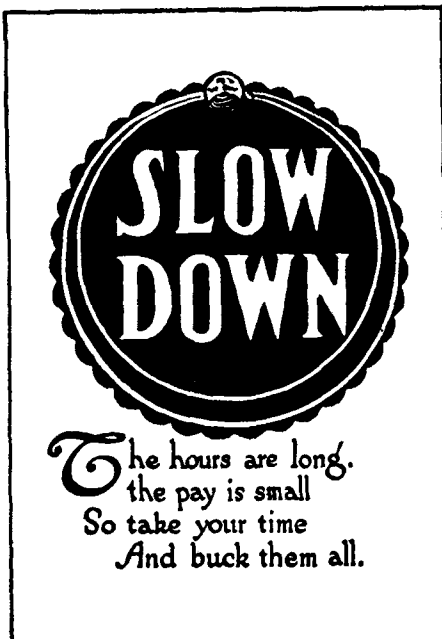


Social Surgery

RECOVERY THROUGH REVOLUTION.
Edited by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN.
New York: Covici-Friede. 1933. \$3.75.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE symposium is essentially a conference in print, an expression of our national cult of committee-thinking. Now, the function of a conference is to clarify opposing views, not for the sake of intellectual enlightenment as such, but in order to achieve practical reconciliation. Conferences, unless they be controlled by one will, are pragmatic, not creative, for the sufficient reason that creative thought is possible only



AN I. W. W. POSTER

to persons, not to groups. He thinks best who thinks alone. Hence all the symposia, which of late years have been flooding the book market, have been uniformly bad, at least those that have come to my attention. They have attempted to reevaluate (surely a creative enterprise) America, or the problem of sex and marriage, or conflicting social theories. And yet they have chosen the one form of presentation which defeats philosophical integration. The symposium is bound to be cheapened by what one may call the literary version of Gresham's law. The worst essay spoils the best.

Such has been my conviction, expressed in a number of reviews this last decade. But this volume on "Recovery through Revolution," edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen, has proven to me that the symposium may be the only, and hence the best, way of presenting a social and political travelogue around the world. In this case, the symposium is not a conference, but a series of lectures, which obviously could not be delivered competently by a single expert. Dr. Schmalhausen set himself the task to gather in one volume the inside story of the social politics in all the major and strategic countries. This task he fulfils extremely well, mainly because his uncompromising attitude kept him from inviting the kind of writer who approaches international politics in the hazy, goo-goo manner, a manner which is temperamentally incompetent to tell apologetically the story of political and social greed, of the cynical dishonesty and monstrous mendacity which contributed to bring international society to its present sorry pass. The reader is spared the effusions of tolerant ministers and reformers of the Jerome Davis or Sherwood Eddy kind. Each one of the contributors is either a journalist of long residence in the country he describes, or a hard-headed professor who has gone in for journalism. They are all skeptically expert and hard-boiled enough to know that Dr. Eduard Benes is not a younger and male version of Jane Addams but a Czecho-Slovak politician hand in glove with the French imperialists. The result is that the average reader is apt to be a much wiser, at least a far shrewder, man when he returns from this social-political world tour, which takes him through essays on the real state of affairs on four continents.

This being a symposium, some of the essays are largely philosophical, revolutionary guideposts through the mazes of

international politics. Professor Robert Morss Lovett's introductory essay is on "The Idea of Revolution." G. D. H. Cole writes on "The D  b  le of Capitalism," Lewis Corey on "Revolutions: Old and New," Walter N. Polakov on "The Engineer Surveys Revolution," and the editor on "Communism Versus Fascism." I pass by these generalizing essays to comment at least fugitively on what Ludwig Lore has to say on the aftermath of the Hitler counter-revolution, on what Salvemini thinks of Italian Fascism, John Gunther of the Danubian mess, Harold Laski of the cross-currents in England, H. N. Brailsford of India, Carleton Beals of the Calles reaction in Mexico, Maximilian Olay of the swings to the right and left in Spain, Max Nomad of Poland, etc.

Louis Fischer gives a skilful digest of the internal trends and achievements in Soviet Russia, but neglects to deal sufficiently with Bolshevik foreign policy, which is now largely nationalistic and partly responsible for Hitler's advent to power. Professor Laski, it seems to me, writes too much an essay in political and economic theory, evaluating communism versus socialism. It would have been far more interesting had he shown us, as only he can, the methods of the Baldwin dictatorship behind the windbag MacDonald. John Gunther uses somewhat too light and smart a touch and covers too much ground. He fails to bring out with sufficient clarity the machinations of French imperialism in the Little Entente, and he tells nothing of the incredible White Terror in Jugo-Slavia. Ludwig Lore's mastery of the German situation is sure, but now and then he mars his analysis of Hitler's rise to power by such observations as that Schleicher fell because he was too friendly with the trade unions. Even more intimate is Salvemini's knowledge of every phase of Italian fascism, but his old-fashioned liberalism rather leaves his prognosis hanging in the air. Mr. Olay's belief that Spain may some day soon become an anarchist republic seems to me naive. But the only real jarring note in the symposium is Mr. Schoonmaker's inept and confusing discussion of French social politics.

