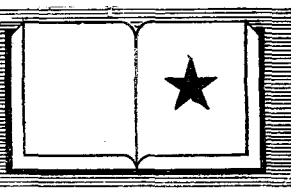


tray and Brohal are joined in the one passionate desire—that Jacques go along with Brohal on the next expedition being planned to complete his great father's work, indeed to step into his shoes. And this is the one thing against which Jacques has set himself in desperation, for it seems to him that his moral and spiritual life depends upon his being free of those shoes. He has already been swamped in his father's deeds, all of his growing life. When his mother says, "Such as you are, you are nevertheless his son!" he cries out, "Exactly! I do not wish to be only that! . . . You have told me often enough that I have neither his energy, nor his realism and practicality, nor his ambition. . . . You have stripped me even of the wish to try anything whatever. . . . I was only to stump along in his footsteps, head down . . . after all that, could I do anything but loathe these discoveries, the glory with which you have stifled me. . . ?"

There the bitter battle is drawn. At the end Jacques has embarked willingly with Brohal, not out of guilt or filial piety, but because he has experienced, in the intervening weeks, the convulsions of experience. He has learned more of his father—and of Brohal—than he knew before. He has wrestled with a second dilemma, that of a suddenly flowering liaison with Brohal's young wife. And he has heard intimations of a purifying sanity beyond his own, in the words of another woman who loves him. The whole thing has wheeled about, directly before him (and us), like a sky wheeling so that the constellations are arranged another way. It is this shifting of moral vision which comprises the education of Jacques Fertray. It is the book's achievement, done brilliantly and in constant clear focus, clean of sentiment, and perfect within its consciously designed limits.

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will die of
CANCER
- GIVE
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NEW EDITIONS



THREE more volumes, entitled "Essays and Sketches" (\$3.50 each), have been added to the excellent edition of the works of John Henry Newman which Longmans is publishing under the editorship of Charles Frederick Harrold. They enable us to follow the course of Newman's alert, acute, inquiring, powerful mind, in both its Anglican and Roman periods, as it came to grips with a wide variety of subjects and problems, ranging from the "Personal and Literary Character of Cicero" (1824) through "The Church of the Fathers" (1833) and "Milman's View of Christianity" (1841) to "An Internal Argument for Christianity" (1866). Those who know nothing of Newman but the famous "Apologia" cannot possibly realize the scope of his interests, thought, sentiment, and eloquence. In this collection of papers he is at his very best in his two studies of St. Benedict and his order; indeed, he never wrote better than in the last section of "The Mission of St. Benedict." Here his profound feeling, embodied in wonderful phrases, betrays his strong sympathy with the monastic way of life, and his envy of its peace.

It was the sober judgment of the wisest and most charitable [he declares] that the world was too bad to mend, and that destruction was close upon it . . . early monachism was flight from the world, and nothing else. The troubled, jaded, weary heart, the stricken, laden conscience, sought a life free from corruption in its daily work, free from distraction in its daily worship; and it sought employments as contrary as possible to the world's employments—employments, the end of which would be in themselves, in which each day, each hour, would have its own completeness. . . .

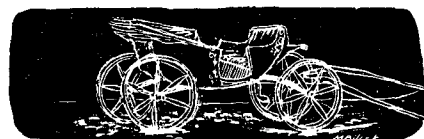
Too bad to mend, flight from the world—these words hold a meaning for us today that they can have had for comparatively few readers during the complacent middle years of the nineteenth century. Flight is not the way of courage, of course, but it is the way that has been chosen by a number of the minds that we once numbered among our best, and what we have seen in our own generation should increase our charitable understanding of the forces which have made men turn their backs upon the world in many centuries and many lands.

Doubleday's new edition of Kipling's "The Jungle Books" (2 vols.

boxed, \$5), boldly and imaginatively illustrated by Aldren Watson, is a fine one in which to revisit old friends or make one's first acquaintance with the adventures of Mowgli, the wisdom of Baloo, the fighting loyalty of Bagheera, the supple strength of Kaa, and the chattering idiocy of the Bandar-log. The second book—even if the immortal Rikki-Tikki-Tavi does belong to it—is cut from a different piece of cloth than the first, and there is no doubt that we lose much when we lose Mowgli, but in both volumes Kipling proves himself a word-master of enduring quality.

