ciety and the greedy rich and led to his outraging the sexual taboos and social conventions of the day.

His dissatisfaction with the poverty and the fate of the lower classes in late Victorian England produced on a creative, logical, and searching mind the visions of the future which are now so startlingly prophetic. He expressed them first in the series of science-fiction novels which are even today the best of their kind. "When the Sleeper Wakes" and "Tales of Time and Space" are examples of his foreknowledge of the inventions that were to make the world a better place to live in. They were mixed with nightmare stories of human cruelty and worldwide wars fought with gas, bombs, and airships that had not yet been invented. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" and "The War of the Worlds" are examples of the three aspects of his science fiction which proved that he was one of the most imaginative and prophetic writers of the day. When in 1913 he wrote "The World Set Free" he developed the total horror of the atomic bomb more than thirty years before its invention, "a great ball of crimson purple fire, like a maddening living thing whirling about amidst a chaos of falling masonry." By that time his imagination had invented before their time motion pictures, airplanes, dirigibles, motor highways, prefabricated houses, electric stoves and washing machines, armored tanks, radar.

Wells's later development was in the realm of political, biological, and social ideas. He was temperamentally an idealist and an optimist, so that while his logical mind told him that there were more reasons for the approaching destruction of civilization than for the establishment of the world state he saw as the only means of escape, he could not bring himself to give up hope. At the end of his final and most pessimistic book he adds: "My own temperament makes it unavoidable for me to doubt . . . that there will not be that small minority which will succeed in living life out to its inevitable end." The prodigious success in 1920 of "The Outline of History," which he boasted had sold more copies in one year in America than the Bible, had given him financial security. He was able to disregard at last the loudly expressed disapproval of his ideas about the Catholic Church ("Undying Fire"), birth control, and free love ("Ann Veronica" and "The Passionate Friends") and of his own widely discussed love affairs.

Mme. Vallentin analyzes clearly, without any recourse to the jargon of psychiatry, his hatred of conventional ideas and the reticence of the upper class, as results of his early fight for a place in the sun. He appeared in society as a short, bellicose, and outrageous little man with a bristling mustache and anxious eyes. He carried off his love affairs as if he was waving a red flag in the face of society. Mme. Vallentin does not explain, and perhaps it is impossible to do so exactly, what his attraction was for the various women who loved and lived with him. His second wife, Jane, whom he had met in his biology classes, shared his life for years before he was free to marry her. She gave him what he wanted—love and understanding. After Jane's death a series of women followed, two of whom broadened his intellectual horizon and sharpened his avid curiosity for knowledge of Europe and the East.

Shaw, who lived fourteen years longer than Wells, felt at the end that he had had enough of life. Wells was still fevered with impatience at the stupidity and cruelty of mankind. He knew that all his books, his powers of persuasion, his warnings, had come to nought. If he had lived for another decade he would have continued his indomitable pursuit, in the midst of increasing chaos, of a utopia, an organized, peaceful world state run by men trained in science and human behavior.

The book is not only one of the most readable of modern biographies; it is also the study of a mind through which flowed the ideas of the present and the future. Mme. Vallentin concludes: "The very intensity with which he responded to every summons of contemporary events, the passionate eagerness with which he flung himself into the struggle, made him the confluent of all the currents of his time, of all its hope, of its distress, of its victories, and of its defeats."

—*Ego.*

Antonina Vallentin — "all the currents of [H. G. Wells's] time."

Heir of Socrates?

NIETZSCHE. By Walter A. Kaufmann. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 409 pp. $6.

By Crane Brinton

"CRITICISM of Nietzsche is rife, understanding rare." Thus W. M. Salter, one of the first American expounders of Nietzsche, prefaced his book nearly forty years ago. Salter himself was a kindly progressive who, if he did not soften Nietzsche into a Socialist, did try to equate him with the great American tradition of democracy. H. L. Mencken, one of whose first books was on Nietzsche, swung poor Nietzsche quite around into a Menckenian lover of good living and hater of the boobs who somehow hindered good living. Paul Elmer More found Nietzsche wrapped in the Nessus-shirt of romantic naturalism. And so Americans have gone on "understanding" Nietzsche right down to the present. Just before Pearl Harbor George Morgan published in his "What Nietzsche Means" a loving analysis of a system of thinking essentially humanist—or better, a synthesis of the best of human thought, culminating in "luminousness, peace, *no exaggerated* longing, joy in the *rightly employed, eternized moment.*" I myself at almost the same time and with the same publishers brought out a brief and, I admit, rather ill-tempered analysis of Nietzsche in which I found some of his ideas congruous with those of the Nazis, and Nietzsche himself a somewhat unpleasantly pathetic intellectual ("decadent" was the fashionable term Nietzsche used of himself) crossed with the descendant of a long line of Lutheran ministers.

Now comes Walter A. Kaufmann with one of the very best books on Nietzsche I have seen. I should not dare to say that this is the final interpretation of a thinker whose interpreters have already boxed the compass of human horizons. But Mr. Kaufmann has avoided the tendency to put Nietzsche back together too neatly according to some notions in Mr. Kaufmann's mind, but not—or only most fleetingly—in Nietzsche's. He refuses to build for Nietzsche a "system" which he shows convincingly Nietzsche deliberately avoided making. Nietzsche, he notes, "is like Plato, not a system-thinker, but a problem-thinker." Nietzsche does not so much solve his problems as by examining his premises—and those of others—"outgrow" them.

No attempt at paraphrase could bring out the compact richness of this book. It is not one with which to begin the study of Nietzsche. Mr.

