Leish, to name a few; and by his dislikes, which in Sandburg's case include anti-Semitism, anti-segregationists, and critics who disparage what he reverses. It is good to see Sandburg in that illuminating letter by his daughter, Helga; to hear his voice described by Ben Hecht and his prodigious walking by Bob Sherwood; and when Carl says of Edward Steichen that "he embodies the American Dream," one would like to add, yes, and that goes for both.

I have only recently caught up with May Sarton's The Small Room (Norton, $3.95), an intense, perceptive story probing the relationships between faculty and students, faculty and president, president and trustee in a small New England college for women. The crisis which has blown up over the plagiarism involving the most brilliant girl on campus is disclosed to the reader, as it was to the community, by Lucy Winter, an instructor in her first year of teaching who is remarkably shrewd and unintimidated. This is a power struggle between women for values which Miss Sarton defines in words so much more eloquent than mere academese. Lucy, who comes to the little community after a broken love affair in the belief that she can bind her wounds in a safe little world, finds herself caught in the bitter rivalry between the generations and in problems involving conscience and a new and unsuspected love. The concise economy of Miss Sarton's style is a delight to read.

During 1961, the preponderant interest of the reader was in nonfiction, and in view of our unceasing concern for Germany and Russia, it is fortunate that we should have been offered two such informative and well-written volumes as The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich by Blot H. Shirer and The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich by William L. Shirer (the first ten-dollar book in American annals to sell more than a million copies in one year) and Ambassador George F. Kennan's Russia and the West. As the deviations deepen among the Communist states, there is an increasing curiosity about Red China. Edgar Snow, whose Red Star Over China was a trail blazer, was readdressed to Red China in 1960. He writes with a perspective few other Americans possess, and his new book, now being finished in Switzerland, is eagerly awaited. There will be at least two new biographies of Mao Tse-tung; there will be a reissue of Mr. Snow's invaluable Red Star Over China; and there is now available in a Praeger Paperback an excellent and concise volume, Red China: An Asian View, by Sripati Chandra-Sekhar. One of India's most distinguished social scientists, Mr. Chandra-Sekhar has analyzed in his clear, graphic English the operation of the communes, what is true and what is pretentious in Red China's industrialization, the extraordinary new role of women, and the seriousness of the population problem.

In his Majesty and Mischief: A Mixed Tribute to F.D.R. (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), William S. White has attempted a form in which he could very easily have fallen flat on his face. The book is an evaluation of Roosevelt as a man and of his contributions as a politician, but instead of the usual straightforward historical essay, Mr. White gives us a lyrical evocation of the mood of the times, a threnody on the death of a great President.

He begins with the day of Roosevelt's death, April 12, 1945, and the impact of this news upon those who were to inherit F.D.R.'s political legacy — Rayburn, Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson, and two obscure young naval officers, Kennedy and Nixon — and he follows through the rest of the book the funeral procession from Warm Springs, where the President died, to Washington, to the final burial services at Hyde Park. The book might be described as an account of three days of national mourning interrupted by long passages of political meditation, or, conversely, as a meditation on the political significance of Roosevelt with continual flashbacks to those same three days of death and burial. This kind of dramatized historical form could have become very sticky and mawkish or degenerated into sensationalism. Happily, however, Mr. White has escaped such pitfalls and turned the difficulties of his form into a positive triumph. Majesty and Mischief is not only a very moving re-creation of one chapter of our national history, but also is perhaps the shrewdest and most balanced judgment we have yet had of the political legacy of Roosevelt.

Mr. White calls his a "mixed tribute" because he includes the negative as well as the positive in Roosevelt's achievements. Mixed and judicious it is, but a most glowing tribute for all that; and only the mixture in eulogy of negative and positive could do justice to this most complex President.
Roosevelt produced a body of social legislation that has now become an unquestioned part of our institutional life. As a great war leader, he played a role, second only to Winston Churchill’s, in the victory over fascism. These are the great positive accomplishments. On the other side of the ledger, he left in complete disunity a party that he had held together by the baling wire of his own political genius. Truman’s subsequent troubles with Congress on domestic issues, in Mr. White’s judgment, were due in no small measure to the disunited party he inherited. Even graver was the damage in international affairs; concentrating on the immediate goal of winning the war, F.D.R. did not foresee and plan for the coming conflicts with Russia and world Communism that have plagued us in the last decade and a half. He might have attended to these matters had not death struck him down suddenly when the end of the war was just in sight. But facts are facts, and the historian has to describe the damage of a political legacy for what it was, however much fate and chance may excuse it.

For failing to foresee the coming struggle with the Soviets, Roosevelt was to be labeled “soft on Communism” during the disunited years of the McCarthy period, in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Roosevelt was not soft on Communism; Mr. White’s explanation of his failure here is that F.D.R. was not really an “internationalist,” but a politician whose horizon was almost exclusively domestic. As a scion of an old family, he retained the colonial’s antiquated distrust of the British and of the Tory Churchill, so that he was not disposed to take seriously the latter’s suspicions of the Russians. Roosevelt was not an aristocrat, as is commonly thought, but upper-middle-class gentry; and, compared with Churchill, he lacked the instinctive historical and international vision of the real aristocrat, which is, as Mr. White shrewdly puts it, “a deeply worldly quality, a profound sophistication, an informed cynicism, in the face of which Roosevelt was hardly more than a still young and eager, if incomparably powerful, man from Groton and Harvard and the Upper Hudson.”

