

nesses—and they are not merely military. They are economic, social, and political, as well as moral. The only way to prevent a war with Russia is to remove those weaknesses. Stalin would be powerless against a healthy, clean, internationally-unified, really-democratic democratic world.

Policy and Strategem

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By John C. Campbell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 585 pp. \$5.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

THE ENGLISH historian F. W. Maitland once said that some pedestrian labors might be justified on the ground that they would at least save the eyes and the time of the great man if and when he came along. Annual surveys are likely to give point to this description, but Mr. Campbell and his associates have accomplished the difficult task of writing a readable and interesting account of American foreign policy from the end of the war in Europe to the spring of 1947. With their volume the Council on Foreign Relations resumes the series which it began in 1931 and continued through 1940. It will deal with the war period separately and later.

History teaches no clearer lesson than that of the facile dissolution of alliances which are not sustained by a powerful, evident solidarity of interests. . . . The cement of a bloody war conducted in alliance is notoriously weak for binding nations.

In his introduction, Mr. John Foster Dulles does not quote what the English economist J. A. Hobson said a good many years ago, but he suggests that those who are surprised by the tensions and hostility between former allies have forgotten their history, even such recent history as the aftermath of the war of 1914-1918. Now ideological differences deepen the rift, but Mr. Dulles sees no reason for despair. He thinks it possible to find "internationally a way of life whereby differences of belief and practice may exist without those differences leading to violence." He is not very specific on how this can be done but exact knowledge of what has happened and what is happening must precede the suggestion of any solutions that have a chance of working. "Theory divorced from fact," he remarks, "is dangerous, and there persists an excessive hangover of war illusion."

Mr. Campbell's volume sets out the

recent facts which must be studied if a workable way of life is to be found. He has succeeded in not being overwhelmed by a detail that is enormous. After two general chapters which outline the world position of the United States, its wartime decisions and commitments, the problem of strategic bases, and the creation of the United Nations organization, he turns to a meticulous account of the problems faced in the search for the peace treaties in Europe and the behavior and stratagems of those who have done the searching. There is an able summary of the different proposals for dealing with Germany, the conflicting policies that came out of Washington, the clashing of views of the Four Powers, and the tangled disputes over reparations.

These problems so preoccupied policymakers in Washington that they allowed our relations with Latin America to deteriorate. Mr. Campbell discusses these (and the political ferment in different countries) under a heading which discloses a point of view: "Threats to the Good Neighbor Policy." An appraisal of American responsibilities in the Far East, with a comprehensive discussion of the situation in Korea and the civil war in China, concludes the parts of the survey which deal, geographically, so to speak, with American foreign policy.

On our participation in the several international agencies that have been set up—perhaps the proliferation has been too great—there is a full record: UNNRA; the reasons for our aban-

donment of international relief; the Food and Agriculture Organization; proposals for the reconstruction of foreign trade; the bank and the fund; the projected trade organization, and UNESCO. The survey ends with a summary of the "accomplishments" of the United Nations and an analysis of the issues on which Russia and her satellites have clashed with the states of the Western world—the control of the atomic bomb, disarmament, the treatment of displaced persons, the work of the Economic and Social Council, and so on.

Surveys sponsored by institutions cannot praise or blame as an independently written book may. Mr. Campbell, nevertheless, has kept his account from being colorless, and on the more important matters does not conceal his opinions from the reader. He accomplished this quite legitimately by adroit adaptations of well-tried devices: "It was soon clear that this thesis could not be maintained"; "in many quarters criticism was prompt and severe." He has a few excellent pages on the organization of the State Department for the "making of foreign policy" which it is to be hoped Secretary Marshall's reforms have made less inadequate.

But the task confronting the policy proposers is tremendous. One indication of its size is Mr. Campbell's "selected" bibliography which runs to forty closely printed pages. The chronology of events takes fifty pages, and an index of ten pages makes easily discoverable the detail with which the book is packed.



Fiction. *A new life engulfed Harrison Smith when SRL published his editorial "Woman, the Scapegoat" (Jan. 18), contradicting popular calumny of the female gender as a damned sex. Slick magazines, feminine and neutral, clamored for more expressions from a man so unwylie as to insist that women are, in fact, insufficiently appreciated. Bright girl reporters interviewed him. Radio stations had him debate Dr. Marynia F. Farnham (co-author of "Modern Woman: the Lost Sex") so often she began to get neurotic. Publishers plead for books. The ladies at SRL asked for raises. Elected REVIEW distaff counselor, Mr. Smith demurred shyly, "It would take me exactly five minutes to tell you all I know about women. But I know what I like." By coincidence, this season's fiction has been singularly devoid of traditional summer fluff. Wars and their aftermath, murder, Seventh Avenue, Palestine, challenge month-end readers. To Mr. Smith went the hardest assignment—criticism of a wicked woman.*

