

The editors are unable to explain why and how exhaustion of the feet exerted so great a deterrent on the mind as to retard, for two days, this issue of the Courier.

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Book notes. (1) Tempting morsels in the Newton sale (April 15May 16. So there is time for asking for appraisals if Mr. and Mrs. Bliss would like to know)
 Original water-color Blake, "When the morning stars sang together..."
 Spencer, Works, 1679. Keats' copy; the gift of Joseph Severn. (Is this not tempting? Remembering D.O.'s ms. sonnet to Spencer?)
 Dante, 3 v. (Cary's tr.) given by Keats to Fanny Brawne with autograph sonnet, "A dream after Reading Dante's 'Episode of Paolo and Francesca'"
 Marlowe, Dr. Faustus, 1620 (D.O. having the 1st ed. of Goethe's Faust)

(2) New publications. Louis MacNeice, The Poetry of W. B. Yeats.
 Extracts from: "if I were making a general anthology of shorter English poems, I should want to include some sixty by Yeats. There is no other poet in the language from whom I should choose so manyI like rereading Yeats more than I like rereading most English poets"

Nicol Smith (Moirá Archbold's husband) Bush Master.
 Adventures, highlighting the Nazi penetration in the Guianas.
 Anti-German bibliography. See clipping below

(3) A controversy between Royal Tyler and Guérard. " " "
 (4) A review of Sir Almroth Wright's Prolegomena " " "

(5) An amusing idea for appropriate formats. "It is imperative", says C.S. Lewis, writing of Spencer: "that the Faerie Queene should be thought of as a book suitable for reading in a heavy volume, at a table; there is a "black letter" flavour about it ...a heavy volume, then, let it be; for its perusal must be devout, prolonged and leisurely" Does not this open up entertaining vistas?

Correspondence

The Philosophy of Richelieu

To the Editor of BOOKS:

A review of an abridged translation of Karl J. Burckhardt's "Richelieu" appeared in the New York Herald Tribune BOOKS, Sept. 29, 1940, under the signature of Albert Guerard, who leads off: "Now we have an interpretation of the Cardinal in terms of Nazi philosophy." Further on, Professor Guerard insists: "We have said that Burckhardt—whatever his formal affiliation may be—interprets Richelieu in terms of Nazi ideology."

By way of support for this statement, Professor Guerard quotes Burckhardt (or rather his translators) as observing that the Cardinal is "the incarnation of the collective unconscious of the period," and that he "grasped the truth that the happiness of a country lies in the simultaneous development of people, nation and state."

These two remarks of Burckhardt's may not seem to go very far toward proving Professor Guerard's case. However, they are all the evidence culled from Burckhardt's words about Richelieu Professor Guerard offers. Your reviewer, it is true, takes the precaution of inserting the parenthesis: "whatever his formal affiliation may be."

Now "formal affiliation" is good, when used to dispose of the Burckhardts of Basle, a family whose history has been interwoven with that of the Swiss Confederation for centuries, and which besides many Swiss worthies, has produced such world figures as J. L. Burckhardt, an Islamic scholar and traveler who visited Mecca disguised as an Arab pilgrim early in the nineteenth century, and J. C. Burckhardt, the celebrated writer on the Italian Renaissance. Karl J. Burckhardt, the author of "Richelieu," J. C. Burckhardt's nephew, is himself an historian with a European reputation, who professes in the University of Geneva and was the League of Nations's last Commissioner General at Dantzig, from which post he was evicted by the Nazis when they attacked Poland in September, 1939.

I have not read the abridged translation of Karl Burckhardt's "Richelieu." There are non-Nazi historians who consider the original to be the best piece of historical writing that has appeared in German for a long time past.

ROYALL TYLER.

New York City.

To the Editor of BOOKS:

Mr. Royall Tyler's letter raises a very important problem. The sentences he quotes do give the philosophy of Burckhardt's "Richelieu," and they are a perfect summary of Nazi ideology. But it should be evident that "Nazi ideology" is something much older and much deeper than the Hitler movement. It goes back to Herder, Fichte, Hegel; it has permeated practically all German historical writing for more than a century. Hitler is but a crude exponent of it, in the same way as Hyde Park ranters are but caricatures of Saint Paul or Karl Marx. But, in plebeian form, the essential philosophy is the same. That explains why a nation of profound scholars submits so gladly to the author of "Mein Kampf." I do not believe in that ideology; but that is beside the point. The problem is whether that ideology is found in Burckhardt. It is.

ALBERT GUERARD.
Stanford University, California.

Reinhold Niebuhr, chairman of American Friends of German Freedom, sends us the first issue of *In Re: Germany*, a Critical Bibliography of books and magazine articles on Germany. The plan is to issue this bibliography monthly for the information and guidance of those who are interested in combating Hitler's domination of a nation which must still include some persons who love liberty. James Loeb Jr. is the editor, with offices at 342 Madison Avenue, New York City. The Writers and Educators Committee of the American Friends of German Freedom includes, among others, Thomas Mann, Louis Adamic, William Allen Neilson, Lewis Gannett, Vincent Sheean, Quincy Howe, Christian Gauss and Robert Morss Lovett. The first issue of the bibliography opens with "Ambassador Dodd's Diary" (Harcourt, Brace), which is reviewed at length. The other books and articles listed are reviewed briefly.

LOGICIANS IN THE PILLORY

PROLEGOMENA TO THE LOGIC WHICH SEARCHES FOR TRUTH.

