been loved and he could not forget it. . . ."

Already, in fact, he had made other arrangements. But when Stella divorced him the impression was left that the unfaithful one of the two had been Stella and not her husband—an impression which Stella never attempted to correct, feeling as she did a need for suffering, for atonement. And again, in her relation with Robert Kelway, her eagerness to expiate leads her to accept punishment in a form not due her.

All this is to the good, but in other respects her relation with Robert is much too thinly sketched. It seems swanky rather than real, and the traditional British understatement is car-

ried to a point where there is hardly any statement at all, where the affair seems to be conducted by two attitudes rather than by two human beings, British or not. And the further relation of Stella with the shadowy Harrison, while at times quite piquant and intriguing, does not often seem to rise above the level of thriller writing.

While there is still much to admire in *The Heat of the Day*, and while the sure hand of the artist turns up again and again, often enough for us to want more of it, the novel as a whole does not blend happily. What we are left with is neither a first-class spy story nor first-class Elizabeth Bowen.

Knopf, \$3.00

THE BARRIERS BETWEEN

by Marc Brandel

Reviewed by Hollis Alpert

MARC BRANDEL hasn't attained to the glaring eminence of publicity which certain others of our young postwar novelists have reached. Yet he is a very good young writer indeed, and since *Rain Before Seven* appeared in 1945 he has been quietly coming along. His third novel, *The Barriers Between*, shows him to have a quality of a high and worth-while nature. Mr. Brandel is no longer kidding (as he seemed to be in his puckyish first novel); he is quite serious now, and what he has to say is said with polish and earnest conviction.

His new novel may, on the surface, look simply like a story of suspense. It is taken up with a murder and a flight from its consequences. On another level the story would seem to be that of a young man's guilt and his expiation of it. Or, you might even want to call this an "existentialist" novel, for it is deeply concerned with the problem of man's responsibility for his acts. It does not imply any disjointedness to say that Mr. Brandel's novel is all three, for like the art of French weaving, the strands have been cleverly fused together.

All of the action of the novel occurs in Mexico. Jordan Bushnel, an illustrator for magazines, is on assignment there and has become one of a crowd of young Americans who have found the postwar United States vaguely unsatisfactory. Yet, in one respect, he remains aloof. Somewhere along the

line a sense of guilt has taken hold of him, and has tended to alienate him from his mistress and his friends. It is more himself he hates than others, but the hatred eventually turns outward, and Richard Slater, a dandyish homosexual, who had objectified Jordan's guilt-feeling by accusing him of homosexual leanings, gets the brunt of that hatred. Jordan kills, or *thinks* he kills, Richard (it doesn't matter, for in his mind the crime has taken place), and sets out upon a flight through Mexico. He wants to reach a refuge he's heard of—an "ideal" colony called Papanoa.

It's not necessary to make any effort to *believe* in the murder Jordan Bushnel commits. For it isn't a staged crime, set up for the purpose of gearing a plot into motion. There is a fully realized inevitability about the events which lead up to Jordan's attack on Richard Slater—and there is just as much inevitability about the events which follow. What made Jordan do it? The method by which the story is unfolded keeps that question constantly in the foreground. Mr. Brandel has found a happy way of blending action and thought-process.

Richard Wright absolved Bigger Thomas of his crime in *Native Son*, and tagged society with the guilt. It's significant that Jordan Bushnel, in all his brooding introspection, never looks in that direction for the seeds of his act. Nor does the author look there for him. However, Jordan does look bewilderedly but deeply into the psychological factors of the background as he places himself on trial for murder, becoming the accused, judge, prosecutor and defense counsel, all rolled into one. As he explores the maze, you begin to fear that the answer, when it comes, may be all too pat. But Jordan stops only briefly to condemn his dominating mother and goes on. When he emerges, the neurotic motivations are there, all right, but meanwhile he's come up with something else: a self. This self could have chosen not to murder, could have stopped the course of events at any one of a dozen points, but did not. Jordan Bushnel *wanted* to kill Richard Slater and that's why it happened. To put it rather existentially, he chose to commit himself the way he did.

Having gone this far in his musings,

having rejected the easy way out of the psychiatrist's report, Jordan determines to face his responsibility, and neither he nor the reader seems very surprised that the murder didn't occur after all. It is only at this stage, at the very close of the book, that one feels a weakening of the hold the author has on his material. Up to then, Jordan's mind has been explored with clarity and a kind of controlled intensity. What is said is said implicitly—but all at once there is a quality of explicit statement which jars a little with the previous method of telling. This is a minor quibble, though, about a maturely and sensitively written book. The prose is unpretentiously graceful, the people are altogether real, and Mr. Brandel knows how to keep a thought-filled narrative constantly absorbing. He is a writer of much distinction.

Dial Press, \$3.00

THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN

by Lincoln Barnett

Reviewed by Raymond W.

Stoughton

MODERN science has reached the paradoxical point where, on the one hand, its application can present to the world as we know it such an astonishing new fact as the atomic bomb; and on the other hand, its implications are forcing us to realize that the world as we know it is "such stuff as dreams are made on."