The comparison with Truman is equally unsettling to the usual stereotypes. Truman, who had risen from the back alleys of local politics, had the better historical and international vision, and was actually hampered, during his first months in office, by the foreign policies laid down by Roosevelt. In domestic politics, on the other hand, and particularly in handling the intricacies of party machinery, the gentleman from Hyde Park was incomparably more gifted than the local politician from Missouri.

The Roosevelt paradox is further compounded by the fact that, though F.D.R. presided over a period of revolutionary transition in American life, he himself was deeply conservative in temperament. He may have used liberal formulas as political weapons, but he had no use for the liberal ideologies; he simply tolerated them. He was, if his deepest political convictions may be put in one word, a pragmatist, a man who wanted to get things done. The Depression had fallen upon the country, and he was willing to use all means and slogans to conserve this land. In the early days of the New Deal, businessmen attacked him as a country squire who “never knew what it meant to meet a payroll,” but he was to become one of the most extraordinary masters of production presiding over the greatest movement of men, weapons, and materials that the world had ever seen. Furthermore, one of the most significant results of the Roosevelt regime, Mr. White points out, was the bringing about of a peculiar merger of business and politics that was absolutely new in our national life.

Mr. White deals with matters so complex and near at hand that he is bound to provoke controversy. But whatever storms it may unleash, Majesty and Mischief is likely to ride them out safely, for Mr. White has built his book upon the sound timbers of seasoned political judgment.

**ARMS OR MAN**

If Mr. White offers convincing testimony for the contentions that individuals make history and that politics is not understandable apart from the intricacies of personality, two recent books — THE BALANCE OF TERROR by Pierre Gallois (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00) and MAY MAN PREVAIL? by Erich Fromm (Doubleday, $4.50) — bring out the opposite side of the contemporary picture: that technology, particularly in the form of the nuclear race, tends to dwarf the fragile fact of human personality.

Each of these books is useful and stimulating in its own way, but I found them all the more stimulating when read together because they take diametrically opposed positions on the subject of nuclear arms. Evidently, it is not only East and West that are at odds; even in the West itself, men of good will cannot reach agreement about what is to be done with the atom.

Mr. Gallois is a distinguished French soldier whose book, marshaling a great number of facts about atomic power and politics, has the usual Gallic merits of crispness and clarity. Much of his material relates to the debate that raged in his own country when France chose to join the nuclear club. He is for nuclear power, if any position on this vexing matter may be put so boldly. Since nuclear power has already arrived on the scene, we have no choice vis-à-vis the Soviet Union except to engage in an arms race. This race, however, may have one good effect. As the weapons accumulate on both sides, they may make war itself impossible, for even a tiny war may trigger the big one, and both sides would have too much to lose. To scrap atomic weapons altogether would be to revert to the age of TNT and make the world safe for all future wars. As Raymond Aron, the distinguished French political writer who introduces the book, puts it: Was the age of TNT so wonderful that we should want to regress to it?

This clever rhetorical question seems to silence all debate until we reflect that it leaves unanswered another question not quite so rhetorical: Might not the future be more savage than the total number of savageries since the battle of Crécy, when the age of gunpowder began? Mr. Fromm is the well-known psychoanalyst whose recent journalistic productivity seems to have established him as the John Gunther of psychiatry. (He has not yet written an Inside the Psycho, but that may come.) His present book has some of Mr. Gunther’s virtues; it covers a wide area, digests much information, and is altogether very readable. But Mr. Gunther remains just a journalist, while Mr. Fromm’s connection with psychoanalysis seems to require from him more

Tertz writes as a man bitterly disillusioned with the course of things since the Revolution: "So that prisoners should vanish forever, we built new prisons. So that all frontiers should fall, we surrounded ourselves with a Chinese Wall. So that work should become a rest and a pleasure, we introduced forced labor. So that not one drop of blood be shed any more, we killed and killed and killed."

But it would be a mistake to think that this disillusionment means that the author is ready to defect to the West. Though he cannot be published in his own country, Tertz clearly remains within the intellectual circle of Communism and is possessed by the faith that only Marxism provides a rational vision of mankind's future. He himself, to be sure, is an idealist and humanitarian, but the same total and utopian faith working in the men who wield power is not likely to engender the reasonable complacency of corporation managers in the West.

From a literary point of view, the most significant parts of this essay are the sections that trace the role of romantic irony and the figure of the "superfluous man" — or, as we might say, the outsider — in Russian
think that the decline of religion is imminent is laughable, men will always seek for the answers to the four questions of origin, meaning, morality and destiny. God won’t be mocked, He still makes a mockery out of all those who want to mock him and eventually turns the tables on grandiose plans to eliminate Him from men’s consciousness. Yes, religion, with perhaps the exception of Buddhism, is projected to decline in followers primarily due to a modernization effect or a secularization thesis. The Secularisation Thesis. All things shall come to pass. The concept of having no religion does not denote only Secular Humanism or Atheism per say. New non-sectarian ideologies are possible to emerge as we see religions decline. POTTER: Olivier Bobineau teaches the sociology of religion and lives it himself. He’s a Catholic who wears a small cross on a chain that he keeps hidden most of the time. But one night, at a meeting with high government officials… If the Romans as a whole people really had suffered any sort of demographic decline we’d be at a loss to explain the presence of the Romance languages all over Europe. Another Believer: Protestant Europe participated in the First Great Awakening too. There it was called Pietism, and unlike in the US, it remained within the boundaries of established churches, except in Britain where Methodism did establish its own church.