

An Acknowledgment

The advertisement on the opposite page is so unusual as to call for a word from the publishers of the book to which it refers.

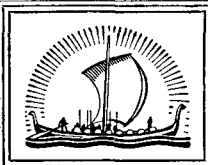
We paid Mr. Stoops for the illustrations of "American—The Life Story of a Great Indian." His enthusiasm for the book was so keen that he made four times as many drawings as we had ordered.

Then he insisted upon spending all the money we paid him, and more, to advertise the book.

We acknowledge gratefully this tribute to Frank Linderman and to Chief Plenty-coups.

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
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VIKING



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by BENVENUTO SHEARD

They drop languidly into chairs on the Parisian boulevards; they blow smoke rings in the already murky atmosphere of London cafés; they besiege the gayest capitals of Europe and make them their own—they are scoffing sophisticates, self-appointed lords of all they survey. A new-comer to English letters has written a brilliant satire of their caperings. Lithe ladies and bored gentlemen talk like characters out of a Wilde or a Lonsdale comedy and act with the unconventionality of a doomed race. Not since *Antic Hay* has there been a gayer novel of the mauve young men and women about the towns of Europe. \$2.50

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—Herald Tribune BOOKS.

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Foreign Literature

Dictatorship on Trial

PROZESS DER DIKTATUR. Die führenden Persönlichkeiten aller Länder und Parteien über das brennendste Problem der Gegenwart. Herausgegeben von OTTO FORST-BATTAGLIA. Wien: Amalthea-Verlag. 1930.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

DEMOCRACY, we have been told on high authority, means discussion. That is the worst of it. For, there may come a time in every country when deeds and not words are wanted. *Salus rei publicæ!* It is in this necessity that a dictatorship is born and it is from this point of view, as it seems to us, that we ought to regard the subject, and not, as most writers in this very interesting volume do, from the standpoint of a theoretical problem as to whether a dictatorship is a good or a bad form of government. No one will suggest that the appearance of a physician in a sick chamber is a good sign. To-day, Europe is a perfect hospital. Setting aside Switzerland, Holland, and Scandinavia, there is not one country in it that is not suffering from some sort of political illness. In some of them, as in the case of England, France, and Germany, the patient, it is true, is not so ill that he may not, with a careful diet, recover by his own exertions. But what are we to say of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria?

It would carry us too far to discuss in detail the state of affairs in all these countries separately, or to analyze the causes that have led to the establishment of a dictatorship in many of them. In general, what we in Europe are suffering from is the aftermath of the war. But for those who are interested in inquiring deeper into the matter this volume of carefully written essays by men of established reputation in the field of politics provides an admirable and opportune contribution to a clearer comprehension not merely of the nature of the dictatorship in itself, but of its working wherever it has been adopted, from the time of Sulla and Cæsar down to our own days.

To take only two countries—Russia and Italy. It is not the fault of the Amalthea-Verlag or of the editor, that the chapter on Russia has been assigned to a comparative outsider and not to one intimately associated with the Soviet government. It is perhaps just as well. We would certainly have felt less confidence in an article directly inspired by Stalin or Tschitscherin than in this by Ferdynand Ossendowski. Though by nationality a Pole, Professor Ossendowski knows Russia intimately. He has passed the greater part of his life there. He took part in the Revolution of 1905 and has suffered imprisonment and banishment to Sachalin, "the island of the damned." He knows Russian society from the highest circles down to the very dregs of the underworld. He has studied the soul of the Russian peasant and is under no illusions as to the nature of the upheaval that has turned Russia into a veritable hell on earth. He cannot trust himself to speak of the horrors he himself has witnessed, and we are thankful for his reticence. What he tells us on the authority of Maxim Gorki, "the Soviet poet and pride of the dictatorship of the proletariat," is quite enough. But he is anxious to be just. He recognizes the greatness of Lenin. He recognizes that he alone knew what he was about when he opened the flood-gates of an agrarian rising and afforded the peasant full liberty to gratify his natural propensities for robbery and destruction. Only so could the old order be swept away and the ground prepared for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Space fails us to describe his attempt to root out the idea of God and religion, to "emancipate" woman, to free the world from the reign of intellectualism and by the destruction of capital to achieve his ideal of "the naked man on the naked earth." The dream of a madman as it seems to us. But failure though the dictatorship of the proletariat has proved Russia is no longer the same country it was when Lenin took its reformation in hand. The revolutionary plough, as Gorki puts it, has turned up the soil too deeply not to have left its mark for all time on the soul of the Russian people. Perhaps, as Professor Sarolea predicts, the day is not far distant when Russia will become politically and morally the strongest pillar of law and order, and the most determined enemy of every collectivist swindle. Let us hope so; but living as we do under the terror of the secret propaganda, that shirks at nothing to accomplish its purpose, we are afraid that the day which shall bring

