

## The Distaff Side

Continued from page 16

ety is reshaping its concept of who "catches the fishes and who cleans the fish," as Margaret Mead so deftly puts it, then you will find you and your frustrations carefully spelled out by the busy Mrs. B. And you will come away refreshed and challenged, I think, because, skilled or no, Mrs. Bernays has had more than a busy life—she has lived a happy life—warmly responsive to her husband's and her family's needs, deeply aware of the color and the fabric of her times. The many women who are Doris Bernays shine forth as memorable.

Not so the world that men have created for them. There is a rumor in the market-place that great revolutions in living patterns are under way. Dustless houses, automatic cooking, push-button marketing—all these and many more. The men who are planning these longed-for improvements in our most archaic of all factories, the American Home, might do worse than consult Doris Bernays's book. They will find here a blueprint of the thing women themselves find most baffling, most irritating, most depressing. And they will find, too, the areas in which to keep hands off.

For Doris Fleischman, newspaper-woman and publicist extraordinary,

## Before Moonrise: Everglades

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

**H**USHED are the wild wings now,  
folded as tight  
As shadows in the scarlet lilies'  
throats.  
Through the warm air a scatter of  
pollen floats  
From islands of drowsing hyacinths  
where night  
Holds fast the hour. Small eyes of  
rabbits light,  
Piercing the darkness as a jewel  
might.

Deeper within the tortured fastnesses  
As lost in Time as in dark's  
thickening rain,  
Heat curls the withering leaves of  
cypresses;  
Reptiles uncoil and stretch and coil  
again.  
Peace, like a cool tongue, licks the  
Everglades' scars  
As night grows restless waiting cool  
tides of stars.

would not have missed a single moment of her life as Doris Bernays, wife and good companion to Eddie, mother of Dorrie and Anne.

It is, I think, the Dorrie-and-Anne generation—my children, the children of the many mothers who have found it possible, desirable, or necessary to work away from home—who will tell the story of how successful this sweeping change in the role of women has been. Meanwhile we shall need more books like "A Wife Is Many Women" to blaze new trails of insight and understanding—for the women with the double jobs and the men who must know and understand these women, the better to live with them, at work and at home.

## Lady in Morocco

**MISS HOWE AND THE SULTAN'S SON:** As the author of "The Prince and I" (John Day, \$3.50) puts it, she "turned the table on Anna and the King of Siam." This time the Oriental prince served as teacher and the Western woman as pupil for Marvine Howe, a young American journalist, took riding lessons from the twenty-four-year-old Crown Prince of Morocco. Having gone to the Sherifian Empire five years ago as governess to French children, Miss Howe got her first view of Moroccans through French eyes; then a job with Radio Maroc gave her the opportunity to meet the natives, many of whom, like the Prince, were French-educated. From her royal tutor she learned politics as well as horsemanship and gained enough understanding of French colonial policy to foresee the current upheaval in the protectorate. Sympathizing with the Moroccans' nationalistic ambitions, she had little use for El Glaoui and other pro-French natives; and, needless to say, she was shocked and outraged when in 1953 the French exiled the Sultan's family, Crown Prince and all.

If the intrepid young author proved as good a horsewoman as she is a reporter her royal instructor and his Arabian mounts were lucky indeed. She probably rides like a Berber tribesman for her chapters come alive with the protectorate's exotic sights, sounds, and smells, with its cinematic natives and their dream of independence, and with its racial conflicts and social prejudices. Her chapters also come alive with Moroccan women, who, in making the uneasy transition from veil to blue jeans, envied her freedom—a freedom for which, incidentally, the French had her investigated and the Americans barred her from their naval base.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

## U. S. A.

Continued from page 18

the First World War, were expelled or went over to the Communists. Actually, however, this foreign element in the party may have been a source of weakness, repelling native Americans and drawing the Socialist Party farther toward the left. During the postwar era of the Twenties the Socialists were mostly a small band of intellectuals with pacifist and social-democratic sympathies.

Just why the Socialist Party in the United States failed to attract more mass support at a time when Socialist and labor parties in other countries were enjoying a spectacular rise has occasioned much speculation. Shannon takes issue with those who have explained Socialist futility in terms of its alienation of the extreme left—Big Bill Haywood and the IWW in 1912 and the Communists in 1919. Although the conservative, intellectual, and middle-class nature of American Socialism encouraged these radical defections, Shannon sees an additional explanation for a declining membership in the political and economic temper of America in the twentieth century. The American people continued to be dubious of Socialist programs. If free enterprise was to be abandoned they preferred the nationalistic regulation of the progressives, led by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, to the Socialist idea of public ownership. World War I was a severe blow to the Socialist Party as well as to all liberal-progressive causes. Then, when the crash of 1929 seemed to fulfil the Socialists' pessimistic analysis of the prospects of capitalism the New Deal adopted much of their program. New third parties, more flexible in their doctrines and membership and thus better able to negotiate with the two major parties, took over the popular following that the Socialists might have been expected to recruit as a result of the Depression.

Perhaps the fundamental difficulty of the Socialist Party, as it is outlined in the book, is the possibility that it was old-fashioned and outmoded from its inception. Individualistic and liberal, despite its collectivist economic program, it was destined for decline in an America that was becoming collectivist in a nationalistic, but not socialistic, sense. The author tells his story well, in straightforward fashion, utilizing to a full extent the official records and correspondence of the party. It is his conclusion that the party is now dead beyond rebirth.

