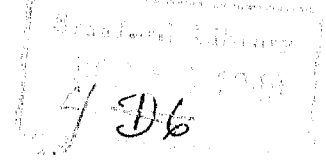


TOMORROW

OCTOBER • 1948



SCIENCE STUDIES THE FUTURE

Waldemar Kaempffert

MAINE ENTERS LITERATURE

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THE RUMOR RACKET

David J. Jacobson

A PRODUCER LOOKS AT SHOW
BUSINESS

David Ames

Fiction • Poetry • Reviews

35c

T O M O R R O W

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER 1948

EDITORIAL 3

ARTICLES

Science Studies the Future • Waldemar Kaempffert	5
The Rumor Racket • David J. Jacobson	10
A Producer Looks at Show Business • David Ames	29
Maine Enters Literature • Robert P. Tristram Coffin	37
Graham Greene and the Modern Novel • Adam De Hegedus	54

STORIES

Chepito's Last Ride • Sidney Field	22
The Saint and the Gypsy • Rearden Conner	34
The White Beach • May C. Channell	43

POEMS

The Paupers • George E. Hetherington	9
The Evening • Pearce Young	28
End of an Epoch • Jocelyn Brooke	33
Sonnet • Blanche Bingham	42
Lament of a Young Poet • Fritz Jauch	50

DEPARTMENTS

Nightlife and Daylight • Harold Clurman	47
The Record Shelf • John Briggs	51
Books	54
My Favorite Forgotten Book • R. V. C. Bodley	62

Publisher and Editor-in-Chief
EILEEN J. GARRETT

Managing Editor
ALLAN ANGOFF

Associate Editors
SAMUEL CUMMINGS
ISABELLE HOLLAND
EILEEN COLY

Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief
LENORE DAVISON

Business Manager
JEAN ANDOIRE

Treasurer
LESTER E. BUCKLAND

Circulation and Advertising Manager
WESLEY M. SMITH

VOLUME EIGHT • NUMBER TWO

TOMORROW is published monthly by Garrett Publications, Inc., 11 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Editorial and advertising offices, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscription rate: 12 issues, \$3.50 in U. S. and possessions and countries of the Pan-American Union; \$4.00 Canada; elsewhere \$4.50; two years \$6.00 U. S., single copies in the U. S. 35 cents. Vol. VIII No. 2 for October, 1948. The cover and entire contents are copyright by Garrett Publications, Inc., 1948, and cannot be reproduced without written permission. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. TOMORROW cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, nor can they be returned to sender unless accompanied by return postage. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

BOOKS

GRAHAM GREENE AND THE MODERN NOVEL



ADAM DE HEGEDUS

BETWEEN the second half of the nineteenth century and the first world war the novel all over the world abandoned, to a large extent, something which had been its original and most important substance since its historical beginnings. It turned its back on action, violence, mystery and excitement—in short, it lost its interest in “miracles.” The more important writers of that hopeful epoch, that “golden age” of the novel, came to regard it below their dignity to write about miracles in which they themselves did not believe and made it their aim to concentrate on “reality.”

In England the serious novel began to study society and the life of that mythical figure, the “ordinary man”; in France, with an ice-cold rationalist stare, it began to contemplate the “soul” in order to unveil that painfully unromantic weekday behind the miracle expected by Sentimental Man. In Russia, with a lethargic grief, it cried for the lost miracle, the lost God. The great novel all over Europe began to develop heroic ambitions: it wished to awaken a social conscience and to propagate scientific truth. Flaubert, Stendhal, Zola and their followers renewed the novel. They produced masterpieces which, however, had one fundamental flaw: they

came to regard society as a stagnant if not static entity whose movements are small and with invariable tremors and oscillations. They failed to notice that irregularity, conflict, abnormality, crisis are just as organic, in fact “normal,” constituents of life as that apparent calm and order of the nineteenth-century universe.

It was obvious that the rejected material would sooner or later take its revenge. The primitive sensations of eroticism, external violence, mystery, mortal secret and sudden death—as always—continued to exercise their fascination for the reader, and the result was a sharp division in literature. The old, the original and the “real” substance of the novel began to flower in the thriller, in the “penny dreadful” and in the detective story. There is no doubt that this “low” type of literature coincides with universal literacy and with the urbanization of the masses; it could, however, never become—as it did later—the exclusive fictional nourishment of wider ranges of the intelligentsia without additional and entirely different causes. What happened was that the great governing ideas behind the “realist” novel—liberalism, rationalism, materialism, positivism and scientific optimism—lost their appeal, if not their

credit, to the serious reader, whether he was a schoolmaster, scientist, politician or churchman, whilst the thriller, on the other hand, became more and more literary, at times unbearably pretentious.

It was obvious that the serious novel would sooner or later have to return to its original substance. And it did.

“There is a touch of nostalgia in the pleasure we take in gangster novels, in characters who have so agreeably simplified their emotions that they have begun living again at a stage below the cerebral . . . It is not, of course, that one wishes to stay forever at that level, but when one sees to what unhappiness, to what peril of extinction, centuries of cerebration have brought us, one sometimes has a curiosity to discover, if one can, from what we have come, to recall at which point we went astray.”

The quotation is from *Journey Without Maps*, by Graham Greene, the writer whose name is most strongly associated with the return of the what we termed as “miracle” into the world of the serious novel. Greene is now forty-four, and his literary contemporaries, who witnessed his development as a writer generally, regard him as the leading member of his generation. Greene is a novelist with a really uni-

versal appeal, whose books thus did much to close the gap between the so-called "average" and the so-called "serious" reader.

