

than we hear him in the present, such is not the case with Hopkins. Perhaps this is inevitably so in view of what Lindsay might enviously have called the "higher vaudeville" of Hopkins's verse. Tennyson's increasing effort was to be an interpreter of his age. It was a slippery thing to comprehend. Hopkins's objective was the more definitely established area of theology. But despite the firm substance of what he had to say with so much energy, his initial appeal is inescapably to the ear. Let us be frank; Hopkins has won more ears to sprung rhythm than he has souls to Roman Catholicism.

Mr. Gardner in his book, which he subtitles "A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition," would defend Father Hopkins to the last article of faith. But he perhaps shrewdly presents him primarily as a maker of verse. Mr. Gardner has an estimable advantage in having apparently had free access to his subject's literary remains. These he has studied with remarkable effectiveness, pointing out the shifts and changes in Hopkins's style as the poet developed individuality of idiom and stress in the accentual tradition of English verse. He has pointed out also the strong indebtedness of Hopkins to the metrics and rhetoric of Welsh poetry, to which the priest was exposed during his station in Wales. He analyzes "The Wreck of the Deutschland" with diligence and piety. The titles of certain of Gardner's chapters are formidable: "Sonnet Morphology," "Diction and Syntax," "Themes and Imagery." But what emerges from his study is an understanding of Hopkins's creativity. And what remains in the mind of the reader is a sense of the vitality of Hopkins's verse. Gardner, too, has his chapter on the critics and reviewers of the poems, but it is not his most valuable contribution; which is only to say that, ultimately, it is the poetry which counts and not the poet nor what has been said about his poems.

FICTION

(Continued from page 15)

wars, perceives that: "Beyond Stalingrad must mean to fight against military—and not only military—criminality. It must mean to turn away from the long wrong road we have traveled, to turn away from our own wrongdoing and above all from the wrongs we have committed against our true selves."

A contemptuous sketch is given of Von Paulus. Here is the classic Prussian, afflicted with a nervous tic, remote from all but the theoretical knowledge of his army's predicament, partly governed by his Nazi chief-of-staff. When he surrenders at last it is as "a private person," indifferent completely to the ghastly human wreckage he has created by holding to the Fuehrer's senseless command: "Not one step backwards." Von Paulus scorns the Fuehrer, recognizes defeat, yet feels this to be but one more wave in the inevitable Germany destiny. In the next war. . . .

It is impossible to indicate the many aspects of the debacle brought under observation in this book. It is thorough, it is workmanlike, but it is plodding. I hope it will achieve a wide audience here, yet I feel its European sale, if not exaggerated, must be in part a reaction after years of enforced silence, coupled with the morbid significance and tragic associations Stalingrad has for Germany.

The book has been compared to "All Quiet on the Western Front." But this points to Plievier's limitation. It would be one thing if this had preceded "All Quiet"—it is another to come after it. For all its detail, for all its inclusion of certain Nazi trimmings, Plievier offers absolutely nothing essential that is not still valid in Remarque and in Arnold Zweig. We have been here before. This is "Education Before Stalingrad."

Shaw once said, "The first great comer reaps the whole harvest and reduces those who follow to mere gleaners." Surely we are not to believe that the great analytical novelists of this war will have nothing to add to those of the last. Hence we are left still looking for something Plievier does not provide. Nothing quite so massive has yet come out of American war experience, unless it be "The Naked and the Dead," which I have not read. But some of our writers, at least in nonfiction, are striving beyond the basic "war-is-hell" school.

"Stalingrad" repeats and underlines the work of the masters of modern realistic war literature, but it brings no new illumination.

