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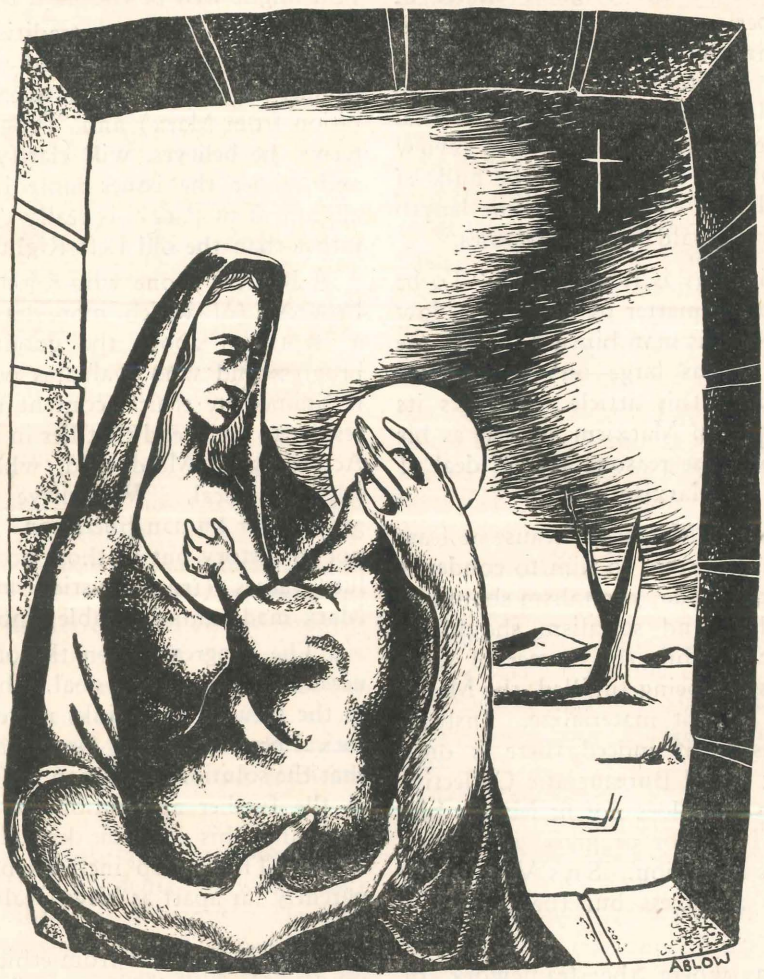

Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.

—from THE JOURNEY OF THE MAGI, T. S. Eliot.

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The Root Is Man

Tolstoi, in a famous essay, asked the question "What should a man live by?" Our political thinking today tends to rephrase the question and ask "What should a man live *for*?" This shift in the phrasing of the question is the concern of an essay called *The Root Is Man*, by Dwight Macdonald. Macdonald's essay attempts to show that the original choice of words was a proper one and, in its closing pages, offers a partial answer to the question. Late in his paper the author says "My purpose in writing this article is to find a basis for political action." Because of limited space, this review will give only cursory attention to the bulk of the article in order to examine at some length the thesis that Macdonald finally proposes.

The title of the essay is from Marx: "To be radical is to grasp the matter by its root. Now the root for mankind is man himself." Because Marx inevitably looms large on the political horizon and because this article represents its author's apostasy from Marxism as well as his new credo . . . for these reasons a great deal of attention is given to Marxism.

Macdonald rejects Marxism because at least two historical realities seem to him to condemn it. First, if Marx is "true" capitalism should be historically decadent and socialism should be rising in its place. While the former of these predictions is possibly being fulfilled, the Marxian consequences do not materialize. Instead, capitalism's successor, if indeed there is only one, is something called Bureaucratic Collectivism, a social form that does not fit Marx's historical pattern. It is not progress, in human terms; rather, it is regression. Says Macdonald, "the operation is a success but the patient is dying."

Secondly, even where the framework of modern society tends toward Marxist institutions (e.g. Russia) Marx's ethical content does not accompany it. There is a fatal ambiguity in Marx, for the institutions and ethics that Marx expected to emerge as correlative do not appear to be so. The collective state of today is totalitarian and bureaucratic, and the proletariat finds its lot little improved.

The ambiguity that manifests itself in Marxism appears also in the confusion and contradictions that arise from the conventional distinction between liberal and conservative, Left and Right. The old terms are no longer accurate and the true lines of opposition are not drawn between the Left and the Right, today. Specific examples of the contradictions of these categories can be cited: it is the Left in France that is urging press censorship while the Right fights for civil liberties; in this country the Left and Right have reversed positions in the last two wars; the preamble to the UAW constitution might well be endorsed by the NAM.

Instead of these traditional, no longer significant terms Macdonald sees a basic social conflict today between "Radicals" (see the quotation from Marx) and "Progressives." These terms, he believes, will clarify the oppositions and render the issues more intelligible. The alignment of parties is really expressed by these rather than the old Left-Right categories.

A Radical is one who rejects the Concept of Progress (of which more later), who retains a scepticism about the goodness of scientific progress and who evaluates political action by its immediate ethical content rather than with respect to some end that lies in a dubious future. According to Macdonald, who considers himself a Radical, "We believe that the firmest ground for human liberation . . . is the ground not of history but of those non-historical absolute values (truth, justice, love, etc.) which Marx made unfashionable among Socialists."

The Progressive, on the other hand, measures his actions by his goal, which is somewhere in the future. He thinks more in terms of historical process than of moral values. He thinks that the solution of human problems lies largely in the further application of scientific knowledge and this scientific knowledge is good in itself. This group includes bedfellows as apparently far apart as New Dealers and Trotskyists.

The Radical acts from ethical principles, believing that man is both good and evil. He believes that there is always a tragic (in the Greek sense) element in man's fate and that ethics cannot be grounded in science. The Progressive is a scientific monist and acts on historical principles, from a conviction of historical progress.

