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## Nations in Evolution

*Continued from page 25*

sions, those hates, the thoughts and the faith to constructive ends.

Yet—and here Mr. Brogan's sympathy and wisdom are at their highest—the other side of the story comes out clearly from his pages. In the midst of all the political failures, France retained her vitality and her courage; French men and women did not renounce the high exultation of living, their search for fresh ideas, their joy in artistry. This, for all the melancholy record, is the final impression that the reader retains from a work that is learned and wise, compassionate without mawkishness, disenchanted but mellow in its acceptance that in this best of all possible worlds, evil is a necessary element.

## Complex Amalgam

**"Adenauer and the New Germany: The Chancellor of the Vanquished," by Edgar Alexander** (Translated by Thomas E. Goldstein. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 300 pp. \$5.25), a comprehensive consideration of le maire de Cologne, paves fresh paths to political thought. The book is reviewed by Quincy Howe, radio news commentator and author of "A World History of Our Times."

By Quincy Howe

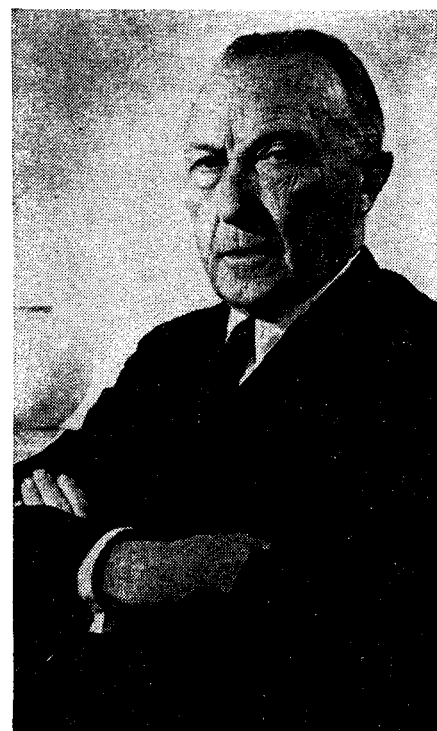
**W**HY do Germans, when they begin to write about ideas, men, and politics, write this way? "Only the sociobiographical presentation, combining the methods of ideohistorical analysis with the historiosociological interpretation, can lead to a deeper understanding of these problems." Does their language imprison them in abstraction or has their passion for abstraction warped their language?

The author of this ideohistoriosociobiographical study of Chancellor Adenauer and his work is a German-born Roman Catholic who left his native country when Hitler came to power and who has written nine other books on contemporary Christianity, Socialism, Europe, Russia, and the Middle East as well as a study of Hitler. Edgar Alexander knows how to organize his ideas. He has a humane and timely message to impart. But American readers—if this one is any criterion and any judge—will find that he is more inclined to use words to becloud rather than to clarify his

meaning. If the outside world found it hard to grasp the full import of Hitler perhaps that was because to non-Germans "Mein Kampf" was unreadable. Edgar Alexander's presentation of Adenauer's program, unlike Hitler's presentation of his own, is a literate and civilized performance. All the more reason, then, why it deserves a wider audience than it seems likely to find, for it opens some fresh lines of political thought and contains some useful, if deeply buried, nuggets of political wisdom.

Alexander starts from the proposition that Adenauer's Germany is not a new and simple miracle but an old and complex amalgam. He describes Adenauer's rule as neither authoritarian nor patriarchal, but paternal. And Germany needed a fatherly hand in 1945 because the Nazis had made a clean sweep of all their political rivals, most of whom had already discredited themselves.

To Alexander's mind, the great problem of postwar Germany has been what he calls the generations' problem, and though he does not hold that even Adenauer has solved this problem, he argues that Adenauer's record, personality, and philosophy gave him unique equipment with which to tackle it. During the early 1920s Adenauer favored the closest cooperation with France; he criticized the Weimer Republic, especially for the so-called Enabling Act, under which Brüning was able to govern by decree and thereby pave the way for the constitutional seizure of power by Hitler. Adenauer spoke out against



Konrad Adenauer—"... a fatherly hand."

Prussianism; he publicly denounced Cardinal Faulhaber as an apologist for monarchism. Many French patriots praised *le maire de Cologne*, who was already advocating European unity and who never had any truck with Hitler.

Adenauer has always stood for what Alexander calls rational Natural Law, which he is apparently unable to define in the German language. The "doctrine of the rational Natural Law received its specific theological motivation in the theonomous Natural Law of Christianity. In this, the *lex naturalis* appears as the natural expression of the *lex aeterna* of the Divine Creation; accordingly, the *jus naturale* appears as an expression of the *jus divinum*, the Divine Law, whose universally binding order is recognizable without any particular difficulty to the natural human reason, the *ratio*." The words Natural Law appear again and again in this study of Adenauer, and since this is the one definition Mr. Alexander vouchsafes, it seems worthy of quotation.

