

From Sectionalism to Regionalism

SOUTHERN REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Howard W. Odum. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1936. \$4.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WE'RE just back from the market, my wife and I. I like going to the market. I like to smell fish on ice and beef hanging in the air. But even better I like the stalls of country folk come to Raleigh with their beans and squashes and cabbages and their chickens prepared in startling nakedness for the frying pan. But my wife has been saying, "There's no use going to the market. It's so dry that there's nothing there." But women can be mistaken and this time one was. There was everything in the market. Of course, some of the beeves may have come from far away. At this time of the year most of the oranges come from California instead of the South's own Florida. But the stalls were richer than any man's hunger or any man's need with the products—fresh and succulent and cheap—of just one little portion of the South.

I wish that market was the South, white people and black people talking softly together over the mellowness of cantaloupe, people chatting and bargaining in the smelly shade in the midst of plenty. Perhaps one reason I like to go to market is that for a little while it seems to be the symbol of a rich, contented land. But I know better and if I had not known, Dr. Odum and the staff of the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council now have told me. This South of ours is a region capable of plenty in which people are hungry. It is a land where men turn the soil to grow crops they cannot eat but which may hope to meet the monetary demands of an agricultural system based on credit that calls for cash. Ours is a land rich in babies and poor in skills and with the task of teaching the babies skills a burden almost beyond bearing because nowhere else in America are there so few adults to feed and educate so many children.

And such a land, still struggling with the problems of an agriculture inadequate to the mouths which must feed upon it, is turning to an industry with new and difficult problems needing solution.

Such a land might seem to be the native country of despair. It is not. Once difficulty dictated a tight, defensive sectionalism, sentimentally romantic about the past, angrily blind to the present. Complacency remains. And worse than complacency, the boasting of boosters. But there grows behind the work of Dr. Odum escape from sectionalism into that regionalism which, counting in equal realism resources and deficiencies, seeks an intelligently planned way to the fulfillment of the South's potentialities for the land and for the people. This book serves as summation of the studies which have been made and as guide for the

movement. Some sociologists may question its technique. Some citizens may question the possibility of such planning as Dr. Odum proposes. But if the book did no more than marshal for the intelligence of the South the facts about the South, it would still be one of the greatest contributions to the welfare and enlightenment of the region that has been made in this century.

But the importance of such a work as this (largely about the Southeast, but with a lesser emphasis on the

Southwest) is by no means restricted to the South. The paradoxes and the problems of Dixie are perhaps most striking in America. But problem and paradox are by no means the property of the South. Such a study as this one of other regions might be even more revealing of the proportions of their tasks. Certainly any planning for the nation must be based, if conducted in intelligence, upon understanding for planning in the regions of the nation. Dr. Odum, with his facts and figures, his charts and his comment, has done more than serve the South. He has written volume one in such a study of true regionalism as must be the foundation of the advancing unity of the United States.

Jonathan Daniels, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, is in constant touch with southern developments as editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.



SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER: Photo by Bayard Wooten, from "Cabins in the Laurel" (University of North Carolina Press).

Diplomatic History

EUROPE AND EUROPEANS. A Study in Historical Psychology and International Politics. By Count Carlo Sforza. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1936. \$2.75.

Reviewed by A. VIDAKOVIC

JUDGED neither by comparison with some of his other work, nor by the claim in the sub-title, is Count Sforza's a completely satisfactory book. In essence personal, as the author admits himself, it has all the virtues and failings of that type of book. Count Sforza is above all a diplomat. A liberal diplomat, it is true, a sensitive man, an idealist, a man impatient with injustice, not without vision, but still a diplomat: a mind trained to see certain things in a certain way, and just as sure to miss others.