Under the heading "Scientific Method and Value Judgment" Macdonald reaches what is the crucial split between the Radical and the Progressive. This is really the subject of Tolstoi's question; it is the problem of how and on what we base our ethics. For the Progressive, value judgments are based on science;

scientific action *is* ethical action and our ends are scientifically knowable, the means scientifically determined. Macdonald denies this and directs his reply at the, for him, chief proponents of the Progressivist position, Marx and Dewey. His conclusion is that ethics (value judgment) must be non-scientific, i.e., philosophic. In what seems to me the climax of the essay he says:

> "The trick in living seems to me to be precisely to reject all complete and well rounded solutions and to live in a continual state of tension and contradiction which reflects the real nature of man's existence. Not the object at rest, but the gyroscope, which harmonizes without destroying the contradictory forces of motion and inertia, should be our model . . . the attempt to give values either a religious or a scientific turn seems to me an attempt to objectify what is a subjective, personal, even arbitrary process. I think each man's values come from intuitions which are peculiar to himself and yet . . . strike common chords . . . in other people's consciences."

This is certainly the most controversial point Macdonald has yet raised in his essay and the one upon which his whole argument hinges. His objections to the scientific approach to ethics are a great deal stronger than his counter-proposal. And, although he rejects religion as a source for values, his "common chords" has the seeds of religion nascent in it. Certainly, as an epistemology, this is inadequate but that does not invalidate it; a long and sound tradition can support him.

The denial of science as a basis for social action leads directly to a denial of what Macdonald calls the Idea of Progress. He emphasizes that he has not denied the utility or the value of science; he has only limited its scope and shown what it is *not* capable of. But the Progressive, "the believer in Progress," believes that there is only one world and that it is accessible to and conquerable by science. Again, however, history supplies the refutation. Science has led us to institutions and to material power for which it cannot supply the controls. We are told that an application of science to our behavior will give us means to control our environment but we see historically that all we achieve is means that can be utilized for good or evil, as we choose. Our ultimate welfare depends on a non-scientific factor, the ethical behavior of men.

A further refutation of the idea of historical progress lies in the impossibility of showing such a progress in the arts. The art and literature of the Greeks are as mature, if not more mature than our own. Homer's *Iliad*, interpreted as a poem of force, of the evanescence of power, is for Macdonald an incomparably more mature consideration of war than we can achieve today.

Based on his conclusions as to ethical judgement and his consequent deniel of historical progress, the last two sections of Macdonald's essay offer a new proposition. This proposition he considers under two heads: "Toward a New Concept of Political Action" and "Five Characteristics of a Radical." There is no "how to" quality in his proposal, no neatly packaged formula, no final answer. But it points an alternative to the kind of political action that is being practiced by "liberals" today, one that is real and positive. Though it offers no cureall and promises no pot of gold, neither is it aimed at some ever-retreating rainbow's end. One must, however, go about a discussion of it negatively, that is by saying what it is not.

A recent Collegian article stated that "Democracy's need for popular pressure groups has been evident for some time." This need, and its "evident" clarity, MacDonald denies. Mass action is not valid social action. This is so because of the nature of ethics as individual, dynamic judgement and also because of a further phenomenon discussed by Marx in his theory of Alienation. It is called Reification, or deification of the thing and it occurs when forces or institutions that we create begin to control us instead of our controlling them. It is described by Marx as the estrangement of man from his own nature by the social forces he generates. Statism, the corporate entity, and some of our industrial institutions, are examples. This principle invalidates mass action, for the individual is as estranged from, as powerless vis-a-vis the trade union or pressure group as he is in the atomic energy plant (or as Steinbeck's Okies were against the impersonal, mysterious bank that took their land). The alienating mass action force can assume the mask of "the Common Good" or the AVC as well as more obviously sinister guises.

There is no attempt to demonstrate the inevitability of this process but if ethics are an individual, dialectical problem it is obviously impossible for me to make the judgement: it is *good* for me to delegate my ethical judgement and authority to this group (or State or committee). This would again be making an impersonal matter of ethics. It would again be saying that the decision as to proper action is not an individual concern but can be delegated. It assumes that the ends are known and that the means are a problem for science, not personal ethics.

Having reached this position, Macdonald is willing to follow out the consequences and define the Radical program in terms of it.

> "This . . . depends on people entering into direct personal relations with each others, which in turn means that political and economic units of society (workships, exchange of goods, political institutions) are small enough to allow the participant to understand them and to make his individual influence felt. If effective wars cannot be fought by groups the size of the New England town meeting, and I take it they cannot, this is one more reason for giving up war (rather than the town meeting). If automobiles cannot be made efficiently by small factories, then let us make them inefficiently. If scientific research would be hampered in a small unit society then let us by all means hamper it. Said the young Marx. 'For Hegel, the starting point is the State. In a democracy, the starting point is man . . . man is not made for the law, but the law is made for men'."

Macdonald's Radical would have as a minimum, these general ideas: that war is always and absolutely wrong and therefore that no Radical would condone it or take part; that coercion, whether by the State or a revolutionary party, is wrong and should be opposed by individual, non-violent means including refusal to submit to authority; finally, that any ideology which requires sacrifice of the present in favor of the future (and with justification by the future) is to be viewed with suspicion. These are contestable points and present some tremendous problems. The first and last might easily conflict; the latter is at best vague, since "viewing with suspicion" is a rather dark suggestion. Also, coercion by the state is inevitable in society and how the Radical is to judge of its rightness is unclear. This problem goes back to Socrates and Antigone but that doesn't make it any less difficult.

For the Radical, Socialism is to be an ethical matter. It is a guide for his individual action not a revolutionary program and its value and reality depend on its influence on him, not on how many people want it at any given time. The Radical acts according to belief and acts as an individual, lik ethe few atomic scientists who refused to work on the bomb from personal conviction. Finally, the Radical will think in human, not class terms and will make judgements about people, not classes. He will concern himself with telling truth not with how many people he tells.

