



B. Lapin and Z. Hatzrevin—writer friends of Ehrenburg who were killed in action during World War II.

soldiers had an “absolute confidence” in Stalin. Marshal Zhukov, though disliking Stalin at heart, still (as he told Ehrenburg) admired him for his “nerves of iron,” which never gave way even when the Germans were just outside Moscow.

One of the most interesting psychological portraits Ehrenburg draws is that of General Vlasov, whom he met shortly before the latter's capture by the Germans. Ehrenburg does not believe that Vlasov was “anti-Soviet” when he “went over to Hitler.” In his view, Vlasov was a man of morbid ambition, a careerist in the worst sense. Up to the moment of his capture he had been one of Stalin's favorite generals, with a dazzling future ahead of him. Having been seized by the Germans, he could see no further advancement for himself except as a henchman of Hitler, whose chances in 1942 still seemed reasonably good.

As usual, Ehrenburg is sentimentally pro-French and barely friendly to Britain and the United States. In 1942-43, he was bitter about all the delays in opening the “Second Front” in the West; when he met Churchill in 1944 he was obviously still smarting:

I was introduced to him. He made an effort to smile. “My congratulations to you, my special congratulations.” What he was congratulating me on I did not know, but I smiled back and congratulated him, on what I did not know either.

Ehrenburg also had mixed feelings about the Allied correspondents in Moscow; he says nice things about Leland Stowe, Maurice Hindus, and myself, but still feels annoyed with another American correspondent who patronizingly presented him with a pound of sugar.

## Power Play and Poetry

*Mao and the Chinese Revolution*, by Jerome Ch'ên, with thirty-seven poems by Mao Tse-tung translated by Michael Bullock and Jerome Ch'ên (Oxford University Press. 419 pp. \$7.50), covering the most turbulent years in modern Chinese history, follows the Communist leader from his student days through the establishment of the Chinese Republic. C. T. Hu is professor of education at Columbia University.

By C. T. HU

AN OLD Chinese saying has it that not until the last nail on the coffin is driven in can a man be properly judged. That so much has already been written and published about the man Mao Tse-tung is perhaps attributable not so much to the impatience of his biographers as to the uniqueness of Mao as a person. Considering the enormous magnitude and the far-reaching repercussions of the Chinese revolution, it is small wonder that the man with whom that revolution has been identified should have been studied and restudied, taken apart and put together again.

In this sense, Jerome Ch'ên's new volume on Mao is no pioneer work; in fact, he relies rather heavily on previously published works both in Chinese and in Western languages. There are, however, certain features of this book that set it apart from its predecessors. Rejecting the “Hegelian” and the “psychoanalytical” approaches, Ch'ên offers a fresh approach which seeks to let the record speak for itself. This is evidenced by his exhaustive use of printed materials and his thorough documentation, which the reader sometimes finds distracting since he has to refer so frequently to notes at the end of the volume. But, overlooking this minor annoyance, one finds an exceptionally skillful handling of the available data; for what Mao has said is integrated with what others have said about him, with a sharp sense of proportion and admirable judiciousness. Unlike the earlier impressionistic and journalistic works, the Ch'ên volume is an attempt at modern historical scholarship, treating the subject matter in depth and at all times projecting the personality of Mao against the perspective of the historical forces at work.

As the title indicates, both Mao the

man and the Chinese revolution are subjected to close scrutiny and reinterpretation. But Mao remains the dominant theme, for the author obviously subscribes to that Chinese notion which holds that “heroes create the circumstances of their time” rather than being its products. The implication is clear: without Mao the Chinese Communists could not have triumphed over the Nationalists, and the revolution could not have succeeded. Thus Ch'ên is exceedingly impressed with the role Mao has played in that revolution, speaking often of his brilliance, adroitness, and capacity for penetrating analysis.

