

tion to jurisprudence. This has been done, and will continue to be done, by judges, lawyers, and scholars. The particular interest at the moment, of this book is that in addition to making conveniently available in one volume Cardozo's views on law and the judicial function, it reveals in his own words a clearer portrait of the great man who was so recently among us.

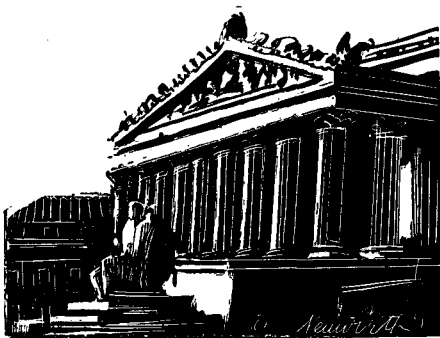
Those who were privileged to know Judge Cardozo remember him as a shy, gentle, and lovable person. Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, writing to Cardozo upon his resignation from the Court of Appeals, began his letter, "Beloved Chief Justice." That was the feeling of everyone who ever came in contact with him. Lawyers who appeared before him when he was Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals still remember with affection his patience and kindly courtesy.

As we read these pages we discern the soul-searching struggle that went on within him to find some certainty, some philosophical basis for judicial decisions. We see an extraordinary combination of profound learning, great intellectual power, and rare humility and modesty. "They do things better with logarithms," he wrote. "The wail escapes me now and then when, after putting forth the best that is in me, I look upon the finished product, and cannot say that it is good."

There was little uncertainty, however, in his judicial determinations. On the bench he displayed the sure-

ness of well-equipped craftsmanship. His doubts, as these pages reveal, were the doubts of the philosopher groping for eternal verities.

There is no doubt that his humility was sincere. Writing to Nicholas Murray Butler about his book, "The Paradoxes of Legal Science," he says, "I have a wretched sinking feeling as I survey the bound volumes. How



did I ever bring myself to believe that the lectures were worth publishing? That is always my feeling at the beginning. I can only hope that time will soften it."

Humor, too, was one of Cardozo's charms. It is a graceful, shy, almost apologetic humor that glows in these writings and speeches. I have a letter from him that I cherish highly. I had mentioned his name somewhat irreverently in some verses I had written, and he sent me a note about it. "You have made me immortal," he wrote, "for a short time."

Cardozo has been acclaimed as a literary stylist, and his writings are

regarded by many, irrespective of their legal content, as an important contribution to English letters. I confess that when I used to read his opinions as a professional duty when they appeared in the law reports I was often irritated at their stilted artificiality. His fondness for inverted construction, his carefully cadenced eighteenth-century prose sounded somewhat precious to a struggling lawyer who was seeking, not prose poems, but an interpretation of the Pythian oracles that were currently being handed down from Albany.

He reads better today, and those who still read Walter Pater for pleasure will join in the almost unanimous chorus of acclamation. His judicial pronouncements lack the majesty of Holmes and his seeming effortlessness, which is the essence of good writing. Cardozo not only wrestled with his soul, he seems to have struggled with equal fervor for the right adjective and the appropriate metaphor.

This comment on style may, perhaps, be carping and trivial in discussing one who is assured of immortality. Cardozo was a great man; one of the greatest our age has produced. He was, beyond that, a great human being. We are lucky to have the present collection which discloses in an abundant measure his greatness.

Culture in USSR

SOVIET LITERATURE TODAY. By George Reavey. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947. 187 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE

THE author of this excellent volume was born in Russia of British parents. A Cambridge University graduate, he spent three years in Soviet Russia (1942-1945) as deputy press attaché at the British Embassy in the USSR. During this period he had occasion to meet a number of Soviet writers and also an opportunity to study at first hand their way of life and the conditions under which they work.

Mr. Reavey has used this rare opportunity exceedingly well. His knowledge of the Russian language and his extensive studies of Russian literature stood him in good stead during his sojourn in the Soviet Union. He has written a well-balanced and penetrating study of contemporary Soviet literature, concerned mainly with the war years and the current transition period. He is not only well informed but has the gift of lucid and pungent expression.