Macdonald sums up the characteristics of a Radical under five heads:

1. Negativism
2. Unrealism
3. Moderation
4. Smallness
5. Self-ishness

I can do no more than glance at these five characteristics briefly. Negativism is such in contrast to the Progrecsive's action, which supposes that action, in mass form, constitutes positivism. But if we agree with the Radical that mass action is fundamentally meaningless and that progress is not so clear a process, then the Progressive's positivism becomes questionable. Similarly, the unrealism of the Radical contrasts with his opponent's realism, which is based on the assumption that the choice of actions he has made is a real choice. For the Radical, there is no such choice, since the Progressive's action is inevitably of the kind he thinks he is opposing, differing only in appearance. To suppress race prejudice by force is as unrealistic as to foster it. So this realism is more of a phantasm than the Radical's unrealism, which is meaningful and positive though perhaps not sensational.

The Radical's moderation and smallness go back to Greek precedent, and to some metaphysical assumptions about man. Here again, we must inspect carefully the notions of progress and the practical, for if we deny progress to be an historical reality and if our idea of the practical is tempered by an idea of necessity, of the limitations and weaknesses of man, moderation and smallness become meaningful. It is perhaps pertinent, Macdonald suggests, that the Greeks though it more practical to discuss the good life than to build sewers. The Radicals, then, shuns cureall s and admits that some questions must be left unanswered because of their natures, rather than answered in some all-inclusive system whose chief virtue is its scope.

Again, smallness is a Radical characteristic because the Radical believes that truly effective and truly ethical action must be small, that is individual. Mass action may achieve results, but they are just that . . . results. They "get somewhere" but the somewhere has nothing to do with where people want to go.

Self-ishness is simply another way of stating the essay's title, "The Root Is Man." For, if this is so, each man must act for himself and by himself and his decision must consider what is good for him and to him. The only way man can preserve his dignity and individuality is to act as an individual and not to become a unit in a mass. But the proposition is not self revealing. Its meaning is contained in the whole essay and the whole essay is talking about just this.

I should like to have space and ability to present this argument more lucidly and with more justice to its merits. I have attempted here to review as briefly and as essentially as possible the thesis that is being presented. It is a revolutionary thesis but it is not a new one. It is present in our culture in ideas that go back to the time of Plato. Its elements are rooted throughout our history. But it is revolutionary now because our thinking has gone so far in other directions. We have given up the dignity of the individual for the dignities of Science and the group. Locke and Hobbes, in different ways, seem to me to have made decisive contributions to this trend. Now we suppose that we know where to go and what to do, that these are common knowledge or can be determined if we get enough people rounded up. We suppose that our job is only to implement these ends via mass action in its many forms and that the means are significant only in terms of the ends.

This is an unrealistic and "idealistic" doctrine, but we have already considered what such words may mean. It does not hold out hope for a brave new world just around the corner but it seems to me to offer a basis for intelligible, good human behavior *now*. It may have no mass appeal, but there are people who might accept it and approve it who are probably now faltering and wavering in one or several courses of action which they cannot fully approve and which, of course, are mass actions.

For all its weaknesses (and it has many that could be pointed out) Macdonald's essay seems to me admirable and important for it doubts, denies and attacks what we today are accustomed to accept, assume and ignore. It is true that his alternative faces some powerful objections. He raises formidable questions concerning our ethics, the conflict between the individual and social necessity, the ramifications of technical efficiency; questions that are numerous and inevitable. But he seems to me to offer no new problems more difficult and to suggest no new course more unrealistic or impractical than the one we are following today.

—WILLIAM BRUBECK.

Letter From A Displaced Person

They built a prison on the island's edge
for us—sharks and surf on one side,
a jungle on the other.
The walls that prison us protect them
from the strangling sea and vines
and prison them.
They sprawl in the courtyard, drunk.

In the court grass cracks the floor
And we shall see
From the windows we can see
the ocean eat at the under shore
And we shall see the prison be
Water seeps in the lower cells, roots
coil around and crush the sunken stones,
vines tear the mortar from the walls
And we shall see the prison be
a rubble at the roots of trees
and this they know. They watch
the prison fall, they watch us sidelong,
while we watch the prison fall, curse
and beat us, get drunk and sing

while we watch,

Grass grows
the ocean rubs the wall
and grains of stone fall.

—GENE THORNTON.

On The Dark Night

Mystical theology is the science of Christian ethics, that is, the investigation of how the soul must act under the influences of faith, hope, and charity in relation to its final object of complete and loving union with God. Of necessity it must include as its sub-division the science of ascetical theology, which treats solely of the psychological aspect of the ascent to God, concerning itself with the various conditions of the soul passing to perfection. The writings of St. John of the Cross, when properly arranged, comprise the most acute descriptive exposition of these two sciences recorded of Christian experience.

The largest and most important study of St. John is the treatise known as "The Ascent of Mount Carmel;" the "Dark Night of the Soul" being, in fact if not in intention, that fourth book of the "Ascent" which was to treat of passive pugation. The treatise presents a remarkable outline of Christian perfection from the point at which the soul first seeks to rise from the earth and soar upwards towards union with God. As an ascetic treatise it is noteworthy for its detailed psychological analysis; as a contribution to mystical theology, for the skill with which it treats the most complicated and delicate questions concerning the Mystic Way.

St. John pays close attention to the early stages of the mystical life, beyond which many never pass, and he gives the primacy to prayer as a means of attaining perfection. Prayer, for St. John, is no mere exercise made up of petition and meditation, but a complete spiritual life which brings in its train all the virtues, increases all the soul's potentialities, and ultimately leads to transformation in God through love.

St. John of the Cross assumes his reader to be familiar with the rudiments of the spiritual life and therefore omits detailed description of the most elementary of the exercises incumbent upon all Christians. In order to reach the Union of Light, the soul must pass through the Dark Night—that is to say, through a series of purifications, during which it is walking, as it were, through a tunnel of impenetrable obscurity, and from which it emerges to enjoy the Divine intimacy.

Through this obscurity the thread which guides the soul is that of "emptiness" or "negation." Only by voiding ourselves of all that is not God can we attain to the possession of God, "for creature love is darkness, while God is light, so that from any human heart one of the two cannot fail to drive out the other."

