

mocracy being forged by the youth of Germany. I wish I could say the dinner convinced me that the disease of hyper-nationalism is dead in Germany. I wish I could but I can't.

Artistically and gastronomically, of course, the dinner was everything I had hoped it would be. Mrs. Soeller was able to work wonders with the culinary Noah's Ark I had brought. In less than a half-hour, or so it seemed, most of the food was ready, and the group sat down to eat in relays. The tables were attractively set. Mrs. Soeller had borrowed additional silver and dishes from neighbors, several of whom had come over to help with the serving.

I don't think I'll ever forget the unrestrained looks of wonder and incredulity on the faces of the students when they took their places at the table and saw the wine glasses and the individual packs of cigarettes for each person and the bowls of nuts in the center of the table and the butterplates and the fresh napkins. And when the main course was served—chicken and beef tongue and potato salad—they lost all reticence and broke out into open cheers. I need not report their reaction to the sparkling burgundy.

There were fifteen young men in the group, and eleven girls. Most of them were graduate students, the average age being perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six. Medicine and law and architecture accounted for most of their fields of study. I was surprised to learn that there wasn't a single prospective physicist or chemist or biologist or engineer in the lot. Almost as surprising was the fact that only two or three were interested in writing or music. Surely, I thought, this group could not be a representative cross-section, but later I learned that this wasn't too far from being the case.

The initial problem at the dinner was to put the students at ease and to convince them, without making any specific statement to that effect, that I had no ulterior purposes in arranging the meal and that nothing was expected in return. Little by little, they loosened up; by the time the main course was cleared away, the conversation really began to flow.

They were pleasant, affable, engaging, although a few of them were embarrassingly deferential. Most of them looked underweight, one or two severely so. But for the most part they seemed sturdy and healthy, with good tone to their skin and clear eyes. They were neatly but poorly dressed, with not a single unfrayed shirt or jacket in the crowd. The girls were all pre-New Look and perhaps even prewar

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Ancient Cultures.

The quintet of books reviewed below deal with three civilizations that originated in antiquity: the Incan of South America, the Indian of Asia, and the Latin, which spread out from the city of Rome to encompass all Italy, France, the Iberian peninsula, and southern and central America. Only one of these is extinct—the civilization investigated in Hiram Bingham's "Lost City of the Incas." Equally exotic and fascinating to contemporary North Americans is the culture Gertrude Emerson Sen surveys in her richly tapestried "Pageant of Indian History." F. R. Cowell's "Cicero and the Roman Republic," André Maurois' "Miracle of France," and Salvador de Madariaga's "Fall of the Spanish American Empire" treat aspects of the Latin heritage. It was, curiously enough, the empire of which De Madariaga writes that effectively wiped out the culture of the Incas

Emperors' Refuge in the Andes

LOST CITY OF THE INCAS. By Hiram Bingham. Illustrated with 64 pp. of photographs. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1948. 251 pp. \$5.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

DAY after tomorrow, when the current revolution in Peru has joined its many predecessors in history, tourists will be motoring in droves to Machu Picchu over the Hiram Bingham Highway. It is to be hoped that each one of them will take with him a copy of this book, which relates the dramatic discovery of one of the most magnificent monuments of ancient man.

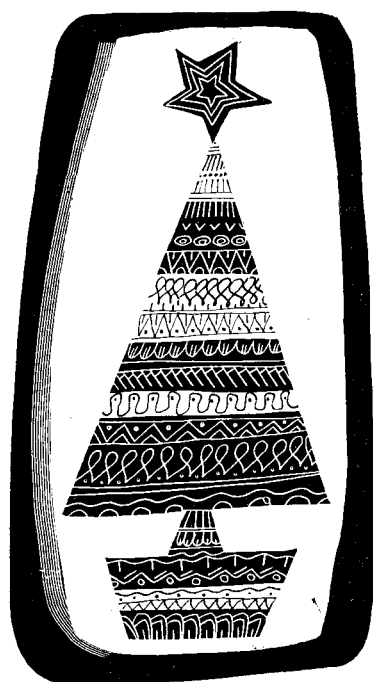
The name of the city, lost for three hundred years and found again only because of the persistence and de-

