

of the publisher to emphasize the unity of European painting from 1200 to 1400 instead of stressing the differences between North and South, as is usually done. If there was a common bond it must have been the Gothic idea despite all the differences of interpretation and execution. But, unfortunately, M. Dupont's idea of what Gothic is is not the same as Sig. Gnudi's. The general reader, for whose benefit this book was written, has a right to ask: What are the roots of Gothic art? What is Gothic art? These questions are not answered by M. Dupont, who talks about the soil but not the roots. France in the thirteenth and fourteenth century, he says, was becoming a unified national state with democratic institutions. This terminology can scarcely be applied to medieval conditions, but even purged of anachronistic and exaggerated claims do such statements help us understand the nature and origin of Gothic painting? And, while the philosophical battles of the thirteenth century were certainly fought at the University of Paris, scholasticism cannot be considered as a purely French movement. Of the two greatest schoolmen one was Italian, the other German; the connections between scholasticism and Gothic art have yet to be revealed convincingly. While M. Dupont's references to politics and philosophy do not help us understand the nature of Gothic art, his presentation of the social and economic background is positively misleading. He describes Gothic painting, in customary terms, as a court art; court art needs a court and a court needs money. But is not the art of Ferrara, Mantua, Urbino of Italy's fifteenth century also court art? In fact, the book ends with Pisanello, whose invention of the medal was one of the great contributions to the spirit of the Renaissance.

THIS practice of looking at the environment in which art is produced rather than at art itself is not so obvious in the chapters written by Sig. Gnudi. While M. Dupont does not mention the fact that Gothic art in the fourteenth century was not a one-way street from Paris, but made intelligent use of Sienese painting, Sig. Gnudi is sufficiently uninhibited to admit Northern infiltration. Occasionally his language seems to have more meaning to the author than to the reader. What, for example, is "imaginary" perspective, how are color planes aligned in zones coordinated by a linear network? He speaks of the "neo-Byzantine" character of Ambrogio Lorenzetti's early work: at this point the role of the Byzantine in the formation and development of



—From "Gothic Painting."

Unknown master—"the main outlines."

Gothic painting might have been considered, a subject that should already have come up in the discussion of the Ingeborg Psalter.

Despite these limitations both authors have given us more than we could reasonably expect. A volume of this type cannot attempt to provide a full-dress history. Lists of masters and works not illustrated and undiscussed are meaningless to the general reader and unnecessary to the scholar; insistence on controversial attributions only blurs the clarity of outlines. To keep the outlines clear is more important—and far more difficult—than to show a specialist's knowledge and a specialist's outlook. The weakest section of the book deals with German painting. Cologne, which produced the earliest Northern Gothic panel paintings that are preserved, is barely mentioned and not illustrated. No one believes today that the "Garden of Paradise" is Middle Rhenish. One is surprised to find the provincial Master of Heiligenkreuz illustrated while Berthold von Noerdlingen, an interesting contemporary of the La Manta frescoes, is left out. So are Orcagna and the Master of the Boucicault Hours.

The color reproductions are adequate where they are of the size of the originals. This is practicable when the paintings are miniatures (although some of these appear here reduced). The gold backgrounds, however, with their metallic reflections defy photographic color reproduction. Even so, and despite the unavoidable inflexibility of tone, the miniatures are on the whole enjoyable. The dependence on a scale close to that of the originals accounts for the almost exclusive selection of small details from large paintings, which leaves the reader wondering what the whole may look like. Clearly reproduction in black-and-white of the entire picture would have solved this difficulty.

Ideas

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attract the attention only of a limited number of professional colleagues may be a matter for regret among those who wish that he would write for a wider public. The choice, however, is his own and one can only hope that some day he will change his practices.

Meanwhile we have in "**Sovereign Reason**" (Free Press, \$5) a collection of essays which can serve as an introduction to Mr. Nagel's kind of thinking and to his level of philosophical analysis. It is a series of papers, previously published in various places, in which he discourses on some of the more recondite problems to be found in the work of Peirce, Dewey, Whitehead, Russell, Reichenbach, Eddington, and others. He writes also of the perspectives of science, of reason, and of the relation of these to the American temper. One essay, the first, is called "Malicious Philosophies of Science," by which Mr. Nagel means not that they are motivated by malice but that they are mistaken. His arguments, always cogent, run into inconsistency only in his inability to decide whether scientific theories and philosophic systems are or are not the products of changing historical circumstances and social conditions.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

WHEN TIME RUNS OUT: In his introduction to a book by Josef Pieper called "**Leisure, the Basis of Culture**" (Pantheon Books, \$2.75) T. S. Eliot remarked that Pieper restores to philosophy the attributes of insight and wisdom. The two essays in the volume are little gems of contemporary philosophical writing, so superior indeed that they won the admiration of many who do not share Pieper's Thomist premises and Catholic predilections. One reads his newer book, "**The End of Time**" (Pantheon Books, \$2.75), with a similar reaction but with an enthusiasm which has suffered perhaps a slight diminution.

Here, in what he calls "a meditation on the philosophy of history," Mr. Pieper is speculating, quite literally, on the end of time. What happens to man when history closes and time itself reaches its conclusion? This is the eschatological question, the question which no one has the right to ask but one which no one who indulges in historical reflection can finally avoid. An answer requires more than philosophy, and reason; it requires theology, and revelation. Without an appeal to theology the philosophy of history becomes identical with the sociology of culture,

where it is inevitably either corrupt or incomplete. The sociologist whose enthusiasm is diminished can only reply that at the end of the book, in spite of ideas like the Antichrist and the Apocalypse, and of words like salvation and catastrophe, the end of time remains as obscure as it was at the beginning.—R. B.