He also represents the Roman Catholic Chancellor as a liberal conservative, in the tradition of Edmund Burke, and the President, Theodor Heuss, as a conservative liberal, in the tradition of Thomas Jefferson. If these two elderly leaders have not solved, they have at any rate temporarily by-passed the generations' problem.

Toward the end of the book Alexander quotes page after page from Adenauer's statements during his visit to Moscow in 1955 and more pages from recent notes to Moscow by Foreign Minister Brentano. Alexander points out, clearly and forcefully, that Germany can never play Russia off against the West. Hitler's pact with Stalin and its consequences have forced all Western Europe to unite against the tyranny of the East. Germany and Western Europe now have no choice but to stand together. "The division of Germany," as Adenauer has put it, "is not due to any dispute among Germans but to the East-West conflict. The world is not divided because Germany is divided, but the division of Germany is due to the current division of the world." And in an epilogue, written especially for this book, Adenauer adds this more general observation: "We in Germany have had the bitter experience of the Nazi system; other nations have experienced different dictatorships, or are still subject to them today. We all know that the removal of the ethical element from the political life leads to the deification of the state, until human freedom and dignity sink into the materialistic morass."



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## Fiction

Continued from page 22

huff-puffing Sir Harilal Mathur who think that prohibition and command-eering are indeed interference with civil liberty, and that if their Britishness is what causes them to think so, then perhaps their struggle in the race referred to *has* won them a prize which does, after all, have value—except to those who think otherwise. In this area "A Time to Be Happy" often reads like a parable, composed in great compassion, of which the author intends to leave copies on the tables of those of her misguided fellow-countrymen who still doubt that hand-loomed cotton is the answer to all India's problems.

The publishers have hinted that this is a political novel. It is political, certainly—the point of view is orthodox Congress throughout—but I am not sure that it is a novel. There is no plot, very little narrative, and, above all, no characters in whose fate

the author involves us. The publishers also call it a family chronicle, and here they are right. Nayantara Sahgal takes us inside a large, amorphous, well-to-do family. A colossal war makes no sound in here and a single tragic shot, very little. Action, if that is not too explosive a word, moves at a uniform teatime pace, and no one shouts. Everything Indian is beautifully observed and lovingly recorded—the lesser characters, in particular, with a sharp and excellent economy. Everything British is caricatured, all the British being dense, pompous, or both. This is a serious technical fault because it removes all meaning from the basic conflict. Milton did not make Satan so attractive a character on whim, or because he approved of Sin.

"A Time to Be Happy" is a very poor novel. It is a series of cameos, made of various gauzily connected people, over many years, by a talented writer, from a very particular point of view—feminine, upper-class, artistic, Congress-political, Hindu, Indian. Regarded on those terms, it is an enjoyable book.

## Lush, Hard Terrain

"*The Time of the Panther,*" by Wesley Ford Davis (Harper. 282 pp. \$3.95), is a first novel about the lush land of central Florida as seen through the eyes of a precocious young boy. It is reviewed by Pat Frank, a long-time Florida resident and author of "*Hold Back the Night.*"

By Pat Frank

THERE is a Florida that the tourist has never seen, and is never likely to see. Back in the days (1926-1927) of the first boom, Florida's white beaches were "discovered" by the land speculators, the pensioned, and the sun-and-fun-seekers, but most of the interior remained *terra incognita*. It was a lush and lovely land of virgin pine forest, cypress swamp, and thousands of lakes, some spring-fed, flung like clear, uncut jewels from Gainesville to the Everglades.

This is the country of which Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings wrote, and of which Florida-born Wesley Ford Davis now writes with equal feeling. Perhaps he is not so skilful as the late Mrs. Rawlings—although this may be disputed—but his delineation of humans and animals is more brutal. It is therefore absolutely truthful,

for, with all its beauty, central Florida is hard land, ruled by Nature's unsentimental justice.

This land is seen through the eyes of a fourteen-year-old with the morals of Huck Finn and the manners of Tom Sawyer. He is one of the most precocious teen-agers in present-day literature. He learns to love Keats from his winsome teacher, and then his teacher falls in love with him. All the men in the county are after the "sister" of the local charlatan-evangelist. She looks like Gypsy Rose Lee in a somewhat transparent, pure white choir gown. All the older men are after her, but the instant she meets Tom in the woods, she is his.

Tom and his younger brother, Andrew, are orphans. They are being brought up by a pious and wise Aunt Sallie and a powerful Uncle Seab. They live, in distressing poverty, in a lumber camp. When the sawmill moves, they move. The sawmill travels up and down the state, destroying the virgin timber and wearing out the strong men. Some of the most fascinating scenes in "*The Time of the Panther*" describe how such a mill is set up, and how it operates.

But principally the novel is about the forest, and the birds and the animals who live there. Tom owns a tame wildcat. He feeds it pet quail.