Art & Old Tyrannies

THE TENTH SYMPHONY. By Mark Aldanov. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 149 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS delicate, affectionate study—Mr. Aldanov calls it "a symbolic novelette"—is concerned with the painter Isabey, who as a young man painted Marie Antoinette and lived to know and be decorated by Napoleon III. He was essentially an elegant painter: his best-known work, "Napoleon at Malmaison," makes even the Corsican elegant; and this sketch of some incidents in his life has an elegance not unlike Isabey's own. "The Tenth Symphony" reads rather as if Thomas Mann had rewritten one of Pater's "Imaginary Portraits." It has a lingering, restful charm in spite—or because—of the violence of the world in which Isabey lived. Under those earlier tyrannies, of Louis XVI, of the Revolution, of Napoleon, of the restored Bourbons, and then of Napoleon the little, the artist was not compelled to totter on some fantastic ideological line. Indeed he could shift from one tyranny to the other, provided he was a good artist. So, though Isabey welcomed Napoleon's escape from Elba, Louis XVIII bore him no grudge, and he continued to paint the best, "the most important" people in that exquisite manner which reduces the heroic, so magnificently portrayed by his master, David, to the proportions of the salon.

The tale opens at the Council of Vienna, where Isabey has come to make a picture of the plenipotentiaries: Talleyrand, Metternich, possibly even the Iron Duke. We meet him there with his friend, the Russian Prince Razumovsky, who is leading a life of bankrupt extravagance in a great palace he has built in the great-

The White Peacock

By Martha Bacon

AUTUMN, the brave cock-pheasant, now hangs high
From winter's rafters, bowed the copper crest
Under the north's almighty archery.
The last bright deathly wound glows in his breast.
The wind blasphemes, now steals the subtle frost,
The prince of thieves, to ravish from the vine
Its store of bronze and tyrian. Leafless and lost
The trees their sovereignty to sleep consign.
Then branch and tendril bloom in the glittering cold,
The world a glorious, a white peacock spread,
With diamond breast and lineaments of gold,
In his still plumes supremely garlanded.
Voiceless he stands. No wind presumes to blow,
No sound save silence of snow falling on snow.

est capital of Europe. Without the least emphasis Mr. Aldanov, just by naming the man's estates, suggests what his waste causes in suffering to unseen peasants in remote Muscovy. Razumovsky is a dilettante, a connoisseur, especially of music, and a friend and patron of Beethoven, now poor, deaf, shabby, difficult. There are tact and skill in Mr. Aldanov's handling of the lonely, supreme world of the great musician, the excessive, absurd world of Razumovsky, and the shrewd, sympathetic, cynical world of Isabey, who believes that "art is always more elegant than life; otherwise it would be unbearable." In this part of the story there are two scenes of violence: the fire which destroys the Razumovsky palace is well done, but not in any extraordinary degree; the other, on the contrary, in its mixture of horror and the grotesque, its evocation of the pure artist's disgust at the spectacle of nature's brutality, is astonishingly impressive. The scene is only the visit of Beethoven to the booth of a traveling showman exhibiting a boa constrictor at feeding-time. Isabey is there, too, and is more fascinated by the agony of Beethoven than by the sight of the great serpent.

After the early scenes in Vienna Razumovsky has a brief interlude in Rome, still bankrupt, still nonchalant, then back to Vienna, where, on the Seventh of May 1823 Beethoven, now stone-deaf and more churlish, is present at the première of his Ninth Symphony. Razumovsky, now over eighty, leaves a dinner party to attend it. From here on Mr. Aldanov stresses the characteristics of old age in men: Razumovsky is tired and puzzled, but in the last scenes of the book, laid in the Paris of the Second Empire, Isabey is cheerful, even chirpy, and rejoices with a gentle mischief when he can remind the Empress Eugénie, when she halts him on the Place de la Concorde, that he did a portrait of Queen Marie Antoinette. Isabey is happy;

but at the thought that this very man had sketched the Queen who had been executed more than sixty years previously, on this very square, the Empress felt frightened. She decided that one should not, that it was not proper for one to live so long.

The great virtue of this little tale is its sense of the continuity of history, the author's awareness that any life which has had meaning is contemporaneous, however distant in time. For the artist, as for the pure scientist and the saint, there is no past and no future, only an eternal present which he endeavors to present to those who can think and can listen and can see.