The soul, according to the Saint's psychology, is made up of interior and exterior senses and of the faculties. All these must be free from creature impurities in order to be prepared for Divine union. The necessary self-emptying may be accomplished in two ways: by our own efforts, with the habitual aid of grace, and by the action of God exclusively, in which the individual has no part whatsoever. Following this order, the ascent is divided into two parts, which deal respectively with the "active" night and the "passive." Since the soul must be purified in its entirety, the Active Night is logically divided into the Night of Sense and the Night of the Spirit; a similar division is observed in treating of the Passive Night.

The experience of the first Dark Night is a dryness and utter lack of consolation and pleasure in anything mixed with the senses, even those perceptions of God which are sensual, by which the hand of grace leads the soul to contemplation which is "acid and insipid to sense," thereby effecting the Purgation of the Senses. The second Night, which occurs after a period of illumination and joy, and to which only the advanced aspire, is likewise accomplished through a blanketing of the faculties of the memory, the will, and the understanding, issuing in the ineffability of perfect union.

Devoid of purpose, grace or effective purgation the Dark Night can also occur on a natural plane. The soul is hardened to the charms of sense, the intellect is turmoil and the will paralized. The soul settles in an indeterminable anxiety. "In the Dark Night it is always three o'clock in the morning." Without "the light which burned in my heart" the way out is probably impossible of discovery. Perhaps there is none.

It is difficult to understand Mr. Eslick's reasons for failing to present in his lecture a more detailed description of the psychology of the Dark Night which, properly speaking, was the subject under consideration. He may have felt that a simple outline of the Mystic Way and an investigation of its relation to the life of reason, in classic terms, of more value for presentation. Perhaps, however, his lecture may serve as an introduction to a more acute and comprehensive study of the subject in the future.

—J. O.

Commentary From Limbo On The Soul's Dark Night

My pen is unsteady in my hand, my touch weak on the typewriter (or what you will) for I am wounded and thrust unfairly before a harsh premature tribunal. The balm of the Dark Night is denied my soul; my strongest efforts upward are condemned with the brand of vanity; I am denied love, both my own and any for me. You tell me that as I am I must wither before dying, and my dryness be eternally pained after death by a hungry fire justly due me.

But the infinite mercy of my kind and lovely judge allows me one road of escape, for He is also my Shepherd who covets His flock. I may enter His good grace by loving His just harshness; I may find Him by destroying all that I think I am, for I am not thought to be anything.

Yet that way is closed too, for one cannot guide oneself over it; it requires the Shepherd again. If He chooses not to come, death by its wayside is death unblessed.

I can still, however, from my cursed corner, shout that I am ill-treated, that unfair advantage is taken of me. Since I am not of your fortunate lot, I cannot conceive the glories of it; I cannot, you keep reminding me, possibly know the strength with which you speak, for I am so distant from the source of that strength. Nevertheless, to me your strength is nothing. If I cannot see into it I cannot know it as strength at all; and thus all your judgments of me fall short of my heart since I do not know the judge.

Consequently I am free of that pain which accompanies your glory;—I have not sinned against Him who is nothing to me. I am free to build heaven alone for I am free of your chain of sins.

I cannot hear the tolling of your bell, since it tolls not for me;—it tolls only for you who hear it.

A Nous La Liberte

Fortune, an alert magazine of American business and industry, presents in the November issue (received by the Library) an article powerfully charged with hope for the hopeful, despair for the desperate, and wonder for the philosophic. Entitled "Machines Without Men," the article is a preliminary statement of ideas of two young Canadian physicists, E. W. Leaver and J. J. Brown. Their thesis: The modern factory could well be both automatic and flexible, inasmuch as all the required elements now exist in reasonably efficient form; available and in use are hundreds of electronic devices able to do faster, better, and continuously everything done by a workman. Presently, however, these devices are merely attached as accessories to the familiar types of man-operated, semi-automatic production machines; their integration into one coherent unified structure is opposed by an archaic philosophy of design which thinks of a machine in term of its product rather than its function. The effects of a shift in thinking will constitute another Industrial Revolution.

An Anglo-Saxon tendency to restrict interest to practical results underlies the 18th Century philosophy of design which keeps in view specific product rather than formal operations; thus, the machine being built around its product, any radical change in product necessitates a radical change in machine. The consequence has been a diversion of industry far from a rational line of development in production machinery into an increasingly uneconomic and rigid specialization. The twin crises of conversion and reconversion; the scrapping of highly complex and expensive production machinery when the particular product for which it was built becomes obsolete, or is no longer needed or desired; concerted resistance by industry to innovation because of unrealized investment in established machinery; the artificial market, the growth of advertising, and the limitation of improvements to gadgetry and super-refinements; these are some of the more apparent current symptoms of the root disease.

As a remedy the authors propose an entirely new concept of machine design, based on the assumption that all manufacturing operations can be considered as variations on a few basic functions (e.g., transport, fabrication, holding), for the performance of each of which, if properly analyzed, a standard unit can be packaged. In this view, any product, or part, is seen as the result of a certain combination of these basic operations performed in a certain order to a certain degree. Thus the production machine

is conceived as an aggregate of several such small basic units electrically linked and coordinated to compose a single machine capable of producing any given part. The factory then becomes a group of many such composite machines, each turning out a particular part, and so linked electrically and joined by conveyor belts as to feed their part in the proper sequence into one grand assembly machine, from which issues the completed product.

The linkage of basic units and their harmonious cooperation is made possible by use of the theory of the human understanding which limits the totality of the intellect within the physiological system as sensation, reflection, and reaction, under which the various electronic controls developed during the war may be unified and related by easy analogy. Correspondingly, these controls can be neatly grouped under three main headings: information, collation, and operational controls. Under the first fall such things as photo-electric cells, gas detectors, microphones, electric micrometers, and thermocouples; under the second, electronic calculators; and under the third, electric circuits and motors.

