

great figures Edwards, Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Dewey are here. Pragmatism, however, important as it is, is not the only significant philosophy in twentieth-century America. The recent publication of his papers has established Peirce as a key figure in recent thought. An emphasis on Peirce would have led naturally to a consideration of science as an expression of the American mind. The accumulation of scientific knowledge and its application through technology to the affairs of life have together made up a force second to none in the shaping of the American tradition, particularly in the last hundred years. Such material is indispensable not only to an understanding of twentieth-century America but to an explanation of why the atomic revolution that shook the world in 1945 should have originated in the United States.

Mr. Hacker concludes his discussion of the shaping of American tradition with the eve of Pearl Harbor. He thinks of the tradition in terms of three revolutions: that of 1776, that of 1861-65, and that of the New Deal. Each of these in its own way served the ends of individualism and of equality of opportunity. As time runs on and historical perspective lengthens, the third of these revolutions is seen to fall between two others, one outside and one within the United States. In 1917 Soviet Russia emerged, and in 1945 atomic energy was brought under control. Yet Russia does not appear in the twentieth-century sections dealing with the United States and the world, and there is no discussion of the scientific and technological advance in America that made the atomic bomb possible. These two world events—the October Revolution and the fission of the atom—provide a frame of reference which the anxious student of today needs to assist him in evaluating what Mr. Hacker calls the third American revolution.

Unique as it is in many important respects, American civilization, like that of Canada or Australia, is, after all, an aspect of the larger tradition of Western Europe. Most of the basic forces that have shaped European civilization—the rise of science, the growth of nationalism, and the progress of collectivism—have had their counterparts in America. The time has come when it is necessary for the purposes of understanding to think of the shaping of American tradition in world, as well as in local terms.

Ralph H. Gabriel, Sterling professor of history at Yale University, is the author of "The Course of American Democratic Thought."

"Everything Is Everywhere"

ESSAYS IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Alfred North Whitehead. New York: Philosophical Library. 1947. 342 pp. \$4.75.

Reviewed by WALTER T. STACE

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD seems destined to be remembered as one of the great philosophers of all time, to rank among the immortals of the modern world, Descartes, Spinoza, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel. Yet most of his work is so highly technical that it can scarcely be made intelligible except to experts. Perhaps his two outstanding doctrines can be fairly simply stated. One is that the world is through and through organic, not mechanical. Since the age of Newton the world has been supposed to be a vast machine, the parts of which are smaller mechanisms. According to Whitehead the world is an organism, and even its smallest parts, called electrons and protons, are organisms. They are in some sense alive, though not conscious, being composed of blind "unconscious feelings." There is no such thing as dead matter. The other doctrine is that "everything is everywhere," meaning that the influence of even the minutest entity, which we locate as being "here," actually spreads throughout the whole universe, all parts of which are therefore interlocked and interwoven. To the proof of these theses Whitehead brings a vast array of evidence from physics, mathematics, art, morals, and religious feeling.

The present volume consists of a series of reprints of some of Whitehead's minor writings from 1912 to 1939. They include papers which fall under four heads, personal and autobiographical, educational, scientific, and philosophical. The scientific and philosophical are for the most part highly technical, but the personal and educational are of general appeal. None of them adds anything to our knowledge of Whitehead, nor do they include any of his best work. Thus for those who wish to make a first entrance into the thought of Whitehead, this book is not a suitable gate. What can be said for it is that those who are already confirmed admirers of Whitehead will be glad to have these stray papers collected. This applies especially to the



autobiographical essays which afford, besides information about Whitehead, fascinating glimpses into a vanished world of country parsons and squires of late Victorian England.

The educational essays are also provocative and thoughtful, stressing the importance of combining the guidance of the past with zest for the adventurous and new, as well as the importance of providing abstract ideas with concrete applications to life.

Of course everything that Whitehead writes, even the most trifling reminiscence, bears the authentic stamp of the man's genius. Apart from the profundity and novelty of his thought, the style of his writing expresses genius. Not that it is elegant. He is no stylist in the everyday sense. Indeed his sentences are often careless, clumsy, broken-backed, and at times even ungrammatical. But their very uncouthness gives the impression that the depths are breaking through. A strange twist of phrase puts some common matter in a light wholly new. He sees suggestive analogies between remote things which no other man would bring together. Yet he is likely to remain a writer for the few.

Walter T. Stace, professor of philosophy at Princeton University, wrote "The Destiny of Western Man."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 211

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 211 will be found in the next issue.

LALCBFDL EG KPL HPELM

SLCGFDNRL, KPL PLCF, FM

PEG FTD QNSKEGO, PEG FTD

TLXXEDR, NDX PEG FTD

MWDLCNZ.

F. T. PFZOLG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 210

Arguments are to be avoided; they are always vulgar and often convincing.

OSCAR WILDE.