The most illuminating articles are Max Nomad's sly and brilliant analysis of the absurd but dangerous Pilsudski dictatorship, Carleton Beals's discussion of the lib-



ANOTHER I. W. W. POSTER
From H. U. Faulkner's "The Quest for Social Justice" (Macmillan)

eral-capitalist dictatorship of Calles, and the essays on Japan and China. Brailsford on India is, as he always is, at once intelligent and vague. His admiration for the "saintly" Gandhi is rather silly. To Arnold Roller one feels grateful for a clear explanation of the whirlwind rebellions throughout South America.

Robert Briffault's final essay on "The Human Mind in Revolution" is a psychological analysis of the "intellectual, moral, and social degradation" of the "Bourgeois Dictatorship." I have seldom read anything so powerful in sheer Swiftian bitterness, so integral in brilliant indictment.

Benjamin Stolberg, an authority on labor movements throughout the world, recently contributed a weekly column on books to The New York Evening Post.

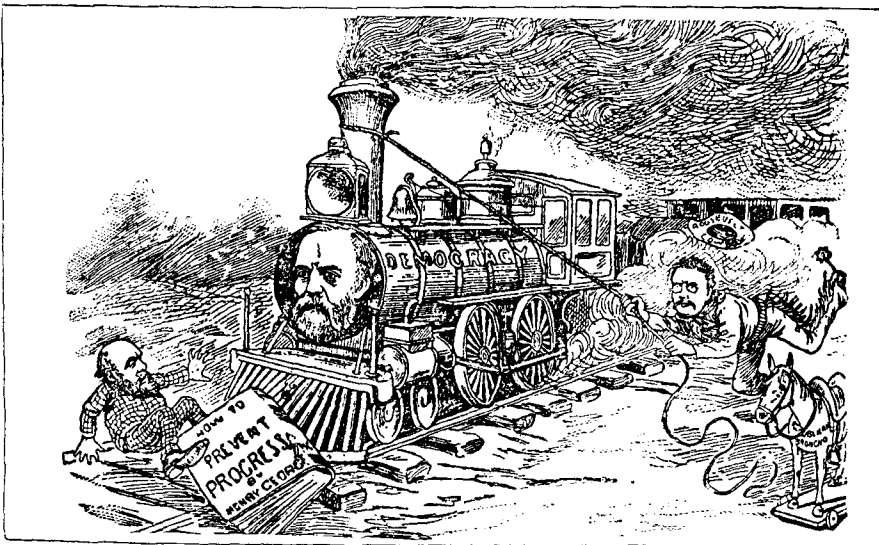
The Portent of Henry George

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE. By GEORGE R. GEIGER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN George Bernard Shaw visited this country last Winter, part of his rather elaborate attempt to *  pater le bourgeois* consisted of a tribute to Henry George, the American who, in the yeasty mid-'eighties, had stimulated him to think on economic subjects. Shaw, after the

Mayor of New York twice, once in the 'eighties (he got more votes than the Republican candidate, young Theodore Roosevelt, and lost by a narrow enough margin to Abram Hewitt, the combined Tammany and County Democracy choice), and again in the 'nineties, dying in the midst of this last campaign. The chapter on "Background and Originality" disposes of the contention that George stole his thunder from Patrick Edward Dove, who reached Single Tax conclusions in England before George had elaborated his



A PLAIN STORY OF THE POLITICAL PLAINS (The cowboy Roosevelt is lassoing the "Democracy," with Abram Hewitt at its head. Henry George is blocking the track with his "How to Prevent Progress." Cartoon from a New York World of October, 1886, reproduced here from Albert Shaw's "Cartoon History of Theodore Roosevelt.")

manner of a good many Englishmen of the Hyndman period, quickly passed beyond George and into socialism (as Clarence Darrow would have done in this country had he not been by temperament a complete skeptic), but it was "Progress and Poverty" that had been the original catalytic agent. Henry George was, of course, no socialist, as Mr. Geiger proves in his thorough and sometimes absorbing book about the whole Single Tax movement; but the flaming Georgian attack upon the evils of landlordism, couched in the persuasive terms of "Progress and Poverty," seemed, at the moment, to be a revolutionary challenge to a system of society that would permit extremes of wealth to exist side by side with the slums of Liverpool. Today, in the light of subsequent history, it is easy to see why Shaw saw in George a real revolutionary portent. It is also fairly easy to determine why so many gave up George for socialism.