## Ideas

Continued from page 14

story of laboratory work done in common, in the United States and France. There were obstacles and frustrations in an almost unending series, but these were relieved by friendships with Alexis Carrel and many others. The list of Du Noüy's contributions to research in colloidal chemistry and biophysics is a formidable one. Sometimes it was deprecated or ignored, and the commentary on the Pasteur Institute in particular reads like a couple of chapters out of Balzac. In the end what one is given is the portrait of a scientist who was by nature urbane and avid of human pleasures but who disciplined his spirit until it became as hard as a diamond and as clean as desert sand.

This life was set, as so many others have been, against a curtain painted with appalling pictures of moral decay. The world began to find in Buchenwald and Valkuta images of the horrible secret of degeneration which had lain concealed in the heart of man. The revelation and its impact in particular on France saddened Du Noüy as it did so many others. He became persuaded that only if men once more grew certain that theirs was a destiny of goodness as well as of power could the collective life of humanity be healed. It was among young Americans, whom he came to know because it was no longer possible to live and work in France, that the decision to summarize his views

of science and human destiny ripened. The tribute paid to them and to the wholesome openness of their hearts and minds is moving. I should imagine that in particular all those intrusted with the job of education will find this book stimulating and encouraging.

## Irwin Edman's Book

**PHILOSOPHER'S PORTFOLIO:** A child of Plato and a younger brother to Santayana, Irwin Edman was the first citizen of Morningside Heights and, as Charles Frankel says, "America's professor-at-large of philosophy." We can savor the essence of his mind in "The Uses of Philosophy" (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50), a little collection Professor Frankel has drawn from his works. Irwin Edman enjoyed philosophy, and he enjoyed philosophers, those both "with and without portfolio." Among the latter we meet again in this book, as we did in "Philosopher's Holiday," Monsieur Platon, the diminutive French physician who treated him during a stay in Autun; Maria, who looked after his apartment; and Mathilde, who ran the elevator in Philosophy Hall. They were philosophers not because they were serene—serenity is not enough—but because they had struck a fundamental attitude toward the universe and had come to grips with first and last principles.

Those who are familiar only with Irwin Edman's poems and popular essays, the sort of thing he did with such literacy and wit for *The New Yorker*, *The American Scholar*, and *The Saturday Review*, might be inclined to suppose that he was a tender-minded thinker. A certain *dolce far niente* in his prose might even lend support to this impression. Nothing could be further from the truth.

For example, attend to him in "Religion Without Tears" and "The Vision of Naturalism," both reprinted here. It has not often enough been emphasized that what he had to say always made sense—good, hard sense—and that it proceeded from a responsible and disciplined mind. No Edman theory is ever tortured or clipped to fit a preconception; no reader need suspend his common judgment in order to follow him; there is no labyrinth of doctrine and there is no anfractuous trail of dialectic ending in a questionable or unintelligible conclusion. He was a steady protagonist of intelligence, never seduced by the nostrums which invade the marketplace of ideas, never infected by the intellectual narcotics of his time.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

## Political Morality

Continued from page 6

given to certain leaders because their honor, their character, are the only things we can trust. We know that they may have to change their minds, to break promises, to let us down, but if we trust them, if we can say of them they are honest men, we do not reproach them. We are sure that if they have broken a promise it was because they could not help it; if they did conceal some facts from us it was not for their own good but ours. That in the final resort they have given their lives to serve what they conceive to be a good end; that they are not in politics for their own advantage or glory.

Ask yourself how far this rule goes in your opinion of a given statesman. Why Washington, why Lincoln had such power over men and make such great figures in history. And why among your own friends and acquaintances the word of one has so much more weight than that of another. He may not be cleverer, but you know he is disinterested; he is not a self-seeker. He will do his best to advise you, regardless of his own interest. Of course, he may still give you bad advice, as the honest statesman may take a wrong course. Or both may be frustrated by a change of wind, by bad luck. And you may blame him, and break your friendship; but the statesman may be ruined, not only in his career but in history. He may be held up to derision so that his very name becomes a term of abuse. Think of the political reputations ruined by the Depression, something very wise men could not have foreseen in its full disaster, and which needed measures that politically it was impossible to make accepted until disaster had arrived. For the politician is not only faced by an everlasting crisis; he is usually so hampered by prejudices of all kinds that he has very little room for maneuvers in dealing with it. He is like a man sent out to fight a hungry lion in handcuffs. And this is especially true of the statesman in a free democracy.

It has been said that government is the art of making people do what they don't like, since they will cheerfully follow their own inclinations without any instruction; and that in the final resort there are only two ways of making them act against their own inclinations. To shoot the disobedient or to wangle them. If you include under shooting every kind of coercion; if you include under wangling every kind of persuasion,

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Antonio: (a) "Merchant of Venice." (b) "Much Ado About Nothing." (c) "The Tempest." (d) "Two Gentlemen of Verona." (e) "Twelfth Night." 2. Sebastian: (a) "The Tempest." (b) "Twelfth Night." (3) Helena: (a) "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (b) "All's Well That Ends Well." 4. Angelo: (a) "Measure for Measure." (b) "Comedy of Errors." 5. Paris: (a) "Romeo and Juliet." (b) "Troilus and Cressida." 6. Demetrius: (a) "Antony and Cleopatra." (b) "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (c) "Titus Andronicus." 7. Claudio: (a) "Measure for Measure." (b) "Much Ado About Nothing." 8. Valentine: (a) "Twelfth Night." (b) "Titus Andronicus." (c) "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 9. Emilia: (a) "Othello." (b) "Winter's Tale." 10. Ferdinand: (a) "Love's Labor's Lost." (b) "The Tempest." 11. Maria: (a) "Love's Labor's Lost." (b) "Twelfth Night." 12. Peter: (a) "Measure for Measure." (b) "Henry VI 2." (c) "Romeo and Juliet." (d) "King John."