Their nature and relation becomes clearer on a consideration of these controls at work, say in the production of a single part by one composite machine. The specifications of this part, in terms of the number, order, duration, and direction of the basic manufacturing motions to be performed by each of the basic units, must first be deduced from blueprint drawings. They must then be translated to a punch card, perforated tape, "piano roll," or other such recording media. This record, passed over a pickup head in a master record-player, sends out impulses of a degree determined by the size or shape of the perforations and over a circuit determined by the position of the perforations. These impulses are received by the collation control on that circuit, which simultaneously compares them with the impulses it is continuously receiving from its information control, and immediately translates their difference into impulses demanding the proper power outputs from its operation control, which is linked directly to the basic manufacturing unit, resulting in the desired operation by that unit. Since each basic unit of the composite machine has its own trio of controls, the master record-player may call for any one operation singly or any necessary number possible simultaneously. When the part is completed, the record, being continuous, comes back over the pickup head and the machine recommences the identical operations. Different finished parts which pass without rejection through their respective photo-electric inspection detectors, go on by conveyors to hierarchies of assembly machines, each controlled by its own record and electronic triad; and the whole factory is integrated by one master record and master control trio. If an improvement or change in product is desired, new punch cards are designed and substituted for the old in the series of record players. Teams of technicians then rearrange and reconnect the easily detachable and interchangeable units of production accordingly; and another run of the new product begins.

Such is the automatic and flexible factory. Machines, not men, are regimented therein; the human working force will be confined to a small group of management and technical personnel. Their occupation, beyond the usual policy decisions, will be the control and distribution of power. Imagine a bank of automatic machines adjoined to a modern hydro-electric plant; the automatic factory might look something like that. An economy making full use of such production machinery will constitute an entirely new industrial order.

The authors and editors treat broadly a few of the outstanding implications. Regarding the drastic devaluation of unskilled human labor, they suggest that since such machines will be feasible only where there is a mass market, there must be a continued maintenance of a large and reasonably solvent wage-earning population; therefore, there must be no overall reduction in the size of the labor force. Thus, the new machines will force society to find a better use for men than as mechanical operators of machines. With respect to short-term unemployment problems, the first and happiest uses of the automatic machines may be invited by the severe manpower shortages of the backward and hazardous industries. Decentralization and regional development, something currently suggested both as an economic remedy and a military necessity, may be meaningful and possible through the new philosophy of design.

The article merits universal attention: it affords a dazzling interplay of thought and phenomena past, present, and future. Those who care to read it may therein be reminded of, among many other things, the Cartesian Revolution; Plato's "Science of Sciences;" counterpoint to atomic energy; Marxist doctrine on the role of means of production as determinants of cultural forms; Christian doctrine of God's infinite love.

—R .O. DAVIS.

THE FINE ARTS
Film And Novel

Only a few of the spectators at the recent showing of Pierre Chenal's *Crime et Chatiment* tittered, and then only at the start of the picture. This proves, in the most concrete way, the film's excellence. For we who composed its audience are bred to such beliefs as: After all, nobody can make you do anything you don't want to do, and, A man's a fool to put himself out for anything but money or women, and, You haven't committed a crime unless they've got the goods on you. These beliefs are so intwined in our attitudes that, though they are belied at some time in the experience of every one of us and held false by all of us who have thought on them, we still use them, almost instinctively, as shields against the forces of fate, conscience and belief. And when a picture is presented of a man driven to commit a crime for an idea and to accept his punishment, we seize on any grotesqueness in the presentation—a high hat, a set, manic face—to laugh at, in order to laugh away the forces we fear to recognize. When the presentation—the ensemble of script, decor, photography and acting—is so good that it cuts through our defenses as a knife through butter and forces even a temporary recognition of the terrible, then we may be sure the film has succeeded as a work of art.

How well *Crime et Chatiment* succeeds as a film translation of Dostoevsky's novel is, however, another question, which immediately raises still others, such as: Can a work of art conceived in one medium be translated into another? and, If so, by what standard do we judge of the success of the translation?

Compared to painting or music, the art of the cinema and the art of the novel seem almost identical; but compared to each other, they reveal their great difference. Both are story-telling arts, but one tells its story with moving pictures, spoken words and music, and the other with read words alone. This difference in medium imposes differing restrictions on the artist; he can say things with pictures that he cannot say with words, and vice versa. Dostoevsky can, by writing out the thoughts of his hero, reveal the conscious motivation and internal struggle which lead his hero to murder, and even, by implication, or by speaking in his own voice, suggest or state the unconscious motivation and the inner conflicts of which even *Raskolnikov* is unaware. But Dostoevsky cannot make us see *Raskolnikov's* face as he saw it. In a novel this is not important; we know more about *Raskolnikov* by being told what he thinks than we ever could by seeing his face. A film, on the other hand, cannot tells us what *Raskolnikov* thinks, but it can show us his face *in action*, from which we can learn about him as much as, and no more than, we can learn about people we know "in real life"—with this difference, to be sure, that we can seldom be sure what actions of the people we know are significant, whereas we can assume that in a good movie all actions are significant. The movies, then, have this advantage over the novel, that the immediate impression they make is more lifelike than the novel's.

This difference of medium means simply that the film cannot convey to the audience all that the novel can to the reader, and though it adds something of its own which the novel lacks, this something is not so important as what is necessarily omitted. However if the film tells the same story within the limitations of its medium, and as well as the possibilities of its medium allow; that is, if it forces on us the same recognition that the novel does, the translation has been as successful as translation can ever be. It seems to me that the Chenal version of *Crime and Punishment* fails as a translation of Dostoevsky's novel, because it does not tell the same story, and because it does not force on us the same recognition.