The book covers the most turbulent years in modern Chinese history; it follows Mao from his student days through some of his most decisive struggles, which resulted in the establishment of the People's Republic in 1949. The student of modern China will not find any hitherto unknown facts, but few will fail to be impressed with the painstaking reconstruction of what is generally known but not adequately understood. Ch'ên's analyses of the intricate play of power politics during the first United Front, his recounting of the saga of the Long March and of the conflict between the two parties on the eve of Chiang Kai-shek's downfall demonstrate his command of the materials and his ability to organize and interpret.

TO the general public, especially in the West, the mention of so many unfamiliar names and events may prove somewhat baffling, but the revolution was, after all, a drama with innumerable actors. Nevertheless, a glossary of names (with Chinese characters) at the end would have been helpful to those who wish to use this book for reference purposes.

One would not ordinarily expect to see thirty-seven of Mao's poems included in a book of this nature, but Ch'ên, being a scholar of both traditional Chinese and modern Western training, believes that “poetry transmits the sound of the heart.” Thus for Ch'ên what Mao writes in this literary form provides still another index to an understanding of his personality, Mao's disclaimer to being a poet notwithstanding. In any event, the poems are translated with an unusual degree of sensitivity for the nuances and subtleties that are characteristic of Chinese poetry. For this well-executed task both Ch'ên and Michael Bullock deserve thanks.

# A Malady of Love

***The Anguish of the Jews: Twenty-three Centuries of Anti-Semitism*, by Edward H. Flannery (Macmillan. 332 pp. Hardbound, \$6.95. Paperback, \$1.25), presents a Roman Catholic priest's examination of "the great hatred" from its earliest manifestations to the present day. Abram L. Sachar, president of Brandeis University, wrote "A History of the Jews."**

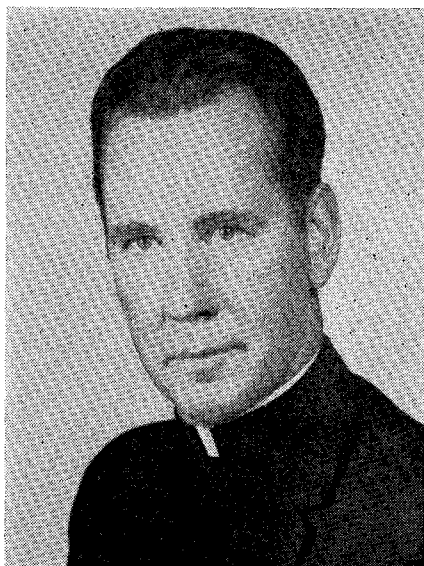
By ABRAM L. SACHAR

**T**HE DISTINCTION of this volume lies not so much in its excellent substantive material, its scrupulous documentation, or its felicitous style as in its authorship: it is the first uninhibited book ever written on anti-Semitism by a Roman Catholic priest. Father Edward Flannery has plunged into the sorry record of the Church, and has not hesitated to lay responsibility squarely where he feels it belongs—on avaricious monarchs, on corrupt demagogues, on ignorant peasants; but also on powerful churchmen, many of them later canonized, and on such influential Popes as Innocent III and Paul IV. If he recalls the brief moments of respite, such as took place under Pope Gregory the Great and Charlemagne, he confesses that they cannot condone whole centuries of darkness.

Of course, anti-Semitism did not begin with the Church. Father Flannery carefully examines the earliest origins of the disease. Anti-Semitism is found in abundance in the writings of Apollonius Molon, Apion, Tacitus, and many others. Indeed, to Apion, epitomized by Father Flannery as the "Mt. Everest of Greco-Oriental anti-Semites," belongs the dubious distinction of elaborating Democritus's fiction of Jewish ritual murder.

The author also reminds us that in the earliest days, when the new faith of Jesus and the Apostles was struggling for a foothold, the first Christians, in the give and take of acrimonious dispute, suffered all manner of contumely from a Jewish community that reacted sharply to apostasy. He recalls the fate of Stephen, the two Jameses, and Barnabas.