Lilith, Not Eve

NOT NOW BUT NOW. By M. F. K. Fisher. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 256 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

TO ATTEMPT to delineate Eve, the eternal female, or the enduring characteristics of woman-kind through the ages, is almost as old as literature. It is that habit of human thinking that Dorothy Sayers complains about in January *Vogue*: man is allowed to be both *vir* and *homo*, but woman, no matter what role she plays, must be only, and merely, *femina*. She implies that though there are more women than men in the world woman exists in a separate category, apart from the race that we instinctively label "man-kind," as if she were some rare and exotic flower and not the eternal and fertile generatrix of the human race. When a novelist reveals that she can trace the subtleties and nuances of a woman's mind and then gives her heroine the same character and name through four separate periods of time, you may be sure that she is aiming at Eve herself, or at one aspect of Eve's broad nature which she considers to be eternal.

"Not Now But Now" is about Jennie, a woman beyond the curve of youth, small-boned but exquisitely shaped, sensuous and luxurious, whose commanding need is to be a center of disturbance for man and woman, the universal irritant, producing cataclysms in other people's lives, laughing within as she plays her little tricks, and always escaping from the stupidity and ugliness in which she has become involved.

"I am free of you," she says gaily, to herself; "Jennie is free," after she had fatally embroiled with each other a Swiss father and his son and had sent his daughter into an epileptic fit. "Jennie is free," she says later in old San Francisco sixty years ago,

when she had escaped from the lusts of five men to whom she had calculatingly yielded herself. In this particular section Jennie is the closest to earth, for she becomes more than the delicate seductress, as poisonous as the hidden adder; she is now an exquisite prostitute who therefore must surrender some quality of respect and a trace of honest passion.

This is Mrs. M. F. K. Fisher's first novel. In her previous books she has with subtlety and voluptuousness approached the soul of man through his stomach. She has written several books of cookery in which honest food is transmuted into nectar and ambrosia for the gods or the table of Lucullus. Throughout this story of a demonic woman, dinners are served that are out of the normal man or woman's world. Here is one of Jennie's banquets prepared by her Chinese cook for her lovers:

There were long white fillets of local sole. There were grilled truf-



—Arni.

The progress of a female rake is made "amusing and witty" by M. F. K. Fisher.

fles from Sir Harry's farm in southern France, sent in olivewood sawdust. There was a haunch of antelope, aromatic as rotting wild-flower stalks. Always there was wine in the tall ringing glasses between the candles, . . . and when at last Jennie leaned with schooled caution over a flaming silver bowl of hothouse strawberries and felt her yellow diamonds swing warmly from her throat . . . she knew she was a little drunk.

But Mrs. Fisher has extended her repertoire of the sensuous pleasures that can delight a woman to the furniture in the midst of which she moves, the fragile satin chair, the silken-soft bed, and the garments that caress her body; shawls from Persia, Chinese silk with a jeweled fringe, slippers like rose petals, or a costume called a *canezou* English ladies imported from France and that Jennie stole a hundred years ago, of pale green organdy with long full sleeves embroidered in silver roses and three sloping, cape-like ruffles that fell over her shoulders as kissingly as if they had been sewed only for her. Jennie took care of her charming body as if, to quote the author, "she were a trainer with a fine show bitch." There was a special quality in shedding her garments:

It was a sensation she loved, the slipping of the smooth fabric over her skin, the slow hissing of it as it went down, to lie there covering her feet, her legs rising like sapplings from it, and then her small hips and the gentle roundness of her belly and her fine pointed breasts. . . .

This is perhaps enough of one of the special qualities this novel offers: its sensuousness. There is stronger material in it than fabrics, elegant food, and rare wines, delights that go no deeper than the skin, or the surface tremors of repugnance at the "puffs" of offensive odors that rise from the garments of human beings who are not made of dresden china. Jennie is, in fact, the spirit of evil incarnate, the more dangerous since she must forever shrink from the crude emotions, the anger, and the passions she herself arouses. She is also corrupt to the core, the antiseptic carrier of diseases to which she herself is never subject.

It would seem that Jennie was Lilith, rather than Eve, that mysterious female demon derived from Assyria, Adam's first wife in Jewish folklore, forever childless like Mrs. Fisher's Jennie. When she flew away from Adam he decided apparently to sacrifice one of his ribs for a less destructive mate who could mother the human race. It may be hoped that Jennie, being evil, cannot be a fixture in the mind and soul of womankind. It is to Mrs. Fisher's