Kaufmann, like a good epigone (that word ought to have a purely descriptive sense), deals almost wholly with those matters scholars, critics, and—since Nietzsche is one of the few modern philosophers whose name has been news—all sorts of commentators in press and pulpit have disputed about. So he makes but the sketchiest of outlines of a complete biography but discusses at greater length—and most judiciously—the case of Wagner, the Foerster business, the Lou Salome-Rée-Elizabeth comedy, the final madness.

Mr. Kaufmann finds my Jamesean adaptation classifying Nietzscheans into "tender" and "tough" inadequate for fine work, though he does make use of it to dismiss the simpler attempts to convert Nietzsche to political use. Indeed, in a footnote Mr. Kaufmann takes William James himself to task for his abandonment of pluralism in an innocent dualism which comes out as "take your choice of Royce or me." But surely James meant this classification of tough and tender as no more than a tool, as one kind of measurement? As we refine our measurements and our classifications we reach more and more complex equations, but from time to time the original simple one is useful. To my mind Mr. Kaufmann is—marginally, of course—a "tough" Nietzschean. His Nietzsche comes out in the end the heir of Socrates, the educator who sought to draw out of men their endless variety and endless potentialities, at bottom an experimenter, even a pragmatist. But he comes out so only after a good deal of twisting and turning through pages of good clear expository prose, and no doubt Mr. Kaufmann himself would demur at this summation.

Mr. Kaufmann is convinced that the Nazis did not so much quarry in Nietzsche's work as deliberately pervert it, deliberately use his name to cover ideas he never had. Ten years ago I came to the conclusion that Nietzsche had in fact tossed off many notions which were quite fitted for Nazi use, even though it was almost certainly true that had he lived he would have found the Nazi regime intolerable. Mr. Kaufmann will have none of Nietzsche's being half a Nazi. He dismisses early in his book the common notion that Nietzsche's work is composed of disparate aphorisms, often quite inconsistent, from which anyone can choose what he likes. Mr. Kaufmann finds not quite as neat a pattern as did Mr. Morgan, but a unity, a searching for refinement of problems.

He cannot, of course, avoid exegesis, and indeed one of his most effective bits is on that most central of exegetical points in Nietzsche, his use of the term "war," as in the famous quotation from "Zarathustra": "You should love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long." Mr. Kaufmann does not follow the most innocent of commentators, who here suggest that Nietzsche means a nice spiritual warfare, a war of prophecies and preachings. But he does say that Nietzsche is "surely not speaking of 'war' in the literal sense any more than he is speaking of soldiers." He is, in fact, speaking of dialectic, of education, of the war of thoughts, not a nice polite one but a nasty one, perhaps like the one Wilamowitz-Moellendorff unleashed on him; hence the figure of war. So when Nazis like Haertle or Baeumler quote him on war they quote the words but distort the meaning.

Now all this may be true; Mr. Kaufmann makes quite the best case for it, and similar points of exegesis, that I know. Actually, my own book on Nietzsche was not concerned so much with the congruence of Nietzsche's ideas and those of certain modern anti-democratic groups as it was with Nietzsche as an example (not altogether of the kind Julien Benda was thinking of) of the *trahison des clercs*. To me the unforgivable thing about Nietzsche's career was its irresponsible intellectualism, its neurotic refusal to accept anything at all for long. Mr. Kaufmann himself goes so far as to admit that Nietzsche was "difficult." I used a much stronger phrase—"not housebroken." Nietzsche tempts the most prosaic to paradox, and there can hardly be harm in another: this Socrates behaves strangely like Thersites.

Crane Brinton, professor of history at Harvard, recently published "Ideas and Men," a history of Western civilization. His book on Nietzsche was published in 1941.

Rosie Knows Everybody

EUROPE BETWEEN THE ACTS. By R. G. Waldeck. New York: Doubleday & Co. 329 pp. $3.

By John Gunther

AT A DINNER party in New York a couple of years ago our hostess suddenly asked a question which produced much ferment: "Who is the most interesting woman you have ever met?" Then this developed into another question: "Who are the five (or six) most interesting (or fascinating) women in the world today?"

Candidates were immediately named by the boldest guests, and we assembled a formidable small list. Of course Eleanor Roosevelt was chosen by almost everybody. So was Greta Garbo. So was Edna St. Vincent Millay. And we argued hotly the merits of Dorothy Thompson, Rebecca West, and Eve Curie. Somebody nominated Frau Mahler, the wonderful Viennese lady whose life has been largely given to the nurture of genius, and words were spoken for Mrs. Pandit, Evita Peron, and the fabulous Baroness Moura Budberg. Then I suggested someone else—Countess Rosie Waldeck. This name was less familiar than the others, and I remember giving a brief (and I hope succulent) account of Rosie's life and works.

Countess Waldeck was born of a distinguished banking family in Mannheim, Germany; her name was originally Goldschmitt or Goldmark, I forget which. She grew up in Berlin in the period following World War I when Germany, numbed and frenzied by defeat, closely resembled Rome under Heliogabalus.

Rosie, if I may call her so, made a series of spectacular marriages, after getting a Ph.D., *summa cum laude*, at the University of Heidelberg. One of her husbands was a celebrated Berlin physician; another was head of the House of Ullstein, the greatest of German publishers. (About Count Waldeck, her third husband, I know little, and I have a private joke with her that he never quite existed.) Rosie had everything. She was rich, she was naughty, she was as bright as a new cherry, she was wise, she was a good comrade, and she was wildly pretty.

Rosie—but perhaps I had better call her Countess Waldeck, since this is a review of a serious book—undertook adventures which carried her all over the world. She was accused on one occasion of being a spy, and was triumphantly cleared after a trial which, in its smaller way, was almost as explosive a cause celèbre in the Berlin of those years as the Dreyfus case in France. She wandered to many