The action in the novel is given meaning by the thoughts of *Raskolnikov*, and though much of its subtlety and complexity is lost in translation, its main lines are still clear enough in the film. I refer to the psychological action; for example, in the scenes between *Raskolnikov* (Pierre Blanchar) and the police inspector *Porfiry Petrovitch* (Harry Baur) where, in the movie as in the novel, the shifts and changes in *Raskolnikov's* tense and morbid relation to *Porfiry* come through clearly—in the novel due to Dostoevsky's skill in describing *Raskolnikov's* state of mind, in the movie due to the fine acting and directing of the scenes. However, the moral action which in the novel illuminates and

informs the psychological action is not objectified as well in the movie, particularly at the end, where the quasi-religious calm and happiness which *Raskolnikov* finds in *Sonia's* love and the expiation of his guilt is altogether lacking, and we only see *Sonia* trudging across some unconvincing snow. It seems almost that the makers of the film were embarrassed by the un-French exaltation and resignation of the last pages of the Russian novel, and decided to wash their hands of the whole silly business. This is a clue; and when we compare the total effect of the stories told by the film and novel, we see that in filming a subtle but profound shift in the moral meaning of the original story, and in the story itself, has taken place. I shall try to describe that shift.

It is clear from the book that *Raskolnikov* justified his murder of *Alyona Ivanovna* by his theory of the amorality of the deeds of a Great Man, and that he murdered her to prove to himself that he was a Great Man, but the scene in which this is indicated in the film is brief and embarrassing. We are almost justified in laughing at it on aesthetic grounds, for this motive doesn't seem real enough to cause a murder, and we are carried through the scene only by the force of the battle of nerves between *Porfiry* and *Raskolnikov*. Now, underlying this conscious motivation, there is in the book the peculiarly Dostoievskian need for throwing off the ideology of Europe, by violence or even self-destruction. The story of Raskolnikov's need to prove his idea one way or the other, his deep sense of its wrongness before the murder, and his gradual recognition of its wrongness after the murder, is the story of the novel, and *Porfiry* becomes more than just an extremely subtle and skillful police inspector; he is the completely unidealistic but extremely intelligent person whose very existence shatters the faith of the idealistic student and allows his bloody conscience to rise free from the chains of his obsession and convict him. This accounts for the strange liking we have for him, for he is the immediate cause of *Raskolnikov's* salvation.

The film, then—by failing to make clear *Raskolnikov's* obsession, the salvation which follows its destruction, and the quasi-religious atmosphere in which these exist,—changes the nineteenth century Russian story of a young man who, freed from devilish philosophy of Europe, finds God, to the twentieth century European story of a man who, after committing a crime against society, is trapped and killed. It fails as a translation by making this shift, and to a certain extent fails even as a work of art by not making the shift completely, for though the death-like ending belongs to the European story, the unconvincing motives of the murder belong to neither, being an unsuccessful compromise between the Russian and the European.

—GENE THORNTON.

How To Attend A Movie

This is directed to all those overly conscientious St. Johnnies who "feel guilty" every time they find themselves "unwillingly" at the local cinema and to all those charming, arty campusites who "feel guilty" when they do anything but cinemize, or some like ethereal occupation. I realize that such brutal assault can not hope to avoid the wrath of all Manicheans and all the "art boys" on the campus; so, at the outset, I say, "I'm only kiddin'."

Some sage or scholar might find three ways to look at the weekly (or daily) sojourn to the cinema. Ways one and two appear most different yet are very similar. The third way, the mean between the others, is in good Aristotelian terms, "the path of virtue." First, we have the perennial, serious, philosophic, scholar who thinks "movies" a complete waste of time since they are unrelated to everything else he does, but who goes anyway. Then, we have the true fine artist who revels in whatever he sees, while he is seeing it, and who cannot be bothered about connections between things. He goes to the "movies" to glory in emotion and in beauty. Like his Manichean brother, he finds the cinema articulately unconnected with the rest of his life.

There is another way to attend the cinema. Go, catch the plot (rather than the art lover's spectacle), or if you find "no plot to catch," impose one of your own on the sequence of events. This might be a performance in the liberal arts. Your success would be measured by the resulting intelligibility and confusion of the picture. If the picture is not articulately intelligible and in its intelligibility "confusing," you (if not Hollywood) have failed. Since movies, if nothing else, present stories that can be seen in some hour's time, you have pleasant relief from the "drudgery of the curriculum" where "insights" are of necessity constantly delayed.

To illustrate what I mean:—current with this writing there is at the local cinema a "very bad movie" called, "I've Always Loved You." The Manichean will think this picture a complete waste of time. He'll call it, "lush, romantic, sentimental, generally impossible." He is perfectly right. The "art boy" will find a decent musical score, some excellent sets, and some good acting. He is perfectly right. Both are irrelevant.

The "plot" of the picture seems at first glance rather simple-minded. A pretty young pianist, Myra Hassman, is tutored by famous conductor-pianist Leopold Goranoff, with whom she travels round the world while he is "concertizing." When Myra's time comes to debut with him at Carnegie, Maestro Goranoff, fearing lest her talents transcend his own, has the orchestra which he is conducting play so loudly that her piano playing becomes almost inaudible. After the concert, he orders her to leave his home. She marries childhood sweetheart, George Sampter, who loves here in spite of the fact that he recognizes her "double allegiance," to Goranoff and to himself. They have a child who becomes skilled at the piano. When their daughter's time comes to debut at Carnegie, Myra sees Goranoff for the first time since her marriage. She then realizes that she has "always loved her husband."

This is the way the picture was summarized in every newspaper and magazine we have read. It is utterly inadequate. The picture's essence is that it presupposes that "knowledge is good" and that for the sake of a "time" at which characters can recognize themselves, any risk, no matter how great, is allowable. This is particularly evident in George, the husband, who is anxious that his wife Myra, with whom he has been living happily for many years, to all appearances, should meet Goranoff again; for if she were capable of forsaking him for Goranoff, it would be best for her to know it, even if this knowledge forfeits their home (Myra's and George's). This seems an extreme Platonic or an Hegelian stand. It is seen also in Anselmo in Don Quixote. George's statements go like this, "If I can lose you, that means I've never had you." (Sounds like St. Augustine in the "Free Will.") So, in order to have Myra face a crisis with her former music teacher, George has his daughter tutored for an appearance at Carnegie. Myro goes, after twenty years, to Goranoff, to get his opinion on her daughter's musical talents. Finally Myra, and not her daughter, appears again at Carnegie with the Maestro again conducting. George when confronted by Myra that he planned all of it (i.e., the daughter's piano lessons, etc.) so that she (Myra) could be faced with the crisis of meeting Goranoff again, gives an answer that sounds very much like a Scott Buchanan statement, "We don't deliberately plan things. They fall into place and make their own pattern."

