

terminated front to the world of nature; his pretense was brave and it was useful. Conrad's single experience on fresh water, however, left a different taste in his mouth. On the Congo he saw white men, sent out from Europe, corrupting the natives, pillaging their territory, and betraying one another, all for profit; while those who directed them from Europe described the rape as a morally exalted missionary enterprise. The fact that they grew rich on it was justified by pointing out that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Conrad's one brief adventure on the Congo ("where, really, I had no sort of business") left him sick in body and sick in spirit. For many months thereafter, while convalescing, he remembered, not the heroism of his fellow men confronting the wilderness but their abject degradation. In his morbidly depressed condition he felt, for once, a powerful revulsion against the moral pretense that he saw in others and, no less, in himself. When one sinks to such a state of mind, some form of confession is the only possible relief.

NO doubt a writer of fiction puts part of himself into every character whose inner being he explores. If he had not found in himself what he finds in others, he could not recognize it. Lord Jim's inner shame is Conrad's. But there is a peculiarly direct association between Conrad, the writer, and Kurtz, that voice in the wilderness of the Congo. "The man presented himself as a voice . . . of all his gifts the one that stood out pre-eminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence was his ability to talk, his words—the gift of expression." He had been elevated partly in England. "His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz." Kurtz had been sent out to the Congo as "an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else." He represented the higher intelligence, the wide sympathies, the singleness of purpose wanted "for the guidance of the cause intrusted to us by Europe, so to speak." It was expected that he would go far, very far. "He will be a somebody in the Administration before long. They, above—the Council in Europe, you know—mean him to be."

By his gift of eloquence, Kurtz had won the worship of a young trader in ivory who had been living alone, exposed to fantastic dangers, in the wilderness, an appealing, immature lad who proclaims that Kurtz had "enlarged his mind." "I did not envy him his devotion," says Marlowe, "... to me it appeared about the most

dangerous thing in every way he had come upon so far." Kurtz had also won the devotion of tribes of savage blacks, so that they groveled before him and heaped at his feet the ivory loot they acquired by raids on their neighbors. (Kurtz had no need of trade-goods, like the other agents, having the power of words.) His ambition had mounted, however, to the point of obsession. "The wastes of his weary brain," when Marlowe finally saw him, "were haunted by shadowy images now—images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression."

Marlowe, while reacting in horror and shame from the man, identifies himself with Kurtz from the beginning, taking his part against the others, becoming his confidant and, at his death, the true tee of his memory. The fellow feeling and the intimate nature of the revulsion are alike notable.

Kurtz, when he died, left with Marlowe a report he had written for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs, in which he inadvertently revealed his true character as a moralist and word-monger.

It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high-strung, I think. Seventeen pages of close writing he had found time for! But this must have been before his—let us say—nerves, went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which—as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times—were offered up to him—do you understand?—to Mr. Kurtz himself. But it was a beautiful piece of writing. The opening paragraph, however, in the light of later information, strikes me now as ominous. He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, "must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings—we approach them with the might as of a deity," and so on, and so on. "By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded," etc., etc. From that point he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence—of words—of burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning

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## Publisher's Gallery



—Drawn from life by Norkin.

### VI: Joseph W. Lippincott

"YOU'RE either born with a good pituitary gland or you're dead in your tracks," says Joseph Wharton Lippincott, whose own p.g. is A-1. In forty years with J. B. Lippincott Co. its long-legged, debonair president (since 1926) has generated enough energy to shame a split atom: big-game hunting, riding to hounds, fishing, mountain climbing, polo, broncho busting, exploring, lecturing, writing. On his fifty-acre Huntington Valley (Pa.) farm he shoots crows, traps rats and foxes before breakfast, then hops a train for Philadelphia, dashing off reviews, nature and sports articles en route. "Wilderness Champion," his twelfth book, has had five editions here, five abroad.

By 9:30 he's at his desk. "Publishing is terrific! For heaven's sake let everybody in the organization have a good time! Let them in on the profits if you do well!" The firm took his grandfather's name in 1836 (records set existence in 1760), with J. W., Jr., fourth generation, and no dearth of potential fifths. "We're born to it," shrugs Mr. Lippincott, who caught up with his kismet in 1908 via the manufacturing department after a B.S. from the University of Pennsylvania, whose Wharton School another grandfather founded.

He is the only publisher in Explorers Club, trustee of Philadelphia's Moore Institute, Mercantile Library, Abington Hospital, Free Library, and the university, director of Athenaeum, Zoological Society, and Academy of Music, tosses off Society of Mayflower Descendants, *et al.* membership as "nothing—just Philadelphia." He collects for that city's Academy of Natural Science on solo treks to Alaska, Canada, Mexico, and Florida, finds freshly killed mountain sheep tasty, concludes: "If you waste one minute, it's lost."—R. G.

