

God than Paul did, but when he wrote of human love he was at his greatest. He had a power of feeling, which has hardly been surpassed. Love was a passion to him, an unsounded surging ocean. With his whole being he felt the love of God: "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God." With an equal exalted intensity he spoke of the love of Christ which "passeth knowledge." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

But still more beautiful, still more exalted, is what he wrote of love here on earth. Sometime in his life he had loved greatly. He had known the love that transcends all selfishness and he had known the suffering such love brings. What he wrote is brief, only thirteen short verses, hardly a quarter of a page, and yet all of human love is there, its preeminence and the pain it is bound up with. Apart from it

nothing men do is worth anything; "the tongues of men and of angels" are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The mind, reason, knowledge, are profitless; "though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have not love I am nothing." "Whether there be prophecies they shall fail. Whether there be tongues they shall cease, whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away," but love will endure. Without it faith, the very cornerstone of the church, is of no account: "Though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love, I am nothing." So too the very utmost of self-sacrifice: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long and is kind: Love thinketh no evil; seeketh not her own; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

The preceding article has been adapted from a book to be published by W. W. Norton & Co. next year.

Romantic Refugee

DULL THE SHARP EDGE. By Ellen Marsh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 248 pp. \$3.

Reviewed by RUDOLPH VON ABELE

THIS novel of a girl, part German, part American, lost in America during the war years, and of her search for a person in whom she can have trust, is a highly readable book but unsatisfying as serious fiction—which is what it sets out to be. In Stephanie Jameson, her father Luther, her German mother Marianne, whom he marries in Germany and brings to the United States, and in the network of relationships that develops when Marianne returns to Germany with Stephanie, and remarries, and when Stephanie later comes back to Luther and America, Miss Marsh has an interesting subject; but the book fails to articulate it or to give it meaning. Stephanie's is the most clearly perceived character in the book, yet she fails to come alive, to become a personality instead of an idea of one. Similarly, the characters of her father, of the three men with whom she falls in love, and the girls with whom she lives, are all less persons than bundles of perceptions about persons.

Miss Marsh is learned and perceptive in her knowledge of human beings, yet her people are abstractions clothed in the terminology of everyday discourse; her atmosphere, while detailed and well-drawn, remains unreal. It is, to be sure, a serious atmosphere, where serious things are under discussion—the problem of the transplanted foreigner, the problem of finding emotional security in a chaotic world, the problem of arriving at a rational political attitude—but not much is done with these profound questions. There is a thinness in the book which not even Miss Marsh's erudition, or her clean, spare, refreshingly unpretentious writing, can quite fill out. It is well put together; it moves at a good pace; but at the end there remains in the reader the conviction that it could have been done either in half the length, or, by a more gifted and mature writer, could have been given more substance.

As it is, "Dull the Sharp Edge" is a romantic book, full of the nostalgia of love and death, with a judicious mixture of anti-Nazi politics, yet a book which never quite succeeds in justifying its own existence. Miss Marsh has a definite talent for style and construction, but she has yet to learn how to transmit what she observes to her audience.

The Criminal Record			
The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction			
Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
MURDER IN THE TOWN Mary Richert (Farrar, Straus: \$2.50)	"Totem" Dixon, newest professorial-sleuth recruit, spends vacation solving slugging of old flame and shooting of museum curator in N. Y. suburb.	Rattle - family - skeletons' - bones opus, with plenty of suspects, bewildered cops, and attenuated amateur who "chews and digests" facts quite logically.	Tolerable
THE LABORS OF HERCULES Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	H. Poirot solves dozen distinctive cases named for exploits of mythological homonym. Crimes are set against English and Continental backgrounds.	Characteristic Poirot puzzlers. Classical tie-ins sometimes far-fetched—and collection notable for dullest single Poirot tale ever published anywhere, anytime.	Satisfactory shorts
STRANGE STORY Hilda Lewis (Random House: \$2.50)	Studious English twin accidentally slays her bibulous sister—whose panicky husband gets hung for crime. Surviving twin nevertheless pays for misdeeds.	Effective character portrayals distinguish "psychological" tale of British middle-classes. Tragic story of sisters' physical and moral deterioration depressing—and impressive.	Grim
DATE WITH DARKNESS Donald Hamilton (Rinehart: \$2.50)	Navy Lieut., on leave, meets warring French refugees in New York, and concludes series of violent events in Chesapeake Bay.	Post-war plotting and characters expertly handled—frequently without gloves. Ambivalent "hero" and alluring French girl well done. Action incessant.	Tough and Torrid
AFFAIR AT RITOS BAY Muriel Bradley (Crime Club: \$2.)	Fell-or-pushed-over-cliff demise of California wolf and stabbing of South American siren solved by suspect movie-script writer.	Fatal philanderings of plushy coast couples expertly examined by susceptible scribe, with assist by red-headed secretary—who gets her man.	Middlin'