In "The Unexpected" (Bantam, 25¢) Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Cerf have edited a fascinating anthology of short stories with whiplash endings. The old expert O. Henry is well represented, of course, but that younger expert John Collier proves his elder to be something of a sissy; Dunsany contributes a neat dose of horror which should be swallowed only by those with strong digestions; John Van Druten turns in a beautiful job with "Gavin," and Robert Bloch's "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" skilfully lures the engrossed reader into a position where he can be dealt a rabbit-punch. Mary Ellen Chase's "Salesmanship" is a weak opening number, and Carl Jacobi's "Revelations in Black" seems to belong elsewhere; but the standard of the whole collection—with the aid of Saki, Bierce, Coppard, and others—is remarkably high.

I recommend "The Dickens Reader," edited by Trumbull Huntington, with an amusing and perceptive foreword by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Howell, Soskin, \$3.50). The Dickens characters have vitality enough to walk out of their books and live vigorously on their own. . . . Henry James's "The Other House" (New Directions, \$3) began as a play, was converted into a novel, and probably should have been left in the obscurity to which its author consigned it. . . . John Steinbeck is at his best in "The Red Pony" (Bantam, 25¢). . . . Psychoanalysis and Suspense Dept.—"Mine Own Executioner," by Nigel Balchin (Penguin Signet, 25¢). **BEN RAY REDMAN.**



The Saturday Review

Democracies, since they have rejected the ancient belief in the natural depravity of human beings, are peculiarly susceptible to the Sentimental Fallacy. Within democratic society a rough working harmony actually is achieved by publicity, discussion, and compromise, and as a result, democratic leaders are apt at the smoother political techniques. When such individuals—the Daladiers and Chamberlains, the F. D. Roosevelts and Byrneses—run up against uncompromising fanatics, they burn their fingers. Finding nothing in their previous political experience like the hot power drive of a Hitler or a Molotov, they refuse to believe it is real. It must, they reason, be just an “act” put on for the purpose of driving a better bargain. Therefore, they “extend the hand of friendship”—and get it sized.

(5) The Machiavellian Illusion

At the other extreme from the Sentimental Fallacy is the Machiavellian Illusion. Disappointed idealists slip easily from the one into the other. The sentimentalist believes that Natural Man is good. The Machiavellian believes that he is, as an agent of international policy, inevitably wicked. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that he *should be* wicked.

“Machiavellian” stems from Niccolo Machiavelli, who was not only a professional Florentine diplomat, but one of the greatest political writers of all times. Living at a time when cynicism made little or no attempt to conceal itself, Machiavelli wrote of statecraft as he witnessed it and as he believed it must have been always. What he described was not a pretty picture. It resembled, in some ways, the sort of jungle that modern psychoanalysts dredge from the slimy subconsciousness of man. Its only advantage was that it seemed better to explain human experience than any other theories. Therefore, while many subsequent politicians, outraged or hypocritical, turned away from him, a few particularly tough-minded thinkers glorified his devotion to truth.

James Burnham, a confessed American Machiavellian, claimed that he and his predecessors were “realists.” From this it was only a step to make them the “defenders of freedom.” For how could freedom be defended by devotees of unreality? Among modern “realists,” Burnham grouped, along with himself, the Italians Gaetano Mosca and Vilfredo Pareto, the Swiss Robert Michels, and the French syn-

dicalist Georges Sorel, to whose theory of violence modern dictators owe so much.

As cool observers of human events, the Machiavellians are excellent teachers. They are the friends of truth and

indeed of improvement, for no improvement can be based on anything but reality. There is, however, something about Machiavellian “realism” that leads its devotees astray. We may grant their contention that human history is mostly one long chronicle of vice, violence, and crime. Indeed, we must. To recognize such facts is the beginning of wisdom.

But the Machiavellians do not stop

She proved that it was the weak
who were strong and the
strong who are powerless...

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and **TIDES OF MONT ST. MICHEL**

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with fact. They tend to glorify the strong, to idealize fraud and violence, and to justify aggression. Machiavelli himself began the process when he wrote, "Since France *could* invade Naples, it *should* have done so." Now France had no political obligation to invade Naples—and a moral obligation not to. To argue the opposite is like insisting that because many merchants follow sharp practices, all merchants are thieves, or "ought to steal."

To declare that "moral, social, and political doctrines have little or no genuinely social content," as Burnham has done, is to denature the course of observed history just as grossly as to seek motives of men behind their slogans.

(6) The Economic Fallacy

The most persistent myth of modern times turns intelligent human beings into Economaniacs. As such, they come to believe one or more of the following statements:

One, human beings seek food, shelter, clothing, wealth, luxury, above all else. "Not rooted values, however narrow or unenlightened, but impulses and appetite are assumed to be the motive for action," as August Heck-scher wrote in "A Pattern of Politics."