In its scope the book is more comprehensive than what is at times

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CITIES IN BOOK TITLES

In each of the titles listed below the name of a city has been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. Sherwood Anderson:, Ohio
2. Philip Barry: The Story
3. Pierre de Beaumarchais: The Barber of
4. Henry Bellamann:
5. Ann Bridge: Picnic
6. Louis Bromfield: Night in
7. Katharine Brush: Young Man of
8. Lord Byron: Maid of
9. Agatha Christie: Murder in the Coach
10. Edna Ferber: Trunk
11. John Hersey: A Bell for
12. Margaret Leech: Reveille in
13. Elliot Paul: The Last Time I Saw
14. William Shakespeare: The Merchant of
15. William L. Shirer: Diary
16. Betty Smith: A Tree Grows in
17. Maurice Thompson: Alice of Old
18. Oscar Wilde: The Ballad of Gaol
19. Alexander Woollcott: While Burns
20. Rida Johnson Young: Little Old

called "literary history." Mr. Reavey has not been satisfied with analyzing the trends in Soviet literature during the last decade. He has also sought to trace the reflection in it of the "march of Soviet life" and has discussed the relation between critic and writer, the government direction and control of literature, Soviet publishing houses, and the Union's literary magazines.

Of his aims, the author writes:

If it [the book] also helps to throw some light on the processes at work, their direction, and the general movement of Soviet society — that "unprecedented and unbelievable state, rushing headlong into the ages," as Pasternak called it in his "Safe Conduct" (1931) — then my purpose will be doubly served.

The so-called Socialist Realism came to the fore about 1932, and was further developed during the war years. The pages dealing with this important guiding thread of Soviet literature are among the best in the book. The author has eminently succeeded in presenting an objective and acute analysis of this leading tenet and of its application in practice.

Another important part of this volume is concerned with the idea of the hero in Soviet fiction. The author examines the emergence in the Soviet Union of "the idea of a new humanism which lays fresh stress on the noble aspects of human nature such as love, loyalty, devotion, self-sacrifice, originality, creative genius and the discipline of harmonious human relations." Mr. Reavey concludes that in its outlook the image of this hero "is a positive one; and in so far as it reacts to and reflects back on life, it is an open invitation for potential genius to come forward and in its turn mould the reality of the future."

The course taken by Soviet Russia since the end of the war makes Mr. Reavey think that "the lines of development that had taken shape during the war," may be impeded by "the renewed concentration on 'current problems'."

On the all-important question of cultural understanding between East and West, the author makes the useful remark that "the USSR has gone into a monastic retreat again . . . and 'hostile bourgeois ideology' will be the butt against which the new invective will be directed. This seems to suggest that we all have not been very successful so far in constructing post-war bridges."

This volume is an outstanding contribution to the understanding of cultural life of the USSR. It is sympathetic in its approach, but Mr. Reavey deems truth a greater friend than Plato.

Love Poem

By Edith Henrich

WHERE the sun never shone the trees had golden apples;
the leaves were diamond where twelve princesses
danced until midnight, wearing out their shoes.

Pictures were proof of the terrible river
which had to be swum, of the fire-spitting dragon,
and the mountain of glass, the incredible mountain,
which had to be climbed before the maiden was won.
How calmly she waited, combing her tresses,
combing her knee-length tresses of gold
among the red and white roses beside her bright fountain!

In the huge black words on the beautiful white pages
many countries were traveled, many histories were told.
Often the good or brave was lost in a forest,
but never quite lost, never lost beyond finding,
for always when strength was spent, when feet
could no longer
move forward, and breath failed, and faith was
no stronger
than sleep or almost death,—
there would be on the path
a hare who knew the way,
or a bird who would say,
"Follow me. I shall drop a blue feather every yard,
till you come to the border and are out of the wood."
Sometimes the clenched hand would suddenly recall
the forgotten talisman; the pebble which could,
when rubbed, bring the genii to guide and to guard.
But almost always a small animal stood
with animal wisdom in the treacherous path,
or a little twisted dwarf whose beard was caught
would scream
curses in his wrath,
and demand with angry cries
freedom for himself like a creature in the night
like terror in a dream—
but, once freed, always would give valuable advice.

You also have come far, as far as the sad prince,
as the weeping princess in her black velvet gown,
as the unwanted child, punished, outcast,
with no turning back,—and are no less lost.
You are no less lost though your feet press down
on the very place that was pressed by mine.
Oh my Beloved, forsake, forsake
Your mind's long argument, the rigid hope, the strong
but formulated dream which led you here!

Life pushes up from under: here many a fine
prince paused to wonder, saying, "I thought I heard" . . .
saying, "Am I alone?"
saying, "This journey has been too hard, too long."
Is there no creature part of you to make
a new meaning clear?
Oh, listen well!



In your dark pocket is there no small,
hard stone
to touch with your hands? Are you
sure there is none?
No pebble? no shell? Are you sure
you cannot hear
a leprechaun's lewd word?
Oh, my most dear,
listen well! listen well!
Is there no gray hare?
Is there no bird?