

and there are missing links in the chain of exposition. To one having a first-hand knowledge of Italian affairs or to the genuine student of the subject, the book will offer little that is new. But the general reader will find it a sketchy yet fairly useful survey of ideas, events, and personalities in Fascist Italy. The readability of the book would have been enhanced by a better translation.

Quite different in character is Don Luigi Sturzo's *ITALY AND FASCISMO* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75), — in every respect a more noteworthy study than the first. Don Sturzo has the initial advantage of being one of the outstanding figures in Italian political life. Although now living in exile, he is the titular head of the so called "Popular Party", a group describing themselves as Christian Democrats, but often termed Christian Socialists. This group represents the organized Catholic masses. Its importance can be gaged by the fact that in the last parliamentary elections held before the Fascist dictatorship, it obtained nearly one-fifth of all the parliamentary seats.

The most interesting item in its program is its advocacy of a federal form of government for Italy, with larger political activity for the provinces. This program of federalism and regionalism, whose logical culmination is a "United States of Italy", not only opposes Fascism but also criticizes the whole political trend toward centralization which has prevailed since the attainment of Italian political unity. In a sense, therefore, the Popular Party is the most uncompromising opponent of Fascism, which exalts centralization, nationalism, and imperialistic expansion to the utmost degree. This explains why the Fascist Dictatorship of Mussolini has sternly repressed the Popular Party and has driven its leader, Don Sturzo, into exile.

Don Sturzo's book is a trenchant attack on Fascism, which it criticizes root and branch. But the attack is conducted on a very high plane. Don Sturzo is a philosopher. He digs deep. The book opens with a broad historical survey and ends with an equally broad survey of current trends and tendencies, not only in Italy but in the world at large. Furthermore, the tone always remains restrained. This book is an excellent example of the adage:

suaviter in modo, fortiter in re. Its readability is distinctly enhanced, moreover, by the excellence of the translation.

Don Sturzo has unquestionably written the most effective criticism of Mussolini and the Fascist régime that has thus far appeared. Yet, for this very reason, we must be on our guard. So able is the criticism, so restrained the tone, and so persuasive the argument, that the reader is likely to forget that there is another side to the story. The challenge of Fascism to many of our traditional ideas, its triumph in Italy, and the sympathetic echoes it awakens in many quarters outside of Italy, are not fully accounted for in Don Sturzo's admittedly able pages. The book should be read by all genuine students of contemporary Italy. But it should also act as an incentive for further reading on the Fascist side. Thus only will a just intellectual synthesis become possible.

LOTHROP STODDARD

Fool's Gold

WHEN an author of Count Hermann Keyserling's stature pounds the table and says: "I regard this book (*THE WORLD IN THE MAKING*, Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) as the most actual of my works and believe it should have the widest appeal," one reads with, at least, attention. But in doing so, one discovers that even reading with attention can help little when the whole book is written in an abstruse, semi-opaque manner. Nor is this the only hindrance. The ubiquitous I-spirit echoes and reechoes through the pages. And it is downright irritating to be reminded well over sixty times during the course of a book that it is imperative to read a number of other works by the author before the one in hand can really be understood.

However, there is something on the other side of this literary ledger. Keyserling agrees with the pessimistic Spengler that civilization is trembling on the brink. He argues that the spiritual organism of man has made such great strides in the realm of the intellect that the dynamic balance of the golden age has been upset. Therefore, all old states of culture must die. He accuses the machine. The man who loves his car, his airplane, or his globe trotting, who prefers radio and movies to Sophocles and Shakespeare, finds it quite

impossible to remain tied to life forms or cultures which depended on narrow inner and outer boundaries. Compared with his fathers, modern man gives the effect of a new, traditionless, and unburdened person.

Yet this German prophet says that those who preach "back from the technical" are nothing but bad romanticists. The masses will inevitably decide the issue. He points out that an idea never rises to historic power simply because it is true, but only when it is representative. The chauffeur is the typical modern man, and the Fascist and Bolshevik movements are related, — if opposite, — manifestations of his will. To-morrow's leader will be the man who best expresses the collective unconscious mind of the populace. Lenin did that in Russia. Mussolini is doing it now in Italy.

The immediate problem is to develop world leaders from a Europe materially impoverished, but spiritually richer than the nascent chauffeur-communities elsewhere. The mechanized world of quantitative and transferable values is choking with gasoline fumes of our older culture. Still, in time, and under the guidon of a perfectly self-conscious, time-conscious, and technically intellectual thinker, modern Europe will create new spiritual values of its own.

Keyserling, like Spengler, has found a favorite pastime in collecting the sweepings of current pessimism into impressive generalizations. And the wise are saying of Keyserling, as they have already said of Spengler, that his shining nuggets may prove fool's gold.

HENRY H. BALOS

An Ambassador as Mystic

THE profound piety of the French Ambassador to the United States has long been revealed to his own countrymen and to those familiar with certain mystical and highly orthodox religious currents in modern French literature. Paul Claudel's *LETTERS TO A DOUBTER* (A. & C. Boni, \$2.50) introduce him to the American public in a form that will interest all denominations. It shows him reasoning with one of those "sincere doubters" who ultimately admit and accept all that each particular sect considers to be the truth of God and religion.

In these days, it must be remembered that even the Mohammedan and Hindu propagandists among us are fond of pointing out that they also can exhibit anguished souls who have found peace within the compounds of their beliefs, no matter how narrow the confines or how preposterous these beliefs may seem to outsiders. So too, Protestantism has produced those whose spiritual experiences have inspired other troubled souls. It has been left, however, for the modern French literary groups to reveal a class of strugglers who, while they have never strayed far from their childhood faith, nevertheless indulge in the luxury of grief over their unbelief.

Thus, in this work the "conversion" is of one who "never left the road to Christianity". If the doubting seems, as Emerson once pointed out, to be safely within the charmed circle where truth is commensurate with uncompromising orthodoxy, it can be seen, therefore, that the sympathetic ambassador is not dealing with a scientific doubter in the modern, rationalistic conception of the word. To the correspondent who sought M. Claudel, as a disciple might seek a master in life or in letters, the French poet and public man offers an attitude of complete orthodoxy which asks for nothing but submission and renunciation. His faith in forms and ceremonies even extends to the point of finding comfort for the soul in wearing a scapular.

There are times when the correspondence and its edifying result in reconciling a doubter to the Church which he has never left, seem hardly more than a literary experience. While the great river of modern doubt rushes all over the plains of complacent orthodoxy, the safe skepticism of M. Claudel's "doubter" is hardly more than the trembling of a rose leaf in an agitated goblet. The volume is symptomatic of the poetry and prose poesy of those "rallied Catholics" who are playing so important a part in the literature of contemporary France.

HARVEY M. WATTS

Russia—Obverse and Reverse

ANY one who reads *THE MEMOIRS OF BARON N. WRANGEL* (1847-1920), subtitled *FROM SERFDOM TO BOLSHEVISM*