INQUIRING MIND: In the midst of the political investigations which disfigure our time it is well to remember that in another time, many years ago, a man whose name was Socrates stood trial in Athens on charges which the citizens of that place considered to be serious. He made the worse appear the better cause, and he taught his doctrines to others.

This story, so well known, needs telling and retelling so long as our civilization survives—and indeed in order to help it to survive. Most of us know it, for the testimony is not top secret. But there are some among us who seem never to have heard of it. Their ignorance may be due in part to a faulty education, and if that is the case Cora Mason's little book **"Socrates: The Man Who Dared to Ask"** (Beacon Press, \$2.75) is designed to correct it for a future generation. The book was written by a classical scholar for young people of high-school and early college age, youngsters who may even now be wondering how far a man may go in placing justice before security and rightness of soul before personal or partisan success. If they read this book they will discover that if one went so far in Athens he would forfeit his life, as today he would jeopardize his job.

The book, in brief, tells the story of Socrates, his early life, his philosophical career, and his trial and death. The author's words are so simple, so straightforward and direct, that they cannot fail to teach an adolescent mind. They will surely lead these children to the full story, in the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Phaedo*, and so introduce them to one of the imperishable glories of Western culture. One wonders only why no one thought of doing this before. —R. B.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Night Thoughts" (Edward Young).
2. "To Toussaint L'Ouverture" (Wadsworth).
3. "A Superscription" (D. G. Rossetti).
4. "Paradise Lost"—Book III (Milton).
5. "Don Juan"—Canto XIII (Byron).
6. "Othello"—I, iii (Shakespeare).
7. "Familiar Faces, Long Departed" (Robert Hillyer).
8. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (Samuel Johnson).
9. "The Seasons: Winter" (James Thomson).
10. "The Hind and the Panther" (Dryden).

Germany

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old days, when one could conquer the air, and so much else besides.

The Third Reich depended upon the Hanna Reitschs with their exceptional skill, courage, and moral indifference. Without them Hitler could not have conquered Europe, and even with their help and Germany's economic power his success was an astounding achievement. For four years Germany ruled an empire which surpassed in size and wealth any that had been established before. During those years the outside world knew little about the administration of this empire. Who ruled, how, and for what end—these are the questions which are rarely asked and which can only now be answered.

"Hitler's Europe," edited by Arnold Toynbee and Veronica M. Toynbee (Oxford University Press, \$14.50), is an excellent scholarly account of that empire. Toynbee's introduction gives the theme of the work: Hitler's empire, which represented a kind of forced European integration, suffered from "an administrative and organizational chaos which the triumph of National-Socialism had let loose in the Third Reich and which spread into Hitler's Europe." "Domestic discord . . . breaking the edge of the German war effort . . ." hastened the collapse. And Toynbee laments, "If Hitler's cards had been in the hands . . . of Augustus or Han Lieu Pang or Cyrus what might the thoroughbred man of genius not have made of them?" But Hitler neither established a clear order, nor restrained his jackals from devouring one another, nor mobilized fully the resources of his empire. Terror and brutality there were—but the state which we thought a monolithic giant, responding flawlessly to the command of a resolute leader, was malignant chaos, a victim of its own lawlessness.

The book deals with all parts of occupied Europe, devoting, quite properly, over a third of the book to the structure of Nazi Germany and the changes in policy which followed the absorption of new territories. Hitler commanded his war machine as the final authority, but the chain of command beneath him was hopelessly confused and entangled. Duplication, conflict, and paralysis foiled the full exploitation of German or European resources. Ruthlessness was not enough, and rationality was in full retreat. The New Order was but old chaos, which Himmler's increasingly powerful S.S. formations somehow prevented from falling apart.

There was no master-plan for a future Europe, and the immediate tasks were solved by often contradictory improvisations. Hitler rarely interfered; these struggles strengthened his own hold, because the confusion beneath (which he didn't always recognize) proved his indispensability.

For the conquered peoples this chaos brought no relief. Terror and exploitation lost none of their deadliness by being arbitrary and irrational. And in the business of terror the various branches of the Nazi regime were united. The deportation of labor, the shooting of hostages, even the extermination of millions of people occasioned no rift among the German authorities. That this suffering served no purpose, that Europe should have succumbed to its meanest outcast, adds mockery to tragedy.

Toynbee's thesis finds further illustration in a monograph on the destruction of the German foreign service bureaucracy: **"The Wilhelmstrasse: A Study of German Diplomats Under the Nazi Regime,"** by Paul Seabury (University of California Press, \$3). After a summary of the history of the Wilhelmstrasse, Mr. Seabury tells how in the beginning of his rule Hitler froze the professional diplomat at his post, stripping him gradually of his power. Foreign policy became Hitler's personal province, and the Foreign Office had to suffer not only his interference but the steady nibbling away of its powers by new agencies. Suffer they did, but silently, as behooves a disciplined bureaucracy that wants to survive. In 1938 the Führer dropped most of the old guard and installed the fawning Ribbentrop as foreign minister. But Ribbentrop turned bureaucratic and battled against the endless encroachments on his authority. Time and again he yielded, reorganizing and reducing the competence of the Wilhelmstrasse until, Mr. Seabury concludes, "With these changes, any pretense of rationality in the Foreign Office's structure had disappeared."

But even the irrational have power, and Mr. Seabury may underestimate the continuing importance of the For-