Two, hunger makes for war. Well-fed peoples are pacific peoples.

Three, the rulers of all states utilize power primarily for their own well-being and that of their "class."

Four, unequal distribution of wealth inevitably makes for different classes whose clashing interests shape the state and are the cause of most revolutions.

Five, "universal suffrage is incompatible with great inequality of wealth," to quote Daniel Webster.

Six, the form of a society is given by the current means of production. The basic fact of society is division into exploiters and exploited. This engenders the class struggle that is the basic fact of history.

Seven, greed is the main motive force of man. Modern states, being democratic, are ruled by the middle-class. Therefore businessmen, particularly exporters, overseas investors, and armament manufacturers are responsible for modern wars.

Eight, capitalism is the cause of imperialism (or is imperialism) and Fascism is the ultimate perversion of capitalism.

Now no doubt there is some learned backing for all of these propositions. From Aristotle on, a whole school of thinkers has believed that the picture of a state can be best—or even, entirely—drawn by answering the simple question: Who gets what?

Yet common to these statements are two facts: they rest upon philosophic materialism avowed or unconscious, and they are at least partly wrong. Human beings do need food, some shelter, and a few other possessions. But history is full of instances where a society has sacrificed the pursuit of wealth to other values. Hunger does not habitually lead to violence and revolution; otherwise, China and India would be the most belligerent. Most rulers are no more materialistic than other people. Where wealth is fluid ("three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves") no economic classes are formed.

If the form of a society is given by technical development, why in the pre-machine age, when the means of production were roughly alike all over the earth, was there infinite variety of political structure?

As imperialists, modern capitalists are duffers compared with semi-Socialist Nazis and wholly Socialist Bolsheviks. In the terrible 1930's, the businessmen who, according to the Economaniacs, ought to have been whooping it up for war, turned into bleating pacifists.

No one of the three great revolutions of our time, the Communist, the Fascist and the Nazi, was primarily induced by hunger or greed. The sickness was in the soul, not in the belly. Hitler relied on pathological nationalism and militarism. Lenin succeeded

because he promised peace to a beaten and backward population. Mussolini and Hitler succeeded because they promised national vain-glory.

Few wars in modern times have had economic causes. Austria started World War I for political reasons. Being the most balanced economic unit in Europe, the Dual Monarchy had economically little to gain and everything to lose by war. Italy came into that war in order to obtain a mountainous district of next to no economic value—the Trentino—and two seaports (Trieste and Fiume) of which it could make small economic use. Had the French fought World War I in order to recover the iron of Lorraine, they would never have permitted themselves subsequently to be outstripped in steel production by Germany. The Germans fought both world wars for political conquest. The promise of plunder was subordinate to the will to rule Europe. Neither in World War I nor in World War II were American commercial interests directly or seriously threatened. A Europe united under Germany, an Asia organized as a Jap-ruled "coprosperity sphere" might well have offered better trade prospects to the United States.

(7) The Illusion of Elimination

Earnest thinkers, brooding on the misery that dogs foreign politics, have dreamed about finding ways to eliminate it. Eliminate brutality. Teach love, not hate, altruism not egoism. Educate the will to power out of people. And behold us launched into the New Psychology. This starts with the premise that certain scientists know what is "normal" in human nature and, given a chance, can bring it about. No one of course can say whether educators, psychologists, and psychiatrists will one day be able to eliminate human tendencies classed by them as unsocial. Certainly, their performance to date falls far short of their claims. And the basic premises are questionable.

Are the psychologists really so sure that fear is the only cause of aggression? Could it not also be the result of greed, or even of the thrill of conflict? Some human beings may find release from "psychoses" when "fully integrated within the social group." Are there no hermit or adventurer souls who are happier with a minimum of integration? Are the psychiatrists so confident that they could have humanized Heinrich Himmler and Joseph Stalin?

Are all "psychoses" undesirable? Once in the 1920's a famous German physician from Munich was inspecting a Berlin hospital. At one door he

Blindness

By Dorothy Mumford Williams

THE deepest blindness is not in peer-
ing through fog
Where the edge of earth is finger-
tipped
And the agate orchard shrouds the
fruit of death,
Nor in stumbling over the unseen
presence of gnarled boughs
And the graves of rotted stumps
Where sun is not,
Nor in staring sightlessly
Where the infinite light refraction of
the mica stone,
Or the shaft of incandescent air burn-
ing a leaf,
Or the light-dappled aura of a flower
Is not,
And where the meticulous arch of an
amethyst cloud dissolving in space
Exists in the remembrance only.
The deepest blindness is no opaque
curtain
Pulled over sight
But in the seeing eye itself,
Where wanders the lost bright image
In birth
Orphaned
From all the spirit sense.

paused and turned to the accompanying intern: "Who is in here?"