Is all matter an aggregate of particles or merely a bundle of vibrations? We do not know. Gone is the hope of explaining the universe in terms of Newtonian mechanics. Gone is the security resulting from a belief that all knowledge can be decreed by religious orthodoxy. Religion can no longer deny the truth and value of scientific fact; philosophical speculation can no longer ignore the findings of modern science; science itself can no longer remain empirically aloof from the philosophical, perhaps religious, implications of its own discoveries.

The significance of the theory of relativity and quantum mechanics need not remain the exclusive concern of a few specialists in the field. The layman can now be intellectually and spiritually enriched by this body of

knowledge. The chief value of Mr. Barnett's book lies in the simplicity with which it traces the structure of modern scientific theory without loss of precision. The main ideas of Einstein's relativity theory are intelligibly presented, as are those of quantum mechanics, the uncertainty principle, and Einstein's current work, the search for a "unified field theory" in whose framework all man's knowledge of the universe may merge into one concept.

Mr. Barnett shows how it is becoming increasingly difficult to alienate the idea of Godhead from the theoretical structure of the universe; how the more successful and complete is each new structure of science, the more abstract, intangible and elusive to the senses it becomes; how science, in spite of all its successes, has cause to question its own most fundamental concepts; how man is hampered in his investigation of the universe by the inescapable fact that he himself is part of the world he seeks to explore.

William Sloane Associates, \$2.50

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

by **Fulton Oursler**
MAN'S DISORDER AND GOD'S DESIGN

An Omnibus Volume of the
 Amsterdam Assembly Series
 Reviewed by **Alson J. Smith**

FULTON OURSLER is best known, at least to this reviewer's generation, as an ex-editor of *Liberty* magazine and a sometime radio commentator. He is not quite so well known as an urbane editor of the *Reader's Digest* and a dabbler in the occult. Fewer still know him as a devout convert from agnosticism to Christianity who, on a trip to the Holy Land, underwent a conversion experience like that of St. Paul's on the Damascus Road and became a Catholic.

He is a brash man indeed who would attempt to rewrite the life of Christ; embellishments on the Gospels are not taken kindly by the devout, and not many of the impious are likely to buy a book that deals with Gospel material. Mr. Oursler, in recognition of the fact, tried out his idea first on a radio program that bears the same

title as the book. It was a success from the start.

And so is the book. Your reviewer was determined not to like it, but from the first chapter ("The Man Who Waited") on, found himself completely captivated. Oursler has drawn on a rich and scholarly historical background and has used his own narrative ability as a writer to tie history and the Gospel accounts together in a poignant and lovely story. He has handled the Gospels, which are fragmentary at best, with tender consideration; he has filled them out with the contemporary history of the New Testament period so imperceptibly that the reader is hardly conscious of the delicate interweaving of Tacitus and St. Matthew, of Josephus and St. Luke. It is a masterful job of literary construction.

There may be some who will wish to quibble with Mr. Oursler over the confidence with which he asserts some obviously unverifiable points—for instance, his insistence that Jesus was blonde, with blue eyes and a golden beard, and that Joseph was bald. Or that Annas, the high priest, had a hollow tooth on which he sucked noisily when he was nervous. But you have to give a writer some leeway in his reconstruction of something that happened 1900 years ago, and Mr. Oursler never abuses the privilege—or almost never.

Man's Disorder and God's Design provides a striking contrast to *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. It is a one-volume edition of four books entitled *The Universal Church in God's Design*, *The Church's Witness to God's Design*, *The Church and the Disorder of Society*, and *The Church and the International Disorder*. These books are in turn the great subjects with which the Amsterdam Conference of the World Council of Churches, which met last August, was concerned.

The Amsterdam Conference volume, which contains learned papers by such Christian leaders as Karl Barth, Bishop Arne Fjellbu, W. A. Visser, T. Hooft, John Foster Dulles, and others, is a monumental, grave, and meaty work. It covers every aspect of the church's life and examines every result of the impact of the church on secular society. Roman Catholics did not participate in Amsterdam, but for them, no less than for Protestantism

and Eastern Orthodoxy, this is a definitive and important book. It demands not only reading but long and careful study, and will doubtless get it.

But the contrast between the simplicity of the original story, as Oursler tells it, and the size and complexity of the organization that grew out of the story, as set forth in the Amsterdam volume, hits one between the eyes. One cannot help but wonder if the Man whose brief and simple life is chronicled in *The Greatest Story Ever Told* would recognize the immense and intricate organism that claims to be His Body on earth—or, if He did recognize it, would like what He saw.

That He probably wouldn't like what He saw is recognized by the Protestant and Orthodox churchmen represented in *Man's Disorder and God's Design*. They realize that, as Dean Inge once said, "the church has made a mess of telling the world about God." But they are not at all agreed as to what to do about it, and one of the most striking sections of the book is concerned with the polite but definitely fang-against-claw clash of Mr. John Foster Dulles, representing "western civilization," and Dr. Joseph Hromadka of the Prague Theological Faculty, representing the "new democracies" behind the Iron Curtain.