At the very end George nearly succumbs to the ultimate temptation of a "man playing God" and almost fails to be at the concert himself. It is his daughter who sees in effect that it is not enough alone that her father should have created this crisis, but that he must recognize his own active role in it. The daughter brings him to the tiers where Myra can see both him and the Maestro while playing. She runs to her husband saying, "I've always loved you." The husband offers an enthymem, "And I've always known it."

This, however, is only one of the "teaching motifs." Goranoff's mother tries to teach her son "what it is to have a pupil transcend you," and general truths about art. Both Goranoff's mother and George are alert to the ultimate teaching device—recognition of the shiftness of symbols. Both have their respective pupils (Myra and Leopold) play for *them* the same piano piece that Myra and Leopold formerly associated with each other. The final scene is masterful. Everybody learns his own lesson; but this is only possible because everybody else does.

Finally, we admitted earlier that the movie was romantic, impossible, etc., etc. For our present purposes this is irrelevant.

—B. G. HAMMEL.

Backwards and Downwards

A student, Irving Beagle, enters the Oral Examination room, smiles hopefully, and seats himself.

Instructor No. 1 (*raising his head*): "But, Mr. Beagle, aren't you missing the point? Oh, I'm sorry. You just came in, didn't you?"

Instr. No. 2: "Mr. Beagle, what sameness can you see between Galen and Lucretius, and also what difference?"

Beagle: "Well, ah—now let me see. Well—ah. (*Pause.*) Oh. Let's see. Well, both Galen and Lucretius are published in the Loeb Library Series. That's a sameness, and as for the difference—well, one has the green binding and the other the red. (*This last part said very quickly and in an almost inaudible whisper.*) But I don't suppose that's exactly what you wanted, was it?"

Instr. No. 2 (*looking at a point on the wall slightly above Mr. Beagle's head*): "Well—no."

Beagle: "Well, another thing. As to the sameness and difference, I could say the following. I didn't read either of them, so that's a sameness. And as to what's the difference, that's what I say, 'What's the difference'." (*Here Beagle laughs in a high voice, but stops abruptly when he realizes that he is the only one laughing.*) At this point Instr. No. 1 stands up to ask if anyone wants a cup of coffee brought up, but stops in the middle of his sentence when he fully realizes that the other instructors have also arisen and are asking the same question. They all sit down again.

Beagle is looking from one instructor to the other trying to catch someone's eye, but all have their gazes averted.

There is a minute or two of silence. The sound of a trumpet begins. It is coming from a nearby dormitory and can be heard easily. They listen.

Beagle, now desperate, believing that only a masterstroke will save him, stands on his chair and begins to accompany the trumpet in a loud, clear voice.

Instr. No. 3 faints.

The music stops and Beagle resumes his seat.

Instr. No. 1: "Mr. Beagle, don't you think that, in some way, the constantly recurring themes in the movies are commenting on the Constitution?"

Beagle: "What constitution?"

Instr. No. 1: "The United States Constitution."

Beagle: "Oh, that one. Yes, or rather, no."

Instr. No. 1: "Could you say a little more about that?"

Beagle (*with a faint, mysterious smile playing about his mouth*): "Maybe. I'd rather not say."

Instr. No. 2: "Well, Mr. Beagle, I guess that will be all. (*And then ominously*) Your time's up."

Beagle leaves room and starts down the stairs, but takes one turn on the stairway too sharply, and there is a loud splintering as three rungs of the banister give way.

As the instructors file by, Beagle, who is pretending he doesn't notice them, is trying to squeeze the broken rungs back together again.

—W. E. H.

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Restatement

At this late date there is little new speculation left to be done on the subject of world government. Stringfellow Barr's discussion of "America and One World" necessarily resolved itself into a restatement of the fundamental problem of peace through international law.

The focal point of the opening statement by the speaker revolved around the text of a speech in the United Nations Assembly by General Carlos P. Romulo, a delegate from the Philippines. He proposes that the constitution of the U. N. be amended, to make the Assembly a legislative body with power limited to the prevention of war. In order to reconcile the larger nations to the loss of their veto, the voting power of a particular state would be proportioned to its strength in population, natural resources, industrial potential, and other such factors. By means of an international police force and inspection system, the Assembly would enforce its laws against aggression and armaments.

But everyone may not share Romulo's horror of war to the extent of forsakking human rights in the interests of peace. The execution of Romulo's plan would mean the indefinite perpetuation of all the evils now existing in non-democratic countries. Since there is no provision for interference by the Assembly in the internal affairs of the individual countries, except with a view to maintaining peace, the people, if oppressed, would not even be able to revolt, for lack of arms (due to inspection) and opposition from the international police force would make such a think impossible.

Once again it is demonstrated that international government is not good if its power is restricted to enforcing peace. There must be a uniform law and ecenomy and political structure throughout the world, if lasting peace is to mean lasting happiness as well.

—ALAN MAREMONT.

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Real Estate a la St. John's

The appearance of the back campus the last few weeks would provide basis for a rumor that St. John's has incorporated a nursery school into the New Program. The explanation, however, is not that simple; it is this—St. John's has gone into the housing business with all the headaches that activity entails.

The four ersatz brick structures on the back campus are the culmination of months of complicated arrangements with the Federal Public Housing Authority, shortages of materials, labor difficulties, and all the trying conditions characteristic of the times. Some indication of the wear-and-tear caused by the project to those in charge can be seen in the expressions of Mr. Campbell and Tom Fulton when the phrase, "housing unit," is mentioned. Originally planned to be ready for occupancy around the beginning of the term, the units saw the first families move in during the last days of November.

One evening in October a meeting of the prospective villagers was held for the purpose of determining who would have which unit. Ladies were, inhospitably although wisely, not invited, since the men had learned, especially through lamentable shopping expeditions, the quarrelsome and acquisitive nature of the weaker sex. The six men whose families were found to be in greatest need of immediate housing drew lots to determine which of the six units to be finished first they would have. In similar fashion the others drew for the remaining units.