termination of a gringo explorer who later became a United States Senator, is not Machu Picchu, but Vilcapampa. Vilcapampa signifies a flat place, pampa, where huilca is grown, huilca being a plant from which a kind of narcotic snuff is made. Maybe part of the city was once called Tampu-tocco, where the great Inca Pachacutic VI was buried.

For Mr. Bingham is of the opinion that the mighty ruins at Machu Picchu, wide-flung over the steep slopes of a towering mountain, and representing one of the mightiest engineering feats of all time, may be at least one thousand years old. Its stonework, known the world over, is a miracle of precision—giant granite blocks worked with bronze tools and fitted together with micrometric exactness. He thinks it at least possible that the city was first built as a frontier fortress to protect the Inca empire, then about the size of our Northeastern states from Maine to Virginia, from the wild tribes of the Amazon.

This would make it a long-time predecessor of Cuzco, which is dated at 1100, which also has magnificent stonework like that of Vilcapampa, and which, Mr. Bingham says, was the most populous city in South America when the Spaniards came. In any case, Machu Picchu furnished a refuge for the last four Inca Emperors, and Tupac Amaru knew its safety and seclusion before his death ended the story of "the most remarkable family South America has ever known."

After he departed, Machu Picchu settled down into its long silence and desolation. How Mr. Bingham and his companions broke the three-century spell is a story filled with drama and danger, for at best the site is one of the most nearly inaccessible in the



world, and it is truly remarkable that no member of the Bingham parties, of which there were five in all, paid with his life for his curiosity, although one barely slid from his mule in time to avoid going over a precipice. (The mule climbed back, mostly over his ex-rider.)

Naturally the tale of Machu Picchu cannot be told without some mention of the Incas themselves, and Mr. Bingham quotes ones of the botanists who accompanied him as saying that these extraordinary Indians "domesticated more kinds of food and medicinal plants than any other people in the world." They also tamed the little camels called guanacos and the llamas, and one of the reasons Mr. Bingham is sure their history is at least as long as that of the Mayas is what they accomplished as plant and animal breeders.

Allowing plenty of room for differences of opinion between Mr. Bingham and the other experts on controversial matters such as Inca chronology, we should be grateful to have this first-hand account of an epochal discovery, told with winning modesty and conveying its sense of excitement without over-dramatization and without even one purple patch in the writing.

The photographs, generous in number, form a perfect complement to the text.

Eastern Tapestry—Antiquity to Date

THE PAGEANT OF INDIA'S HISTORY. By Gertrude Emerson Sen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 431 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

MRS. SEN is an American married to an Indian scientist and has lived in India for many years. She writes beautifully. She knows India and Asia. History is exciting to her and she makes it exciting. No footnotes, none of the formal paraphernalia of history writing clutter her pages, but all the scholarship is there. The contents of the book and its bibliography show a vast knowledge and keen understanding not only of India from antiquity to date but also of Greece, Rome, China, Persia, Tibet, etc. And what fascinates is the delicately woven pattern of relationship between India and the rest of the antique world.