liberty, peace, and contentment to Russia is still far distant.

To turn now for a moment to Italy, we have here two chapters, the one by Maurice Bedel, the holder of the Goncourt prize, the other by Emilio Bodero, the rector of the University of Padua. In the former we are treated to an amusing and ironical description of Mussolini's endeavors to suppress all open manifestations of those tender feelings between man and woman, parents and children, that pass equally under the name of love. Amor has been deprived of his bow and arrows. The thing is incredible. Italy without its Romeos and Juliets, without its Horace, its Petrarch, and even its Dante! No more love scenes. No kissing on the screen or in the dark recesses of the public parks. The eyes of the Dictator are everywhere and punishment in the shape of fines awaits the offenders. Let us leave it at that. Fascist Italy is too serious to find pleasure in such trivialities. Or is it that Mussolini is a little wanting in the sense of humor?

This is one side of the question; but it is not the most important, and in Professor Bodero Fascism finds an eloquent and courageous defender. According to Professor Bodero, what chiefly characterizes Fascism is its Italianity. It has its roots in the character and history of the Italian people. It is a revolution in so far as it is a resurrection. In it, Italy has found the answer it wants to its aspirations for unity and a national life freed from every cosmopolitan and anti-Italian doctrine. Fascism has restored to Italy its psychical balance, and in Mussolini it finds the incorporation of its ideals. Mussolini is not only the man in the messianic sense of the word, he is the Italian in whom the whole nation sees its own reflection. Like Italy itself, Mussolini has long been groping in the dark. If one reads his writings before 1922, the year of his rise to power, one cannot but be struck by the crass contradictions and lack of inner connection; the working of an indomitable will has conferred a wonderful harmony and cohesion.

If we would understand what Mussolini is for Italy, we must look at the problem of the dictatorship from another angle than the usual conception of democracy. Such phrases as liberty, equality, and fraternity have no longer any validity in Italy. They have been replaced by three other words of greater ethical value—responsibility, discipline, and hierarchy, in which every individual may and must contribute his share, according to his capacity, to the welfare of the nation. This, as it seems to us, is the gist of Professor Bodero's argument, and we admit that, except for reasons the vitality of which he would refuse to recognize, it is difficult to controvert him. Fascism has many enemies, but it cannot be denied that it has given stability to Italy, increased its prestige abroad, and added to its influence in the councils of the nations. But we have already exceeded the limits at our disposal and must content ourselves with remarking that the "Prozess der Diktatur" is a book that will possess a permanent value for the student of post-war Europe.

George J. Adam, newspaperman and writer, died recently in Paris. Paris correspondent for the London *Times* and later for the New York *Herald* and the *Sun*, Mr. Adam gained fame as being the only man to interview President Wilson during the course of the Peace Conference in 1919. He is the author with his wife, Pearl Adam, of "A Book about Paris," and he recently completed "The Tiger: Georges Clemenceau," a biography of the great French statesman which is reported by the London *Observer* as a best seller in England.