No sooner had the last nail been pounded into the sheet rock partitions than six groups of would-be inhabitants converged upon the buildings, and within twenty-four hours diapers were flapping gaily on improvised clothes lines, smoke was rising from the chimneys and groups of men could be seen comparing techniques on the lighting and maintaining of fires in pot-belly coal stoves.

In comparison with the limited quarters most of the students and wives have been enjoying, the units are truly spacious. Each has two bedrooms, a living room, bath and kitchen, all of very adequate size. Thus there is the luxury of an extra room to be used as a nursery, study or guest room.

For many of the families this is their first real home, and plans for decorating are elaborate enough to interest a professional in the field. In one unit the floors have been sanded, oiled and waxed to an appearance of great beauty, as floors go, and the walls are to be painted and papered so as to give rooms the maximum effect of size as well as color and charm. In the spring little fences, window boxes, and flower and vegetable gardens will adorn the exteriors, relieving the nonaesthetic look of the barracks.

Since there are three living units in each building and the structures are far from soundproof, one sometimes has the feeling that his neighbors are in the same room that he is. However, nothing breaks the humdrum routine of housekeeping so much as occasional views into the life around one, and, on that basis, existence should be anything but dull in the back campus village.

Many families will be celebrating Christmas in their new homes, so a casual peek into the unit windows will reveal candles, holly wreaths, Christmas trees aglow with colored lights, packages, and a group of happy people with the spirit of the season very much alive within them.

—M.K.M.

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Sports

With the conclusion of sports for 1946, Junior 3 moved into undisputed first place in basketball, as all but one game of the first round was completed. The Juniors, paced by high point man Dick Matteson with 115 points, registered wins over each of the other four teams, while the Freshmen, handicapped by the absence of several key men, dropped two games and went into a second place tie with Junior-Senior 1A.

The Freshmen opened up a high scoring barrage against Junior-Senior 2B to win 70-48 in the first game since our last issue. Frame led the Freshmen with 24 points, while Short and Widder added 12 apiece. Elliott tallied 14 and Wilson 12 for the losers.

Junior 3 gained a 6-point lead over the Sophomores in the first half and held on to it to outscore the Sops 36-30 in a hard fought

game. Matteson totaled 24 points for the Juniors and Bounds added 10 more, while the Sophomores were led by Moray, Kramer and Wallace with 8 each.

Matteson again led Junior 3 to a win over Junior-Senior 2B by a 65-30 count, scoring 31 points. Bounds registered 16 points, while Cave led the losers with 14 points.

With their first string lineup complete for the first time, Junior 3 took the measure of the Freshmen 74-40, as the Frosh, playing without full strength, dropped their first game of the season. For the Juniors, Matteson scored 31, Bounds 15, Gallup 12 and Terry 10, while Frame totaled 25 and Feinberg 13 for the Freshmen.

The Sophomores found their bearings against Junior-Senior 2B to take a 56-24 victory, their first of the season. Moray tallied 14 points for the Sophomores, aided by ten points each by Woodward, Wallace and Weinstein. Cave was high point man for the losers, making 13.

In the last game, Junior-Senior 1A broke into the win column by gaining a hard fought win over the Freshmen 49-31. The Frosh overcame a 20-8 half-time deficit to take a slight edge in the third period, but the Junior-Seniors came back in the final period to win. Schleicher made 20 points for the winners, with 12 each added by Cave and Bauder, while the losers were paced by Thomas with 10 points, Widder with 9 and Logue with 8.

In individual scoring, Matteson led the college with 115 points in four games, while Frame, of the Freshmen, was second with a total of 64 in three games. The leading scorers in the first 8 games:

Player-Team	*Games*	*Pts.*
Matteson—Junior 3	4	115
Frame—Freshmen	3	64
Cave—Junior1Senior 1A	4	50
Bounds—Junior 3	4	43
Schleicher—Junior-Senior 1A	4	42
Widder—Freshmen	3	31

Team standings on December 8:

	W.	*L.*	*Pts.*	*O.P.*
Junior 3	4	0	213	127
Jun-Sen 1A	1	1	76	69
Freshmen	2	2	187	197
Sophomores	1	2	111	106
Jun-Sen 2B	0	3	102	191

It was announced recently that the St. John's basketball team, which has already racked up a win and tie with two of the Annapolis league members, has caught the eye of one of the town's leading sport enthusiasts and has jonied the league as the Annapolis Sportsman's Center team, sponsored by Eddie Leonard. Mr. Leonard, owner of the Sportsman's Center on Conduit street, has equipped the team with white uniforms and blue sweat jackets, and will pay the franchise fee necessary for admission to the league.

Although the eight-team league schedules its games regularly on Fridays, the St. John's five will play on Sundays at the Armory, with an admission fee of 30 cents for games.

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Kamikaze

i

Enlarging out of the tower of his velocity
He'd come, sacred, young we think, and a student,
But more a religious man—questionably
An ace, or anything of that quality.

He may have remembered silken ladies then,
Though how in such time there might have been a thought
Of anything not of planes in intersection
On a curve of space tight as a coffee bean.

I don't know. Thoughts from abroad are so trimmed.
We had no dissertation that was not private,
No sea story not exclusive wherein
The wide gulls disdained to offer legend—.

Quite less on the emerging from a cloud
Of a foreign expert perhaps wearing a shroud.

ii

It having been a case there in the sun
Of its being not deadly, not then unmentionable,
There was a kind of dull rejoicing done
There by the breach in the blue day where the smoke hung.

Passive as any marker for a grave
And not sparkling like the rest of the world
But suitably so uncommunicative
As to signify nothing but that some lived.

And some died. A death not mourned, though heroic
To a Japanese extent, it was celebrated
For what it was worth in not being correct
In its grand figure of wide fleets all wrecked.

These were modest fetes for raging men,
The tick of a pulse, the sting of a seasonal sun.

—JOHN SANBORN.