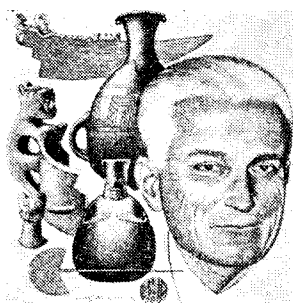
History is influenced by climate and geography and that is where Mrs. Sen begins. Then the people and their ethnographic origins, told popularly but seriously. As ancient centuries die, time blurs the political record, and reigns and dynasties become mere milestones in the march of culture. Culture in India was religion; religion

included art, law, philosophy; religion shaped customs, costumes, personal conduct, national psychology, contacts between countries, and trade. History is life as it was, and the life of India was a rich, highly colored pageant. That is how Mrs. Sen writes about it. Her book will reward the expert, fascinate the layman, and supply young people with a treasury of travel tales, personality profiles, and interesting facts. I can imagine a parent reading this book and interrupting repeatedly to call to a grown-up son or daughter or even to a child and say: "Did you know that Arabic numerals were invented by Indians and then passed on to the Arabs and by them to Europe?" "Did you know that the zero is an Indian discovery?" "Did you know that Indian mathematicians of 2,000 years ago are helping you with your arithmetic homework? It was they who determined that when a 2 follows a 1 it is twelve and when the 1 follows the 2 it is twenty-one. Simple, yes. But would you have thought of it if you hadn't known it?"

In 1922, an Indian archeologist was investigating some Buddhist ruins of the second century A.D. in the Indus valley in Western India; he came upon some older ruins going back to 3300 B.C. Here were streets, houses made of burnt brick, drainage pipes for sewage, a swimming pool. In a silver jar a piece of cotton cloth was found, the oldest piece of cloth in the world. Jewelry, necklaces with beads of lapis lazuli, gold, turquoise, and jadeite, four different types of bronze razors, clay whistles in the form of birds, marbles, a bronze model of a cart with a driver sitting in it holding a whip, dice of ivory and stone, and numerous seals have been dug out of the debris of the town born more than five thousand years ago. Inscriptions spell out the history of that distant era and Mrs. Sen tells the story with a wealth of detail and breathless excitement.

Most of Indian mythology is in this book—and it is as imaginative as the Greek. Here is the whole story of Buddha and an explanation of Buddhism. Included, too, are extensive summaries of many of India's sacred books: among them the Rig-veda and Bhagavadgita, the Hindu bible.

In the new flag of independent India is a wheel, the wheel of Asoka. He ruled in India in the third century B.C. and built himself a vast empire. Then he renounced war and declared, "Only the conquest of the law is a conquest of delight"—a world government slogan. Asoka was a Buddhist. He stopped animal sacrifices. He erected numerous gigantic monumental pillars of stone surmounted with



THE AUTHOR: A treasure hunt forty years ago led Hiram Bingham to uncover the lost city of Machu Picchu. He and a friend were passing through Peru on mule back when a local prefect with whom they'd exchanged *buenos tardes* insisted they spade the Andes for Inca gold. Mr. Bingham protested that his Ph.D. qualified him as history and politics teacher at Harvard and Princeton the previous five years but lent him no authority as archeologist. The prefect smiled.

It was the rainiest rainy season in memory and the canyon trails mortally dangerous, but Dr. Bingham gave in—mindful that Elihu Root, who had appointed him U.S. delegate to the 1908 Pan American Scientific Congress (the better to continue his study of South America) had cautioned him to be polite. Although he unearthed no gold on that or subsequent expeditions for Yale and the National Geographic Society, he turned up a wealth of skeletal and architectural remains, artifacts, and sherds from pots tossed out temple windows by Incas in their cups. And—harking back to his Honolulu boyhood, when his clergyman father started marching him up hills at age four—he made the first ascent of 21,703-foot Mt. Coropuna. He wound up World War I as commanding officer of the Aviation Institute Center at Issoudun, France, returned to a Yale professorship until 1924, when Connecticut advanced him from Lieutenant Governor to Governor. The next year he began two terms as U.S. Senator (Rep.). He has fathered seven sons and written thirteen books: besides those on South America, two each on the Monroe Doctrine and Elihu Yale; "An Explorer in the Air Service" and "Freedom Under the Constitution." Last October he was to be guest of honor and officiate at the opening of a new road—Carretera Hiram Bingham—from Cuzco to Machu Picchu, but a couple of revolutions spoiled the fete. —R. G.