THE SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTION OF LOVE

(Continued from page 10)

too long under too high tension, we are prone to come down with colds, grippe, ulcers, depressions, or what not.

Yet it is asserted today that since release from tension is the highest pleasure, we all create tensions for the purpose of deriving the pleasure of release. We also know that many people seem to be at their best under tension. Sport will furnish another easy example. The great champion in any game is the man or woman who can raise his game to its heights at just the point where disastrous defeat seems imminent. Tilden, in his prime, constantly lost two sets before his game shaped up; then he annihilated his opponent. It would appear, therefore, that tension, like other forces, has its good and bad sides.

So long as I, meaning the fused I, can effect some not altogether unsatisfactory release of tension, I will be reasonably well. When I find the tension unreleasable by any means, my body is an easy prey to bacteria, my emotional self to depressions and anxieties, my mental self to confusion, even insanity.

The point of danger differs with different individuals. But a thermometer to guide the doctor can be found in the brain.

The Rhythm of the Brain

Even in Vittoz's era, it had been known for a long time that the brain has a rhythm of its own, just as the heart and the lungs have their rhythms. Emmanuel Swedenborg discovered that the brain rhythm did not correspond to that of the lungs or heart, but he went no further. I do not know how Vittoz worked out his discoveries; I shall simply try to state his conclusions and the use he made of them.

The normal rhythm accomplishes the following process: The brain receives impressions and sensations. Then it rests. Then it concentrates on those impressions and sensations. Again it rests. Then it emits a result of the reception and concentration, which may be a thought or a physical action or a decision involving both. The whole process can take place in a flash. Assume you are working with an explosive mixture. Suddenly your brain hears an explosion; rests; concentrates on possible effect, including dust in your eyes; rests; you shut your eyes. The whole thing takes place in the space of time between the explosion and the dropping of your eyelids. But the rhythm is the

same as if it took twice as long—as in some cases it may.

If the operation were fully effective, which it seldom is, it would bring you great command of action. First, you would perceive *consciously* everything your senses can bring to you. Not just the physical aspects, which some people do very well,—not just the emotional content that shows in your neighbor's face, which others see clearly,—but *everything*. There isn't one person in ten million with such power of reception.

Second, during the concentration period you would sort out every one of these impressions and sensations and dispose of them according to their possible use. Those of no immediate importance would be relegated to the lower layers of memory; those of immediate value in determining your next thought or action would be held in place and related to other past sensations of helpful character.

Third, you would act. You would act not on the basis of confusion, but with the feeling that you are determining your action on the basis of the most complete evidence available to you. Then, and only then, can you act freely and without fear.

The implications perhaps will be clearer if an attempt is made to describe what happens when we depart from the normal rhythm, which is the case with most of us, unfortunately, nine-tenths of the time.

In such case, we get *consciously* only a small proportion of the sensations and impressions our senses bring to us. But we get *all* of them *unconsciously*. The unnoticed ones, instead of being sorted out and dealt with during the concentration period, slip into those subconscious sides of our mental, emotional, and physical selves



The Saturday Review

which we discussed before. Thus we accumulate a battery of undigested factors which bounce up at the most unexpected moments to plague and destroy us.

Coding of the Rhythm

To use this knowledge therapeutically it is of course necessary to have a means of determining whether the brain rhythm of the patient is normal or abnormal. Near the end of his life Vittoz constructed a machine which would enable anyone to do this. The machine coded the rhythm in much the same way as a cardiograph codes the action of the heart.

The normal rhythm shows up on the machine somewhat as follows:



A person suffering from extreme anguish will produce the following graph:



Similarly, other psychical conditions produce varied lines.

Now the particular dots and lines of either a cardiograph or the Vittoz machine have no magic in themselves; they simply show the heart or the brain is not operating normally. Different machines might produce different series of dots and lines for normal and abnormal conditions. The present cardiograph and the Vittoz machine are not the last word in coding rhythm; later inventions may clarify the action still further.