"Nobody who would interest you, doctor. Just a few neurotics!"

The great man turned on him. "Young man, God bless the neurotics! But for them we should still be living in the caves."

The psychologists have answered that although human progress has been overwhelmingly the work of people defined as neurotics, so too is most human crime!

Surely we may hope, with Dr. William C. Menninger, that changes will come about in the family, the community, the nation "so as to promote richer, more satisfying, and therefore more mentally healthy life."

We may also wonder if such changes can be synthetically induced. One of the most startling demonstrations of our time occurred in 1941, when the Soviet Government hastily retreated across eastern Russia before the advancing Germans. Hardly had the last secret policemen disappeared when the Russians left behind began acting as though Bolshevism had never been. They kneeled and prayed. They talked freely—to each other and to foreigners. And in one great burst of freedom, they set about hurling back the Nazi invaders from Holy Mother Russia! Twenty-four years of intensive psychological salesmanship disappeared in an hour. Underneath there was Old Russia, with nothing eliminated—and next to nothing added!

Human nature is baffling. Each of us is, at various times, rational and irrational, intelligent and stupid, generous and self-seeking, ambitious for fame or power or wealth or simply for self-satisfaction. Attempts to pick out "basic" strains and eliminate others have regularly failed.

Anything so deep as the power drive involves the whole human being. Yet there is no substitute for power. Enlightened public opinion will not do. Nor functional tricks—the removal of trade barriers, equal access to raw materials, emancipation of the underprivileged, international cooperation whether in health work or science or art, or a vague "community spirit." To ignore the basic problem of power in politics is to waste a dog's time howling up a tree where there is no coon.

The Sovereign Individuals

There is in the American tradition one example that can clarify the international situation: the ungoverned frontier town.

Call this town Roaring Camp—a place with no U. S. marshal, no sheriff, no court, no jail—and no law. Roaring Camp is a collection of sovereign

individuals each of whom acts like a sovereign state.


To Roaring Camp come all sorts and conditions of men, merchants, and adventurers, miners and claim-jumpers, Presbyterians and roisterers, school teachers and illiterates, parsons and escaped convicts. For better or worse, they constitute a society.

What happens? First of all, nearly everybody who does not arrive armed, arms himself. The merchant, the honest rancher, the decent miner finds he can live in peace and keep the fruits of his toil only to the extent that he can protect himself. Back home in the East, killing of any sort was murder. Here gun-toting becomes the price of survival.

In such a bandit-ridden town, what can storekeeper Joe do to protect himself, once he decides that "keeping out of trouble" is not enough? He can buy a couple of extra guns and practise shooting from the hip. He can arm his clerk, his sixteen-year-old son. He can make an alliance with other honest storekeepers. And, without ceasing to lead a decent life, he can come to a working agreement with Dead-shot Bill against Dead-eye Dick. Perhaps this takes the humiliating form of buying protection. But if Joe is something of a man himself he may not have to pay tribute. He may enter into an equal "alliance" with a "friendly" Bad Man against an "unfriendly" Bad Man.

He acts, that is, as morally as his security will permit. He disassociates himself as far as he can from Bill's transgressions. He attacks no one. He fights only in self-defense—or in defense of his friends.

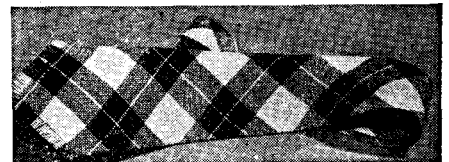
Joe's wife may protest. She may



**find
me
in
fire**

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abhor Bill. She may refer to the miserable way in which Bill neglects his children. She may even refer to Bill as a "murderer."

Joe may agree. Still he continues to be friends with Bill, to stick up for Bill, to drink with Bill—and if necessary, to fight for Bill. For he knows that without Bill's support, he is lost. He must either fight by himself and get killed, submit to Dick and be robbed, or abandon everything and leave town. Being a man of spirit, he refuses to do any of them.

Like an honest, democratic sovereign state operating in an ungoverned international world, Joe compromises with his own moral principles. As a "sovereign" individual, there is not much else that he can do. If he thirst for "justice," he may, like Jesus, rise above politics altogether and, giving unto Roaring Camp what is Roaring Camp's, concentrate on his own and others' immortal soul. Though he be crucified, he will still have triumphed. Or he may, with Mohandas Gandhi, seek to subdue violence with the spiritual weapon of non-violence—and inevitably fail. Or with Prince Arjuna of the Indian Bhagavad-Gita, he may be persuaded to fight back, disregarding "pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat."