European history, as seen through Count Sforza's book, is chiefly shaped in the closets of thinkers and diplomats; its events are too often determined by the vagaries of the diplomatic game of chance. In such a mirror events often seem distorted. Personally known facts often loom larger than world-wide and fateful forces. The result is an atmosphere severed from the realities of a complete life. People do not die in trenches, raise revolutions, or respond to movements which determine their lives because of some illuminating phrase in a book or simply because politicians and diplomatists thought they should. There must be other forces also. But Count Sforza hardly touches upon them. Reading his book, one might never dream that besides the diplomatic chess-board there are other influences shaping the destiny of the world not merely on the fringes of history, influences such as for instance mass psychology, mass movements, economic and social actions and reactions. Yet Count Sforza's book is supposed to be a "study in historical psychology."

For these reasons Count Sforza is perhaps most interesting when he confines himself to his narrower role: when he gives personal reminiscences, shows politicians behind the scenes, and unfolds events in which he himself played a prominent part. As such his book is a contribution to diplomatic history not without value.

A reader, therefore, who likes diplomatic reminiscences, notes, and diaries, and who might care to complete his historical knowledge with a few lesser known data, will probably enjoy the book. But he who, attracted by its sub-title, "A Study in Historical Psychology," would seek to gain through it a deepened understanding of those forces which shape the destiny of Europe today, must remain disappointed with Count Sforza's book.

Alexander Vidakovic is a Jugo-Slavian journalist and correspondent of wide experience in European affairs.

The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

Ampersands

WHAT this department hankers for, if anyone should be travelling that way, is a photo of *Ampersand Mountain* which we have noticed on our road map. It is just south of Saranac Lake. &&& Motto for the bookplate of a collector of detective stories: *I love to lose myself in a mystery*—Religio Medici, Part I, section VIII. &&& A young woman once replied, when we mentioned Sir Thomas Browne's great book, "But I didn't think the Medicis had any religion." &&& *The Franco-American Review*, a new quarterly published by the Yale University Press (\$3 per year) has recently appeared, very attractive both in contents and format. In Arnold Whitridge's article on Brillat-Savarin in America I find a delightful quotation from Gilbert Stuart, who said of Talleyrand "If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does not write a legible hand."

&&& In the same magazine Howard C. Rice, "Words Across the Sea," deals most interestingly with American words which have taken root in French usage; and particularly pleases me by saying that Jule Verne's talent as a social satirist is too often overlooked. &&& At this time of year we always have a nostalgia for France, and even pick up some French books to read. &&& It might interest you to recall the list André Gide once made of the 10 French novels he would take (yes, the old gag) to a desert island. His choice (made for the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in 1913) was:—

La Chartreuse de Parme (Stendhal)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (Laclos)
La Princesse de Cleves (Mme. de la Fayette)

Manon Lescaut (Abbé Prevost)
Roman Bourgeois (Furetière)
Dominique (Fromentin)
La Cousine Bette (Balzac)
Madame Bovary (Flaubert)
Germinal (Zola)
Marianne (Marivaux)

&&& Speaking of Jules Verne, a book that would be very much to his taste is *Rockets Through Space*, by P. E. Cleator, an exciting study of the possibilities of interplanetary travel. On p. 190 is an amusing misprint: "the first excursions into the unknown will be characterized by punitive expeditions by the ship's crew, garbed in space-suits." Presumably *punitive* is a slip for *primitive*? This is a lively book, and deserves reading. One of its pleasantest passages is the outline of a vacation cruise to Venus and back, which would take 762 days. (472 earth-days stay on Venus, waiting for the two planets to return to their desired relative positions. See next page.)

&&& Dr. Gogarty's agreeable talk about George Moore (in this Review last week) reminded me that for months I've been saving a quotation from Charles Morgan's essay on Moore. It is only courteous to add that I liked Mr. Morgan's piece about George Moore quite as much as I disliked *Sparkenbroke*.

Sequitur:—

The Fiery Sheep

What first created a bond between us was, I think, my reply to a question of his. We had been discussing Balzac and

his saying that he had but two desires—être célèbre et être aimé. Moore asked me what in life interested me most. "Once," he said, "I asked a woman that question, and she answered 'Geology.' She had seemed a pretty woman, but after that answer our story ended before it was well begun." . . .