Under the chairmanship of Alexander Zaimis, President of the Greek Republic, the Centenary Committee which has been organized in Athens for the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Greek independence, has prepared an extensive program. The Delphic plays, the Greek pageant on the Acropolis representing Greece from ancient to modern times, the games in the reconstructed ancient stadium of Athens, the institution of a national Hellenic theatre, the exhibition of classic, Byzantine, and modern Greek arts, the commercial expositions—all these and many other features will focus the world's interest on the achievements of Greece and stimulate Hellenic culture.

The committee proposes a nationwide commemoration of this event in the United States with the objectives: First, of stimulating interest in Hellenic culture, and second, of bringing modern Greece to the attention of the American people.

I am paying for this advertisement myself because

Here is the first epic of the native American

Not because I illustrated Frank Linderman's "AMERICAN" but only because I want this voice of a vanishing America to be heard in every school, in every library, in every home, wherever books are read, I contribute this advertisement.

* * *

I was raised in Idaho. As a boy there I learned the look and feel of Indian country. I saw many Indians and knew a few. I saw also some of the last chapters of the shameful history the white man has written in his dealings with that unspoiled race and their transformation almost overnight into what Frank Linderman calls "Montgomery-Ward Indians"

Time made me an illustrator and led me to New York. One day last autumn, a publisher who knew of my origin called up and asked, "Do you want to illustrate an Indian book?" I was interested but sceptical. I had read too many Indian books that were spurious—synthetic.

Then I read the manuscript of "AMERICAN." Under the influence of its rhythm, as insistent as the beat of an Indian drum, I knew that I would illustrate it. It had stirred me more deeply than any book I had found in ten years. I went through it six times. The making of these pictures became an exercise in humility.

* * *

This is perhaps the one period of all time in which such a book as "AMERICAN" could be written and widely read.

We have only now shaken off the spell of the dime novelist and of the land grabber whose vicious slogan was, "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

And a few years hence there will be no man left of those few who knew the Indian as he really was.

In 1885, Frank Linderman went out to Montana to become cowboy, trapper and hunter. For more than forty years he has been a friend of the Indian tribes in that territory.



FRANK B.
LINDERMAN

Linderman has got under the skin of the Indian. His is the first voice—I fear that it may be the last voice—that will ever be heard to speak with conviction about that whole civilization that is nearly gone now.

Linderman has published several good books before "AMERICAN." But this is an epic. It is not only his book; it is also the book of Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crow Nation, a chief great in war and in peace. Plenty-coups is now eighty-three years old. Out in Montana they say that he is clinging to life only that he may see this book—hold it in his hands, for he cannot read it—before he goes where he may "live again as men were intended to live."

For many weeks Linderman went day after day to see Plenty-coups and draw out of him the story of his life. Mostly they spoke through interpreters; verified by sign language.

And when the tale was all told, Plenty-coups said to him:

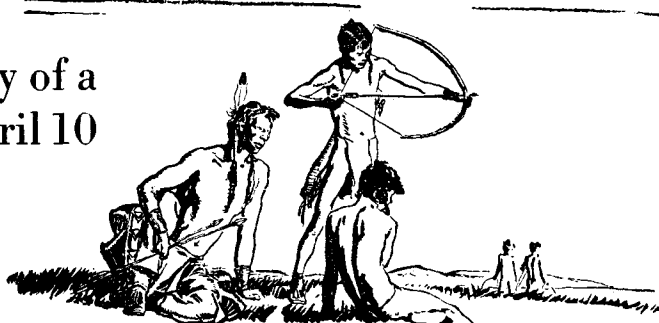
"I am glad I have told you these things, Sign-Talker. You have felt my heart, and I have felt yours. I know you will tell only what I have said, that your writing will be straight like your tongue, and I sign your paper with my thumb so that your people and mine will know I told you the things you have written down."