X-Ray of an Honest Man

ALBERT SEARS. By Millen Brand.
New York: Simon & Schuster. 1947.
273 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

MILLEN BRAND proved his striking ability as a novelist in "The Outward Room," beyond all question. In "Albert Sears" he has created a man who haunts the mind, unlike so many characters from fiction whose life in the imagination of the reader lasts only as long as the actual reading. Mr. Brand has, in a sense, stacked all the cards, quite deliberately, against himself, for he makes no attempt to beguile the reader's emotions at any time. Never for an instant does sentimentality color the picture which he draws with such economy and clarity. Never for an instant does he make, as has been done frequently of late, cheap capital of a burning issue.

"Albert Sears" is a novel about a completely honest man. The period is 1915. A carpenter with a thriving business of his own, as skilled and honest in his craftsmanship as he is forthright in his business dealings, Sears is still marked by his frontier youth in the West; city life does not seduce him, but he lives it doggedly. Himself stern, hard, unyielding, he has met his match in his bitter, childless wife, as unwilling to compromise as he. She has been confined to a wheelchair for years, and they have long since ceased even to speak to each other. Despite his rigid morality, Sears maintains a second establishment, for the warm-hearted, pretty Irish mother of his ten-year-old son. He would like to marry her, but his wife will not give him a divorce. He would like to adopt the child, but Polly, who loves the man but knows his unbending will, fears to lose little Al entirely if she surrenders her legal custody. And little Al worries both father and mother because he will not, cannot fight when he is attacked.

Sixty-six years old when the story begins, Albert Sears is quietly investing money in Jersey City real estate, building a future for little Al. When a rich and respected neighbor becomes involved in a thoroughly dishonest property sale, and the unscrupulous man whom he has worsted moves several Negro families into the building next to Sears's own house, in retaliation, public sentiment is aroused. A "committee" manages to intimidate and freeze out most of these unfortunate families, but the Manhursts decide to stay on principle. Albert Sears holds no brief for the Negro,

and as a property owner he has nothing to gain and everything to lose by the Manhursts' dogged stand, yet it is Sears, in his bitter integrity who, alone in the community, gives what help he can to Mrs. Manhurst and her children during the outrages which are visited upon them by their white neighbors. It is in defending Manhurst and his friends when they are finally attacked by hired hoodlums that Sears is injured. And it is with the Manhurst children and their gang, in a great battle in a vacant lot, that little Al finally brings himself to fight the white bullies who have taunted him as "bastard" and made his life miserable at school.

In the end it is the outrage of finding a will as flinty as his own in the warm and yielding woman whom he has not been able to make his legal wife, who defies his threats and refuses once and for all to let him adopt little Al, that brings on a stroke and sends Albert Sears to his death, a lonely death, when only the old, indomitable will lives on in the paralyzed body.

So deeply has our thinking been colored, of recent years, by psycho-analytical interpretations, so accustomed have we become to neurotic heroes and heroines, to the "morally dishevelled," as one clever reviewer put it, that it comes almost as a



—Lotte Jacobi.

"Never for an instant does Millen Brand make cheap capital of a burning issue."

shock to find the story of a man who asks no quarter. His creator offers no excuses, no conditioning, frustrations, psychoses as alibis. Albert Sears has brewed his own bitter cup, and not for an instant does he turn aside from it.

Most of us have known a few men like him, men of tough moral fibre who have made no cheap and easy compromises with life. We are likely to remember them, and to remember Albert Sears.

Crucial Moment

THE WEATHER OF THE HEART.

By Daphne Athas. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1947. 276 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

THE discovery of Love and of Life by "sensitive" young people has suffered so often at the hands of unoriginal, insensitive young writers, that it is a pleasure indeed to come across one who can successfully, charmingly handle a crucial, passionate first moment in the life of a youthful idealist. Miss Athas—only twenty-two when she wrote this book—has given us Eliza Wall, daughter of a dreamer, half-dreamer herself; her weaker, more dependent sister Hetty; and Claw Moreau, a despised French-Canadian boy, a wild young worshipper of strength whose suspicious ways are anathema to the stiff-necked Maine townfolk.

Miss Athas's touch is just delicate enough, just careful enough to get her little story out without shattering it

to bits. She has handled this critical time of development with good taste; she has, despite a certain eagerness which, at times, destroys her mood, created strong, vivid characters. There is a certain wildness about everything she does which vibrates in her story, communicates itself, vitalizes the little novel till it almost seems to reach beyond its scope. Claw, with the black patch over his eye and revenge in his heart, is easily the strongest character in her book—a violent young creature whose secret suffering is known only to Eliza. But there is Ulb Hatton, too—a strange kind of villainy is in this stolid, stodgy, conventional, misunderstood, and misunderstanding woman who becomes the girls' guardian after their father's death.

As for Eliza and Hetty, there are times when the author's points about them are not entirely clear—when we cannot quite get the picture nor understand the motivation as we should. But it seems to me that this is a fine beginning.