

terested in Hawthorne's thought. There is no dichotomy here, because the image-symbol embodies the thought. The burden of the thought—expressed in the fiction in almost infinite variety and complexity—is that man is an imperfect, sinful creature. Mr. Waggoner makes it abundantly clear that Hawthorne was no Pelagian, no Rousseauist, no secular optimist, no utopian materialist: even in the rosy dawn of American progressivism, he saw that machinery and legislation would not do the trick. "Man must not disclaim his brotherhood even with the guiltiest," Hawthorne declared, "since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity." The heart recurs repeatedly in the symbolic imagery as cavern and dungeon. "Purify that inward sphere!" exclaims the chorus-commentator in one of Hawthorne's famous parables. The view, of course, is precisely that of St. Paul in the well-known text: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

If Hawthorne is Christian in that he recognizes man's sinfulness, he is democratic in his insistence upon the brotherhood of guilt. The brotherhood of guilt, together with its appropriate corollary, humility, is actually a more satisfactory basis for democracy than that afforded by notions of natural goodness and self-gratulation. Writers like Hawthorne (and Melville) have become, Mr. Waggoner maintains, more serviceable to our democratic thinking today than self-proclaimed philosophers of democracy like Emerson and Whitman. It is encouraging to find a steadily increasing number, especially among the bright young people in the colleges, of Mr. Waggoner's opinion. Mr. Waggoner's book, I venture to predict, will soon be required reading for most American literature majors. It ought to be required reading also for those who are interested in seeing the relation between the art of one of our greatest writers and the problems which confront us all today as sentient, responsible beings.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Shakespeare: "King Lear," I, iv.
2. Tennyson: "Ulysses." 3. Wordsworth: Sonnet, "The World Is Too Much With Us." 4. Robert Browning: "My Last Duchess." 5. Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Sonnets from the Portuguese," XLIII. 6. Jonson: "To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare, and What He Hath Left Us." 7. Marlowe: "Doctor Faustus." 8. Pope: "Moral Essays," Epistle I. 9. "Paradise Lost," Book I. 10. Dryden: Sonnet LXI.

Notes

ANATOMY OF FAILURE: It is not a pleasant task, says Edward H. Davidson, to exhume a literary relic which its author wanted destroyed. Yet in "Hawthorne's Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" (Harvard University Press, \$5) that is exactly what he does, and with adequate reason. His adventures in literary detection, tracing manuscript pages which the novelist's son had sold to collectors after having published a bowdlerized version of the romance in 1883, result in better justice being done to Hawthorne than had been done before. Here, at least, is what Hawthorne wrote as he fumbled during his last years for a story with an English setting and an international theme.

Mr. Davidson prints seven different short preliminary studies of plot or character, some 70,000 words of a first draft, and a second draft which breaks off in the middle of a sentence. None of it really comes off, hardly any of it is good at all. Professionals may enjoy thumbing through it to discover how blunderingly bad an artist can be; they may relish the notes which Hawthorne writes to himself when he realizes that his literary reflexes are not as quick as they once were; they may be tempted to reflect on how much more deftly Henry James handled this kind of theme. Most of us will be satisfied, however, to put this book aside, content to remember Hawthorne for what he did earlier so compellingly well.

—LEWIS LEARY.

FAULKNER AND THE CRITICS: Although William Faulkner continues to win prizes—his latest this year—his writings and personality have not penetrated the public imagination to any great extent. It was said that when the Nobel Prize was awarded to him six years ago all of his novels were out of print. But during the last twenty years he has at least been fortunate in his critics, perhaps because to explore his fecund imagination and technique demands serious, concentrated study. This accounts for both the usefulness and excellence of the essays collected by Frederick J. Hoffman and Olga W. Vickery in "William Faulkner: Two Decades of Criticism" (Michigan State College Press, \$3.75).

In his introduction Mr. Hoffman sketches the fluctuations of critical taste toward Faulkner's work, and pays deserved praise to Malcolm Cowley's balanced essay and selections in the "Portable Faulkner," which was particularly useful in correcting distorted notions of Faulkner as a sen-

sationalist (because of "Sanctuary") and obscurantist. The remaining fifteen essays in this collection deal with the background of his novels, his mythology, method, style; and there are critiques of specific works, including "The Sound and the Fury," "Absalom, Absalom!" and "Intruder in the Dust." It is interesting to observe how many were written by creative writers—Robert Penn Warren, Conrad Aiken, Warren Beck, Sartre, and Elizabeth Hardwick; and how many are book reviews from the quarterlies. The efficient bibliography at the end of the volume helps to make this an illuminating guide to the world of Faulkner's fiction.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

BEYOND UNCLE TOM: Charles H. Foster in "The Rungless Ladder" (Duke University Press, \$4.50) presents effective evidence to convince us that Harriet Beecher Stowe as person and writer is representative of the changing tides of New England thought as the nineteenth century drew to a close. Calvinist, Unitarian, or Episcopalian, she had the kind of double vision which allowed her to weave the essential aspiration and the equally essential wry humor of her Yankee neighbors into tales which are forgotten only because we remember "Uncle Tom's Cabin" so well. We are invited to discover her Sam Lawson, who is something of Rip Van Winkle and something of Scattergood Baines; to read her "Oldtown Folks," her "The Pearl of Orr's Island," which both Whittier and Sarah Orne Jewett thought exquisite; to find in her revelation of New England character and scene something finer than we had expected. Mr. Foster writes with enthusiasm, and almost convinces. Only after he has coaxed us to Mrs. Stowe's later books, and we go through them with gratitude, do we realize that we read them as we do Joseph C. Lincoln or perhaps Kate Chopin, for reasons which reveal more of our literary curiosity than our literary taste.