The great virtue of George, as Mr. Geiger brings out, was his attempt to portray the economic picture whole. "Progress and Poverty" not only restated the inflexible Ricardo "law of rent" so that he who ran might read, but it also showed why wages concomitantly remained at a minimum. The Ricardo law states that rent is equivalent to the amount of wealth produced on a given piece of property over and above that which can be produced on a like amount of land at the lowest margin of cultivation. Human nature being what it is, wages, under the Georgian analysis, tended to stay at a minimum, while the landlords ate up any increase in value by charging higher and higher rents for the use of their property as society grew.

Mr. Geiger reviews, in a compendious and admirable way, the great battles that were waged over Henry George and his proposal that increased social values in land should be taxed away by the government for the benefit of all. He describes the ethical basis of George's system, a basis derived from the eighteenth century doctrine of "natural rights." Like Rousseau, George believed the earth belonged to all men, but to no particular man, while the finished product of labor, on the other hand, should accrue, granting George's first principles, to the particular fashioner thereof. George, like the Marxians, had a labor theory of value. This, of course, is a purely "moral" assumption, and the statistical economists of the modern age will have none of it. These statistical economists hold to a percentage, or "exchange," theory of value.

The chapter on Henry George biography is extremely interesting. George ran for

system in "Progress and Poverty." The section on "George's Influence" shows to what extent the permeation of "Progress and Poverty" reached before the World War and the Russian Revolution marked the recession of the Single Tax tide. It might seem rather strange at first blush that the present depression, so fertile a breeding ground for economic 'isms, has not resulted in recrudescence of the Single Tax ideas. But, as one reads these pages, it is not hard to see why the present day Single Taxers are now a forlorn remnant of a once respectable movement. The development of the mortgage system, which, in turn, is tied in with the development of insurance companies and the investment structure as a whole, has more and more made a whole revolution necessary, if one once admits the desirability of liquidating our system of permitting owners of land and natural resources to charge all the traffic will bear. The Single Tax, instituted today, would strike at the whole bourgeoisie, or such of it as has its funds invested in insurance policies, in mortgage bonds, or merely tucked away in savings banks. Shaw, we must conclude, was logically right in passing on to socialism, for socialists at least realized they had a revolution on their hands. This does not, however, mitigate the value of "Progress and Poverty" as a great contribution to economic literature. Nor does it mitigate the value of Mr. Geiger's book.

Breaking Clay Feet

NATIONAL IDEALS AND INTERNATIONALIST IDOLS. By WALLACE B. DONHAM. Reprinted from the Harvard Business Review by The Chemical Foundation, Inc. 1933.

WALLACE B. DONHAM, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, is no radical, but his analyses of Sir Arthur Salter and other writers on "planning" read surprisingly like the analyses offered from the Left by John Strachey and Fred Henderson, and from the Little America camp of Lawrence Dennis. As Dean Donham sees it, our popular economists are trying to ride two horses at once: they want internal action to push price levels up, and international action—such as lowered tariffs—that might push price levels down. Dean Donham believes in taking care of first things first, i.e., he is for a strictly economic nationalism that is far removed from Hitlerism in its temperate expression.

War on War

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. By STORM JAMESON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. \$2.35 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is a profoundly moving book, a passionate book, though written in the fulness of contemplative retrospection, a book notable for its candor, its fearlessness, and its poignance. Miss Jameson is of that generation in England which was coming to maturity during the years of the war, which grew up in the shadow of Victorian certainties, and found itself arrived at achievement in a world of chaotic perplexity. She is of a generation which was stripped "of its leaves and its branches, leaving the bare stem maimed." Of them she writes:

It is in nature that some of us show fewer marks than others. Between those



STORM JAMESON

who seem to have put their memories of the war to sleep and those incurable in mind or body that, now as I write, lie in hospitals, are all sorts and degrees. The injury is there, deep-seated—showing itself in that tiredness for no reason, the readiness to drop what seemed at first touch important, the drying-up of vitality, the lack, less clear, of resilience and warmth. . . .

Hers was a generation betrayed of its hopes. For in 1913, when Miss Jameson and her friends were still in college, they believed themselves on the threshold of a new era. They had an exultant sense of a society sweeping forward to new well-being, a quickened belief in the brotherhood of man, an excited interest in the new literature, the new art, all that represented a breaking away from the narrowness of the Victorian code. They yearned to attack life. The war caught them in a mood to believe the "superb sentiments" on which the leaders of government rationalized its slaughter, and peace only slowly disabused them of their confidence that the conflict was a "war to end war." Miss Jameson writes in a white heat of passion at the collapse of their hopes.