H. M. Stoops

New York, March 30, 1930

"AMERICAN: The Life Story of a
Great Indian." Published April 10
by THE JOHN DAY COMPANY.

\$3.50





George Eastman

by Carl W. Ackerman

He has been "a literally stupendous factor in the education of the modern world," says Nicholas Murray Butler of George Eastman. Here is the life story of the inventor of the Kodak, who started life as a poor boy. Illustrated, \$5.00.

So You're Going to Germany

by Clara E. Laughlin

However you chart your course through Germany, all the essentials for your help are here: hundreds of suggestions on routes, hotels and costs. Budapest and Prague are included. Illustrated, \$4.00.

Bird-Lover's Anthology

Compiled by Clinton Scollard and Jessie B. Rittenhouse, two poets who are also bird-lovers. Miss Rittenhouse's own book of original poems, "The Secret Bird", was published on the same day. \$2.00 each.



Leon Samson in THE NEW HUMANISM

"presents the 'new' humanism in a simpler and a far more completely co-ordinated form than is achieved by (other) writers . . . read this spicy and provocative book and find yourself sitting up and taking notice of a writer whose skepticism is expressed with commendable candor and in words whose meaning is crystal-clear."—Robertus Love in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Points of View

Nash's "Dante"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I was rather shocked some weeks ago to note in a review in your publication what seemed an indication that the reviewer's judgment had been affected by matter extraneous to the work under review. Mr. Carl Purington Rollins closed his account of Dr. John Henry Nash's "Dante" with the remark, "If one can overlook the pretty terrible way in which Mr. Nash announces his book—the absurd grandiloquence of his phraseology—one will find them extremely good examples of American printing."

The feeling I had at the time that Mr. Rollins was undervaluing a very fine work has been reinforced by a glimpse I have just had of a letter over Mr. Rollins's signature, in which he confesses prejudice in the following words: "I suppose in general that my objection to California printing is the same as my feeling about California fruit, California climate, and California women. They are extremely fair to look at, but when you bite into them they have no tang. I think even you, if you lived in California, would probably lose your flavor."

I have reread carefully Dr. Nash's announcement of his book, which is in itself a typographical gem. In the two brief pages which he devotes to describing the book and telling how it came into being, I find no grandiloquence, either absurd or otherwise. I find some complimentary reference to Dr. Nash's collaborators, but no more it seems to me than the occasion calls for or the proprieties demand. The tone is pleasantly personal but dignified, and only a background of irritation and dislike could have turned its pleasingly human approach into "absurd grandiloquence." Surely we do not desire that critics should demand that all writing be according to formula and that all personality be rigidly excluded.

I feel that the circumstances described are sufficient to justify one in taking exception to some of the substantive judgments of a critic even as well known as Mr. Rollins.

The ruled borders in light blue, Mr. Rollins characterizes as simple in pattern but not simple enough. They are, as a matter of fact, very simple, and they perform a necessary and useful function in balancing and regularizing the typographical irregularities of the meter form and of the marginal notes. The blue ink is subdued just enough so that they do not obtrude. I have pored over these books in an effort to come to an agreement with Mr. Rollins, but can only conclude that the borders are a point of perfection in this particular work. The other point of Mr. Rollins's criticism—the fact that Dr. Nash used vellum for binding—is a sweeping condemnation of all vellum for book binding purposes, which needs no further comment.

Nash's "Dante" is a monumental work. While Mr. Rollins has, indeed, used the expressions "superb craftsmanship," "command of tools and materials," "sumptuous in design and execution," "perfection of typesetting and press work," "workmanship really superb," I cannot help feeling that it was prejudice rather than impartial judgment that ended the review with the anticlimax that if one could overlook the announcement one would find the books "extremely good examples of American printing."

ERIC W. ALLEN.

University of Oregon.