Mr. Oursler's book is easy to read; the Amsterdam volume is a bit on the heavy side. Both deserve reading. Together they constitute a tragic commentary on Christianity's penchant for doing those things which it ought not to do, and leaving undone those things which it ought to do. But perhaps in the juxtaposition of the Gospel story and the "Mea Culpa" of Protestantism and Eastern Orthodoxy there is the beginning of a new Reformation. Let us hope so.

Doubleday, \$2.95

Harper, \$5.00

ENEMIES OF PROMISE

by **Cyril Connolly**
 Reviewed by **Mary M. Colum**

THE average reader is often astounded to learn that a publisher rarely tries to sell a book after the first year of publication, or that most books do not sell themselves for more than a few months, or that some books sell only a few copies and are never

even reviewed at all. It is therefore worth while considering why a book like Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise* should be republished about ten years after its first publication, for it could never have been what is called a popular work, or have brought much cash either to the publisher or the author.

One reason for the honor mark is assuredly that the author is the editor of an English magazine, *Horizon*, widely known here both to the professional intelligentsia and to the intelligentsia of the *beau monde*. A second is that his magazine has not limited itself to English writings, but takes in writers from other countries. Then, too, Cyril Connolly has an enfranchised mind, of the kind that is produced by the highest English education: in his case with a mild decoration of peculiarly English forms of snobbery. This snobbery, it is the present reviewer's disinterested opinion, can be observed in its fearsome worst in persons of Irish descent, and after that, in Americans.

The part of *Enemies of Promise* that will ensure its being read for some time to come is the account of life and education in a great English public school, Eton, where the boys had the privilege of having other boys as a kind of servant (fags), and where some boys had the privilege of chastising others with a cane or a piece of rubber tubing. Eton was divided into Eton College and Eton School. Cyril Connolly was admitted to Eton College as a scholar; the scholars, about seventy in number, were different from the ordinary pupils, who were known as Oppidans, and whose families paid their full fees. Everywhere in school and college there appeared to be a deliberate cultivation of that elegance and affectation which played such a considerable role in the habits of the English upper classes, or probably in those just below the upper classes. This included a technique for looking down on other people, which has had a long tradition behind it as an asset for a ruling class. One remembers Stendhal's comment that England is a country where men are marked off and divided into castes as in India. Of course, everybody knows Englishmen on whom the caste system did not take and who mocked at the manner-

forming public schools which produced the empire makers and the etiquette makers. Yet criticize them as we may, these haughty English schools could and did produce real men, men with character, cultivation, responsibility and conscience, the like of which has not been surpassed.

Two out of the three sections of *Enemies of Promise* are devoted to literary criticism, mostly of a generalized kind, solid, sensible and revealing. What might be termed his particularized criticism, his criticism of individual authors, is not as impressive as his generalized criticism. Sometimes it even suffers from misinformation: Yeats certainly visited Paris, but he never lived there or absorbed French culture as Cyril Connolly states; in his late forties he was taking lessons in elementary French, and so one has to ask: how could his verse forms be influenced by French and how could he be supposed to read Mallarmé?

No writer can fail to benefit by a reading of the critical sections of this book, even if some of the advice given is more applicable to English than to American writers. Any writer can receive illumination from a passage such as this: "The spiritual reality of the artist may come into conflict with the historical reality of his time, and true to his own reality he may even have to sacrifice himself by his opposition to the external world." This is a passage that would be difficult of comprehension to those for whom writing is a trade and whose only reality is the money return. Cyril Connolly gives the usual English advice about making sure of an income before starting writing. "Every writer should before embarking find some way, however dishonest, of procuring with a minimum of effort, about four hundred pounds a year." Osbert Sitwell, in one of his autobiographical volumes, advises about half that amount. The trouble with all such advice is that writers rarely deliberately choose writing—it chooses them, and they are, as a rule, well embarked on it before they have made any prospecting. Among an author's temptations, Cyril Connolly lists a concern with fashionable society; this is of pure European relevance; an American writer would hardly know what Cyril Connolly is talking about,

for writers and artists rarely figure in American drawing rooms, so rarely that, some time ago, a project was seriously adumbrated for forming a society where those in the *Social Register* could meet those in *Who's Who*.

Macmillan, \$4.00

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SIN
by Seán O'Faoláin
Reviewed by Mark Neider

SOME of the best work in the short story is being done by Irish authors, and this in spite of the fact that Irish letters in general have suffered from a vigorous and stultifying censorship. Among those who have elected to remain in their native land and fight the ban is Seán O'Faoláin, the most important Irish author living in Ireland today. In his latest collection of short stories, *The Man Who Invented Sin*, Mr. O'Faoláin continues writing in the same vein, rich in poetic insight and human understanding, that has brought him wide recognition in England and America.