There is an important point of difference, however, between the use of the cardiograph and the Vittoz machine. In treating the heart, a physician may use drugs or a regimen, but his objective is to make the heart operate correctly as a *physical* organism. When my brain rhythm shows up to be abnormal, it does *not* mean that anything is wrong with my physical brain. It means something is wrong with my "I," and *that* is what has to be treated. A physically diseased brain would demand entirely different treatment.

Treatment

The theory of the Vittoz method can be stated roughly as follows: If a patient is suffering from depression, anxiety, or other psychical illness (which may, of course, produce physical concomitants), the cause is usually unreleasable tensions arising from conflicts of the emotional, mental, and physical "I's." This will show up on the brain cardiograph, if I may use the phrase.

Treatment is designed to put the

fused "I" back in command, at first only sufficiently to enable the patient to make the decisions which can release the tensions. Final cure would give the fused "I" such constant command that Superconscious energy will begin to flow. Few of us ever achieve that perfection, but it appears that Vittoz was able to bring his patients to a point where they could handle their lives with a minimum of neurotic confusion.

The rhythm of the brain is more of a guide than might be imagined. It enables the doctor to determine whether the patient is weak on reception, concentration, or emissivity, and to adjust the treatment accordingly. Among Western men and women, faulty reception is perhaps the most common weakness. Many of us have enough concentration and emissivity to enable us to accomplish striking achievements. This is done at the cost of a self-centeredness which makes a really well-balanced life impossible.

It is interesting to note that at the time Vittoz was studying reception from the medical point of view, a famous American was studying it from the purely psychological point of view. And William James came to much the same conclusion as Vittoz. James even declared that attention was the *only* fundamental act. The great psychological need is a deeper consciousness; in Vittoz's terms, the stimulation of reception.

Techniques

The actual techniques of the Vittoz method are difficult to describe. In the beginning they *must* be applied under a doctor's guidance; later the patient can use them himself and gauge their

effects. This is an important point, for without it, the sketchy account below might sound like a modified version of Coué.

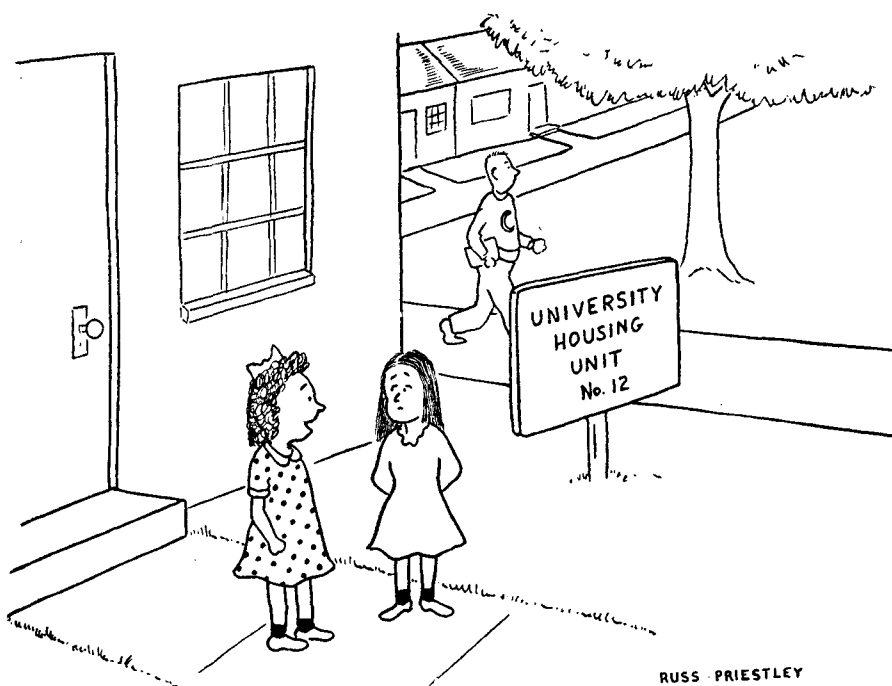
One technique was to ask the patient to close his eyes, take some familiar symbol such as the figure 1, mentally imagine it placed close to him, then further away, then very far away. I cannot say *why* such an exercise should have any effect on the brain rhythm. I can only state that Vittoz found that *it did*, and that by checking the actual effect he was able to develop further treatment.