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	Surface	
STRAVINSKY, SYMPHONY IN THREE MOVEMENTS. (1945). N. Y. Philharmonic, Stravinsky. Columbia M 680 (3) \$4	This dissonant, often heavy music is still remarkably good for recording thanks to clean, sharp tone colors, little "mud." Good sense of perspective.	A—	More fuel for the eternal Stravinsky row! I find it most rewarding—for a change. Decidedly dissonant; weighty, but beautiful orchestration.
SCHUBERT, OVERTURE IN D (IN ITALIAN STYLE) Op. 170. National Symphony Orch. (Engl.) Heinz Unger. London Decca K 1357 (1)	One of the best offers to date. Usual wide tonal range. Less live than most in this series, more live than aver. U. S. recording.	A	Medium Schubert, but still a major find for most of us—fine performance too. Somewhat like early symphonies, plus dash of Italian flavor.
MENOTTI, SEBASTIAN BALLET SUITE (1944). Robin Hood Dell Orch. Mitropoulos. Columbia X 278 (2) \$3	Good, natural, light-bodied recording; suits music perfectly. Unusually fine surfaces in my copy.	A+	Saucy, modern, very Italian. Calls a tune a tune, unpretentiously, expertly, but Hindemith-like dissonance too. Good ballet music.
ADAM, GISELLE BALLET MUSIC (1844). Arr. Lambert. Royal Opera Orch. Lambert. Columbia X 277 (2) \$3	Imported; noticeably less of a rising curve than current domestic Columbia. Rather tubby. ("Flat" from turnover?)	A to A—	Overweight Offenbach, with touch of Schubert. Unprofound, well written, dull by itself. Pretentious tragedy.
MOZART, ADAGIO AND RONDO K. 617 (GLASS HARMONICA). E. Power Biggs, celesta; P. Kaplan (fl), L. Speyer (ob), E. Kornsand (vla), J. Zimble (cello). Victor 11-9570 (1) \$1	Some trouble with peaks in celesta, surfaces not too good; but music comes through nevertheless.	B+	Excellent late Mozart, for strange combination—originally for Ben Franklin's revolving glass discs touched by wet fingers. Fine playing, good listening.
GLUCK, ORPHEUS; MELODIE (Ballet Music). KREISLER, RONDINO Nathan Milstein, Artur Balsam. Columbia 17408-D(1 10") \$0.75	Beautiful liveness in the Gluck, like recent Francescatti album. Noticeably less resonance on reverse side—could this be artificially added liveness?	A—	Two encore pieces, but beautifully played. The Gluck (original for flute) is one of most beautiful melodies ever written.
ST. SAENS, CAPRICE ON AIRS DE BALLET FROM "ALCESTE" (GLUCK). Novaes (piano). Columbia 71691-D(1) \$1	Piano lacks fullness, seems at a distance. Liveness is off here somehow. Piano is still weakest spot in current recording.	B+	A fancy bit of ornamentation on some lovely Gluck—but the music would be much more pleasing in original strings. Why bother with St. S.?

PICCADILLY

FOR those who want their high fidelity ready made—and portable, I do not hesitate to recommend the London Gramophone "Piccadilly" table phonograph. At approximately \$120, this machine is incomparably superior to anything of its shape and size available now and indeed performs better than many a fancy console model. With the special Decca pickup (possibly the best of the new magnetic type pickups) it plays records with a

range from 100 to something above 10,000 cycles and with remarkably little scratch. From a six-inch speaker and three tubes the resulting music is hardly believable. Undoubtedly it may be adapted to play through any cabinet mounted, high-quality speaker if so desired. No changer, no radio. The Decca pickup may be available separately soon; if so this column will pass on the information.

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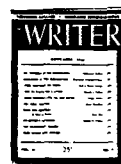
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