Of necessity, many of these fifteen stories had to be published originally in English and American magazines. It is a tribute to Mr. O'Faoláin's artistry that he can portray Irish "problems" without resorting to stories of plot, and still hold his audience. The secret of his success can be found in a reading of "The Silence of the Valley," easily the finest story in the book. Written in a simple, relaxed prose, it is built around the death of an old cobbler; but Mr. O'Faoláin gives the story universal overtones through an unforced symbolism. The childlike bewilderment of the cobbler's wife at his death, then her slow resurgence as a ribald wit, beginning at the wake and climaxing at the grave; the priest catching and preparing a mess of eels in his spare time through it all; the rhythmic sound of an American soldier casting his line down by the lake during the burial—all these rich details, and more, go into the weaving of a timeless prose poem on the continuous, inexorable flow of life and death. As in all Mr. O'Faoláin's stories, it is permeated both with a melancholic note and a gentle humor tinged with irony.

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My Favorite Forgotten Book

JACK AISTROP

"Teresa," the nightcap of the collection, is one of the most successful of the stories from the standpoint of form. This is due greatly to the physical action in the story itself, which deals with the pilgrimage of a young nun—a novice—in search of a saint's faith and strength before she will take her final vows. Aside from allowing integral characters and incidents to be brought into play, the traveling done in the tale is subtle in its effect, for, in her pilgrimage from convent to convent, Teresa catches glimpses of the world again, which intensifies her conflict.

Sometimes to emphasize the satire of his themes, Mr. O'Faoláin mars his stories by attaching an inartistic coda to them. In the title piece, "The Man Who Invented Sin," for example, two nuns and two monks who have come to a rural community to study Gaelic are made to feel, by a local curate, that their merriment is evil; and, once the seed is planted, they are tempted to further gaiety to prove their own innocence. Eventually, they begin to believe that they have acted sinfully. How do we know? Conveniently enough, the narrator runs into one of the monks twenty-three years later and hears his changed view; then, two hours later, he encounters the country curate, who now laughs at the whole incident. In "Teresa" we do not feel the awkwardness of the coda because it does not hang on accidental meetings. We feel that Teresa's return to the convent is inevitable because it gives her a chance to show off her husband to the nuns and recall her past.

Greatly influenced by Chekhov and the early Joyce, Mr. O'Faoláin has acquired much of their artistry and some of their weaknesses, especially Chekhov's. On occasion, as in the story "Lady Lucifer," he uses the rather archaic device of setting his scene and then having someone tell a tale, or write a letter—as in "Passion." Aside from the inherent static quality of such techniques, there is a temptation and tendency to relate melodramatic situations through a storyteller, a device that does not suit Mr. O'Faoláin's style of writing. But, all in all, this is an extremely impressive collection, full of sadness and tender humor.

Devin-Adair, \$2.75

I RECENTLY read Richard Rovere's study of Howe and Hummel. On the jacket of the book, a note by the author states that he chanced upon these two legal luminaries while in search of something else and that his book resulted from this casual encounter.

Rovere's note awakened memories and sent me to my bookshelves. Twenty years ago, Frederick Maugham (Lord Maugham, a King's Counsel and brother of Somerset Maugham) also chanced upon a character and a set of circumstances which intrigued him. So much so, that within a few months, he found himself in Paris and Toulouse, nose to the ground, sniffing out papers long buried beneath archival dust. His findings resulted in a book which is a masterly reconstruction of a *cause célèbre*—*The Case of Jean Calas*.

Maugham, using his legal training and combining it with experience and the imagination and sympathy of a sensitive writer, throws new light upon a case which was tried in the darkness of ignorance and intolerance. And he proves that the unfortunate Jean Calas was innocent—proves that he was legally murdered. Voltaire had the same conviction which he expressed in several pamphlets, most notable of which is "*De la Tolérance*." But his contributions had not the same balanced admixture of heart and head as Maugham's case for the defense. *The Case of Jean Calas* is as perfect as the Pythagorean theorem.

Many other writers have dealt with the case, but they tell the story, as Maugham remarks, not so much from the Calas side of the fence as from the Voltaire angle. They fall into the error of treating *l'affaire Calas* as a sidelight, a mere episode in the evening of Voltaire's life. André Maurois, for example, devotes a whole chapter

of his biography of Voltaire to Jean Calas and his misfortunes. "This case," Maurois says, "did more for Voltaire's popular fame than his writings." Maugham, rightly, is not concerned with Voltaire's popular fame: he is more concerned with the death of Jean Calas. He passes lightly over the part played by the famous people stirred into activity by Voltaire and takes the point of view that the scandal merely provided the old wasp with a reason for stinging.

Maugham's legal mind rejects the purely sentimental. His evidence is based upon fact. Unlike Diderot, D'Alembert and Rousseau, he is not influenced by the partisanship of Voltaire who cheerfully tampered with the truth, and who employed doubtful reasoning. Maugham started at the beginning and reconstructed the tragedy, using mathematics, models, even turning up the old French Tables preserved at Greenwich Observatory.