A quite different type of exercise was what Vittoz called the "conscious act." It is very similar to a technique used in one school for teaching actors and perhaps it can be most easily illustrated from that view.

The Conscious Act

When you determine to rise from a chair, you make a conscious decision. The act of rising itself is likely to be unconscious; but it need not be. It is possible to be *conscious* of every muscle and nerve involved in the movement. It requires a little teaching, but it can be learned. When done that way, it can be called a "conscious act."

Now if you were to try rising from a chair on a stage, and were to get an honest person to tell you just how graceless you looked to an audience when you did it, you would be amazed. But after you have learned to do it as a "conscious act," it suddenly ceases to be a graceless act. Thereafter you can quickly learn to do it gracefully without being conscious of each movement. Something strange happens to the brain, or the personality,—the uni-



RUSS PRIESTLEY

"My name is Susie Thatcher. I'm a transfer from Siwash University."

fied self. Vittoz was aware of this and he developed the conscious act as an exercise for patients—particularly ones suffering from depression or anxiety.

Apparently it had an almost magical effect in cutting down, or even eliminating, the depression. The mere doing of one, or several, conscious acts (some patients did sixty in a minute) corrected the brain rhythm sufficiently to enable the patient to forget his conflicts completely, at least for a while.

However, these techniques are difficult to describe, and, so far as I know, Vittoz never set out his theories as to *why* they worked. The important point is that through his “brain cardiograph” Vittoz took such treatment out of the realm of the supernatural into the scientific world.

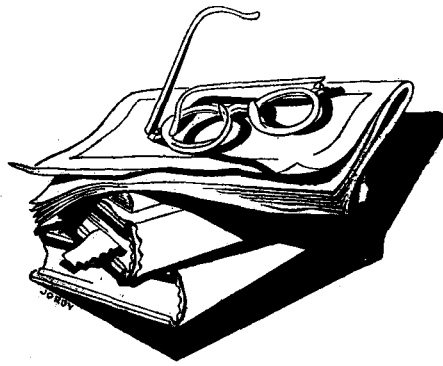
Science Versus Faith

Throughout recorded history, mankind has sought techniques to relieve psychical illness. Religion has offered prayer and the confessional. Ethics recommends philosophy and meditation. The common people have developed various old wives’ prescriptions, sometimes as simple as the advice to scrub a floor to “get your mind off your troubles.” From time to time unique individuals have appeared who were able to give solace by a variety of methods.

None of these methods has been able to produce a world of happy, healthy, cooperative people. Moreover, it is useless to complain that *if* people would only fear God properly, our troubles would lessen or cease. Since so many won’t or can’t, some further help for the situation must be sought. For the scientist, this requires data which enable one generation to build on the knowledge of its predecessors.

The lack of this is the main weakness of the methods described above. No one has any understandable conception of what happens to an individual in meditation. Still more bewildering, any such technique seems to fail utterly with some people, no matter how helpful to others. As to the faith healers, they seem unable to transmit their abilities to even their most devoted disciples.

The discovery of the brain rhythm and the “brain cardiograph” interjects an entirely new possibility. For the first time it becomes possible to have some gauge of the effects of psychical treatment, and, since any competent person can handle a machine, to record sufficient data to build up a method of treatment not dependent on one man’s unique personality. Hope opens up, therefore, that at last man may be able to teach preventive psychical techniques.