His great success and popularity with the average reader is easy to explain. He has an unerring eye for the dramatic, a natural sense of dialogue and an almost unsurpassed skill for speed and action. He has, indeed, done far more than borrow the framework and plots of the thriller. If we compare the pace and the rate of change in his *Stamboul Train*, in *Brighton Rock* or in *The Confidential Agent* with those of the average thriller, we find that even in this purely technical respect Greene improved on his models, and safely beats most of them at their own game.

The average Greene novel seems to be based on a theory which is not unlike that principle of aerodynamics according to which the aircraft must maintain a "specific" speed or else it will tumble down. This speed Greene achieves by a masterly selection of detail, by a splendid economy of language and by swift and frequent changes of scene.

The outer world in Greene's novels is precisely the one in which most novel readers are interested. Some, in fact, crave for it, but dare not, as a rule, face it in real life. And Greene's novels (most of them) take the reader as far as the edge of the volcano so that he should not come to harm but rather, from a safe distance, could flirt with crime and violence and meet sinister members of the underground from whom he would run away in the street. It was, after all, D. the Confidential Agent who was pursued by the secret emissaries of the dictatorship and not the reader. It was Arthur Rowe who was driven into a lunatic asylum by the German spies in *The Ministry Of Fear* and it was the main character in *A Gun For Sale* and in *It's A Battlefield* who did the killing. As often as not there was a happy end, as in the *Confidential Agent* or *The Ministry Of Fear*, or the triumph of the middle-class sense of justice over the crime and violence of Pinkie in *Brighton Rock*.

In *England Made Me*, the good-for-nothing Anthony Farrant comes to a "deserved" bad end. Besides, in most of Greene's novels the secret was solved in the end and the mystery brought to light, and that was very important because the secret, if it is not solved in time, is capable of demoralization.

Greene's equally great success with the cultural and literary elite is a little less easy to explain. On the surface it is obvious that violence and mystery are part and parcel of the ancestral and subterranean fabric of life, and it is equally obvious that Greene also brought with him some of the finest achievements of the nineteenth-century "realist" school: the great descriptive power in portrayal, the wealth in psychology and the enormous social knowledge and curiosity. He has several other additional claims.

Greene's attitude toward the shabby, the shoddy, the seedy material of contemporary life is the fascination and shock of the man of spirit—who, in his case, happens to be a Roman Catholic—and the sensitive reader heartily applauds because he shares this fascination and shock. Greene, however, seldom goes much further than being embarrassed and fascinated. "The world was remade by William Le Queux," says one of his characters in *The Ministry Of Fear*, which is quite a witty joke for private circulation between two embittered intellectuals. It seems, however, that Greene himself often believes this quite seriously, which is a flaw in a serious writer. We do not expect him to say: "On the contrary, the world was remade by such people as Watt, Stephenson, Marconi, Edison, Bedeaux, Henry Ford, on the one hand, and by Marx, Einstein, Freud and Bergson on the other," because, if that is a true statement, it is outside the artist's scope. Yet we do expect him to give more significance to his material, to the "madness" of our time and to the *Kitsch* character of the urban landscape than to brilliant description and embarrassment. The artist should assimilate his material as fully as possible through his intuition. Greene seldom does that, except in *Brighton Rock* and in *The Power and The Glory*, which for this reason are masterpieces. In the rest of his novels—so far he has published twelve—he is still at a stage between reporter and artist, though infinitely nearer to the artist.

There is a current belief among many of his readers that Greene is a "Roman Catholic writer." As far as his personal faith is concerned, this label seems to me to be perfectly justified. A good travel book is always part autobiography or spiritual confession, and Greene's travel books, *Journey Without Maps* and *The*

Lawless Roads, are both. The first takes us from Sierra Leone to Liberia, and the second to Mexico, but they also take us back to Greene's childhood. In the very first chapter of *The Lawless Roads* Greene writes about his days at school at Berkhamsted, of which his father had been headmaster:

"One was an inhabitant of both countries: on Saturday and Sunday afternoons of one side of the baize door, the rest of the week of the other. How can life on the border be other than restless? . . . There lay the horror and the fascination. One escaped surreptitiously for an hour at a time: unknown to frontier guards one stood on the wrong side of the border looking back—one should have been listening to Mendelssohn, but instead one heard the rabbit restlessly cropping near the croquet hoops. It was an hour of release—and also an hour of prayer. One became aware of God with an intensity—time hung suspended—music lay on the air: anything might happen before it became necessary to join the crowd across the border. There was no inevitability anywhere . . . faith was almost great enough to move mountains . . . the great buildings rocked in the darkness. And so faith came to one—shapelessly without dogma, a presence above the croquet lawn, something associated with violence, cruelty, evil across the way. One began to believe in Heaven because one believed in hell, but for a long while it was hell only one could picture with a certain intimacy."

In Greene's attitude toward the world there is an extremely highly developed sense of sin and evil and that strange mixture of humility and superiority which we recognize as a part of the Latin tradition of the Middle Ages. His novels are, however, not really "Roman Catholic" novels. This epithet, in any case, might easily mean that he was a dogmatist, who started out with ready-made conceptions. Greene is a far more subtle artist than that. The origin of this false belief, to my mind, is very largely based on the evocative power of Greene's prose, with special reference to certain words which recur again and again in various combinations in all his novels. Some of these words have nothing more than strong religious or liturgic associations. The atmosphere in a room in *The Heart of The Matter* "had an eternal air like the furnishings of hell" or "the evening rain fell in grey

ecclesiastical folds." In *The Ministry Of Fear* "the old maid watched them with the kind of shrewdness people learn in convents." These words are not used by Greene as thought-saving gadgets; their effect, however, is a "Roman Catholic" atmosphere.