In his version, the story of Jean Calas begins on the night of October 13, in the year 1761, at 9.30 P.M. A commotion inside Number 16, Grand' Rue des Filatiers, where Jean Calas, a Huguenot, lived with his family and carried on his cloth business, attracted a crowd of curious neighbors. They learned that Marc Antoine, the twenty-nine-year-old son, had been found murdered in the shop which was on the ground floor. Round his neck were the marks of two cords. The magistrate, one David de Beaudrigue, was summoned. By the time he arrived, he found the house surrounded by a throng of angry people. Word had spread that a murder had occurred in the house of one of the few Huguenot families in the city of Toulouse. De Beaudrigue began his inquiries and Jean Calas made the mistake of telling a lie. He said that he had found his son lying in the shop and thinking he had been stabbed, had called for

help. The rest of the family repeated the story word for word, a fact which aroused De Beaudrigue's suspicions. He arrested the entire household.

The next morning, Jean admitted his lie and said that he had found Marc Antoine hanging from a wooden rod which had been placed across the leaves of a heavy, folding door. He said that he had lied to prevent the disgrace of a suicide's burial falling upon the family. Such a "burial" would have involved the naked body of his son being drawn through the city on a hurdle to be hung from a gibbet and left there for the populace to stone—a popular diversion. The change of story convinced the ambitious De Beaudrigue that here was his chance to ingratiate himself with his superiors. The family was Huguenot—wealthy, proud and without friends at court. He had already heard a rumor that Jean's other son, who had apostatized, had been threatened by Jean. De Beaudrigue saw an opportunity of making himself a Defender of the Faith by presenting the murdered man as a potential apostate, killed by his father to prevent further "disgrace" falling upon him.

The stage was set for the tragedy which was to cost a decent man his life, which was to scatter and ruin a family and which, but for the intervention of Voltaire, would have been a triumph for intolerance and a precedent for other legal murders.

Maugham sets up De Beaudrigue's arguments and then, using modern weapons, demolishes them. One example which clearly proves De Beaudrigue's intentions was that he used the fact that no lamp was found by the body, as proof that the dead man could not have hanged himself. It would have been impossible, he said, for the preparations to have been made in the dark. But Maugham, having turned up the French Tables, discovered that on the night in question, there was a full moon which rose at 5.26 P.M., a fact which must have been obvious to the magistrate.

In the book, Maugham gives extracts from documents written during the course of the trial. All evidence was hearsay, gathered on pain of excommunication by means of *monitoires* posted on church doors.

De Beaudrigue caused Calas to be tortured—had him put to the *question*

ordinaire et extraordinaire after which the old man was broken on the wheel and left with his face turned to the sky for two hours: he was then throttled and his remains burned. The family was left homeless and penniless and eventually split up.

Voltaire caused Europe to be flooded with pamphlets, and after some time, a fresh investigation was ordered and the judgment reversed on technical grounds. Irregularities at the earlier trials were discovered. Maugham then recounts, with evident pleasure, that De Beaudrigue lost his job and later his reason. A decree of cassation was issued but it did not prove or disprove the innocence of Jean Calas.

It is Maugham who convinced me. In his chapter, "A conjecture on what really happened," he proves to my own satisfaction the innocence of the old man, Marc Antoine, he reasons, killed himself because he could not fight off his personal frustrations. They clouded his mind periodically. He wanted to follow a profession: to do so, he would have been forced to apostatize: entry to any of the professions was legally forbidden to Huguenots. He was an unselfish man, unwilling to put himself first. He knew that a further act of apostasy in the family would be a deathblow to the old man.

He hanged himself, and Maugham, with models, string and a table of old French measurements, proves that it was possible, despite the unusual method.

The book, copies of which exist in America, has been forgotten for a long time. I do not understand why this should be. As a novelist, I find it deeply moving because, I suppose, I admire the perfection of Maugham's construction and reconstruction—the way in which he obviously arrives at the truth two hundred years after the tragedy. For me, the members of the family live: I can feel their mounting terror, then their hopelessness as the coils of the evil serpent of intolerance reach out for them, one by one. To be innocent and yet condemned in advance—to know that because one is different mentally from the rest that the court will delight in exterminating one: Maugham places me in the shoes of Jean Calas and it is frightening. Intolerance—bigotry—cruelty—great rolling voices against which one cannot shout.

I think I can tell how people, falsely accused, die. I think their minds, unable to grasp the enormity of the crimes which are being committed against them, freeze: perhaps there is an unknown gland which, at such times, supplies mental anesthetic, or perhaps hopelessness and despair touch the other emotions and act like a local deadening agent. Or perhaps there is a temporary insanity—a feeling that "this cannot be happening to me."

I hope I never find out, exactly, definitely.

I have already suffered with Jean Calas.

Reviews in Brief

THE PORTABLE HAWTHORNE, Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Malcolm Cowley (*Viking*, \$2.00). Rich and varied fare for all Hawthorne lovers, this portable includes the better known short stories, the whole of *The Scarlet Letter*, selections from *The House of Seven Gables*, *The Marble Faun* and the *Dolliver Romance*, and some letters and revealing extracts from the American, French, English and Italian *Notebooks*. Malcolm Cowley's excellent introduction and explanatory notes help to clear up some of the legends surrounding the reputation of the remote New England writer. According

to Mr. Cowley, Hawthorne wrote about "the isolated individual trying to regain a place in society. . . . He wrote about the inner world." Thus, as Mr. Cowley points out, Hawthorne has aged only on the surface, for his great central themes after almost a century are still the concern of all our major contemporary novelists.