**Personal History.** *The flood of memoirs now appearing from major figures of the Roosevelt era is reminiscent of a somewhat similar group of books on the Wilson period published after the First World War. Most revealing of these was Seymour's "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," to which the forthcoming diaries of Harry Hopkins offer a close parallel. No real comparison can be made between Secretary of State Hull's memoirs, here under review, and the writings of Wilson's two Secretaries of State. While William Jennings Bryan produced a rather personal memoir, Lansing confined himself to the peace conference. The forthcoming memoirs of Eisenhower, however, recall General Pershing's "My Experiences in the World War." Closest to Stimson's recent "On Active Service in Peace and War" was Frederick Palmer's study of Wilson's Secretary of War: "Newton D. Baker: America at War."*

## Cassandra and the State Department

THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL.  
Vols. I and II. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 1,804 pp. \$10.50.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

FOR ALMOST twelve momentous years Cordell Hull of the Tennessee Hills was Secretary of State; no man before him had ever served in that high office for so long. From the time he was nineteen years old, back in 1890, Cordell Hull held public office more or less continuously until ill health induced by age and the burdens of office forced his retirement in November 1944. He had been a Federal judge, who defied convention by smoking cigars on the bench, then a Congressman, and then a Senator.

Out of this lifetime of service to his country now emerge "The Memoirs of Cordell Hull." Over 1,800 pages long, they are discursive, often badly organized, and are written with small literary grace. In the last respect they suffer badly when compared with the polished prose of Winston Churchill, whose own war recollections add their own flood to the stream of controversy. But Mr. Hull writes as the official he was, and the man he is, should write. His probity was beyond question. He was hard-working, sincere, and conscientious. He could be stubborn. He was intensely resentful when the new, brash war agencies invaded, as he saw it, the province of the Department of State. Possibly, as Secretary of State, he was sometimes limited in vision, but history must be the judge of that.

Speaking of history, the memoirs of Mr. Hull will effectively blast the notion that Franklin D. Roosevelt welcomed war. Had such been the case, as laboriously argued by Dr. Beard, Mr. Hull would not have lasted a fortnight in the Cabinet. But quite

apart from Mr. Hull, the record shows again and again that Mr. Roosevelt sought disarmament. In May 1933, with the President's approval, American delegate Norman Davis made sweeping proposals to the disarmament conference at Geneva. These included some system of supervision of all nations. The same suggestion was made the following year, against the opposition of our War and Navy Departments. "I see no reason," Mr. Roosevelt told Mr. Hull, "why you should not tell the War Department that supervision and inspection must be all-inclusive, including all plants in all nations. That is my policy . . ."



Beyond serious doubt of such transcendence that it would have halted Mr. Roosevelt could not halt its adoption. His Secretary failed even to persuade the v. abolish trade barriers, although made substantial progress. Hull's interest in foreign affairs stemmed from his life-long conviction that discriminatory tariffs were evil influences toward economic ills. And these, he knew and constantly reiterated, encouraged the rise of dictatorships.

I was listened to but not heeded [Mr. Hull writes]. My Congressional experience as a Cassandra in the Twenties were being transplanted to the foreign field in the Thirties. . . . I had warned again and again that with economic nationalism trade would fail, debts could not be paid, unemployment would ensue, and collapse would surely come. It came. . . . From the State Department . . . I warned even oftener that, with political and economic nationalism, war would surely come. . . .

Meanwhile Japan advanced in the East. Meanwhile Hitler grew stronger and stronger in Europe. He was rearming Germany, on the advice of the crafty Schacht, by means of the funds advanced with incredible folly by American bankers. Hull was fully aware of what went on. He was aware, too, that little could be done about it. These were the years of the isolationists. The years before 1940 when France fell were, as Herbert Feis has written, "the years of incantation." "The American people," the former economic advisor to the State Department wrote, "watched the aggressive surge of the Axis nations with despondent foreboding. . . . They pleaded and reasoned with the dictators in notes that grew longer and longer—without expressing clear resolution. As each and every one of these incantations failed, the dark weight that rested on their spirits grew."

Mr. Hull was a politician as well as a statesman. Against the incantations, he knew, progress could be made only slowly. Too strong a position in the Far East would mean, he was convinced, a swift termination of the Administration's influence. But this does not mean that Mr. Hull always saw clearly what lay ahead. He was blind on some issues; thus the Civil War in Spain seemed to him but a struggle between right and left instead of the first major battle for freedom after World War I. On the other hand, he opposed the neutrality laws. He asked for Naval expansion in 1935. He tried to negotiate tin stockpiling with Great Britain that same year.

In some respects the first volume of Mr. Hull's story will be more valued