A writer, whose books have before this shown her to be a graceful craftsman and a thoughtful novelist, she has carried over into this autobiography an emotional drive which her novels have never attained. Less a factual record than a confession of faith, it is written with a felicity of expression which under stress of feeling at times rises to eloquence and with a sincerity which everywhere lends dignity to its intensity. Its earlier sections, in which she sketches her childhood in the seaport town of Whitby, and describes her college days and the associates who were fed into the maw of war are less emotionally freighted than the later sections, but they have a compelling urgency of their own. After 1914, Miss Jameson says, the story of her life ends; thenceforward her narrative is an exposition of opinions, scattered reflections on writing (which she quite frankly does not like much, only pursues as a means of livelihood, and in the beginning took up to satisfy ambition), on religion, on religion and the preachers, on material success, and always, and with insistent ardor, on war.

There is an integrity to Miss Jameson's emotion, a passionate preoccupation with her thesis, that will not be denied. It is

impossible to read her words and not be moved by her indignation and her fear. She strikes at all who may cherish a lingering belief that war is good, or necessary, or anything but evil. She "gave" her brother to the war. And now she writes:

I feel bitter anger against women who accept war. I wonder that it has taken me so many thousands of years to realize that war is not more an historical necessity than witch-burning. We have outgrown one, and could, if so minded, outgrow the other. It is not past our cooler intellect to devise a social order which does not require war as a solvent. The will only is lacking—in those who have most use for wars as having least to do with fighting them. No doubt against these and against their conscious and unconscious wills I am as helpless as any other common man or woman. But I can assert my individual will. And so I do. If this country, I say, is got into another Great War I shall take every means in my power to keep my son out of it. I shall tell him that it is nastier and more shameful to volunteer for gas-bombing than to run from it or to volunteer in the other desperate army of protestants. I shall tell him also that war is not worth its cost, nor is victory worth the cost.

Here is a woman possessed of the courage of her convictions.

Where Dial Meets Post

THE BEST SHORT STORIES, 1933. By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by TESS SLESINGER

IN his preface to the 1933 anthology, Mr. O'Brien remarks that whereas pre-Sherwood Anderson short story writers were concerned largely with plot and a certain machine-made formalism, the newer writers place their emphasis on character. This statement has been true since 1925, at the very least. But to it should be added that the better of the newer writers are striving for something beyond mere character "development"; for many of the characters not only rise above traditional types but also in a sense sink back into them, so that they are at once separate people and people belonging to a definite and recognizable background. Scarcely a story here given contains characters just irresponsibly "grewed"; one can place each in some one of a varied number of American environments and in many instances it would not be a difficult job pretty accurately to compute their incomes.

A further welcome development (speaking of the majority of the stories) is a swing-back to a compromise position on the much-mooted subject of plot. The best of these stories do not cling to an obvious pattern; but neither do they ramble without point or shape so that it seems a matter of indifference with just which row of dots they end. These stories are for the most part carefully chiselled, rapid enough to make good reading, logically developed, and properly, often climactically, ended. Happily the tenets of *The Saturday Evening Post* and of the old *Dial* are beginning to meet; the high-brows have begun the discovery that even serious subject matter can be rendered readable.

The selection is catholic enough so that every literate American should find a good half of the twenty-nine stories interesting, and perhaps half a dozen his own particular brand. I would select for my own six those by Bessie, Cantwell, Flaudrau, Halper, Porter, and Steele, not one of whom has anything in common with any other contributor. Alvah Bessie's story is a particularly delicate portrayal of the ambivalence of a husband toward his wife. Cantwell's "The Land of Plenty" describes the wretched first day at work of a girl "helper" so paralyzed with fear of losing her job in the factory that she constantly endangers her own life; the story concludes with the impotent rage of the man who tried all day to help her, his impotence in that situation clearly paralleling his status in life—the thesis is clear, the story appallingly touching, and all without a superfluous word on the part of the author. Katherine Anne Porter's rather long story succeeds in being superlatively charming and at the same time both real and moving, a rare combination. And finally "How Beautiful with Shoes" reveals Wilbur Daniel Steele at

his top best so far as I am concerned. The story is that of an escaped "loony" bent on killing girls in insane revenge for one who apparently two-timed him in his youth; his insanity is a vivid symphony of religious ecstasy and poetic fantasy, underlaid with a valid psychological motivation.