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE, Volume III: 1928-1939 (*Knopf*, \$6.00). This third and final volume of the *Journals* covers a momentous period in world history and thus we get Gide's views on such important political issues as the Soviet Five-year

Plan, the Civil War in Spain, the rise of Hitler, the Munich crisis, as well as illuminating passages of literary and music criticism and discussions of religious and ethical problems. Most important of all, however, are the remarkable personal revelations which offer the reader a revealing glimpse into the intimate process of literary creation. Together the three volumes of the *Journals: 1889-1939* constitute an important and stimulating record of the development of one of the greatest writers of our time, as well as an indispensable aid to an understanding of his works.

IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE, by MAURICE HINDUS (*Doubleday*, \$3.00). Mr. Hindus believes that unless a speedy redistribution of the land takes place and modern scientific farming methods are introduced in Persia, Egypt, Iraq and Palestine, the future of the Mohammedan Middle East is menaced. A sympathetic and penetrating observer, he lists and illustrates the disastrous results that absentee ownership has had on the land and on the peasants, *jellahin*: widespread disease, soil erosion, endless crop failures due to primitive farming methods, starvation, a high death rate, and the cruelest kind of economic exploitation. The economic progress of the Zionists is offered as a blueprint for the future of the Middle East. Co-operative settlements, farmers' villages, up-to-date farm machinery, scientific methods of crop rotation and land drainage, control of malaria, and a firsthand knowledge of animal husbandry—the pioneer Zionists have capitalized on all these agrarian measures. Mr. Hindus urges the Mohammedan landlords to follow the example of Israel or perish. The author also touches on some other contemporary problems of the Middle East, including the clash between the "modern-minded" and the "Moslem-minded" extremes which is rapidly coming to a head in Egypt. There is also a fascinating account of the growth of Histadrut, the unique labor-management corporation which affects almost every activity in Palestine.

THE MYSTERY OF "A PUBLIC MAN," by FRANK MALOY ANDERSON (*University of Minnesota Press*, \$3.75). From the time excerpts from

The Diary of a Public Man, a supposedly authentic diary of the Secession winter (1860-61) in Washington, first appeared in the *North American Review* in 1879, it has been regarded as an authoritative "source" by many Lincoln scholars, biographers and historians. Loaded with personal and political observations on Lincoln, his cabinet and acquaintances, the diary has provided posterity with the most striking anecdotes and most familiar quotations of this oft-quoted president. Anderson begins his study with the premise that the original diary was skillfully padded by an artful politician into a "fraud" of sizable dimensions. He bases his case for identifying the author on thirteen points traced from the diary itself. On these points, he readily eliminates the more popular suspects, among them George Bancroft, Edward Everett and Robert C. Winthrop. Then, just as readily, he eliminates a long list of his own possible suspects. Finally, he constructs what seems an irrefutable case against his own favorite suspect, Samuel Ward, a Phi Beta Kappa of "distinguished lineage" and an undistinguished career as a broker who, at the time the diary was written, was known in political circles as "The King of the Lobbyists." The "case" he has built up on this evidence will provide enjoyable reading for even the more hardened students of Lincoln lore.

FROM ROLLO TO TOM SAWYER AND OTHER PAPERS, by ALICE M. JORDAN (*The Horn Book, Inc., Boston*, \$3.75). A revealing survey of the more genteel children's literature of the nineteenth century, a branch of Americana which deserves considerably more attention than it has received up to now. Among the books Miss Jordan discusses are the widely read Rollo books by Jacob Abbott, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, *The Wide, Wide World* by Susan Warner, "the first writer to combine for girls in their teens American characters with the material background," and *Hans Brinker*, by Mary Mapes Dodge. There is also a good survey of great children's magazines of the time, *St. Nicholas*, *The Riverside Magazine*, *Hearth and Home*, *Harper's*, *Young People* and *Wide Awake*.

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If you don't quite run to the Queen Mary, get "Travel Routes." It packs a wealth of information for planning trips on passenger carrying freighters to all parts of the world; tells ports they visit, length of voyage, prices; briefly describes accommodations, names the lines. For comfortable, lower cost travel, wrap up 35c and mail for your copy.

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TOMORROW CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

I have neither the time nor inclination to write magazine editors, but your article by M. Scott Kenyon in the January issue, "Free-Lance Writing Is Risky," is so worthwhile that I must write my appreciation.

Evangelists of yesteryear have shown hardly more fervor in proclaiming their gospel than have some correspondence schools, writers' magazines and even books for writers which urge every Tom, Dick and Lucy into writing. Even the skeptic begins to wonder if writing has become, not a profession, but Destiny beckoning with diamond-studded fingers.