Actually, he does none of the three. What he eventually does is unite with other honest men to put an end to organized thuggery. The result is a sort of voluntary police force called a vigilance committee. It cannot make real law. Some of the members may in the past have been guilty of much the same things they agree to repress. No matter—it can in a fashion keep order.

The vigilance committee will work to the extent that it finds individuals ready and willing to ride down horse thieves, remove claim-jumpers, drive away local Bad Men.

In other words, Joe joins with other like-minded "sovereign" individuals in an alliance, league, or confederation. When enough other citizens are willing, he pools his "sovereignty" with theirs in a real local government that can make law and enforce peace. . . .

So could the sovereign states. Until they do, each of them will behave pretty much as storekeeper Joe behaves in Roaring Camp.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the European scene for American newspapers since World War I. A series of articles about Germany on the eve of Hitler's advent to power, won him a Pulitzer Prize [1932]; they formed the basis for his book "Germany Turns Back the Clock." His most recent book is "Global War" (1942).

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER,
ALBUM NUMBER,
NUMBER OF RECORDS

E N G I N E E R I N G

PERFORMANCE
AND CONTENT

Recording Technique Surface

EARLY ROMANTIC

BEETHOVEN, PIANO CONCERTO #4. Robert Casadesu, Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Columbia MMV 744 (4 plastic)	Stunning recording, beautifully balanced, wide tonal range without harshness. Vinylite is good to piano, esp. soft passages.	AA+	A thoroughly good performance, if not incandescent, but superb recording makes this version outstanding.
SCHUBERT, SYMPHONY #5. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM (1215) (3)	One of Victor's nicest "recent" recordings, unassuming, but with good un-harsh highs, warmth. Some sides buzz a bit, my copy.	A—	An interesting recording of a favorite little Schubert symphony. Lighter, faster than Beecham's if less good in detailed accuracy.

BIG ORCHESTRA

SAINT-SAENS, SYMPHONY #3, Op. 78. N.Y. Philharmonic. Charles Meunch. E. Nies-Berger, organ. Columbia MM 747 (4)	Prize new show recording—wide range, massive low organ tones, sharp strings, profuse cymbals, tremendous climaxes!	A	A big, friendly symphony, rather surprisingly attractive, à la César Franck; is likely to be a recorded favorite. Performance outstanding.
SIBELIUS, SYMPHONY #2. Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Columbia MM 759 (4)	Equally fine recording technique, but Sibelius is less effective than St.-S. Too much low-level ominousness.	A—	If you are a Sibelius listener, clarity of this recording will make it your choice above others. Straightforward reading, not overdone.
TCHAIKOVSKY, SYMPHONY #4. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy. Columbia MM 736 (5)	Big, brassy recording of a big, brassy work. Wide range brings out the noise no end.	A	Efficient, businesslike version; perhaps as desirable as the overcooked style we hear too often.
HANDEL-KINDLER, THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD SUITE. National Symphony Orch. Kindler. RCA Victor DM 1224 (2)	Large orchestra in big, empty hall. Suits this arrangement—but highly unsuited to Handel's original music.	A	A coarse, grossly "Wagnerized" arrangement; only the lighter parts have semblance of natural Handel. Beecham's arrangement is enormously preferable.

PIANO

ALBENIZ, IBERIA, Bks. I & II. Claudio Arrau, pianist. Columbia MM 757 (5)	Excellent piano, good "presence," lack of percussive peaks. But some awfully low-level stretches. (Noise suppressor can do wonders here.)	A— to B	Another of Columbia's fine complete collections (Bks. III, IV to come?). Splendid pianism, Latin, but faintly chilly. A grand album, just the same.
WALTZES OF TCHAIKOVSKY (arr. Babin). Vronsky and Babin, duopianists. Columbia MM 760 (4)	Strangely ineffective: low-level and seems more so, at a distance. Keep wanting to turn it up higher.	B+	Nice two-piano settings of works familiar and unfamiliar. Finely coordinated playing, wasted through under-par recording.
TCHAIKOVSKY, THE SEASONS, OP. 37A: JUNE; NOVEMBER. José Iturbi, pianist. RCA Victor 12-0241 (1)	Good piano; weakish in bass, a bit percussive, but with nice feeling of presence.		Two short tidbits, both attractively melodious. "June" a familiar salon piece, quite lovely here in original form.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.