All progressive-minded psychiatrists today agree that preventive techniques are needed. There is, I think, some confusion, however, as to the meaning of the word “preventive.”

A competent preventive, in the physical field, is an inoculation that forever frees the patient from danger of contracting some specific disease. I do not believe that any *psychical* inoculation will ever be found that frees a person from the development of any neurosis. The most we can hope for is the type of preventive which enables a man or woman to forestall the worst possible effects of illness.

If you were to cut your finger with a rusty knife and did nothing about it, you would stand a fair chance of serious, even fatal, effects. Nobody has developed a means of preventing people from cutting their fingers, but the knowledge that you wash out the wound and tie it up with clean cloth, prevents cut fingers from being a ser-

ious danger. No one is going to discover a way to prevent people from developing high tension. We *can* find a way to equip them with techniques that will forestall the worst effects of such tension.

This will not produce Utopia. However, it would seem that today survival, not Utopia, is the immediate goal of Western civilization. It has been pointed out time and again that we are in the midst of the grimmest race of history. The physicists have discovered the means of universal destruction. Can we discover enough about ourselves to control our aggressions before they drive us to hurl the lethal weapons at each other?

Most people take a defeatist view of the matter. They assume, without question, that our progress in learning about man is infinitesimal. Great charitable foundations, dedicated to the search for world peace, still frustratedly seek to avoid the causes of war by methods proven to be of dubious value, hardly casting an eye toward the men and women who are exploring the basic causes. Perhaps if we were to look around more carefully we should find that we have learned more than we think. Dr. Roger Vittoz was surely not unique. There must exist today plenty of men and women who could not only apply his methods, but could improve them. *Indeed, there probably exist men and women who have already improved them.* Let us hope they are given a fair chance.

Problem and Example

By Burnham Eaton

LET those who make the laws make one law more
And follow it, for their sake and for all—
That sometimes they shall walk along a shore
Or in a grove or by a waterfall

Or on some hillside where the wind is clean,
The earth untroubled. Let each walk alone
And give a hearing to the laws unseen
But written clear in every cloud and stone:

The grant, in spite of eminent domain,
Of space for squirrel-cache by sovereign tree;
The uncontested prior rights of rain,
The goods of sunlight tax- and tariff-free;

The contract that the moon makes with the tides,
The tides make with a saltmarsh or a dune
And keep. No witnessed signature decides
Joint ownership between the earth and moon.

Then—maybe—skeptical men could celebrate
Through laws, the law; through rectitude, the right . . .
It's not one whit too soon. Is it too late?
Not quite . . . Not quite.



Seeing Things

PEOPLE VERSUS CHARACTERS

WALT WHITMAN stated it as simply as anyone can or has. "Do I contradict myself?" asked he. "Very well, then I contradict myself. I contain multitudes." We all do. None of us is one person; all of us are many people. The older we grow, the more those other, often unsuspected, people in us surprise us by suddenly asserting themselves.

Among the virtues of "Summer and Smoke" * is that in it Tennessee Williams has endeavored to write about a man and a woman who are as divided, if not multiple, in their natures as most of us know ourselves to be. For a dramatist this is neither a common undertaking nor an easy one.

This lack of complexity is one of the theatre's conventions, born no doubt of need as conventions usually are. It is one of its losses, too, since only the greater dramatists have been able to triumph over it. Most playwrights leave the hidden recesses of character unexplored. They find themselves so hurried that, figuratively speaking, instead of having the time to write letters they send telegrams. Their dialogue is content to serve as an echo to appearances. It speaks for the outer, not the inner, man. The subconscious mind, which the novelist is free to probe, is as a rule unventilated.

Conspicuous among the moderns who have been dissatisfied with functioning as an externalist is Eugene O'Neill. I could not help thinking of him as, in the presence of "Summer and Smoke," I realized the extent to which Mr. Williams was attempting to make, in his own way, a protest and an experiment Mr. O'Neill had often made in his different manner. Again and again, and no matter how unsuccessfully, Mr. O'Neill has tried to rise above the theatre's limitations. He has wanted to let us see beneath the surface of his characters, and has sought to represent them as being as torn and complicated within themselves as they would be in life.