But there are other words—more important—which come in as frequently, words like "sin" and "innocence," "salvation" and "damnation," together with "pity," which seems to be Greene's favorite word. Greene knows that the claims, patents and copyright of the Catechism, of the Papal Encyclicals and of pious little pamphlets with *nihil obstat* on the title page are particularly heavy on these simple nouns and he uses them with the greatest skill and brilliance. And here we come to what I believe to be the heart of the matter. "Pity smouldered like decay at his heart," says Greene suddenly in the middle of great dramatic tension. In another novel he brings in "the horrible and horrifying emotion of pity," also in the middle of dramatic tension, and the sensitive reader looks up from the book. He closes his eyes for a moment because the magic of Greene's words hit a chord in his mind, and with great inner excitement and thrill he is listening to its reverberations which are far more interesting than Greene's book. This is a very great achievement of which few writers are capable. Sterne did it again and again, and in our own days Giraudoux, but it isn't quite the "real thing." The sensitive reader went on a journey into his past and he either remembers his own childhood and its religious memories or he might remember his Newman, his Peguy, his Maritain—perhaps his Dostoevsky. He doesn't notice that Greene never really descended into the depths of a great ethical or philosophical subject, but merely found a masterly way to stimulate his subconscious memory. With this, and with the brilliant speed of the narrative, which is consistently maintained, the reader doesn't notice that it was he who did the work of the artist.

Perhaps Greene is aware of the insufficiency because he subtitles some of his novels as "entertainments." (Strangely enough, *Brighton Rock* in the cheap edition was labeled as "entertainment," but in the new collected edition as a "novel.") This categorization is somewhat illusory, because most of his "novels" contain as much purely entertainment value in their own rights as his "entertainments" contain serious thought, symbolism and message. Andre Gide's similar differentiation between "recit" and "roman" is a little more satisfactory, because those two are more concerned with length than with matter. Yet Greene's judgment on his own novels is acute and to one extent fully justified. The books—*England Made Me*, *It's a Battlefield*, *Brighton Rock*, *The Power and The Glory*—which he calls "novels" are really his best work. The religious and philosophical depth is not always and invariably greater in them than in his "entertainment," but they have a quality which the rest of his work seldom has and that is a sense of universality: almost a universal significance.

His last novel, *The Heart of the Matter*, is a partial departure from Greene's former plots, treatment and technique. Its subject is the clash between love and loyalty in the mind of a police officer in an African colony. In many respects it is a return to the traditional English novel of the years between the wars in general and those of Somerset Maugham in particular. Greene, however, is not contemplating the "spectacle" of life from outside, as Maugham almost invariably does, but is all the time inside his characters, who become warmly alive. And Greene's style remains beautifully sustained at the same level throughout the book, unlike Maugham's which from the supreme heights of the Dryden, de Quincey, Swift, Hazlitt tradition sometimes falls into the language of the advertisements of Kensington stores. There is a singularly beautiful scene toward the end of Greene's new novel, when Father Rank

talks to the widow after the police officer's suicide in almost the same terms about the "appalling . . . strangeness of the mercy of God," as does the old father confessor in *Brighton Rock* or the whisky-priest in *The Power and The Glory*.

All things considered, *The Heart of The Matter* is not marking a new stage in Greene's development as an artist; in fact it marks little more than time. Its enormous success may be due to its return to the well-tried-out formula of the traditional novel. If one is a cynic one might say that it takes the reader back to that "happy" landscape where people committed suicide merely because of a conflict between love and loyalty.

As far as his social and educational background is concerned Greene is a "typical" member of his generation of English novelists. He was educated at a small Public School and at a great University. He fully shares their preoccupation with social problems and like most of them he has traveled a good deal. What distinguishes his background is that, like so many American novelists of our time, he had spent several years not so much in "journalism" as at the reporter's desk.

The claim of his contemporaries that he is the finest English novelist of his generation is fully justified. It is the relative basis of the claim which is somewhat shattering. It is a sad thing that the best writer of our generation is merely the best available, that we do not get a complete vision, a really deep interpretation of the times we live in and that decisive, imaginative intensity that must always remain the criterion of great art. There is no writer living today who could bring into the unconscious mind the real significance of our world as did the Elizabethans and later on even Racine. I mention the seventeenth century on purpose, for ours is a very similar world, a period of critical transition from which a new world is struggling to be born, a nameless chaos from which once gods would emerge.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER AND AMERICA

A Review by Franz Schoenberger

IT is an interesting phenomenon that Albert Schweitzer, one of the few truly great men of our times, has only recently gained such widespread and enthusiastic recognition in this country, though he has for many years played a quite important role in certain special sectors of American cultural life.

Some forty years ago his first book, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, had deeply stirred religious thinking here as well as in Europe. Also his other theological works, as for example *The Mysticism of Paul The Apostle*, *Christianity and The Religions of The World* and *The Mystery of The Kingdom of God*, long since translated into English, were and are studied in every theological seminary. American church circles admired and supported his magnificent work as medical missionary in French Equatorial Africa, in Lambaréne. American musicians and music-lovers knew him as the author of the standard work about Bach, as the outstanding interpreter of Bach's music on the organ and as an authority in the art of organ-building. His great philosophical works, *The Decay and Restoration of Civilization* and *Civilization and Ethics*, which, together with a not-yet published third part, *Reverence for Life*, form his *Philosophy of Civilization*, were published more than a decade ago in American editions.