By SIR ALMROTH E. WRIGHT. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Sir Almroth Wright's book consists in the main of a protest against the "alethropic" barrenness of a Formal Logic which he in one passage at least equates with Aristotelian Logic. It is, however, doubtful whether his case holds good, or is meant to hold good, so much against Aristotle—a philosopher whom he venerates as a thinker even if he does not greatly admire him as a man—as against the developments of Symbolic Logic, Mathematical Logic and the Logic of Relations which have supervened upon the pioneer work of Boole and Peirce (small as is their prominence in Peirce's philosophy as a whole) and which have acquired a fresh momentum as the result of revolutions in the mathematical basis of physics. Generally speaking, the nature of the "Logic" which Sir Almroth Wright is interested in castigating can be best appreciated if one observes that he ranges himself with those who have followed Mill in attacking the pure syllogism as a *petitio principii*, and that he is particularly emphatic in deploring the alleged proneness of logicians to imitate the activity said by Mr. Bertrand Russell to be characteristic of mathematicians, namely, that of "taking any hypothesis that seems amusing and deducing its consequences."

It should be remarked, lest any misunderstanding arise, that Mr. Russell himself stands high in Sir Almroth's esteem as logician and as thinker; but the fact remains that the main tenor of his book constitutes a polemic against any pure ratiocinative formalism which confines itself to eliciting the implications of premises not guaranteed as true. In the circumstances it may be inapposite to reply that Sir Almroth secures his effects against

logicians by abstraction from philosophic logic: yet, as there is every prospect that his book will be read by tiros in philosophy, it may not be wholly inapposite to call attention to the fact that the "Logic" of Lotze and Peirce, of Hegel and of Bradley (to take only a selection of famous names) is, in extension and in intension, more often a facet of their metaphysics than co-terminous with the mere canons of methodological ratiocination.

While one may feel dissatisfied both on these grounds and because of a persistent doubt whether Symbolic Logic is really a discipline so seductive that the adolescent spirit needs to be inoculated against its allurements, it should be added that Sir Almroth Wright's book is endowed with originality and with considerable philosophic force, and that his classification of fallacies and his analysis of the polymorphic concept of "being" are interesting and cogent. The long preface of the work is, however, not unlikely to prove, to philosophers and even to unrepentant logicians, to be the most fascinating part of the whole work, though not perhaps the part most calculated to win general assent.

Sir Almroth's description of the evolution of "transcendental ideals" in Greek literature is of high quality (though one might suggest that the *Philoctetes* is more interpenetrated with ethical casuistry than any of the plays he summarizes); but the evaluations of Plato and St. Paul are less convincing. The depreciation of Plato as a pure philosopher evinces a strange neglect of the latest stage of his thought; and the suggestion that St. Paul habitually taught his converts that moral purification would be a waste of opportunities if this life were all seems to hang too grave a charge upon a single outburst of rhetoric. It appears to overlook the counterpoising weight of numerous passages in which the transfigured life of the Apostle himself testifies aloud against his own unguarded words.

Festivities at D.O. There was music at D.O. on Sunday evening, about which, doubtless full accounts have been, or will be, sent from other sources. Here we would make only a few comments: that there was a distinguished company; that The Musical Art Quartet played beautifully, and in the ears of some of us there still persists echoes from the Schubert Quintet with 2 celli, and especially from the Adagio with its incredibly beautiful little handfuls of accompanying notes played by one of the celli - little falling drops in exquisite pattern. (Even so inadequate a description will, we hope, serve to recall the passages we refer to); the universal asking for news of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, and the equally universal expressions of missing them. Malvina Hoffman, Henrietta Ely (just back from France and - as is may be unnecessary to state! - dramatically interesting and tragic on the conditions there during the retreat), Edward Laroque Tinker, eager to write an article on the library or/and on the D.O. Papers as they appear, Henry W. Kent ...

On Monday there was a tea in the afternoon. Again a distinguished company; again the missing and the inquiries. Mme. Focillon attended at both occasions, and everyone was glad that she had done so.

National Gallery Opening. Full accounts of this, too, have reached you, or will, from many sources. For some of us, ay least, the reactions were varied. One of the strongest was:- that D.O. seemed like a pure, integrated, self-contained crystal: perfect, purposeful, without flaw; an oasis; a cool, green spot for peace of spirit ...

Luncheon for the Staff and the Junior Fellows. A most stimulating talk was given by Mr. Sachs after lunch, in which he outlined the plans for 1941-1942, and the great, eventual goal for D.O. Much of this will appear in the special D.O. number of the Fogg bulletin, for which we wait with eagerness. Meantime, minds are humming with ideas. (One of us can hardly sleep for one, which she thinks is a beauty - an entrancing avenue for research, following which (she believes) Mr. and Mrs. Bliss could make a most exciting contribution to research. This idea has been undivulged so far to anyone)

Visitors. To name only a few, for their name is legion. Helen Frick came before the festivities, on purpose. A characteristic action. To the one who guided her about, it seemed that her understanding of the purpose of D.O.; her intuition of what had gone into it and what will come from it, was startlingly penetrative. She glowed with altruistic appreciation. Miss Glass, the sister of the senator. The noblest Roman of them all (have you ever seen her?) She received her doctorate for Greek and Latin - and that some years ago - and could with difficulty be dragged by any of the inscriptions until she had made them her own and translated them to her satisfaction.

Weather report. After a spring-like Sunday, there came a wild wind from the North-West and a Lucifer drop in temperature. Radiantly clear, if one could see in spite of the flowing tears caused by the wind. Today is less wild and still very clear.

In closing, may we say how greatly we have missed you during these days? At every turn, at every note, and at every moment.