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The Queen and Columbus. Ferdinand and Isabella. By Hermann Kesten.

Mann, Klaus

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nes lighted up by the returning embassies," and Helen Rootham's version, "Shrines illumined by e of a revived speculation." Whatever gratitude toward Mrs. Varèse here soon collapses. "Rien ne score au front des palais" is turned into "Nothing in front of the palaces"; any schoolboy would tly translated in the forehead of, allowing one façade of buildings as faces. "And the dream read for "Et le rêve fraichit." ad been the result of an attempt to convey some d's music and rhythms to the American reader, kes would not matter in the least. But Mrs. Varèse ingly uninspired. A single poem of Hart Crane's, e, though not at all derivative, can give you more ace of Rimbaud than all these translations together. if course, keep one from having to turn too often ifonary.

BENÉ BLANC-ROOS

Up Please Its Spinach

UP PLEASE ITS TIME. By Elizabeth Hawes. il and Hitchcock. \$2.50.

curious little work is perhaps best treated as a e type of mystery, in which the reader's object is r the point of the book. The title seems to present course, and after you Hurry Up and read the vol- do discover that It's Time to fight for socialism. is nothing about socialism in the book except for a ks at the end expressing the author's unqualified lyzed indorsement.

ket, which I consulted eagerly for a lead, says that her most important book" (more important even hion Is Spinach"), Miss Hawes "dares to expose tefully hushed-up, ills." These appear to be, in tr of gravity, the patronizing attitude of trade-union rd trade-union women; marital infidelity in and out or movement, or the "Great Bed Bug"; the con- fascist nature of employers; red-baiting in the and, above all, Walter Reuther, who is not as an ill, however, as Miss Hawes would like to

thor is a passionate advocate of unity in the labor and to this end she divides its members into four

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and thinks he has the requisite skill in machine politics. His activities turn her "as cold as do those of the N. A. M.," and if we permit him to "mix us up by a red scare or individualistic behavior—then we may expect the U. S. A. to follow in the footsteps of Nazi Germany."

These remarkable bits of libelous passion, fully backed by strained inference and far-fetched anecdote, are in keeping with the vapory nature of the book, which in a disjointed way tells of the frustrations in educating women in the principles of trade unionism.

I do not profess to have discovered the point of the book, but since all mysteries are supposed to have a culprit, I pick Reynal and Hitchcock.

ROBERT BENDNER

The Queen and Columbus

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. By Hermann Kesten. A. A. Wyn. \$3.

SEVEN years ago I reviewed in these columns Hermann Kesten's novel "The Children of Guernica," the book with which that author introduced himself to the American reading public. "Ferdinand and Isabella" testifies once more to the freshness and originality of his talent.

The events described in this historical novel are known to any college student—Spain's ruthless and tenacious struggle for power started by Queen Isabella toward the end of the fifteenth century, the inhuman persecution and expulsion of the Spanish Jews and Arabs under the Inquisition, the crucial deed and personal drama of Christopher Colum-

bus. ("A world is my monument," muses the unfortunate discoverer. "Spanish chains are my reward.") But the familiar characters and situations assume an entirely new relevance and fascination as a truly creative writer depicts them with poignant wit and profound compassion.

There are heart-breaking scenes dramatizing the martyrdom of Isabella's victims—the Moors whom she was determined to exterminate, the Jews whose tormented outcry, "God, You see and are dumb?" resounds through the pages of the chronicle. In spite of all its moral indignation, however, the chronicle treats the blood-stained heroine with fairness and understanding. The Isabella it portrays is not just a monster of greed and fanaticism; she is a live woman, a human being—complex, contradictory, problematical. At times she is almost lovable; in other moments she has tragic grandeur. And again there are hours when she becomes puny and pitiful. There are hours of doubt. Looking at a "gouty old man," a "sublime, ridiculous old man" by the name of Christopher Columbus, the Queen of both the Spains wonders, shuddering: "Are all great men mad? Have I been mad, too? Is madness greatness? Is greatness madness? Poor, poor old man!"

A skeptic and moralist in the Voltairian tradition, Kesten seems to tell us that madness was ruling the world four hundred and fifty years ago as it is today. Which is not to say that we should acquiesce in madness. Kesten, for one, does not—as he has proved once more by writing the frightening and edifying, bitter and entertaining story of Queen Isabella and her beloved Ferdinand, nicknamed "King Petticoat."

KLAUS MANN

The Catholic Church—Its Nature and Purpose

By Cardinal John A. Ryan, S.J., D.D.

With an Introduction by Cardinal Cushing

You Should Know--

HOW THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXISTS IN A DEMOCRACY

WHAT THE STEPINAC CASE MEANS TO US

MUST WE CHOOSE BETWEEN ROME AND