In "Strange Interlude" he tried to do this by means of a return to the

aside and the soliloquy. He allowed us to overhear the thoughts no less than the words of Nina and her three men. In other plays, such as "The Great God Brown" and "Days Without End," he resorted to nomenclature or masks (or both) to indicate the tugs and contradictions from which his characters suffered. Laudable as was the aim, the results were sometimes absurd. To symbolize how split was Brown's personality between pagan and Christian impulses by naming him Dion Anthony, in honor of Dionysus and Saint Anthony, was to get off to a bad start. As someone pointed out at the time, Mr. O'Neill's Brown might just as well have been named after Dion Boucicault and Mark Antony.

In "Days Without End" Mr. O'Neill was again victimized by his high intentions. His central figure in this instance had a bad side no less than a good side. To establish this dual personality, John Loving was divided into two characters, *John* and *Loving*, and played by two actors. John was the good man, and Loving, who stood behind him wearing a mask, the evil one. Throughout the entire evening these Souldust Twins waged a ridiculous war with one another as a means of conveying a sense of interior conflict. No matter how noble the experiment was, by reducing a man to two men and only two men, it was guilty of an untruth from which it never recovered. Instead of being the contradictory multitudes mentioned by Walt Whitman, John Loving was emotionally no more than a split infinitive. Dramatically, this proved not only bad grammar but worse psychology.

In "Summer and Smoke" Tennessee Williams is motivated by the same commendable impulse to transcend the realistic theatre's usual restrictions and omissions. He, too, does not choose to have his characters remain static. He, too, would have us understand the clashes within as well as between their dissimilar temperaments. And, in his attempt to do this, he, too, is driven, with unfortunate results, to rely upon over-easy outward symbols to denote interior struggles.

"Summer and Smoke" is really an allegory of good and evil. It is the old, old story of the flesh and the spirit



Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews . . . "a passion over which ultimately she has no control."

at war. Its major concerns are a man and a woman who have known each other since their childhood in a small Mississippi town. He is a doctor who is ruining his promising future. When we first meet him, he is a weakling, a drunkard, a bounder. She is a music teacher, the idealistic and priggish daughter of a minister and a mother whose mind has become addled. The two young people are strongly drawn to one another but each responds differently to this attraction. Although she brings out the good side which has been submerged in him, he arouses a passion in her over which ultimately she has no control. When she has at last convinced herself that she must give herself to him, it is too late. Not only have his mood and character altered; he is about to marry one of her pupils. Accordingly she wanders off to pick up a traveling salesman and take him to the very gambling joint, with rooms upstairs, at which in the days of her idealism she had once repulsed the young doctor.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Williams seeks honestly to expose the full intricacy of his characters, he fails. He fails as Mr. O'Neill failed before him, and for much the same reasons. He fails because he, too, is unable to make his words do what he wants them to do. Sensing the inadequacy of his dialogue, he resorts in Mr. O'Neill's fashion to outward symbols for inner conflicts. The result is a simplification so elementary that often it comes close to being laughable.

To illustrate the struggle between body and soul taking place within his people, Mr. Williams falls back on the statue of a praying angel (lighted from time to time in the public square, center stage, to indicate—guess what?) and a huge anatomical chart

*SUMMER AND SMOKE, a play by Tennessee Williams. Presented and directed by Margo Jones. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Rose Bogdanoff. Original music by Paul Bowles. With a cast including Margaret Phillips, Tod Andrews, Arlene McQuade, Donald Hastings, Raymond Van Sickle, Marga Ann Deighton, Ralph Theodore, Monica Boyar, Betty Greene Little, Sid Cassel, etc. At the Music Box. Opened October 6, 1948.