Tess Slesinger is the author of numerous short stories which have appeared in the magazines.

A Full-Blooded World

(Continued from first page)

Faced with such questions as those I have posited, "Anthony Adverse" scores at every point. Hervey Allen, who is a poet and possessed of a poet's imagination, is completely convincing in his evocation of milieus which he can never have known at first hand. Reading his novel, one would believe that he had lived in Leghorn when the little corporal crossed the Alps promising his troops clothing and sound shoe leather; that he had been privy to the policy of a slave factory on the African coast in the last years of the eighteenth century; and that he had sat in conference with Ouyard when that harassed financier was busy proving that an army marches more comfortably on established credit than on its stomach. His knowledge of the past of which he writes seems complete, and whether complete or not it is thoroughly satisfying to a reader who refuses to admit a peculiar ignorance of history. So, too, are his characters convincing, and also the pattern of his story; although he seems to have rushed himself a little towards the end. But he must forgive a reviewer for not attempting a synopsis of that story when he remembers that his own syllabus of the same five hundred thousand word novel, printed for friends of the author and the publisher, filled sixteen rather large printed pages.

If my knowledge of American fiction were more thorough than it is, I would say bluntly that "Anthony Adverse" is the best historical novel that this country has produced. Pleading possible ignorance, I am almost certain that it is the best, and quite sure that it is the most ambitious.



HERVEY ALLEN

From a medal by Theodore Spicer-Simson

More Power To It

(Continued from first page)

tion it can from history and biography, what solace it can from philosophy and religion. It is books in these fields which are being drawn in growing numbers from libraries throughout the country, books of this sort which the libraries cannot afford to buy in sufficient numbers to meet the demand.

What deplorable shortsightedness on the part of budget makers to cut down on funds for the making of enlightened citizenship! The time to strike is when the iron is hot. Now when millions of men and women are open to the influences of the library, is the time to equip the library to take its place as one of the leading factors in the education of the masses. The fat times of prosperity are wont to be heedless times. It is in the lean years that sentiment and theory begin to boil and sputter. Then it is that a nation needs every resource at its command to combat despair, bolster up morale, and turn discontent to constructive reform. It is of immediate concern to every man, woman, and child in the United States that the library be able to function at maximum efficiency, and it ought to be everyone's business to see that it can do so.

Books in the News

TEACHERS COLLEGE, Columbia University, has hatched another addled egg, contemplation of which we commend to Dr. Abraham Flexner, whose "Universities: American, English, German" (Oxford Univ. Press) has evidently failed to reform the geese. According to the newspapers, Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, one of those redoubtable professors of "education," has deposited in the hands of Rexford G. Tugwell of the "brain trust" a proposal that the schools of America be indoctrinated with the necessity of "backing up the president" in times of great sociological changes. Dr. Briggs—who is a member of that Teachers College faculty which annually sends a number of ardent young men back to the cultural sticks with a knowledge of the technique of teaching, but with no particular knowledge of anything to teach—deplores the "neutral attitude." It is horrifying for this latter-day pragmatist to consider that "a teacher is in constant danger . . . of leaving pupils with no definite convictions regarding matters on which they should shortly as citizens take a positive stand in one way or another."

All of which is sheer nonsense, as any reader of Frederick E. Lumley's compendious "The Propaganda Menace" (published recently by Century) will realize. For who is to judge the worth of administrative objectives? They may have nothing to do with "immutable principles." Indeed, who can determine them from day to day? With Cordell Hull talking about the benefits to be derived from a return to a free traders' paradise, with Raymond Moley blossoming out contrariwise as one of the first "intra-nationalists," with Bernard Baruch, a deflationist and gold standard devotee advising a government ostensibly committed to inflation *via* going off the gold standard, with day-to-day policy shifting and veering to meet shifts and veerings abroad, with business men regarding the Industrial Recovery Act with both gloomy eyes and gay (depending, of course, on whether they expect to profit by it or lose their individualist souls), the schoolmaster who could fathom the "correct" propaganda for callow minds would necessarily qualify as a combination of Evangeline Adams, W. Glenn Voliva, Jehovah, and the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. In which case, of course, he could make millions in Wall Street as a stock tipster, a career that would inevitably seem preferable to shooting the young idea full of propaganda hop.

Teachers College, it would seem, is the mother of all ingenuousness. Consider the school child, loyally conditioned through four years by the Hoover Corps of Pedantry to support the Hoover policies. He takes his high school diploma, all set to go forth and advocate two cars for every garage. But a Roosevelt is suddenly in office. The biased child is filled with bewilderment when he finds all his stereotypes outraged, his positive stand in opposition to the new presidential incum-

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