But, having entered these caveats to provide perspective, Father Flannery places on the Catholic Church the responsibility for having provided the respectable theological sanctions for the centuries of persecution. Although Hippolytus and Origen, in the third cen-



**Father Edward H. Flannery: Anti-Semitism is "a denial of the Christian faith."**

tury, initiated the charge of deicide against the whole Jewish people, this formidable curse did not emerge in all its horror until the patristic age in the next century and the advent of St. John Chrysostom, described by Father Flannery as "up to his time . . . without peer or parallel in the entire literature *Adversus Judaeos*." However unwittingly, Chrysostom, with help from St. Gregory of Nyssa, forged the weapons for the bloodstained centuries that followed, for prince and peasant, hooligan and fanatic, the rabble of the Crusades, Chmielnicki's Cossacks, Torquemada and the Dominicans of the Inquisition, Pobyedonostzev in Czarist Russia; for the forged *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*; for the demagoguery of Father Coughlin. The iron car of history with its cargo of hate went careening through the ages, setting off the medieval Talmud burnings, the enforced baptisms and the autos-da-fé in public squares, the gaberdines and the badges of shame, the compulsory missionary sermons to Jews which Popes decreed and which went unrevoked until 1848. Taking us into the twentieth century with its climactic horror of genocide, Father Flannery writes:

The chronicler of anti-Semitism is beset at every turn with the problem of superlatives. Long before reaching the contemporary scene he has exhausted his supply . . . The problem is not only verbal but real. From the first literary strictures against Judaism in ancient and early Christian times to almost any

major manifestation of anti-Jewish animus in a later epoch, a crescendo in violence has unfolded, each grade of which has promised to be the upper limit but which unfailingly paled before what followed.

After reading the volume, one is all the more astonished at the obduracy of arch-conservative members of the Roman curia towards the overwhelming mandate of Vatican Council II to renounce forever the charge of deicide against the Jewish people. The conservatives and, indeed, some "moderates," would prefer to "forgive," to plead for remembrance that the Jews in Jesus's day knew not what they were doing. But who "forgives" whom? And for what? As Boston's Cardinal Cushing asked at the Council, if a Jewish mob twenty centuries ago purportedly shouted for the blood of a great social radical, does it follow that their descendants for a hundred generations must be the accursed of the earth?

And, the author asks, as did the late Pope John XXIII: If it were foreordained that Jesus of Nazareth would die for the sins of *all* mankind, why do the people from whom he sprang have to pay for the fulfillment of God's intention?

To such ecumenical leaders, as to sensitive and self-respecting Jews, these arguments seem macabre, the hour late, in a world where six million Jews were done to death and scarcely a Christian nation opened its doors to a fraction of those who survived. Hence the bitterness of Maurice Samuel, who believes that many Christians bear "the great hatred" for Jews because Jesus was a Jew and brought Judaism's ethical discipline to bear on a pagan world, a world ever uncomfortable under the restraints of Jewish Christianity. Christians, says Samuel, "must spit on the Jews as Christ-killers because they long to spit on them as Christ-givers."

One cannot, however, believe that it was the intention of Pope John, nor that it is Cardinal Cushing's, to parade generosity or to ask benevolently that by-gones be by-gones. We can hear the resurgence of the true ecumenical spirit in the applause of the younger "bishops near the door" when Cardinal Cushing pled for haste in correcting a terrifying historical wrong so that its evil may not be further perpetuated. Father Flannery's book is so valuable exactly because it is not the impersonal product of sociology which analyzes, or of history which chronicles, or of religious exegesis which interprets. It comes from the heart of an honest priest who is deeply moved by the poisonous horror of anti-Semitism, and who appeals to his people to remember that though "the sin . . . is many things . . . in the end it is a denial of the Christian faith, a failure of Christian hope, and a malady of Christian love."