But it is only during the last year that Schweitzer's fame has reached national dimensions, not only through a whole series of books, but even through the medium of big-circulation magazines which dramatized for their millions of readers the legendary story of this modern saint and genius, born in a little Alsatian village more than seventy years ago.

Late in 1947 appeared, almost simultaneously, two Schweitzer biographies and a Schweitzer anthology, to be followed recently by a reprint of *The Quest of The Historical Jesus* and by two smaller volumes, one of them the first English translation of his treatise of 1913, *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus*, the other containing, under the title *Goethe*, two addresses delivered by Albert Schweitzer in Frankfurt on the Main in 1928 and 1932.

Of the two biographies, only George

Seaver's *Albert Schweitzer—The Man and His Mind* can be considered "definitive." The author, who witnessed and studied Schweitzer's multiple achievements for two decades, gives in the first part of his book a detailed account of Schweitzer's life up to his seventieth birthday on January 14, 1945, and, in the second part, a comprehensive view of Schweitzer's world of thought. Written with the conscientious thoroughness of classical biographical method, the book compensates for its somewhat dry and heavy style by extended quotations from Schweitzer's own autobiographical writings and from his main works.

Herman Hagedorn's *Prophet in the Wilderness*, though inspired by sincere and enthusiastic admiration, remains on the level of a "breezy" journalistic popularization. The author has little use for the exploration of philosophical ideas, but he begins and closes his book with several pages of Schweitzer's own words, enough to justify the existence of this short biography which even "younger readers" (of all ages) may enjoy.

Albert Schweitzer, An Anthology, edited by the Unitarian minister Charles R. Joy, is not a popularization of, but a real introduction to, Schweitzer's personality and philosophy. Especially pertinent passages from Schweitzer's books and from miscellaneous writings, originally published in German, French, American or English reviews, are here grouped together under nineteen headings, representing different aspects of Schweitzer's religious, philosophical, ethical and esthetical insights.

It would be most ungracious and ungrateful to quarrel with the editor and translator who is doing so much to make accessible to American readers the moving force of Schweitzer's life and work. However, one has the feeling that in his introduction to Schweitzer's two Goethe addresses, Dr. Joy strikes a wrong note by choosing the subtitle *Goethe and Schweitzer, Two Olympians* and by insisting too much upon the indubitable similarities between two basically incommensurable types of greatness. The word "Olympian," of doubtful validity if applied to Goethe, is entirely inappropriate for Schweitzer's conception of Goethe.

While humbly acknowledging the debt he owes to Goethe, Schweitzer creates here, in his own image, from a

feeling of real selective affinity, a Goethe who is no longer a problematical and demonic genius but rather the personification of a great ethical idea, the faithful student and philosopher of nature who achieved in his life a perfect balance between spiritual creativity and practical activity.

Compared with the highly personal document of the two Goethe addresses, the other small volume, recently published under the title *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus*, may appear to the general public almost too scientific in its approach. Written as the doctoral thesis for his M.D. and first published in 1913, but never before translated into English, this study is still of great importance. In the foreword, Dr. Winfred Overholser, President of the American Psychiatric Association, praises Schweitzer's "profundity of scholarship, theological, historical and medical." The editor and translator, Charles R. Joy, amplifies Schweitzer's short allusion to the inner connection between this medical study and Schweitzer's revolutionizing theological conception, developed in *The Quest of The Historical Jesus*, according to which Jesus shared the eschatological thought of his time and expected that the end of the world, the judgment and the Messianic Kingdom would be ushered in by his sacrificial death.

It was because this new concept could be interpreted as endorsing the theory of a psychopathic Jesus that Schweitzer "felt a certain compulsion" to examine four psychiatric studies of Jesus (by George de Loesten, William Hirsch, Charles Binet-Sanglé and Emil Rasmussen) and to invalidate, with the arguments of a theological and medical scholar, their diagnoses of paranoia or other forms of mental disease.

It cannot be doubted that these two small volumes, *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus* and the Goethe addresses, confirm in different ways the greatness of their author. But one wishes that, besides *The Quest of The Historical Jesus*, his other main works, for example the first two volumes of his *Philosophy of Civilization*, his *Johann Sebastian Bach* and his autobiographical books whose American editions are out of print, might again become accessible.

America's newly awakened interest in philosophical literature coincides with the popular discovery of Schweitzer's

impressive personality. It would seem that in this psychological and historical moment Schweitzer, more than Toynbee or De Nouy, is called to play an important role in the world of American thought.

Albert Schweitzer: The Man and his Mind by George Seaver (Harper).
Prophet in the Wilderness, by Herman Hagedorn (Macmillan).

Albert Schweitzer, An Anthology, edited by Charles R. Joy (Harper and Beacon Press).

Goethe, Two Addresses by Albert Schweitzer (Beacon Press).

The Psychiatric Study of Jesus, Exposition and Criticism, by Albert Schweitzer (Beacon Press).

The Quest of The Historical Jesus, by Albert Schweitzer (Macmillan).

TELEPATHY AND MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY

by Jan Ehrenwald, M.D.

Reviewed by Emanuel K. Schwartz

THE period of time since the end of World War II has brought forth more books and articles on telepathy and related psychical phenomena by seemingly reliable authors than any comparable period. This observation seems to hold not only for the United States but for Great Britain as well. The explanation has been offered that the loss of loved ones has motivated many near-of-kin to seek consolation in spiritualistic and more scientific writings, including the results of psychic research. This explanation, however, is too patent and neglects many equally significant historical trends.