—L. L.

"LEAVES OF GRASS" AT 100: Since its publication in 1855 Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" has been followed by a steady outpouring of homage.
(Continued on page 28)



Harvard's Old Master

"Scope of Total Architecture," by **Walter Gropius** (edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, Harper, 185 pp. \$3.50), and **"Walter Gropius: Work and Teamwork,"** by **Siegfried Giedion** (Reinhold, 256 pp. \$10), present and analyze the work and philosophy of one of the most influential of living architects. Here it is reviewed by Wayne Andrews, author of a history of American architecture to be published shortly by Harper's.

By Wayne Andrews

YOU may not have heard of Walter Gropius, but every architect has. And even if you aren't familiar with his work you have probably been confronted with buildings that spell out his influence, for better or for worse. For he is one of the high priests of the functionalist or rationalist cult in modern architecture, a controversial figure who comes close to standing for the exact opposite of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Although Gropius retired in 1952 after fifteen years as chairman of the department of architecture at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, it would be a great mistake to suppose that his career is over. He is not quite seventy-two—which means that he is fourteen years younger than Wright—and his enemies as well as his admirers will be surprised if he holds his tongue in the years ahead. World famous in the 1920s for his leadership of the Bauhaus at Dessau, an art and architecture school that presumed to train craftsmen for service in German industry, he has been provoking arguments for most of his life, and probably would be disappointed if two new books about him and his message were greeted with the reverence granted the utterances of prophets no longer worth challenging. One of these books, "Scope of Total Architecture," is a collection of his recent contributions to magazines and newspapers. The other, "Walter Gropius: Work and Teamwork," is a critical study by his old friend Siegfried Giedion.

Gropius can't help being puzzled by the criticism, friendly and unfriendly, that has been heaped upon him in his native Germany and in the United States. "I have been told," he reports in the introduction to "Scope of Total Architecture," "that a tree which is

supposed to bear my name has been planted in Chicago on the campus of Michael Reese Hospital . . . I want this to be a tree in which birds of many colors and shapes can sit and feel sustained. I do not wish to restrict it to species with square tail-ends or streamlined contours or international features or Bauhaus garb. In short, I wish it to be a hospitable tree from which many songs should be heard, except the fake sounds of the bird imitators."

Gropius has not always been so lighthearted. Thirty-two years ago he reached the somewhat solemn conclusion that "architecture is a collective art." He felt that "the dominant spirit of our epoch is already recognizable although its form is not yet clearly defined. The old dualistic world-concept which envisaged the ego in opposition to the universe is rapidly losing ground. In its place is rising the idea of a universal unity in which all opposing forces are in a state of absolute balance."

In 1955 this sort of talk may sound a little strange, but in 1923 it was, apparently, just what the youth of Germany was anxious to hear. To the Bauhaus flocked dozens of would-be designers positive that individualism was as dated as the *bons mots* in a drawing-room comedy. They were also impressed, these young men, and they had a right to be, by Gropius's willingness to cope with modern materials such as iron, steel, and glass. His Fagus shoe-last works at Hanover was admired from one end of Europe to the other.

It would be pleasant to point out that Gropius at seventy-two is more flexible than at forty, but it would not be quite accurate. Although willing today to pay lip service to the notion that there is "no finality in architecture—only continuous change," he has serious doubts about the wisdom of letting young men express themselves. "Students," he says, "should be trained to create in teams . . . in order to learn the methods of collaboration with others." He admits that "it is just as easy to create a modern strait-jacket as a Tudor one," but sees no good reason why the architects of tomorrow should be confronted in their student days with the best buildings of yesterday. Architectural history, therefore, is a waste of time, for "when the innocent beginner is introduced to the great achievements

of the past he may be too easily discouraged from trying to create for himself."

Since there is so much in Gropius's essays that needs to be explained to an American audience it is unfortunate that Dr. Giedion's compilation cannot be recommended as a critical review either of the architect's philosophy or of his executed projects. The author took on the job with serious misgivings. "The proposal," he tells us, "took me by surprise. But, after a few days of reflection, I consented . . . and flew to the United States to go through the material with Walter Gropius himself . . ."

GIEDION, who is well informed on no end of topics, takes the trouble to point out that "by 1840 the handloom weaving industry in France was reported to be in a final flicker of agony," but never quite comes to grips with the subject at hand. "This," he says, "is neither the time nor the place to discuss in detail the work of the Bauhaus." More than one reader will be bound to ask why. Over twenty years have gone by since the Nazis forced Gropius to flee first to England and then to the United States. Surely it is high time someone checked the facts and found out whether the Bauhaus was successful in its aims. Were its graduates coordinated into German industry, as the founder intended? Or were they baffled by the business world?

Bruno Zevi, in his already classic but as yet untranslated "Storia dell'Architettura Moderna," claims that rationalism, of which Gropius has been so conspicuous an exponent, has long since spent its force. But there is not a word in Giedion's tract to suggest that there has been in many parts of the world a revolt against Bauhaus principles. Worst of all, there is no mention of Wright's crusade to discredit the teachings of the Harvard School.

Giedion's comments on Gropius's buildings, from the Bauhaus unit to his major achievement in the United States, the Harvard Graduate School that he designed in conjunction with his students, tend to be superficial.

Giedion's monograph has its merits, however. The illustrations are excellent, and the checklist of the architect's work is authoritative. Moreover, its very publication reminds us of one of the vital issues of modern architecture. Granted the challenge of the machine age, is there no other solution but that of Gropius? Is it absolutely necessary for the individual to be sacrificed in the process? Of course Frank Lloyd Wright would raise his voice in protest. And if our West Coast were heard from he would not be alone.