Mr. Kenyon's article should perform a necessary function at this time in diluting false hopes with some factual considerations. It might be in the interests of humanity if some charitable institution could distribute this article free of charge to every aspiring would-be free-lancer.

I have been learning to write for nearly fourteen months now. Unlike Mr. Kenyon, I have had no stories accepted, so there has been no option about quitting my regular job. And I have learned already that it is, for me, an uphill road to mastery. At first I was overly impressed with the sales talk found in certain magazines and ads. Fourteen months have served to shake my faith in the gospel of writing, though not my interest.

Mr. Kenyon's article will be useful to me in the day when (if ever) I sell some stuff. When I think of tossing over my accounting job, I shall remember this article.

Congratulations to TOMORROW on a timely and serviceable article and to author Kenyon for sharing his experiences.

E. M. BRITNEY

Montreal, Canada

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

While I found Richard B. Gehman's article, "From Deadwood Dick to Superman," [TOMORROW, April 1949] very informative, I'm not quite sure what conclusion the reader is supposed to draw from his remarks. Does Mr. Gehman want the comic book manufacturers to return to the good old days, which he apparently laments, and flood the market with the Horatio Alger-Frank Merriwell trash our fathers and grandfathers read so avidly? I, for one, earnestly hope not, since I can well remember my boyhood when I inherited a whole set of outlandish values that stemmed from America's most popular reading. Although I grant that the present comic books present a sensational diet of sadism, violence, crime and lust, aren't our contemporary films and books guilty of the same thing? Perhaps in the long run it's a good idea for the young-

sters of today to grow up with the realization that our present world is a rather hideous and cruel place. Many of my generation had to discover this for ourselves the very hard way largely because at school we had been taught values that no longer applied by the time we finished high school.

BURTON L. CHALMERS

Racine, Wisconsin

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

I have often enjoyed reading articles by R.V.C. Bodley in the pages of your magazine—for instance, his recent reminiscences about his own "Search for Serenity" [TOMORROW, November 1948]. I am one of the many who appreciated his book, *Wind in the Sahara*. Consequently, I was surprised to find myself disturbed, almost offended by the tone of his article on his native Paris ["Hometown Revisited," TOMORROW, April 1949]. Here Mr. Bodley was in the midst of modern turmoil in postwar Europe—not on the sands of the Sahara among a particular group of Arabs who are adept at the self-contained existence which Mr. Bodley admires so. The result did as much to unbalance my "peace of mind" as the author's previous writings had done to establish it. There is something vaguely unhealthy in a philosophy of security that is so personal it cannot accept the insecurity which is rampant among all people today. Mr. Bodley is unhappy with a Paris which has so mysteriously changed since the early 1900's. He admires only such constants as an occasional view; the rooms at the Ritz, and a fine meal with a family where "the father is the accepted ruler of the house," and going to church is "carried out as a matter of course" and the "politics of Great Britain and the United States are referred to . . . as if they belonged to a different world." He blissfully recalls the days when people lived "gracefully" and there was "no hurry." He chooses to ignore the possibility that many Frenchmen today are too preoccupied with the grim realities—not of graceful living, but of securing the barest minimum of food and fuel. He regards as "shocking pessimism" the observation of a "rather careworn" hotel manager that the "days before the first world war and the irresponsible interlude between the two conflicts" are "dead and buried and never to be resurrected." He gives the impression that he resents that there is "no traditional burst of dazzling illumination as dusk gathered" even though he is told the country is short of coal and power. But the greatest blow of all, the most staggering affront, we are given to understand, is that his childhood home has been taken over as offices by the United Nations. Mr. Bodley apparently has no faith

in the United Nations because he saw the "futility of trying to establish world peace by a body of men none of whom knew the meaning of spiritual serenity" when the League of Nations folded. Now if this is the kind of "spiritual serenity" which Mr. Bodley espouses, such statements only serve to define it as a philosophy of pessimism, defeatism, futility, passivity; a state of moral, emotional and intellectual fatigue—a looking backward to "golden days" whose only luster lies in their distance. If such is his philosophy, we can only be glad that the men who are willing to give their time and energies to the United Nations to make for us a better and more peaceful world, are not men of Mr. Bodley's particular kind of "spiritual serenity." How could they be, and still labor at their immense task? Because I do not feel that Mr. Bodley's "serenity" can be such a completely negative force, I regret that he so misapplied it to the Paris we all love, yesterday and today.

BARRETT MEREDITH

Spokane, Washington

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

I was happy to see William Saroyan's "Confessions of a Playwright" in your February issue. Saroyan has lost none of his old bite and what he had to say of the modern theatre certainly makes good sense as well as lively reading. I must, however, take issue with his discussion of the financial aspects of playwriting. If he is trying to convince the readers of TOMORROW that he is not writing for money but for Art, I am certain that he hasn't succeeded. Much as I enjoy his plays, I no more believe he's written them without thought of monetary reward than I believe any good author writes a novel just to keep it locked up in his trunk. Saroyan can believe it or not, but all writers write for recognition, and that means financial recognition as well as artistic approval. Quite a few do it without prostituting their talents or selling out to the lure of the big money. Essentially, all writers want to make a living at their trade. If Saroyan thinks they can do this and still have a contempt for money, then I believe he ought to spend the rest of his life at the race tracks where, as he suggests, a lot of people enjoy this happy frame of mind. And apropos of the race tracks—where did Saroyan get his funds to bet on the horses if not from the income from his plays? However, let me end as I began. I enjoy reading the best-known product of Fresno, and I hope TOMORROW will publish more of his stimulating remarks on other aspects of contemporary life.