The scientific method has been applied to psychic phenomena such as telepathy, clairvoyance, pre- and retro-cognition, apparitions and hauntings since the 1880s. The studies, in the beginning, were largely of spontaneous occurrences, and the laboratory was generally neglected. Even the increased use of statistical and laboratory techniques more recently is not sufficient to explain the latest crop of publications by reputable scholars. Part of the answer must be sought in the growth of clinical psychology and psychiatry and the systematization of knowledge relating to the structure and function of personality. The kinds of scientists who are becoming more interested in psychical research are those who have

been trained to deal with human behavior on all levels.

Dr. Ehrenwald is a psychoanalytically trained psychiatrist. He wrote this book in Great Britain during the blitz. He has made some changes since then. Dr. Gardner Murphy, past president of the American Psychological Association and Chairman of the Research Committee of the American Society for Psychical Research, has written an introduction. As in all scientific studies, the book contains an index, glossary, and bibliography.

Now this is not the first time that a physician has written a book. It is, however, the first time that a psychiatrist has attempted to reformulate psychiatric theory and to restate the theory of personality on the basis of clinical cases in which telepathy is supposed to have occurred, and from his study of the literature. Dr. Ehrenwald seems to be too optimistic, too anxious to accept as demonstrated and proved—in a sense, too certain about the results of laboratory experiments in this field as well as his own cases. This willingness to believe he attempts to temper by pointing out alternate explanations for some of the cases, but he continues to develop his theories as if the alternate explanations had been disproved. For the specialist in the field of psychic research as well as for the trained psychologist, psychiatrist, and psychoanalyst, Dr. Ehrenwald's presentation and conclusions are extremely interesting and provocative. He discusses at some length the relationship between telepathy and magic and ritual; between telepathy and psychoanalysis including dreams; between telepathy and psychosis, specifically paranoid-schizophrenia. He develops some ideas concerning minus functioning, that is, the occurrence of telepathy as well as the hyperfunctioning of other specific abilities in compensation for a specific defect.

The major weakness of this book is that it presents many very interesting possible explanations for telepathy as well as for abnormal mental behavior, all of which may or may not have some truth, many of which are contradictory when applied in changing contexts, and none of which give us a systematic *modus operandi* for dealing better with either psychic phenomena or mental disturbances.

Dr. Ehrenwald fosters the impression

that the personality structure gives rise to the occurrence of telepathic communication. He would have us believe that personality is a result of self-fulfillment, of the pain and suffering necessary to maintain the personality. He even goes so far as to point out that the schizophrenic personality is more exposed to danger and therefore must struggle more to maintain himself. Does Dr. Ehrenwald recognize that the schizophrenic personality as well as the occurrence of other types of abnormal human behavior may be the resultants of certain social conditions in which context such aberrations occur? What Dr. Ehrenwald might have pointed out is the necessity for understanding psychic phenomena, mental disease—in fact, all human behavior—and the development of personality not as results of self-generation but as consequences of certain historical, social, cultural, and economic contradictions which the human being is compelled to maintain himself.

That Dr. Ehrenwald's *Telepathy and Medical Psychology* will bring about a revolution in psychical research and in clinical psychiatry is very unlikely. That it will be read by specialists in the field is certain, for the time spent in reading it will be richly rewarded. That we may expect from Dr. Ehrenwald as well as other scientists, better organized, more precise statements arising from a more serious consideration of personality not in vacuum but in its interplay with social and cultural forces is also to be expected.

W. W. Norton, \$3

THE BEAUTIFUL CHANGES and other poems by Richard Wilbur

A MAP OF VERONA
and other poems
by Henry Reed

Reviewed by Babette Deutsch

THESE young poets offer books that are a foil to one another. Richard Wilbur, an American, shows rare technical skill and, though occasionally dropping to flat statement, is usually given to the subtler pleasures of paradox. There is a freshness and vitality about his work, and if there are indications that he has gone to school to various seniors, he has not surrendered to their influences. He has a fine ear,

the surge and lift and pause of his verse is wonderfully right. He is extraordinarily clever in the handling of his vocables and plays tricks with rhyme that I believe have appeared previously only in the most sophisticated Russian verse. His delight in language makes for provocative ambiguities, and if he is sometimes witty at the cost of the poem, he is more often finally suggestive. He shares with Hopkins, among other concerns, a strong feeling for what that poet called the "inscape" of things: the melody in music, the design in painting, the particularizing element that gives an object its peculiar distinctiveness. Indeed, that concern is the theme of his title poem, which concludes:

*The beautiful changes as a forest
is changed
By a chameleon's tuning his skin to it;
As a mantis arranged
On a green leaf, grows
Into it, makes the leaf leafier, and proves
Any greenness is deeper than anyone
knows.*

*Your hands hold roses always in a way
that says
They are not only yours; the beautiful
changes
In such kind ways,
Wishing ever to sunder
Things and things' selves for a second
finding, to lose
For a moment all that it touches
back to wonder.*

Mr. Wilbur's gift, at its happiest, is to change what his poetry touches back to wonder.

Mr. Reed, a British poet, is also capable of multiple meanings, as his arresting "Lessons of the War" shows. Much of his verse, however, is weakened by a melodiousness that recalls Aiken's more cloying cadences. He pokes fun at Eliot in a rather heavy parody called "Chard Whitlow," and one wonders whether this wry treatment is not that of an unwilling pupil rebelling against his master, for other pages carry distinct echoes of Eliot's later manner. Unfortunately, Mr. Reed has not learned his lesson well. There is something curiously middle-aged about his poems, something almost Georgian in his preoccupation with the figures of Greek legend and medieval story, though he attempts to give them contemporary

significance. Even his allusions to Rimbaud and *Moby Dick* fail to give his work that particular quality of the here and now which would lift it out of the here and now. If one contrasts such pieces as "Outside and In" or "The Door and the Window" with Ransom's lyrics on similar themes, Mr. Reed's comparative colorlessness becomes more obvious. The poems tend to have a soporific quality, and although some exhibit a melancholy loveliness and the war poems a restrained power, the book as a whole wants just that brilliance of which Mr. Wilbur, if he is to develop as he should, must beware.

Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.00, \$2.50

OUR UNKNOWN EX-PRESIDENT

A Portrait of Herbert Hoover
by Eugene Lyons

SEVEN BY ACCIDENT

The Accidental Presidents

by Peter R. Levin

Reviewed by Wenzell Brown

THESE two books dealing with former presidents of the United States and with the men who surrounded them have, on the surface, only a slight connection. Yet both were brought out shortly before the conventions of the major political parties, and each spotlights certain shifting attitudes in American political thinking. The first of these deals with Herbert Hoover, who was regarded as "poison" by Republican leaders in the last three national campaigns, but who was received not only with honor, but with a wild ovation at the recent convention in Philadelphia. The second book is a study of the seven men who were elevated to the presidency as a result of the deaths of those who held the office. Mr. Levin's thesis is that more care should be taken in the selection of vice-presidential candidates and that more responsibility in national affairs should be given to the office of vice-president.

The basic ideas of both books have been accepted by the Republicans, at least. Herbert Hoover is active on the political scene and has been found highly acceptable to a substantial segment of the American public. Even those who oppose him have been sparing in their criticism. Meanwhile, the Republican standard-bearer has declared openly that, if he is victorious, the vice-presidency shall no longer remain

a hollow honor but that his running mate shall have the rating of a cabinet member and a voice in all matters of national policy. The other major parties, too, rejected a practice of long standing in the selection of vice-presidential candidates. The choices were not thrown out as sops to opposing factions within the party. Instead, a cohesive platform was shaped in each case. A glimpse of the four vice-presidential candidates in the field—Earl Warren, Alben Barkley, Glen Taylor and Fielding Wright—indicates that each, within the pattern of his party, is as capable as the Number 1 man and also that not one among them is in ideological conflict with his running mate.

These books, released in an election year, are designed to affect political thinking. Mr. Levin has already succeeded in provoking considerable discussion on a question of importance, but it is doubtful if his book will be widely read because of its involved, scholarly writing. *Our Unknown Ex-President* is likely to reach a far wider audience, although it is a strange hodgepodge of sirupy prose, journalese, inaccurate, one-sided reporting, and complicated and highly biased analysis of economic conditions and political events. A certain sympathy for Herbert Hoover may be aroused, however, by the mere fact that he has stumbled upon such an unfelicitous choice of biographer as Eugene Lyons.

In his preface, Mr. Lyons states his purpose, which is to destroy "a fantastic Hoover myth, factually false and humanly unjust" which he claims "has been industriously promoted during many years by hordes of official and volunteer propagandists." Unfortunately Mr. Lyons chooses to fight this myth with a second myth, which is as truly misrepresentative of our only living ex-president as the original.

Few fair-minded people will deny that Herbert Hoover has been grossly libeled; he is no ogre, not even a "bloated tool of Wall Street" and, most certainly, no one man created the depression. Personally, Hoover is an upright, courageous man with deep humanitarian instincts and unswerving principles. As a private citizen his faults would remain unnoticed, for they lie in certain flaws of the spirit and the intellect which left him unprepared for a position of leadership in one of America's most critical periods. When he

entered office, he lacked wide vision, a deep understanding of the meaning and significance of democracy, a tolerance of views other than his own, a warm kinship with the people. He conceived of government, not as a flexible instrument of the people's will, but as a rigid mold that restricted their activities. His solution to the suffering of Americans during the depression was private aid, administered primarily by the Red Cross. He was untouched by mankind's need for the dignity of work. He could not understand why charity was repaid by hatred, nor was he distressed by paternalism on the part of industry. Mr. Lyons reports that Herbert Hoover has not changed a whit during the years, but that his present popularity, in some quarters, springs from the fact that America is accepting his philosophy. Unfortunately there is some truth in this claim.

Real drama exists in Hoover's life. There were years spent in China at the time of the Boxer rebellion, in the crude mining camps of Australia, in war-torn, starving Belgium, in Washington at the height of depression. These experiences help to explain the man, his rigidity, his lack of warmth, his attitude toward philanthropy. Mr. Lyons passes over such matters lightly and concentrates on trying to "humanize" the man. He even spends a full chapter attempting to prove that Hoover possesses a sense of humor, "the kind that lingers in memory and reveals new depths of meaning on repeated savoring." To prove his point, Mr. Lyons presents a series of quotes from Hoover's speeches. The first of these is, "All men are equal before fish." As an aphorism, Mr. Lyons chooses "Demagoguery abhors arithmetic, except when it adds zeros to expenditures." After such evidence, Mr. Lyons exclaims that it is "a gross libel that the thirty-first president of the United States lacked the golden gift of laughter and the silver gift of satire." By such exaggerated claims as this, Mr. Lyons makes almost a travesty of his subject, and Hoover emerges from the pages of this book as a self-righteous, pompous, narrow-minded prig. Herbert Hoover, whatever his faults, deserves better than this.

Peter Levin in his *Seven by Accident* has also presented pictures of presidents. On the surface, there seems little to bind these seven men together except for the tenuous thread of their having

risen to the highest office through the death of a president. These seven—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge and Harry Truman—could scarcely have been more disparate in character and personality had they been chosen to represent the widely varying types of men who have risen to high office in America. Of these seven, Mr. Levin dismisses four as outright failures. Only one, Theodore Roosevelt, he feels "approaches the stature of the giants who held the office." Truman, of course, is a special case, for his tenure of office has not yet ended.