More on Nash's "Dante"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

My attention has just recently been called to Mr. Carl Purington Rollins's review of Dr. John Henry Nash's "Dante," printed in a recent copy of your publication. Mr. Rollins closes his review with the following statement: "If one can overlook the pretty terrible way in which Mr. Nash announces his book—the absurd grandiloquence of his phraseology—one will find them extremely good examples of American printing."

I cannot restrain the impulse to write a word of protest against what I deem to be the unjust imputations of Mr. Rollins's words. Those of us who have been privileged to know Dr. Nash intimately have learned to admire his genuine nobility of character, the sincere humility of the man, as well as his superb craftsmanship as a printer. I have read several times Dr. Nash's announcement of his book and I am unable to find anything either in the announcement of his book or in the characteristics of the man that justify the un-

fortunate words of criticism which your reviewer used in his otherwise excellent review of Dr. Nash's "Dante."

ARNOLD BENNETT HALL.

University of Oregon.

D. H. Lawrence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your critical estimate of the late D. H. Lawrence contained much truth, but I take issue with Untermeyer's review of "Pansies" appearing in the same issue. The reviewer states that it is Lawrence's "conscious maleness which disturbs and threatens to pervert the artist," and quotes Virginia Woolf to the effect that great writing must come from "freedom and peace."

Nothing could be further from the truth. Great writing springs from a terrible, driving unrest. Shakespeare's tragedies mirror the tragedy of his own being, reflecting lust, hate, jealousy, etc.

Peace of self does not make a Puritan. Rather it is a chaotic self-state that drives the artist to strike at the world's wrong.

Look at Beethoven—for music and writing are blood brothers; did his polyphonies proceed from freedom and peace?

Leonardo's struggle took place on the intellectual plane but was none the less agonizing. Robinson Jeffers has endeavored to maintain a peaceful state and as a result his art has suffered. It is premeditated, conscious, cold.

Whereas D. H. L., instead of perverting his art by his lack of stability, as Mr. Untermeyer would have it, has, by it, realized his art. It is the heretical drive against mediocrity and mechanization that gives Lawrence's work a backbone.

Then at the last, the reviewer's most unforgivable blunder—he says "What then is significant about 'Pansies' is the new spirit that, wedged between the author's assertive vagaries, pointed to a new Lawrence." Then the reviewer quotes a few petals from "pansies" which are supposed to mark the "new Lawrence."

I can only infer that Mr. Untermeyer is unfamiliar with Lawrence's prose, for the quotations, which I will not bother to list, are utterly typical of what Lawrence has been preaching for nearly two decades. "Women in Love" contains them all, and oh, very much more.

D. H. Lawrence is a direct spiritual descendent of the prophets and heretics of the ages, and as such will always stand a lonely, "disintegrated" figure crying in the common wilderness.

LAWRENCE POWELL.

South Pasadena, Calif.

Available Reprints

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Nevins concludes his review of "An Autobiography of America" regretting that reprints of such Americana as Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" are difficult to obtain. I have recently been reading three early accounts of the far West; Manly's "Death Valley Account," Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies," and Pike's "Southwestern Expedition," all of which are in the Lakeside Press edition, published by R. R. Donnelley and Sons, Chicago, more famous for telephone directories than for history books. The publication dates are "1927," "1926," and "1925." The books are pocket size and appear inexpensive, although I do not know their cost. This edition is not widely advertised, and it occurred to me that readers of the *Saturday Review* might appreciate this information.

CHARLES MORRIS.

Howe, Ind.

Brilliant Conversation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I am preparing a critical study and anthology of real conversations, both historical and contemporary, and I wonder whether any of your readers may be able to refer me to especially brilliant, amusing, or otherwise readable conversations which have been recorded and are now available in published form. Any such references will be greatly appreciated.

WALTER B. PITKIN.

Columbia University.

Mrs. T. F. W. Hickey, the author of "The Corpse in the Church," is a daughter of Canon J. O. Hannay, who has written many popular novels under the pen-name of "George A. Birmingham."