STANLEY M. GREENE

Sacramento, California

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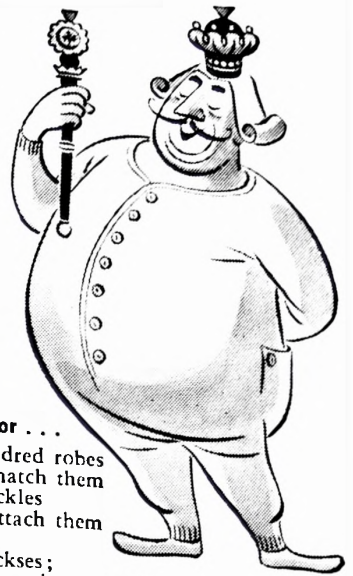
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 With beltsets to match them
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 With which to attach them
 Boxes and boxes
 of all sorts of socks;
 Slippers and shoes in sets of twoses
 Hundreds of pairses
 of long underwearses
 Various hatses both roundses and flatses*
 BUT HE HAD NOTHING TO WEAR!

And THESE are the TAILORS . . .

We will make
 believe
 we're weaving;
 We will make
 believe
 And what is
 more . . .
 We will keep
 on make-
 believing
 and FOOL the
 Em-per-or!*



and here is the
 PRIME MINISTER:
 HE SAID:
 Tell us good sirs
 these wonderful clothes
 Will they make a sensation
 wherever he goes?*

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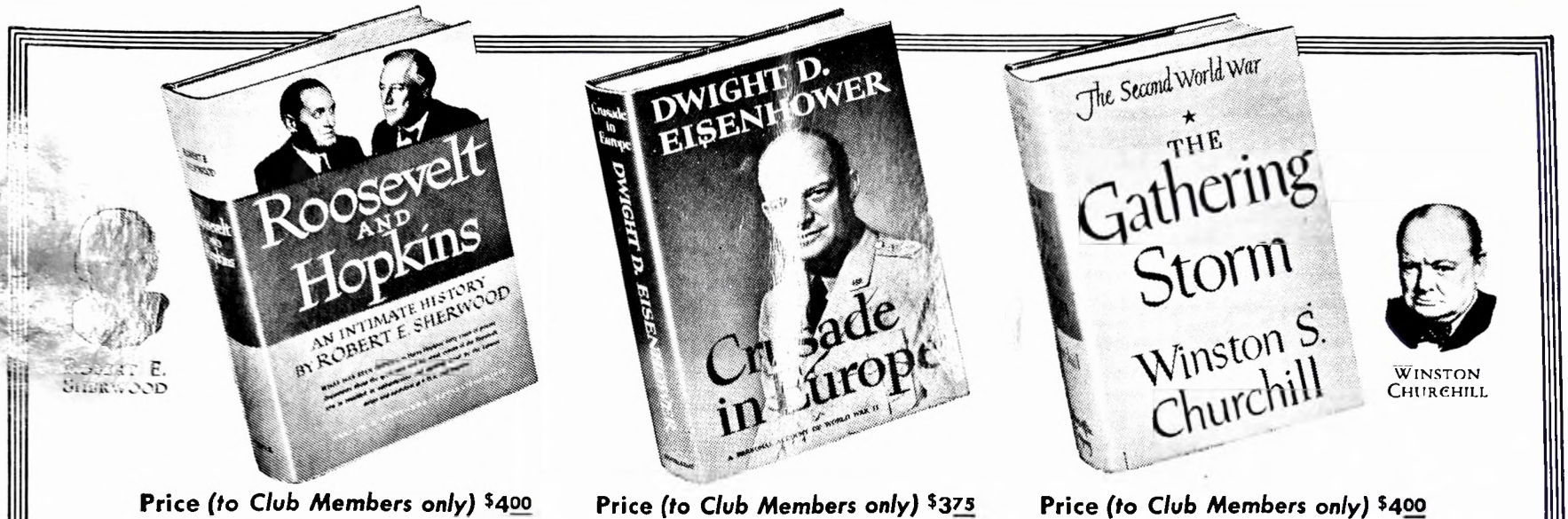
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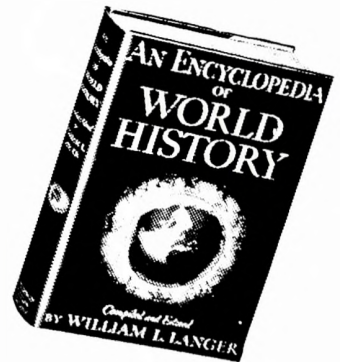
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