Mr. Levin makes it clear that part of the failure is inherent in the method of selecting the vice-president. The post is, save by accident of death, a dead-end office, and most first-rate politicians have carefully shunned it. As a whole, this empty honor has been awarded to party wheel horses, or to those who can deliver a handful of votes from dissident groups within the party. Geography also has played an undue part in the choice, and the ability of the candidate has been secondary to the section of the country from which he comes. A reformation is most certainly needed in providing for the succession to the presidency in cases of unseasonal vacancy, and Mr. Levin makes several suggestions. The worth of his proposals may be open to question, but, if they provoke thought and argument, Mr. Levin will have rendered an invaluable service.

The author's treatment of his seven subjects is somewhat disappointing. Mr. Levin is not interested in character. He makes no attempt to show the psychological effects of this sudden responsibility cast on the shoulders of seven men whose experiences are unique in American history. Instead he goes into complex explanations of involved political situations. The result is that the student of American history will find little that is new or worthwhile, while the lay reader will be confused by the introduction of a mass of material which he will find difficult to assimilate.

Nevertheless, one figure does spring into life out of the pages of this book and, through his personal and public tragedy, takes on heroic stature. This is the stubborn, tactless, uncouth and idealistic former tailor from Tennessee who succeeded Abraham Lincoln. His name is Andrew Johnson. This man, who did not learn to read or write until

he was an adult, spent his life as the champion of the underprivileged. Born in the South, he rejected the mores of his community. With dogged determination, he fought to undermine the aristocratic traditions which governed Southern politics. He organized the impoverished whites into a cohesive unit to strike again and again at those who held political control. With the advent of the Civil War, he chose sides unhesitatingly with those who upheld the Constitution and he struggled manfully to keep the Border States loyal to the Union. In his background, he was much like Lincoln, and it is little wonder that Lincoln personally chose him as a running mate. Johnson was at a complete loss in dealing with the skilled politicians of his day. He was an object of their calumny and scorn. His every act was thwarted by men like Blaine and Stevens; in the end, he was impeached and narrowly escaped conviction.

Mr. Levin points out that Johnson was an abject failure as a president, but he does not indicate that out of Johnson's dogged struggle against insuperable odds, there emerged a man worthy of an honor and respect accorded to few Americans. Here, in brief, lies the weakness of both books, for Peter Levin and Eugene Lyons have each thought of their subjects primarily as presidents and only secondarily as men.

Doubleday, \$2.95

Farrar, Strauss, \$4.00

APE AND ESSENCE

by Aldous Huxley

Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin

ALDOUS HUXLEY has come a long way from the days when he playfully predicted that modern society was destined to enjoy a test-tube Utopia at the rate it was going. In a recent reissue of that literary bombshell of sixteen years ago, *Brave New World*, Mr. Huxley practically did an about-face apologizing for ever having misled us and stressing, more than ever, his deep concern for a world bent on destroying itself. And yet to some readers who come upon Huxley's latest little fantasy, *Ape and Essence*, his old flare for nose-thumbing the smug and the commonplace will appear as outrageously funny to them as always. For herein lie the force and weakness of

Huxley's estimable talent—he is a brilliant satirist, one of the wittiest and most intelligent writers of our age, yet no one has written more serious moral tracts and been taken less seriously. Perhaps Mr. Huxley has been poking fun too long for us to see that there is a sober side to him. But if we will take the pains to examine his earlier writing, we are certain to find that there have been hints all along of Huxley's eventual conversion to the mysticism of the East.

Ape and Essence will be read by many with shocked amusement. It is in many ways a more clever satire than Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*, also the result of an encounter with the eccentric natives of California. Only a handful who carp for the sheer pleasure of it would actually quarrel with Huxley's rather grim sense of humor now and then. Still every last one who admires Huxley's works will have to admit that mysticism, while it may not have completely robbed him of an audacious wit, has cut Huxley off from what human beings feel and think today, and left him wandering in a limbo of abstractions. Is it any wonder then that some of us should suspect Huxley of constantly viewing humanity through a scientific lens as an ugly mess of squirming microbes? Perhaps the main fault with Huxley's new fable lies in the fact that he employs the methods of a biologist or scientist to assail science, to which he attributes much of modern civilization's downfall.

The assassination of Mahatma Gandhi was a terrific blow to an already frightened world. Some folk took to their beds, while to others the death of this great spiritual leader was a bitter confirmation that modern civilization was decidedly "going to the dogs." It made Huxley write this novel, possibly convincing him that only a travesty of modern man's senseless collaboration with evil might wake us in time to save ourselves from self-destruction. Apparently believing that if made ridiculous enough man would be prompted to mend his foolish ways, Aldous Huxley takes us on a trip to the future, when society has been reduced to servitude under the apes and twentieth-century science finally commits suicide. From there on it is Mr. Huxley's exclusive province; and blending the fantastic with the biologically real he provides us with a highly stimulating, even men-

king-smith school of creative arts

THEATRE • DANCE • MUSIC • VISUAL ARTS • WRITING

a professional school of workshops designed for education through the arts • symposium lecturers include: **EDGARD VARESE • ABRAHAM RATTNER • EDWARD MILLMAN • SYBIL MOHOLY-NAGY • KARL SHAPIRO • S. I. HAYAKAWA • THORNTON WILDER** • approved for veterans • opens Sept. 27 • for bulletin, courtyard 2118 Mass. Ave. N.W. Washington, D.C.