I replied that three things interested me above all others: art, love and death. "Ah," he said, "that should provide us with subjects for conversation! . . . but why do you say: 'art, love and death'? Why not: 'art, women and religion'?"

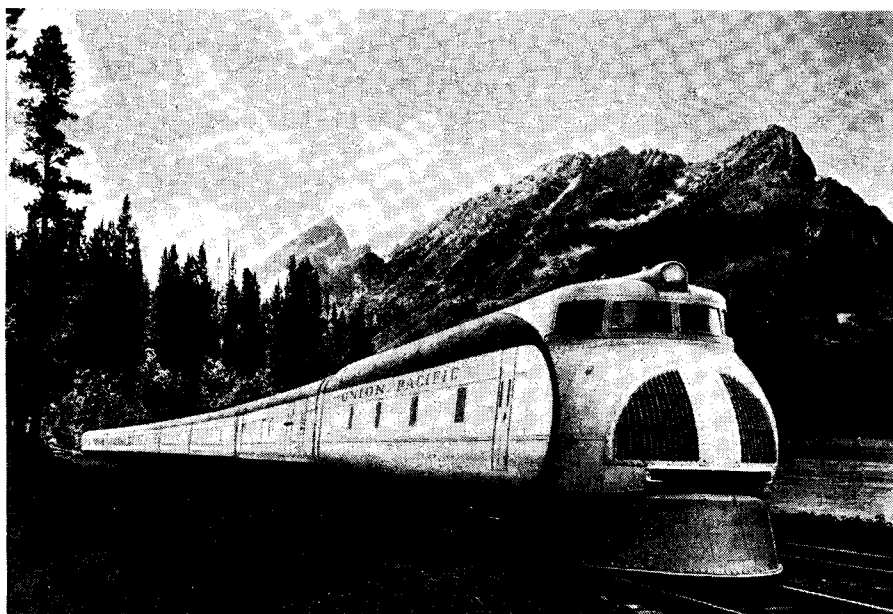
"Because," I said, "they are not the same."

"No," he answered, "they are not the same," but one must make a phrase. 'Art, love and death' sounds like a picture by Watts; one cannot go through life being interested in a picture by Watts."

. . . We had this conversation before he invited me to be his biographer . . . but I do not doubt its verbal accuracy, for, while I wrote, an image of Moore's long face, the face of a fiery sheep, was fresh in my mind.

—Charles Morgan, *Epitaph on George Moore*

&&& Has any bookseller got second-hand copies of some of the good old Captain Kettle stories by Cutcliffe Hyne? e.g., *The Adventures of Captain Kettle*, *McTodd*, etc. A client of this Green is purser on a West African run and we want to introduce him to Captain Kettle. &&& It occurs to us that a pleasant advertising motto for the publishers of Roget's Thesaurus would be a line in Pepys: "In the morning to my bookseller's, to bespeak a Thesaurus." (Dec. 27, 1661). &&& The hunt for scarce books was as leisurely then as it is now, for Pepys didn't get his volume until Dec. 24, 1662. &&& Good old Los Angeles continues to live up to its name and raise bumper crops of theophany. From L. A. comes to our desk a magazine entitled *The Voice of the I Am*, "by the Ascended Masters and their Accredited Messengers Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ballard and son, Donald." It is printed on sheets of varying tones of lavender, lilac and pink, evidently some mystical significance. "This magazine," it says, "is not an outlet for articles but is the outpouring of the help from the Ascended Masters and has no human concepts in it." &&& Yet we find the legend *Trade Mark Registered* and the suggestion *Subscription Price \$2.50 a year*, which seem very human concepts. &&& According to *The Voice* everything is going fine. "Seven thousand seven hundred students were guests of the Ascended Masters at the Royal Teton



THE MILKY WAY, OR NOSTALGIA FOR VACATION