A NEW WORKSHOP IN GENERAL SEMANTICS

e*s*p*

★ Extra-sensory perception is definitely a human faculty . . . it is man's step into the supernatural. It is described and illustrated in this "subtle and provocative work for those who have some knowledge of these frontier provinces of psychology."—*New York Times Book Review*. According to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, it is a "valuable work . . . with a long, subtle, orientating introduction provided by Professor Gardner Murphy."

MIND TO MIND

by René Warcollier

edited by Emanuel K. Schwartz

two-fifty at your bookstore

Creative * Age * Press

tally disturbing parable. There are times when we find it difficult, indeed, to believe that Huxley has turned his back altogether on the fleshpots and sensual pastimes of his contemporaries, so convincingly has he used erotic symbolism in his book. The familiar effects of shock to the senses are evident on nearly every page. Also it takes a writer of his brilliance and insight, as well as his daring, to have chosen the scenario form for this tour de force.

Those who live on the East Coast may smugly feel that all of this has nothing whatsoever to do with them, and that California brethren deserve such a fate as befalls them in this Huxleyan post-atomic society. They have eunuchs to rule them, and by the time a scientific expedition arrives from New Zealand to rediscover America in the twenty-second century they are doing a vigorous job of defying the "Order of Things," and have long since dedicated themselves to Belial. With the entrance of our hero, Dr. Alfred Poole, D.Sc. ("Better known to his students and younger colleagues as Stagnant Poole"), the pace becomes considerably livelier and the situation more riotously bawdy. Dr. Poole, a shy mama's boy, is converted to Belial's customs almost over night; his "miraculous conversion" consisting of his participating in sexual orgies and unorthodox behavior which would never be tolerated in his native New Zealand for an instant. Eventually, however, Dr. Poole discovers true romance in the arms of Loola, a red-headed "vessel of unholiness." With Loola our hero finds that there is a marked difference between sacred and profane love. And with the aid of Shelley's poetry and some highly inspirational background music the scene fades with the lovers sharing a hard-boiled egg, fully convinced that evil can be destroyed by the love that individuals hold for each other. Naturally, as suggested before, Mr. Huxley does not let us off so easily as that. There is considerable sermonizing, and also some pretty obvious horseplay. But one thing is quite clear—more readers are going to read Huxley's sermons than ever before, not only because it is impossible to skip over these sermons without spoiling the continuity of the script, but also because there is a great deal of sense in Huxley's little philosophical digressions.

Harper, \$2.50

My Favorite Forgotten Book

R. V. C. BODLEY

I HAVE read *Westward Ho!* three times—when I was twelve years old, when I was twenty-five, and when I was fifty. On none of these occasions was I left disappointed. On each of them I closed the book with regret. I do not believe that any other work of fiction can bear such a test. Yet, when historical novels are the vogue, no young people and few adults seem to be familiar with Charles Kingsley's adventure classic. This is a pity, for not only is *Westward Ho!* a tale which stimulates and entertains, but it is an accurate and admirable introduction to that critical period of European history toward the end of the sixteenth century when the overthrow of British democracy by Spanish despotism hung in the balance. The state of affairs, in fact, was not unlike that of today with the United States in the role of Britain, and Russia playing the part of Spain.

Kingsley has painted his picture boldly against a background of Devonshire and the Spanish Main. Drake and Grenville and Raleigh are scouring the Atlantic and the Caribbean challenging the might of imperial Spain until neither the forts nor the fleets of Philip II are safe from the raids of these impudent Elizabethan captains. There is also that titanic struggle between the Church of England and the Church of Rome which had as much to do with Britain's thrusts into the New World as the capturing of Spanish territory and Spanish gold.

The central figures of the story are Amyas Leigh, a Devonshire squire, and Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto, a nobleman in the service of the king of Spain.

When we first meet Don Guzman, he is Amyas' prisoner of war and, pending the receipt of his ransom, has been placed on parole with Sir Richard Grenville in Devonshire. Here his courtly manners disarm the prejudices of the

local gentry and charm the ladies, especially Rose Salterne, the daughter of the mayor of Bideford.

But, while the Spaniard respects his prisoner's parole, he does not feel that it applies to his personal affairs. With complete indifference to the scowls of Amyas Leigh and his fellow adventurers, all of whom are in love with Rose, he pursues his amorous attentions, with such success, moreover, that when the ransom is paid he celebrates it by carrying off the young lady to La Guayra, Caracas, where he has been appointed governor.

The remainder of the novel concerns the "Brotherhood of the Rose," founded by Amyas and the other suitors to seek out Don Guzman and bring Rose Salterne back to Devonshire.

A ship outfitted by Mayor Salterne and christened "The Rose" sets sail for the Spanish Main. The Atlantic is safely crossed and, during the succeeding three years, Amyas and his little band of Devonshire seamen fight Spaniards on land and sea, suffer incredible hardships, and meet with adventures, each one of which is a story in itself. There are many casualties, the ship is lost, and Rose, falling victim to the Spanish Inquisition, is burnt at the stake in company with Amyas' brother Frank, who has made a desperate attempt to rescue her. Don Guzman also escapes the vengeance of the Brotherhood, and the survivors sail home on a Spanish galleon which they have captured from their enemies in one of the most stirring episodes of the book.

But, though frustrated, these Devon men are not discouraged. They have vowed never to rest until their oath has been consummated, and this they will do with the added incentive to avenge Frank Leigh's martyrdom.

The day of reckoning comes unexpectedly during the summer of 1588. Philip of Spain has made up his mind